CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE

CASSELL'S

FAMILY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated.

*
* * * * * * *
*

1883

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED:

LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

INDEX.

PAGE

Aboriginal, The Last .. 240
Acadians, Evangeline and the: the True Version .. 607
Across the River 466
After Long Years .. 598, 689
Aid for the Wounded .. 146
Air we Breathe In-doors, The 341
All Along the Wear 555
Alligator-Farming 407
America, Ice-Boating in .. 31
April, Our Garden in .. 288
"Are we really Feeding our Child Aright?" 29
Art of Cooking an Omelette, The 280
Art of Hand-Reading, The 692
Art, Miss Saxelby's Work of 242
August, Our Garden in .. 539
Australasia, The Rabbit Pest in 622

Ballads, Our Popular .. 670
Bank Holiday at Bethnal Green 299
Bee-Driving, The Pleasures and Profits of 335
Beginnings of Lung Mischief, The 594
Behind the Counter 98
Bethnal Green, Bank Holiday at 299
Black Country, A Cry from the 699
Blocked in a Tunnel .. 539
Blue-Bird, The (*Music*) .. 726
Blue Enamel Ring, A .. 83
Brown's (Doctor) Prescription 630
Brush Factory, A Walk through a 220

Cairo, A Persian Orgy in .. 534
Cambridge, Degree Day at 205
Canals, The Water-Babies of our ("*The Way Some Folks Live*") 543
Canterbury, The Archbishop of ("*The Powers that Be*") 171
Captain's Darling, The .. 635
Ceylon Coffee Estate, A Visit to a 527
Chancellor, The Lord ("*The Powers that Be*") 428
Chat about the Memory, A Friendly 494
Cherbury, The Fair Maid of 564
Children's Fancy Dress for Christmas Parties 108
CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS, WHAT TO WEAR, 50, 108, 179, 234, 306, 376, 439, 491, 567, 619, 696, 755
Christmas Presents, and How to Make them .. 43
City of Health, A New .. 79
Clearing-House, A Day in the Railway 160
Cloth from Nettles 184
CO-HEIRS 418, 482, 546, 610, 674, 738
Coffee Estate, A Visit to a Ceylon 527
COMPETITIONS, PRIZE:—
Essay on Domestic Training for Girls (1882) 64, 143
Poem on Happiness (1882) 2 6, 384
Song Competition (1882) 320, 384
New Prize Competitions (1883) 447
Consumptive, How a, Found Health 154
Cooking an Omelette, The Art of 280
Counter, Behind the .. 98
Crests and Monograms, A Novel Use for 731
Cricket or Tennis Club, How to Form a 270
Cruise of the *Jemima*, The 502
Cry from the Black Country, A 609

PAGE

Crystoleum - Painting, A Word about 287
Curwen, John, and the Tonic Sol-fa Movement 496
Cuttle - Fish as a Dainty Dish, On 469

Dainty Dearie (*Music*) .. 558
Dark, Writing in the .. 367
Darling, The Captain's .. 635
Day in the Railway Clearing-House, A 160
Day-Dream, Iva's First .. 722
Dearie, Dainty (*Music*) .. 558
December, Gardening in .. 56
Degree Day at Cambridge .. 205
Discipline must be Maintained 115
DOCTOR, FAMILY, ARTICLES BY A:—
"Are we really Feeding our Child Aright?" 29
What to Do for the Toothache 90
Sports and Pastimes: their Benefits and Dangers 141
"It is this Dreadful Weather" 218
That "Slight Inclination" to Embonpoint 274
The Air we Breathe In-doors .. 341
Life at High Pressure 397
A Friendly Chat about the Memory 494
"Only Middling" 553
The Beginnings of Lung Mischief 594
When the Holiday is Over .. 687
Domestic Training for Girls, Prize Essay on .. 64, 143
Doré, Gustave 279
DOWN IN THE WORLD 33, 98, 162, 226, 290, 354
Dress Reform for Men .. 241
DRESS, WHAT TO WEAR, CHIT-CHAT ON 50, 108, 179, 234, 306, 376, 439, 491, 567, 619, 696, 755
Dutchman's Little Holiday, A 459

East Coast, On the 747
Edith's Faith 339
Education in Public Schools, Free 406, 478, 525, 609
Electricity, Household 464, 536
Embonpoint, That "Slight Inclination" to 274
EMPLOYMENT FOR GENTLEWOMEN, REMUNERATIVE 41, 110, 174, 246, 313, 371, 433, 505, 562, 633, 658, 750
End of a Summer Day, The 587
Entertainments, Popular .. 474
Essay Competition (1882)—Award 64
Evangeline and the Acadians: the True Version 607

Facts about Frost and Snow 15, 119
Fair Maid of Cherbury, The 564
Faith, Edith's 339
FAMILY DOCTOR, ARTICLES BY A 29, 90, 141, 218, 274, 341, 397, 494, 553, 594, 687
FAMILY PARLIAMENT, THE:—
Should Early Closing be Made Compulsory? .. 54, 183, 238, 310
Can Fiction be Made a Power for Good? 121, 182
Is it Wise to Promote Emigration? 310, 431, 498
Should National Insurance against Pauperism be Made Compulsory? 373, 626, 695
Fancy Dress, Children's, for Christmas Parties 108
Fans, How to Decorate .. 480
Fare Thee Well! (*Music*) .. 462
February, Our Garden in .. 152
"Feeding our Child Aright? Are we really" 29
Felicia 177
Filigree Work, The Making of Genoese 96

PAGE

First Rose of Summer, The 430
Flower - Gathering and Flower - Gatherers in North Notts 560
Flowers, Wedding 671
FOLKS, THE WAY SOME, LIVE:—
Lodgers in London Arches .. 248
The Water-Babies of our Canals 543
The London Organ-Grinder .. 623
A Turn amongst Spitalfields Weavers 666
The Wandering Tribes of Great Britain 728
For Evermore (*Music*) .. 409
Forge, The Shoeing 538
Fountain, To a 591
Free Education in Public Schools .. 406, 478, 525, 609
French House of Commons, The 269
From Snow to Sunshine .. 603
Frost and Snow, Facts about 15, 119
Furnished, How I 345

"Game Pie," How to Make, without Game 23
Garden, Our, in December .. 56
" " January .. 88
" " February .. 152
" " March .. 224
" " April .. 288
" " May .. 352
" " June .. 412
" " July .. 471
" " August .. 539
" " September .. 591
" " October .. 664
" " November .. 715

GATHERER, THE:—
Abacus for Slates 443
Accumulator, Gas 381
Accumulator, Simple 127
Air, Transmitting Power by .. 191
Algin 636
Alizarin, Soluble 190
Aluminium-coated Iron 576
Aluminium Foil 576
Aluminium in Plenty 253
Aluminium Log 636
Amalgamator, Electric 319
Amateurs, Photography for .. 639
Amber, Electricity and 639
Ammonia from Blast Furnaces .. 381
Anthracene, Light and 764
Anti-scorbutic, New 318
Anti-Torpedo Vessel 702
Ants, Curious Use for 61
Artificial Breathing 762
Artificial Graphite 63
Artificial Gutta-percha 637
Artificial Light, New 574
Artificial Limbs 637
Artificial Moon 125
Asbestos Fire-Shield 123
Asbestos Packing 762
Asbestos Rope 445
Aurora, Artificial 380

Balloon, Signal 124
Balloon, Submarine 636
Bark, Paper from 251
Battery and Bell, Combined .. 636
Battery, Constant Voltaic .. 571
Battery, Fire 188
Battery, New Voltaic 317
Battery of Flames 62
Bean Cheese 318
Bell, Combined Battery and .. 636
Ben Nevis, Science on 511
Benzine Candle 60
Bernstein Electric Lamp 763
Berry, Cheese-making 384
Blast-Furnaces, Ammonia from .. 381
Bleaching Diamonds 123
Blow-pipe Lamp, Portable .. 703
Boat, New Electric 638
Boat, Tricycle 701
Boat, Unsinkable 763
Boiler-Alarms, Electric 510
Boiler-Flues, Corrugated .. 640
Boilers, Zinc Foil in 62
Bouquets, Electric Light .. 699
Breakwater, New 700
Breathing, Artificial 762
Bricks, Acid-resisting 383
Building, Microscope and .. 64
Buoy Life-Boat 319
Buoy, Tidal 639
Burglar Alarm 445
Butter, Vegetable 255

PAGE

THE GATHERER—*Continued.*
Cable Tramways 187
Caged Electric Light 379
Candle, Benzine 60
Candlestick, Globe-holding .. 190
Canvas, Waterproof 701
Carrier Pigeons for Naval Use .. 254
Casks, Steel 60
Caustic Soda Fuel for Engines 764
Ceiling, Electric 761
Centrifugal Soot Collector .. 319
Cheese, Bean 318
Cheese-making Berry 384
Chemical Fire Engine 319
Chime, Magnetic 573
Clock, Novel 59
Cloth, Enamelled 251
Clothes, Firing, by Sunlight .. 576
Coal-Plates, Self-locking 251
Coal-Vein, Vast 317
Coffee-Roaster, New 572
Coffee-Roaster, Self-acting .. 379
Coloured Metal Films 761
Coloured Prints of Flowers .. 703
Comet, Spectrum of the Large . 124
Compasses, Horizontal 253
Conservatory Heater, New .. 61
Constant Voltaic Battery .. 571
Copper, Phosphor 764
Copying Fossil Prints 701
Corrugated Boiler-Flues 640
Corrugated Vent 63
Crackled Glass 512
Crane, Sixty-ton 575
Crumbling of Tin 126
Cutting Glass by Electricity .. 192
Cyclones, Heliograph and .. 123

Diamonds, Bleaching 123
Diffusion Motor 571
Diving, Telephone in 442
Door, Fireproof 190
Door-Mat, Indicating 379
Dove Flower 254
Dredge for Shell-Fish, Novel .. 639
Dress Trimmings, Luminous .. 383
Dressing for Wounds, Peat .. 125
Drill, Electric 123
Dugong Oil 191
Duplex Electric Lamp 62
Dust-Storms 572
Dwellings, Fireproof 382
Dynamo, Ferranti 188

Earth Torpedo 762
Earthquake Detector, New .. 575
Easily-opened Pocket-Knife .. 702
Effect of Lightning, Curious .. 319
Egg-Beater, New 509
Egyptian Ship Canal, Mr. Fowler's 127
Electric Amalgamator 319
Electric Boat, New 638
Electric Boiler Alarms 510
Electric Ceiling 761
Electric Drill 123
Electric Fan 380
Electric Flannel 445
Electric Gun 639
Electric Kettle 252
Electric Lamp, Bernstein .. 763
Electric Lamp, Duplex 62
Electric Lamp, New 638
Electric Launch 61, 702
Electric Light and the Microscope 383
Electric Light Bouquets 699
Electric Light by Induction .. 382
Electric Light, Caged 379
Electric Light Factory 637
Electric Light, How the, Affects Health 762
Electric Light in Surgery .. 509
Electric Light Signs 315
Electric-lighted Villa 703
Electric Match 636
Electric Motor, New 761
Electric Reading-Lamp 444
Electric Telpherage 507
Electric Tram-Car 379, 702
Electric Tricycle 253
Electrical Fuel 253
Electrical "Iris" 126
Electrical Machine, New .. 445
Electrical Valve-Closer 125
Electricity and Amber 639
Electricity, Cutting Glass by .. 192
Electricity, Gold-Washing by .. 381
Electricity, Killing Rats by .. 380
Electricity, Pattern-Printing by 318
Electricity, Reducing Gold and Silver Ores by 59
Electricity, Reducing Lead by .. 640
Electrified Lily 251
Electrodes, Fuller's-Earth .. 639
Electrotyping Telegraph Wires . 317
Enamelled Cloth 251
Enamelling Water-Pipes, New Method of 319
Engines, Caustic Soda Fuel for . 764
Ensilage, What is 315
Exchange, Telegraph 125
Eye, Model 316

PAGE
THE GATHERER—*Continued.*
Factory, Electric Light 637
Fan, Electric 380
Faucet, Flexible Self-gauging .. 444
Feline Sanitary Inspectors .. 315
Ferranti Dynamo 188
Filter, Maignen's 639
Filtering through Spongy Iron . 59
Fire Alarm, Fourgeot's 700
Fire Battery.. 188
Fire Engine, Chemical 319
Fire Hose, Novel Nozzle for .. 318
Fire Protectives, New 509
Fire-Shield, Asbestos 123
Fireproof Dwellings 382
Firing Clothes by Sunlight .. 5,6
Fish, Paradise 573
Fishes, New 255
Flagstone, Monster 60
Flames, Battery of 62
Flannel, Electric 445
Floating Telescope 700
Flowers, Coloured Prints of .. 703
Foam Balls 575
Foil, Aluminium 576
Forest, Petrified 704
Fossil Mine 317
Fossil Prints, Copying 701
Fourgeot's Fire Alarm 700
Fowler's Egyptian Ship Canal .. 127
Frozen Meat 700
Fuel for Engines, Caustic Soda 764
Fuel, Electrical 253
Fuller's-Earth Electrodes .. 639

Gas Accumulator 381
Gas Escape Tell-tale 760
Gas from Metals 63
Gas from Oil and Water 379
Gas Lamp, Recuperative .. 442
Glass, Crackled 512
Glass, Cutting, by Electricity .. 192
Glass, New 636
Glass-Blowing by Machinery .. 189
Globe-holding Candlestick .. 190
Glycerine and Glue 252
Glycerine, Silvering by 508
Gold-Washing by Electricity .. 381
Grain, New Mode of Storing .. 123
Graphite, Artificial 63
Grasping Tree 125
Greenhouse Boiler 379
Ground Shears, New 317
Gun, Electric 639
Guns, Wire.. 255
Gutta-percha, Artificial 637

Hair-Brush, Treadle 442
Hammer, Spring-handled .. 703
Hard Rubber, Softening .. 382
Heater, New Conservatory .. 191
Heliograph and Cyclones .. 123
Hill, Moving 318
Hints in Lightning Storms .. 640
Honey, Preserving 190
Horizontal Compasses 253
How the Electric Light Affects Health 762
Hydrogen Whistles 443

Illuminated Railway Signals .. 508
Incombustible Paper 512
Indicating Door-Mat 379
Indicating Weather-Cock .. 59
Induction, Electric Light by .. 382
Ink Paste 443
Ink Pencils, Non-copying .. 575
Inks, New 572
Insulator, Incombustible .. 702
Iridium-tipped Saw-Teeth .. 124
"Iris," Electrical 126
Iron, Aluminium-coated 576
Iron, Filtering through Spongy 59
Iron Man 192
Iron Permanent Way 702
Iron, Zinc-painted 576
Ivory, Potato 574

Keeping Silver Plate Bright .. 63
Keeping Toilet Water Hot .. 255
Kettle, Electric 252
Kelway's Telemeter 762
Key, Novel Railway 701
Killing Rats by Electricity .. 380
Knife, Polyblade 572
Knives, Two New 571

Lamp Extinguisher 507
Lamp, New Miner's 508
Lamp, Warning 123
Lattice Steps 638
Launch, Electric 61, 702
Lava, Stack of 60
Lead, Reducing by Electricity 640
Leather from Leather-Waste .. 576
Life-Boat, Buoy 319
Light and Anthracene 764
Light, Magnesia 61
Light, New Artificial 574
Light Regulator, Selenium .. 640
Lightning, Curious Effect of .. 319
Lightning Storms, Hints in .. 640
Lily, Electrified 21
Lily, New 573
Limbs, Artificial 637
Locomotive, Pigmy 761
Log, Aluminium 636
Luminous Dress Trimmings .. 383
Luminous Magnets 575
Luminous Paint, Making .. 319
Luminous Water-Gauge 60

Machinery, Glass-Blowing by .. 189
Magnesia Light 61
Magnetic Chime 573
Magnets, Luminous 575
Maignen's Filter 639

PAGE
THE GATHERER—*Continued.*
Man, Iron 192
Match, Electric 636
Meat, Frozen 700
Meat, Preserving 572
Mess-Tin, New 507
Metal Films, Coloured 761
Metallising Wood 699
Metallodion 639
Metals, Gas from 63
Mica Crystals, Made-up 380
Microphone, Vacuum 510
Microscope and Building .. 64
Microscope, Electric Light and the 383
Mid-Ocean Telegraphy 572
Milk, Use for Skimmed 638
Milk-Can Cleaner, Steam .. 126
Mine, Fossil 317
Miner's Lamp, New 508
Model Eye 316
Monster Flagstone 60
Moon, Artificial 125
Moonlight Photographs 252
Mosquito Oil 255
Motor, Diffusion 571
Motor, New Electric 761
Movable Steam-Crane, Monster 124
Music, Telephoning 189

Naval Use, Carrier Pigeons for.. 254
Nozzle for Fire-Hose, Novel .. 318
Nurse, Mechanical.. 761
Nursery, Swing for the 380

Oil and Water, Gas from 379
Oil, Dugong 191
Oil, Mosquito 255
Oil-Can, Novel 382
Omnibuses, Tramway 704
Ore, Steel from the 187
Ores, Reducing Gold and Silver, by Electricity 59
Ornamental Paper, New.. .. 60
Oysters, Green-bearded 511

Packing, Asbestos 762
Padlock, New 126
Paint and Putty, Removing .. 255
Paint Making Luminous .. 319
Palm-Paper 764
Paper from Bark 251
Paper, Incombustible 512
Paper, New Ornamental 60
Paper, New Tracing 636
Paper, Palm 764
Paper Pipes 638
Paradise Fish 573
Pattern-Printing by Electricity .. 318
Peat Dressing for Wounds .. 125
Pen, New Stylographic 702
Pen-Knife, New 637
Pencils, Non-copying Ink .. 575
Perambulator, Steering 794
Permanent Way, Iron 702
Petrified Forest 704
Phosphor-Copper 764
Phosphorescent Sulphur 638
Photo-Filigrane 317
Photographs, Moonlight.. .. 252
Photography for Amateurs .. 639
Photometer on Wheels 63
Photometer, Wedge 254
Photo-Micrograph 316
Photophore 511
Piano, A Tuning-Fork 192
Pigeons, Carrier, for Naval Use 254
Pigmy Locomotive.. 762
Pipes, Paper.. 638
Plant-Label, Tubular 442
Pneumatic Power 125
Pocket-Knife, Easily-opened .. 702
Polyblade Knife 572
Portable Blow-pipe Lamp .. 703
Potato-Ivory.. 574
Potato-Steamer, New 575
Potatoes, Utilising Diseased .. 576
Power by Telegraph 381
Power-Meter, New 187
Power, Pneumatic 125
Power, Transmitting, by Air .. 191
Praxinoscope, Projecting .. 191
Preserving Honey 190
Preserving Meat 572
Princely Safe 255
Printing, Pattern, by Electricity 318
Prints of Flowers, Coloured .. 703
Prize, Thousand-Pound 446
Protectives, New Fire 509
Putty, Removing Paint and .. 255
Pyrites, Steel from Refuse .. 444

Quinine, New 763

Railway Key, Novel 701
Railway Signals, Illuminated .. 508
Railway Signals, Self-acting .. 191
Railway Velocipede 187
Rats, Killing, by Electricity .. 380
Reading-Lamp, Electric 444
Recuperative Gas-Lamp 442
Reducing Gold and Silver Ores by Electricity 59
Reducing Lead by Electricity.. 640
Removing Paint and Putty .. 255
Rope, Asbestos 445
Rubber, Softening Hard.. .. 382
Rubber-Plant, New 571
Rubbish, Sulphur in Shot .. 573
Ruler, New 62

Sack-Holder, Ingenious 316
Saddle, New Tricycle 700
Safe, Princely 255
Safety-Lamp, New 252
Sanitary Inspectors, Feline .. 315
Saw-Teeth, Iridium-tipped .. 124
Science on Ben Nevis 511

PAGE
THE GATHERER—*Continued.*
Searing Stamp 639
Seaside Spy-Glass 699
Seed, Jumping 255
Selenium Light Regulator .. 640
Servants' Time Recorder .. 320
Shears, New Ground 317
Shell-Fish, Novel Dredge for .. 639
Ship-Canal, New (Florida) .. 443
Shot Rubbish, Sulphur in .. 573
Sick-Room, Vinegar in the .. 251
Signals, Self-acting Railway .. 191
Signs, Electric Light 315
Silk Ornamentation made Easy.. 508
Silvering by Glycerine 508
Silver Plate, Keeping Bright .. 63
Sixty-ton Crane 575
Skimmed Milk, Use for 638
Slates, Abacus for 443
Smelling, Speed of 512
Smoke, Utilising Wood 62
Soap Varnish 763
Soda, Caustic, Fuel for Engines 764
Softening Hard Rubber 382
Solder, Useful 573
Soldering without an Iron .. 251
Soot-Collector, Centrifugal .. 319
Speaking at a Distance of 1,000 miles 511
Spectrum-Giver, New 191
Spectrum of the Large Comet.. 24
Speed of Smelling 512
Spongy Iron, Filtering through 59
Spring, Monster 571
Spring-handled Hammer .. 703
Spy-Glass, Seaside 699
Stack of Lava 60
Stamp, Searing 639
Steam-Crane, Monster Movable 124
Steamer, New Potato 575
Steel Casks 60
Steel Crystals 383
Steel from Refuse Pyrites .. 444
Steel from the Ore.. 187
Steel-Iron 512
Steelyard, Registering 762
Steps, Lattice 638
Stinging Tree 61
Storing Grain, New Mode of .. 123
Storm-Sounds in the Telephone 760
Storms, Dust 572
Strap, Gigantic 63
Straw Timber 126
Stylographic Pen, New 702
Submarine Balloon 636
Sulphur in Shot Rubbish .. 573
Sulphur, Phosphorescent .. 638
Sunflower, Uses of the 59
Sunlight, Firing Clothes by .. 570
Surgery, Electric Light in the 509
Swing for the Nursery 380

Telegraph Exchange 125
Telegraph, Power by 381
Telegraph Wires, Electrotyping 317
Telegraphy, Mid-Ocean 572
Telemeter, Kelway's 762
Telephone in Diving 442
Telephone, New 381, 763
Telephone, Time by 254
Telephone Transmitter, Wire-Gauze 382
Telephone, Storm-Sounds in the 760
Telephone, Woodland Sounds by 63
Telephoning Music 189
Telescope, Floating 700
Tellurian, Simple 318
Telpherage, Electric 507
Thermometer, Constant 125
Thousand-Pound Prize 446
Thunderstorms, Wire Fences in 252
Tidal Buoy 639
Timber, Straw 126
Time by Telephone 254
Time Recorder, Servants' .. 320
Tin, Crumbling of.. 126
Toilet Water, Keeping Hot .. 255
Tooth-Brush, Fountain 190
Torpedo, Earth 762
Tracing Paper, New 636
Tram-Car, Electric 379, 702
Tram-Rail, New 638
Tramway Omnibuses 704
Tramways, Cable 187
Transmitting Power by Air .. 191
Treadle Hair-Brush 442
Tree, Grasping 125
Tree, Stinging 61
Tricycle Boat 701
Tricycle, Electric 253
Tricycle, New 384
Tricycle Saddle, New 700
Trimmings, Luminous Dress .. 383
Triptolith 59
T-Square, New 188
Tubular Plant-Label 442
Tuning-Fork Piano, A 192
Two New Knives 571
Type-Writer, New 251

Umbrella, Self-opening 638
Unsinkable Boat 763
Use for Ants, Curious 61
Use for Skimmed Milk 638
Uses of the Sunflower 59
Utilising Diatoms 507
Utilising Diseased Potatoes .. 576
Utilising Wood-Smoke 62

Vacuum Microphone 510
Valve-Closer, Electrical 125
Varnish, Soap 763
Vegetable Butter 255
Vegetable-Slicer 315
Velocipede, Railway 187
Vent, Corrugated 63

PAGE
Vessel, Anti-Torpedo 702
Villa, Electric-lighted 703
Vinegar in the Sick-Room .. 251
Voltaic Battery, Constant .. 571
Voltaic Battery, New 317

Warning Lamp 123
Water, Gas from Oil and.. .. 379
Water-Gauge, Luminous .. 60
Water-Meter, New 574
Water-Pipes, New Method of Enamelling 319
Waterproof Canvas 701
Weather-Cock, Indicating .. 59
Wedge, Photometer 254
Wheels, Photometer on 63
Whistles, Hydrogen 443
Windmill, New 700
Window-Blind Holder 315
Wire Fences in Thunderstorms . 252
Wire-Gauze Telephone Transmitter 382
Wire Guns 255
Wood, Metallising.. 699
Wood-Smoke, Utilising 62
Woodland Sounds by Telephone 63
Wounds, Peat Dressing for .. 125

Zinc Foil in Boilers 62
Zinc-painted Iron 576

Genoese Filigree Work, The Making of 96
GENTLEWOMEN, REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENT FOR 41, 110, 174, 246, 313, 371, 433, 505, 562, 633, 658, 750
Gift of Love, The (*Music*).. 502
Girls, Domestic Training for, Prize Essay on .. 64, 143
Great Britain, The Wandering Tribes of ("*The Way Some Folks Live*") .. 728

Hall, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. .. 587
Hand-Reading, The Art of 692
Happiness, Prize Poem 256, 384
Harrogate ("*Two Famous Yorkshire Towns*") .. 654
Health, A New City of .. 79
Health, How a Consumptive Found 154
Herald of Summer (*Music*) 348
High Pressure, Life at .. 397
Highland Poet, Home of a.. 207
Hill, The House on the .. 752
Holiday, A Dutchman's Little 459
Holiday Trip from Kew to Medmenham, A 415
Holiday, When the, is Over 687
Home-made Ices 541
Home of a Highland Poet .. 207
House of Commons, The French 269
House on the Hill, The .. 752
House, On Poisons in the .. 733
Household Electricity 464, 530
How a Consumptive Found Health 154
How He Found his Wife .. 402
How I Furnished 345
How I Watched a Spider .. 718
How MOLLY MADE BOTH ENDS MEET 106, 211, 365, 475, 653, 746
How the Stormy Waves were Conquered 113, 150
How to Cook a Pumpkin .. 414
How to Decorate Fans .. 480
How to Form a Cricket or Tennis Club 270
How to Keep Poultry for Profit 350
How to Make "Game Pie" without Game 23
How to Make Raised Pies.. 758
How we Managed our Wedding Breakfast 601
Hudson, Up the ("*Sights and Scenes of the New World*") 362

Ice-Boating in America .. 31
Ices, Home-Made 541
I'll Never Love Thee More (*Music*) 94
India, The Lac Industry of 683
In-doors, The Air we Breathe 341
Inner Life, The Outer and 405
Irish Lace 500
Iron Walls, Our 283
"It is this Dreadful Weather" 218
Iva's First Day-Dream .. 722

January, Our Garden in .. 88
Japan, New Year's Day in.. 77

PAGE

Jemina, The Cruise of the 502
Jenkins, Our Mr. 46
Johnson, Doctor, on the Temperance Question .. 343
Journey with the Khedive, My 26, 85
July, Our Garden in .. 471
June 432
June, Our Garden in .. 412

Kew to Medmenham, A Holiday Trip from .. 415
Khedive, My Journey with the 26, 85
Knaresborough ("*Two Famous Yorkshire Towns*") 654

Lac Industry of India, The 683
Lace, Irish 500
Last Aboriginal, The .. 240
Lentil Flour, and What may be Done with it 213
Lessie, Signorina 147
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR :—
Why all this Smoke? .. 64, 192, 256
Our Women's Health Society .. 128
Moral Education at Schools .. 255
Thought-Reading .. 320, 512, 640
An Experiment in Social Reform 704
Life at High Pressure .. 397
Life, The Outer and the Inner 405
Literary Queries for Spare Moments, Some 58, 162, 237, 320
Lodgers in London Arches ("*The Way Some Folks Live*") 248
London Organ-Grinder, The ("*The Way Some Folks Live*") 623
Long Years, After .. 598, 689
Lord Chancellor, The ("*The Powers that Be*') .. 428
Love Never Dies (*Music*) .. 158
Love Song, A (*Music*) .. 660
Love, The Gift of (*Music*).. 302
Lung Mischief, The Beginnings of 595
Luther's Town, A Peep at .. 735

Maid of Cherbury, The Fair 564
Making of Genoese Filigree Work, The 96
Making of Patties, On the.. 333
March, Our Garden in .. 224
Married Women's Property Act (1882), The : a Social Revolution 281
May, Our Garden in .. 352
May Time 371
Medmenham, A Holiday Trip from Kew to. .. 415
Memory, A Friendly Chat about the 494
Men, Dress Reform for .. 241
Messenger, New Year's .. 128
"Middling, Only" 553
Mimicry, Protective.. .. 285
MOLLY (HOW) MADE BOTH ENDS MEET 106, 211, 365, 475, 653, 746
Monograms, A Novel Use for Crests and 731
Moral Education at Schools (*Letters to the Editor*) .. 255
MUSIC :—
When Rosebuds Ope'd 18
I'll Never Love Thee More .. 94
Love Never Dies 158
When Friends Look Dark and Cold 223
The Gift of Love 302
Herald of Summer 348
For Evermore 409
Fare Thee Well ! 462
Dainty Dearie 558
Waiting 596
A Love Song 660
The Blue-Bird 726
My Journey with the Khedive 26, 85

Nettles, Cloth from 184
New World, Sights and Scenes of the: Up the Hudson 362
New Year's Day in Japan .. 77
New Year's Messenger .. 128
Notts, Flower-Gathering and Flower-Gatherers in North 560
November, Our Garden in.. 715

October, Our Garden in .. 664
Old Sailor's Story, An .. 92
Omelette, The Art of Cooking an 280
On Cuttle-Fish as a Dainty Dish 469
On Poisons in the House .. 733
On the East Coast 747
On the Making of Patties .. 333
"Only Middling" 553
Organ-Grinder, The London ("*The Way Some Folks Live*") 623
Orgy in Cairo, A Persian .. 534
Our Iron Walls 283
Our Mr. Jenkins 46
Our Popular Ballads .. 670
Our "Women's Health Society" (*Letter to the Editor*) 128
Outer and the Inner Life, The 405

PARDONED 1, 65, 129, 193, 257, 321, 385, 449, 513, 577, 641, 705
PARLIAMENT, THE FAMILY :—
Should Early Closing be Made Compulsory? .. 54, 183, 238, 310
Can Fiction be Made a Power for Good? 121, 182
Is it Wise to Promote Emigration? 310, 431, 498
Should National Insurance against Pauperism be Made Compulsory? 373, 626, 695
Parted 176
Pastimes, Sports and : their Benefits and Dangers .. 141
Patties, On the Making of.. 333
Peep at Luther's Town, A.. 735
Persian Orgy in Cairo, A .. 534
Phantom Ship, The 499
Pies, How to Make Raised 758
Pleasures and Profits of Bee-Driving, The 335
Poem on Happiness, Prize 256, 384
Poet, Home of a Highland 207
Poisons in the House, On .. 733
Popular Ballads, Our .. 670
Popular Entertainments .. 474
Porcelain Works, A Visit to the Worcester 399
Portrait, Story about a Family 214
Poultry, How to Keep, for Profit 350
POWERS THAT BE, THE :—
Her Majesty the Queen .. 49
The Archbishop of Canterbury 171
The Lord Chancellor 428
Prescription, Doctor Brown's 630
Presents, Christmas, and How to Make them .. 43
Pressure, Life at High .. 397
PRIZE COMPETITIONS :—
Essay on Domestic Training for Girls (1882) 64, 143
Poem on Happiness (1882) 256, 384
Song Competition (1882) 320, 384
New Prize Competitions (1883) 447
Profit, How to Keep Poultry for 350
Profits, The Pleasures and, of Bee-Driving 335
Property Act, Married Women's, 1882 : a Social Revolution 281
Protective Mimicry 285
Public Schools, Free Education in .. 406, 478, 525, 609
Pumpkin, How to Cook a .. 414

Queen, Her Majesty the ("*The Powers that Be*") 49

Rabbit Pest in Australasia, The 622
Railway Clearing-House, A Day in the 160
Raised Pies, How to Make 758
REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENT FOR GENTLEWOMEN 41, 110, 174, 246, 313, 371, 433, 505, 562, 633, 658, 750
Ring, A Blue Enamel .. 83
River, Across the 466
Rivers, Two 628
Rose, The First, of Summer 430

Safety-Lamp, Sam's.. .. 304
St. Valentine's Day.. .. 145
Salt-Making in South Durham 719
Sam's Safety-Lamp 304
Sandwich Suppers 117
Saxelby's (Miss) Work of Art 242
Schools, Moral Education at (*Letters to the Editor*) .. 255
Secrets, The Transmission of 724
September, Our Garden in.. 591
Ship, The Phantom.. .. 499
Shoeing Forge, The.. .. 538
Sights and Scenes of the New World : Up the Hudson 362
Signorina Lessie 147
Sketches, Why those, were Unfinished 369, 435
Smoke, Why all this (*Letters to the Editor*) ..64, 192, 256
Snow, Facts about Frost and 15, 119
Snow to Sunshine, From .. 603
Social Reform, An Experiment in (*Letters to the Editor*) 704
Social Revolution, A : The Married Women's Property Act, 1882 281
Song of the Spring, A .. 272
Spare Moments, Some Literary Queries for 58, 162, 237, 320
Spider, How I Watched a .. 718
Spitalfields Weavers, A Turn amongst ("*The Way Some Folks Live*") .. 666
Sports and Pastimes: their Benefits and Dangers .. 141
Spring, A Song of the .. 272
Stormy Waves (How the) were Conquered .. 113, 150
Story about a Family Portrait 214
Story, An Old Sailor's .. 92
Summer Day, End of a .. 587
Summer, The First Rose of 430
Summer, Herald of (*Music*) 348
Sunshine, From Snow to .. 603
Suppers, Sandwich 117
Sweet Reflection, A.. .. 28

Temperance Question, Dr. Johnson on the 343
Tennis Club, How to Form a Cricket or 270
Thought - Reading as an Amusement.. 186
Thought - Reading (*Letters to the Editor*) 320, 512, 640
Thoughts on Domestic Training for Girls, Some (*Prize Essay*) 143
Thousands and Thousands.. 20
To a Fountain 591
Tonic Sol-fa Movement, John Curwen and the 496
Toothache, What to Do for the 90
Training for Girls, Domestic, Prize Essay on .. 64, 143
Transmission of Secrets, The 724
Trusted Too Well 662
Tunnel, Blocked in a .. 530
Turn amongst Spitalfields Weavers, A ("*The Way Some Folks Live*") .. 666
Two Famous Yorkshire Towns (Harrogate and Knaresborough) 654
Two Rivers 628

Unfinished, Why those Sketches were .. 369, 435
Up the Hudson ("*Sights and Scenes of the New World*") 362
Use for Crests and Monograms, A Novel 731

Valentine's Day, St. .. 145
Visit to a Ceylon Coffee Estate, A 527
Visit to the Worcester Porcelain Works, A 399

Wagner, Richard 448
Waiting 563
Waiting (*Music*) 596
Walk through a Brush Factory, A 220
Wandering Tribes of Great Britain, The ("*The Way Some Folks Live*") .. 728
Warmth Within, The .. 694
Water-Babies of our Canals, The ("*The Way Some Folks Live*") 543
Waves, How the Stormy, were Conquered .. 113, 150
WAY SOME FOLKS LIVE, THE :—
Lodgers in London Arches .. 248
The Water - Babies of our Canals 543
The London Organ-Grinder .. 623
A Turn amongst Spitalfields Weavers 666
The Wandering Tribes of Great Britain 728
Wear, All Along the .. 555
"Weather, It is this Dreadful" 218
Weavers, A Turn amongst Spitalfields ("*The Way Some Folks Live*") .. 666
Wedding Breakfast, How we Managed our 601
Wedding Flowers 671
What to Do for the Toothache 90
WHAT TO WEAR, CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS, 50, 108, 179, 234, 306, 376, 439, 491, 567, 619, 696, 755
When Friends Look Dark and Cold (*Music*).. .. 223
"When Green Leaves Come Again" 276
When Rosebuds Ope'd (*Music*) 18
When the Holiday is Over.. 687
Why all this Smoke? (*Letters to the Editor*) .. 64, 192, 256
Why those Sketches were Unfinished 369, 435
Wife, How He Found his.. 402
Wit, A Word about 13
"Women's Health Society, Our" (*Letter to the Editor*) 128
Wood-Carving as a Remunerative Employment for Gentlewomen 658
Worcester Porcelain Works, A Visit to the 399
Word about Crystoleum-Painting, A.. 287
Word about Wit, A 13
Work of Art, Miss Saxelby's 242
WORLD, DOWN IN THE 33, 98, 162, 226, 290, 354
Wounded, Aid for the .. 146
Writing in the Dark.. .. 367

Years, After Long .. 598, 689
Yes or No? 471
Yorkshire Towns, Two Famous (Harrogate and Knaresborough) 654

Cassell's Family Magazine.

PARDONED.

By the Author of "In a Minor Key," "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

PROS AND CONS.

"MY dear George, do eat your breakfast. Everything is getting quite cold. Do you know what time it is? Positively past ten o'clock."

This remonstrance, uttered in a somewhat fretful tone, came from behind a large old-fashioned silver kettle, which so entirely screened the face of the speaker from the person she was addressing as to render her words apparently ineffectual. Absorbed as he was previously to this mild appeal in a letter which he had been reading and re-reading for the last half-hour, her husband never moved, but continued alike oblivious of his patient wife, of his fast-chilling tea, of the evaporating delights of poached eggs and kidneys.

Mrs. Everard leant back in her chair, with a sigh of resignation. Evidently the letter was one of importance: she could read that in Colonel Everard's countenance, usually so impassable. Peering round the kettle, she watched the bushy eyebrows knit themselves close one moment, and lift themselves the next, the bright steel-blue eyes flash and soften as she rarely saw them do now; the thin, finely-curved lips compress and part with every sentence as he read it. And then she looked at the letter itself. From the distance she was from it, she could discern little of its nature, but that little was enough to satisfy her that her husband's correspondent was a man, and one who wrote a remarkably bad, illegible hand. Beyond that she could see nothing.

By this time Colonel Everard seemed to have become aware that his wife had addressed him, some dim echo of her words still vibrating in his brain.

"Did you speak to me, Emily?" he asked.

"I only told you that your breakfast is perfectly cold, and that it is long past ten o'clock."

"I have had a good deal to think of. This letter," touching the open sheet of paper before him with a long tapering finger, "is a surprise to me: a very great surprise!"

Mrs. Everard looked her interrogation at first, then, perceiving that it was unheeded, put it into words.

"Is it a business letter?"

"Yes, and no. There will be a good deal of business connected with it, I fancy, which will concern you nearly as much as it will me. Another cup of tea, if you please."

His wife was so mystified and curious as to the nature of this business, which yet was no business, that she dropped a large lump of sugar into this second cup, thereby calling forth a grave rebuke from her husband, and very nearly nipping the growing confidence in the bud.

Colonel Everard had relapsed again into silence as he thoughtfully sipped his tea and contentedly ate his cold kidneys, whilst Mrs. Everard, her thoughts reverting to her housekeeper, waited patiently till it should please him to make further disclosures. That they were coming she could tell by certain unmistakable signs; and as the clock struck half-past ten, and she was reminded of the flight of time, she pulled out her knitting, and commenced plying her needles with the feverish activity of inward restlessness.

"Will you oblige me by putting away your knitting?"

Colonel Everard had finished his breakfast, and stood now by her side. When he rose, you could see what a tall, powerful man he was—a perfect contrast to his fair, withered-looking wife, with that bleached complexion you so often see in those who take but little air and exercise. There was a suppressed irritability in the voice and manner, although the words were studiously polite. Perhaps Mrs. Everard hardly suspected how her husband disliked those flashing pins, brought out on the most inopportune occasions, nevertheless she pushed them hurriedly and nervously into her pocket, and prepared herself only too willingly to listen.

"If you will come into the morning-room," he continued, "whilst the servants clear away the breakfast, I will explain to you how this letter affects you."

Did Mrs. Everard desire anything better? Quickly she rose, and followed her husband as he preceded her into what was called the morning-room, where the inviting chairs, and the home-like though untasteful arrangement of the furniture, seemed to make confidence come easier.

"You remember," he commenced, walking up and down in front of her, "or rather, you do not remember, my——sister Winifred?"

"Ah!" The exclamation came out involuntarily. It was eighteen years since she had heard that name from his lips.

"This letter is from her husband."

"Her husband?"

"Yes. He is dying, he says, and begs to commend to *my* care, on his decease, his only child, his daughter, whom he will leave penniless. What do you think of that?"

"What do I think of it?" nervously. "I really do not know what to think. I suppose it is very natural; and although—he did behave disgracefully—still, it is many years ago; and—and—Winifred was your sister, was she not?"

The handsome, aristocratic face darkened perceptibly, the rather thin lips narrowed to the faintest line.

"No one is more aware of that fact than I am," he said sarcastically. "Had she been a more distant relation, her conduct would have been a matter of perfect indifference to me, but, as you say, she was my sister, and therein lies the gist of the whole business."

"Yes. What do you mean to do?"

Colonel Everard frowned. "The affair concerns you more closely almost than it does me. What do you say to the idea of an ill-educated, rustic-mannered girl for your daily and hourly companion? For myself, I should see but little of her, and to *me* at least she would never show her father's side of her nature; but for you it would be different."

"You would never bring her here, surely?"

A satirical smile flashed into the corners of the thin lips, but only for a moment.

"Just now you were reminding me that Mrs. Smith was my sister: the unpleasant idea that Miss Smith may be ill-educated and rustic does not alter that fact, does it?"

"No; but still, I thought you might make her an allowance, or something of that kind, and let her live where she pleases. What should we do with a girl about the house?"

Colonel Everard glanced mechanically round the room, comfortable, handsome, solid, but lacking those graces which spring from a bright, youthful hand. Perhaps it seemed to him that a girl about the house might not be such an unmixed evil.

"Perhaps," he answered—and this time there was a bright gleam in his eye—"she could show you some new knitting pattern, help you in your arduous household duties."

Mrs. Everard coloured. "Then you have decided to have her here?"

"Not at all. The decision, to my mind, rests with you; and you are averse to the company of the young lady. Mr. Smith, it seems, has written to Frank, to the same effect as he has to myself. Having nine children of his own, perhaps Frank will be willing to undertake the charge of a tenth."

"Frank! He is the last man to do such a thing."

"So I think; but we shall see," folding up the letter with a quiet precision, and rising from the chair he had been occupying for the last five minutes. "Meanwhile, you have decided against Miss Smith."

"I? No indeed, George; I would not deprive the poor girl of a home. Perhaps she may not be so bad as you fancy. I dare say," with a sigh, "I shall get accustomed to her, if only she will not want me to take her out and about. I have been used to such a quiet life, and my health is really—as you know—so miserable, that I could not stand a girl of the present day, who is never happy unless she is on the go."

"My niece will have to do as she is told."

"Of course she will obey you"—had any one ever dared disobey Colonel Everard?—"but me? I am too good-natured, you know. I could never resist a girl who was determined to have her own way, and then——"

"Then you would refer her to me. Once for all, the matter lies with you; me it will concern comparatively little. I am going over to Baily's Farm this morning with Roger. At luncheon-time I shall be ready for your answer;" and Colonel Everard rose finally to leave the room.

"And Frank?" asked his wife. With a movement of impatience, he turned round.

"I thought," he said, "that you and I had arrived at the conclusion that Frank was the last man in the world to undertake this charge? Why revert to the question?"

"I do not know: a forlorn hope, I suppose."

Her husband vouchsafed no answer. Turning the handle of the door without a word, he disappeared into the hall. Left to herself, Mrs. Everard became a prey to a thousand conflicting feelings. She longed to know what Colonel Everard's real wishes were in this matter. It was cruel of him, she argued, to leave the onus of this decision with her—she who had never been able to decide anything in her life. It was equally cruel to give her to understand that she was to have the whole burden of this girl—who was his niece, whose mother had been his only sister—on her shoulders.

Mrs. Everard was a good woman: in the main, kind-hearted; but circumstances had been against her, and had so acted on her weak, undecided character as to dry up the well-springs of kindliness, and leave her a mere selfish, imaginary invalid. Eighteen years ago, lovely and admired, she had fallen in love with and married Captain Everard, then in the Life Guards, a man distinguished for his good looks and his haughty imperious temper. The marriage had been a disappointment to them both. Captain Everard soon found that he, on his side, had made a mistake. His pretty, scrupulous, narrow-minded wife was no companion to him; her constant talk about herself, her ill-health, her hopes, her fears, her—to him inane—occupations, wearied him, and his overbearing temper frightened her. She meant well, poor woman, very well: indeed, she fancied she was

a model wife, and prided herself on the fact; whilst Colonel Everard, rigid as to his duty as a husband, and unsparing to himself as he was to others, gave her no outward cause to complain.

Unknown to each other, they had both hoped that a son and heir to the large estates and fortune, and to the name of Everard, would put matters more straight between them; but, alas! the years rolled on, and there were no children to fill the spacious nurseries at Tranmere, where Colonel Everard and his brother and sister had played in days gone by. It was a disappointment to Mrs. Everard; it was a crushing blow to her husband. The whole man was built up of pride, by no means of an ignoble kind, but such a pride as, well kept under, becomes a virtue. *Noblesse oblige* was his motto, and well he kept it. Never in the course of his existence was George Everard known to do a base action; in the daily minutiæ of life his word was a rock on which you might lean unhesitatingly, sure that it would not give with you; but if he was severe to himself, he was even more so to others. His wife's weak vacillations, her inconsistencies, her feminine inaccuracies, met with but scathing treatment at his hands; and to all alike whom he found tripping he was *sans merci.*

His name, his honour, his family, were his gods, and he had no son, no child to succeed to either the one or the other. Poor Mrs. Everard, absorbed in herself, had no idea of the intensity of her husband's feelings on the subject, did not know that he had come nigh to hating her, and that it was only by enveloping himself in a mantle of icy reserve that he could preserve those outer forms of courtesy and politeness towards her that he considered due from a gentleman to a lady, and from a husband to a wife.

So they had lived together for eighteen years, and time had worn the edge off their feelings, and so welded them together that, to the looker-on at least, theirs was a house where you seldom heard a jarring word, and where the relation between the husband and wife was often quoted as a model to their more quick-tempered brethren.

But this time it was not of herself Mrs. Everard was thinking, as she sat in the easy-chair in the morning-room, forgetful alike of her housekeeper and her dinner in the recollections that this morning's post had aroused both in herself and her husband. True, her reminiscences were few and far between; they resolved themselves chiefly into these words, uttered by Captain Everard just after her engagement to him, in answer to an interrogation she had put to him—

"I had a sister once, but I know nothing of her now; to all intents and purposes she is dead to me."

She had been afraid to ask more, afraid to provoke again that look of undying resentment in his face; but nevertheless, with the assistance of the "Landed Gentry," the Everard relations, and some of her friends, she had made out the facts of the case to be that Captain Everard had an only sister, Winifred, some years younger than himself, and that he had been devotedly fond of her.

She had grown up all that father, mother, and brothers could wish, beautiful, fascinating, and lovable, the joy and ruler of the whole house. But the serpent had crept into her Eden, and this time he assumed the shape of a tutor to Frank Everard, kept at home by an accident out hunting, and anxious to employ his enforced leisure by working up for an examination he was shortly to pass. Mr. Smith, the tutor, quickly won the good graces of the whole family, for he was a scholar and a gentleman, and possessed of a countenance so remarkable for its intelligence and earnestness, that no one could have passed him over.

Winifred, spoilt child as she was, with an insatiable thirst for knowledge, took it into her pretty head that she would share Frank's instructions, and, moreover, have a little teaching all to herself from Mr. Smith. No one ever gainsaid Winifred, and the instructions were allowed—of course, under the eye of a chaperon. The rest is easily told.

Something else was learnt besides Latin and Greek. Two hearts learnt to beat in only too true unison; two intellects discovered that they were made for each other; two faltering voices declared that life would be unbearable without each other. The mischief was worked so quietly and insidiously that no one had the faintest suspicion of it. Such an idea in connection with an Everard was quite beyond an Everard's grasp. It never entered Winifred's parents' heads to caution their daughter as to her behaviour; they took it for granted that, being who she was, she would under all circumstances conduct herself with perfect propriety. Some day, they knew, she would go away and leave them, when the right time came for her to give her hand to some one her equal in birth and position: until then, she was the cherished darling of the house.

Then one morning the household woke to find an empty room, a little tear-stained note, and Winifred gone.

There was nothing to be done; she was to be married immediately to Mr. Smith. By the time any one could reach her she would have changed her proud name of Everard for that of Smith.

And nothing was done. Only Winifred's name was expunged from the Family Bible, from her father's will, and, as he imagined, from his heart. But she had left a wound behind her that time could never heal. She had dealt such a blow to the Everard pride as it could never recover. Yet they all bore themselves bravely. The world should never guess that it had been, as it were, a death-blow to them; the world must never know that it had broken her mother's heart. No attempt was made to communicate with her. She was Mrs. Smith: that was quite sufficient. She had voluntarily placed herself beyond the pale, and there she must stay. Her father forbade that her name should ever be mentioned, and it never was. In proportion as she had been loved, so was she now ostracised. Even her portrait was carried from the sitting-room, where it had always hung, to some remote part of the house, where no eye might light upon it. She was more than dead to them: she was buried.

In all these measures Mr. Everard had been upheld by his son, Captain Everard, who had loved his sister with a warmth and passionateness as great as the pride he felt in her, and now he, as it were, interred her with a rigid severity that knew no half-measures. From that day till now, her name had never passed his lips, and no mortal knew that he had occasionally stolen up-stairs to that remote garret, and gazed on the portrait of her he had once held the most lovely and fascinating of women.

Six months after Winifred's flight, Tranmere, her former home, had been shut up, and Mr. and Mrs. Everard had gone abroad for the latter's health. George and Frank had returned to their professions, and the Smith scandal had gradually died out.

The recollection of it was recalled to people's minds, first by the death of Mrs. Everard at Mentone, and, some years later on, by the death of Winifred Smith herself in a remote Cornish village, where, having taken Orders, her husband was acting as curate-in-charge. She died almost suddenly, and the event remained unnoticed by any member of her own family. Indeed, it was almost a relief to them. They had buried her virtually so many years ago, that it was pleasanter to think of her as really at rest under the green sod. For think of her they did, though pride sealed their lips, and forbade them to answer her rare appeals for forgiveness.

Perhaps the very bitterest hours in the whole course of George Everard's rather sunless life were those devoted to the thoughts of his sister, and he did what no other member of the family sought to do. By a most circuitous method, in order to avoid detection, he discovered that his sister was so far happy in her married life that Mr. Smith made her a most devoted husband. Beyond that he did not seek to inquire: did not ask how two people without means managed to live, but rested satisfied with the fact that Mr. Smith had one redeeming point in his character.

Recalling all these carefully collected facts to her memory, Mrs. Everard replaced her knitting-pins in her basket, and quitted the morning-room. Crossing the hall, she commenced ascending the broad oak staircase that led up-stairs, until she reached the great gallery that ran round the centre of the house. Here she turned off through a narrow doorway, and was soon threading the intricate by-ways of an old house that had been added to by successive generations until there were more passages than rooms, more staircases than passages.

"They were determined to banish her: there is no doubt of that," she murmured, as she laboriously ascended a last small flight of steps, and stood in what she deemed the topmost landing of the house, pausing ere she turned the handle of the door that faced her. Bluebeard's cupboard and such-like stories presented themselves to her mind as she shrinkingly entered the room, to gaze, for the second time in her married life, on the family skeleton.

The little bare attic smelt close and mouldy; the hot July sun streamed in through the tightly-closed and jealously-shrouded casement, finding no object whereon to rest, save one large travelling-box, and a solitary oil-painting that hung on the wall.

Mrs. Everard was eminently matter-of-fact, but even to her it occurred what a mean, pitiful thing was this family pride, that had carried out its relentless will even on the inanimate memorials of its once idolised Winifred. Panting from her ascent, she sat down on the box opposite the picture, to gaze at her ease on the sweet Greuze-like face, with its full-parted lips and laughing eyes, its glory of auburn hair, its delicately radiant complexion. She felt softened, touched, as she reflected on the subsequent history of the original of this bright-eyed portrait.

"She cannot be very uncouth or ill-mannered," she murmured to herself, "being *her* daughter;" but with the reflection there arose a fresh anxiety. What if this girl, this Winifred Smith, were to be the counterpart of her mother? were to win not only her uncle's regard, but, still further, his affection? She could not bear the thought. She was content to be unloved herself as long as no one else was loved; but let any one else dare to hold the key to her husband's heart, and her jealousy was all alive. And yet the decision lay with her. Colonel Everard had once sarcastically remarked that Mrs. Everard would stand for a quarter of an hour between two doors before she could make up her mind which she would enter. She was precisely in that frame of mind now. Should she decide for or against Miss Smith?

How long she sat on that box gazing into vacancy and thinking out her troubles she knew not. She was roused at last by a deep boom resounding through the house. She looked at her watch. Half-past one: actually luncheon-time; and Colonel Everard, punctual as the clock, had said he would be at home for luncheon. With a guilty feeling as of concealment, she rose hastily to leave the room, and, turning the key in the lock, stole softly down-stairs to the dining-room.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

QUEEN VASHTI.

JUST a little fishing village, nothing more. No squire's house rearing its head in the centre, and extending its benevolence to the remotest corners of the parish: no comfortable, substantial rectory, with its trim garden, its sunny wall, and cosy bay and oriel windows: no well-to-do farmhouses, standing amidst tall ricks, and speaking of peace and plenty. Instead thereof a little bare fishing village, its houses—or rather, huts—perched here and there among the rocks, against which the waves roared and surged night and day: its beach strewn with huge fantastic boulders, ready, to the excited imagination, to spring into any weird or eerie form: its rugged front cleft and rent by many a fissure, many a chasm, where the sea lay eddying and boiling, like some imprisoned spirit seeking to make itself free—where every one was poor, from the curate-in-charge down to the boy who picked up a few pence by shrimping.

They had their Church, though, these hardy Cornish fishermen, and they were very proud of it, though the earth had grown up nearly to the chancel window, though the whole structure decidedly leant to one side, and a faint mouldy smell pervaded the building; yet the massive pillars, the low round arches, the thick walls, to which the deep window-splays testified, the square tower, and here and there round porch and arch—wonderfully perfect bits of moulding—appealed to their rude imaginations as a more finished style of architecture would have failed to do. Yes, they were proud of their Church, and they were proud of their curate's daughter.

High up among the cliffs, distinguished from its surroundings by an air of greater comfort—you cannot say luxury where there was none—by its small garden, looking to the south, and blooming with masses of myrtle and pink and blue hydrangeas, stood the curate's cottage, not much superior to its brethren, either in point of size or architecture. Had the cottage, however, been a palace, and Mr. Smith an earl's son, he and his daughter could not have been held in greater respect and veneration than they were by the simple inhabitants of Penruth, quick to apppreciate the tokens of a real gentleman amongst them.

"SHE SAT DOWN ON THE BOX OPPOSITE THE PICTURE" (*p.* 4).

They were a homely people, leading hardy and rough lives—lives which they, so to speak, held in their hands, presenting a practical illustration of Charles Kingsley's well-known poem of the "Three Fishers," as day after day the little boats would put out to sea, often, on this dangerous coast, never to return. There were many workers amongst them, but few weepers. Stern, earnest, pious, and deeply tinged with superstition, their emotions lay hidden so far below the surface that they seldom sought an outlet in visible demonstrations of grief. Practical and shrewd, they were not an intellectual set in the matter of book-learning, and most of their illustrations, their metaphors, were derived from the Bible and the Psalms, which, to their simple minds, seemed specially written for their comfort. Therefore, when old Alan Treguel likened his favourite, Miss Winny, the curate's daughter, to Queen Vashti, she was the only person he could think of who would, to his mind, have compared in regal demeanour, in stately gait, to this, the only lady he had ever known. His neighbour to whom he made the comparison was very indignant. "Our Miss Winny like Queen Vashti!" he exclaimed. "I think when she smiles she is a sight more like Queen Esther."

Nevertheless, old Alan persisted in his opinion, and, moreover, confided it to Winifred herself. The girl smiled, and then laughed outright.

"You are right, Alan," she said, "quite right. I have a great deal more of the Queen Vashti, I am afraid, than of the Queen Esther in my composition."

It was small wonder that she had, for her life had been a hard one for a girl of her age: a ceaseless single hand-to-hand fight with that grim monster poverty—a fight in which she often came off worsted, but which left her no whit less proud, less defiant, than when it began—a fight in which she never failed to remind herself of who she was, and what was due to her, even whilst, with her own long tapering fingers, she prepared the dinner, or dusted the rooms, or occupied herself in those menial offices that she told herself were in no way derogatory to her dignity as a lady.

For was it not all for her father's sake? that he might not feel the hard grip of poverty, which pinches so sorely when food is uneatable, rooms uninhabitable, and all the graces of life unattainable. No; whilst Winifred was with him that could and should not be the case. Their house was tiny, and inconvenient, and cold, and bleak, but it had its little prettinesses, and no one could set foot inside the narrow hall, where the floor-cloth was guiltless of pattern, without feeling instinctively that he was in a gentleman's house.

For Winny had not lived among these huge granite rocks, in constant view of the great ocean, without their acting upon her soul, and awaking therein a thirsty craving for what she did not know herself. Only she found it was best stilled when she could go out with paper and pencil, and with her mother's paint-box—one of the few treasures she had left her daughter—in her hand, and try and paint some one of the many beauties with which she was surrounded, according to the mood she happened to be in. Now it would be the great blue sea, dashing its spray against the lighthouse in the far distance; now a fisherman mending his nets; now old Alan, smoking his pipe, and basking in the bright warm sun; or, again, a huge square rock standing out from the shore, covered with innumerable chattering sea-birds, grim and lonely as the girl herself sometimes felt; or a little child laden with crabs and seaweed; and now and then, turning landward, the old Church and Churchyard. There was nothing she did not attempt; and although these essays were rough, unfinished, out of drawing, still they bore on them such unmistakable signs of talent as would have rejoiced the heart of any true artist, had he been there to see them. But, alas! artists were scarce at Penruth, and Winifred, never satisfied with her productions, as often as not would tear them up in a fit of petulance at her incompetency, till she found a better use for them in concealing the ravages of time in the drawing-room paper, and old Alan made her rough wooden frames wherein to enshrine these evidences of her industry.

So she hung them round the sitting-room, thereby awaking a faint smile in her father's austere countenance—a reward in itself for any trouble she might take. It was not often that she saw anything like a smile illumine that pale sunken face, those deep-set earnest eyes, that were all the world to her. Mr. Smith had expiated his early offence by a never-ceasing repentance, brought to a culminating point when he saw his beloved wife fade and die before his eyes. In spite of its inauspicious commencement, and the at times intolerable pain of utter separation from the Everard family, in spite of the pressure of poverty, theirs had been such a marriage of heart and soul as seldom falls to the lot of two mortals. Together they had repented their sin, together struggled bravely against their poverty, together educated their only child with all the knowledge they possessed, which was no small amount.

But since her mother's death, all Mr. Smith's life and energy seemed to have departed. With the closing of her grave came also the shutting up of his heart; henceforth he lived in the past and in the future, but not in the present. He continued his daughter's education, but the spirit had vanished from his instructions, and only the letter remained—such a cold dead letter as was enough to extinguish the brightness of her budding youth. But Winifred possessed an unusual share of what is said to be the attribute of good-breeding, and which she inherited from her mother, only to be rendered by the word "pluck," which, combined with a keen vitality, enabled her to make head against the extreme dreariness of her life. That little Cornish village was all the world she knew, and on the whole, seeing that she was ignorant of anything better, she found it a pleasant world. Not even through the medium of books was her imagination excited by visions of pleasures and joys of which she had no conception; for they were out of the reach of circulating libraries, and had there been one within

a walk, they had no money wherewith to pay a subscription.

It was not for want of trying that Mr. Smith had never emerged from this desolate corner of the globe. Many and many a time had he striven to exchange his sphere of action for one more lucrative and more congenial, and had failed. Everywhere, and on all occasions, had the story of his marriage, of his abuse of confidence, risen up against him, often garbled, more frequently exaggerated, and extinguished his best hopes. Since his wife's death he had made no further efforts to improve his lot; he absorbed himself in his books, giving but little heed to outward things, but doing his duty faithfully to his flock, and now and then striving to rouse himself, for the sake of the daughter growing up by his side.

And Winifred had her memories, as well as her father—memories to be jealously guarded and tended, accompanied by certain resolutions never to be forgotten. And first and foremost amongst them was that of her mother, her beautiful idolised mother, who had faded away so gently, and dying so suddenly, had left her poor child desolate; and secondly, the remembrance of who and what that mother had been. Mrs. Smith had spoken but very little of her past to her daughter; the mention of it was the cause of such acute pain, that very seldom had the name of Everard or of Tranmere passed her lips. Yet Winifred had learnt quite enough to know the difference between her mother's brothers, and to divine instinctively that George had been specially dear to her. And with this knowledge, and with the remembrance of all that her mother had suffered from the cruel and relentless neglect of her own people, came an intense hatred to these Everards, who had allowed their only daughter and sister to die without one syllable of forgiveness, without one alleviation of her poverty. Now that her grandfather and grandmother were dead, this hatred was all focussed on her uncle who ruled at Tranmere, and whose name she occasionally read in the newspapers as sitting among the legislators for his country. Her lip would curl with scorn, and her eyes blaze fiercely, as she would learn that "Colonel and Mrs. Everard had arrived in town for the Parliamentary session;" or that Colonel Everard had been addressing his constituents; and she would wonder, with youthful folly, how any constituents could be found who would lay their interests in the hands of such an inhuman wretch.

To her he was the incarnation of all that was bad, of all that was cruel; and it was with a feeling of absolute despair that she heard from her father when he lay dying—a young man still, in the prime of life—that he had written to Colonel Everard, to confide her, on his death, to his care.

"Oh, father!" she cried, "not to him—not to any Everard. Let me be a governess, a servant rather, but do not compel me to eat their bread: it would choke me!"

But Mr. Smith's hours were numbered, and starvation was staring his child in the face. Besides, he had learnt to do the Everards more justice than his wayward daughter; he knew how deeply he had sinned against them, and he forgave them, as he hoped to be forgiven.

"Your mother forgave them, Winny," he said gently and then proceeded to adjure her to lay aside her pride and lighten his last hours by the thought that she was provided for. He had no idea how intense and deep-rooted was this feeling of hers, or perhaps he would not have insisted so earnestly on this sacrifice at her hands. As it was, she begged in vain to be allowed to earn her own future as a governess, as anything in the world rather than as a dependent in her uncle's house, and was conquered by Mr. Smith's pathetic pleading on his side of the question. Ever since her mother's death her life had been one perpetual sacrifice to her father, and now he invaded the sanctuary of her pride, and bade her give that up too. It was her most cherished possession; but she yielded it, and gave the required promise that should either of her uncles be willing to receive her, she would make her abode with him. Her word once given, no more was said on the subject; and she was thankful that she had yielded when she saw the peace and calm that came over her father, not to be marred even by the fear of what the result of his appeals might be. Knowing Colonel Everard as he did, he had but little hope from that quarter; but Frank Everard, his former pupil, was very different to his brother. Bright, cheery, good-tempered he remembered him to have been, surely he would not leave his only sister's only child without offering her a home. And yet his wife had held George in highest regard, had always spoken of George as one in a thousand; which would now prove himself the truer of the two brothers?

If Winifred had any wishes on the subject—she was too heart-broken to think much about it—they were all with her Uncle Frank. She did not feel for him the intense antipathy that she entertained for Colonel Everard. He was married, and had a large family, and might reasonably be expected to think less of his sister than his elder brother, the owner of the estate, rich and childless.

But hopes, fears, wishes were all numbed in the overwhelming sorrow that lay before her, for which there was no remedy, from which there was no retreat. Day after day her father grew weaker and weaker, and as every hour lessened his spell of life, he grew more anxious for those letters he began to fear were never coming. Then a terrible dread would take possession of him, lest death should overtake him and leave his daughter alone, penniless and unprotected. The dread would shape itself in words, and her very answer, "I can work, father," would show her perfect ignorance of the world. "What work could she do?" he asked himself, "brought up in a corner of Cornwall, young and beautiful, without friends or interest, and only her strong young will to depend upon?"

Thus a week had passed by, and still there was no answer from either Tranmere or Aldershot, where Frank Everard was quartered. Mr. Smith had given

up all hope. These Everards were inexorable, he told himself, and busied his mind, as best he could in his weakness, as to what was to become of his daughter. She, on her part, was secretly rejoiced at this result of her father's appeal; only she regretted that he had ever so far humbled himself as to ask a favour at those hateful hands. It was only what she had expected, and she was glad. Better, far better, work her fingers to the bone than live in the utmost luxury, dependent on those Everards, who had let her mother die unforgiven!

But this was not to be. The very day after Mr. Smith had finally made up his mind that he must try in some way to find out what had become of a cousin of his own, a painter, there came two letters to the cottage. One bore the Aldershot post-mark, the other had stamped on the envelope—Meriton.

Winifred took them to her father with a trembling hand; her hopes were almost at an end.

"Read them to me, my dear," said Mr. Smith, too faint from expectancy to do so for himself: "the Aldershot one first." Winifred broke open the envelope, and steadying herself, read out in her deep clear voice, without faltering, the following characteristic epistles:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I received your communication last week, when I was in the midst of a great deal of pressing business, which must be the excuse for my delay in answering it. I am truly sorry to hear of your severe illness, and trust that your worst prognostications may not be verified. At the same time, I must decline, in the event of your decease, to take charge of your daughter. It is, as you remark, many years since my unfortunate sister disgraced herself; still, the fact remains the same, and you, as the author of her troubles, ought certainly to have looked on sufficiently far ahead as to provide for one child only. I myself am the father of nine, several of them sons, and it is as much as I can do, in these expensive days, to educate them all as becomes the positions they will occupy in years to come. My profession makes the cares of a family all the more arduous, that I can never reckon on being long in the same place, and have frequently difficulty in procuring sufficient accommodation for my numerous olive-branches. All this speaks for itself; but as you tell me that you have applied to my brother, Colonel Everard, I hope you may meet with success. He is rich, and he is childless. Should he, however, be unable to forget the past, I shall be happy to do my utmost to procure Miss Smith a situation as governess, should her education and attainments be such as to enable her to fill that post. I am, in haste, yours faithfully,

"FRANCIS CHOLMELEY EVERARD."

"So much for one uncle," said Winifred, as she read to the bitter end, without once stopping, proudly and scornfully as she had commenced. Then seeing the pain depicted on her father's face: "There is the other letter, dear father. Perhaps—perhaps—it may be better."

"No hope there," he answered sadly. "I know George Everard. Still, read it to me."

Winny opened the second letter, touching it as if it had been pitch, and would defile her, instead of being written in a clear bold handwriting, on the thickest and most expensive paper.

"SIR—(so it ran),—I have delayed answering your letter, because it contained matter for much thought and deliberation, which required time. You have made a strange request indeed to one whom you have injured so deeply that the injury is past all forgiveness. But as I hold that your daughter has been cruelly dealt with by her parents—for, by their conduct, they have deprived her of the means of subsistence—I am willing, in the event of your death, to give her the shelter of my roof, on the one sole condition that she promises faithfully as long as she is an inmate of my house to yield me *implicit and unquestioning obedience*. One line from her hand to this effect, and I will make all necessary arrangements to receive her when she will have lost your care. I am, yours obediently,

"GEORGE DRUMMOND EVERARD."

Mr. Smith raised himself from the recumbent position in which he was lying, and Winifred saw that his eyes were filled with tears.

"Thank God!" he uttered reverently, with a deep-drawn sigh of content. "Now I can die in peace. George Everard will keep his word loyally. No fear of him now. You will write that one line, my child, won't you? Remember, Winny, he is conferring a favour on you."

"Ah!" came from between her closed lips. Why had her father mentioned that word "favour"? A thousand times rather would an injury have been preferable. "Yes, father," she continued, striving to speak cheerfully, "I will write." She was not one for half-measures; her pride should be sacrificed in all its entirety.

"And bring it to me to read."

She sat down to the writing-table, with pen and paper, and in three minutes had returned to her father's bedside with the momentous document in her hand, which she proceeded to read out aloud.

"I, Winifred Smith, promise faithfully to yield to Colonel George Drummond Everard implicit and unquestioning obedience as long as I am an inmate of his house."

"Will that do, father?"

"No, no, indeed, Winny. What induced you to write your promise in this absurd form? It is terribly ungracious and uncompromising."

"I did not know how to address him," she said despondingly, fearing she knew not what depths of humiliation there might be in store for her.

"He is your uncle, child," he answered; and Winny winced.

"He is my deadliest enemy," she thought to herself, but said nothing, only tore the piece of paper in half, and sat down to write another. It was a much longer business this time: the indignant fingers refused to pen the words of submission that she knew must be written sooner or later; but it was done at last, for her father was growing impatient.

"MY DEAR COLONEL EVERARD—(so ran this second missive),—My father is truly grateful for your letter received this morning, which has relieved his mind of a load of care. For myself, I willingly promise you implicit and unquestioning obedience as long as I am an inmate of your house. It is the least that I can do, and I trust that I shall never fail in my duty to you or Mrs. Everard. My father would write to you himself, but that he is too weak to hold a pen. He is very, very ill. May I hope that there is some position in your house—how subordinate I do not care—that I can fill, and thus make myself useful in return for the shelter you have promised to give me? I am, yours obediently,

"WINIFRED SMITH."

"That is much better, Winny, much better," said Mr. Smith, failing to recognise the tone of proud humility that pervaded the whole epistle. "That will do. Thank you, my dear child. Now direct it, and post it at once. I shall not be easy until I know it is on its way to Tranmere." And Winny did as she was bid, directed her letter, and took it herself to the post.

Hurried as she was—for she never left her father

for long—she allowed herself one minute to stand on the cliff, and look out on her dear old friend the sea—her comforter in all her troubles. The poor child's heart was full almost to bursting. The letter she held in her hand seemed to burn and scorch her; the words she had penned seemed to have degraded her for life. To be beholden to Colonel Everard! Could any humiliation be greater—any trial more keen?

The great waves, with their white-crested heads, broke with a boom and a roar against the cliffs; the sea-gulls skimmed low over the waters; the sky was black with clouds. Afar, she could discern a tall three-master standing out to sea, set in that strange light that portends a storm; all was dark and dreary, herself the most of all. She met old Alan as she hurried along, with a strong west wind blowing in her face, but failing to bow the erect head that looked so proudly out on the world. She stopped to tell him news of her father, and then he walked on, thinking sadly of the name he had given her—"Queen Vashti."

"Ah!" she sighed, "how am I to stand a despot? Yet Ahasuerus has held out to me the sceptre, and I ought to be thankful. Oh, father! father!"

She was standing before the post-box now; another minute and her fate would be irrevocable. She withdrew the letter from her pocket, held it for half a second, then dropped it into the post-box, and listened for the hollow sound that indicated that it had fallen to the bottom. Then she turned back towards home, her eyes full of blinding tears that she would not allow to fall, her face white with pain and resolution.

"I have posted it, dear father; it is all right," she said, with a brave attempt at a smile, as, two minutes later, she entered her father's room and kissed him.

"Thank you, my dear, dear child. And now, Winny, I should like you to read to me." She knew what he meant. With a steady voice she read him the psalms and lessons for the day, and as she came to the words, "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," the large sunken eyes closed themselves, the thin emaciated hand relaxed its clasp of hers, and his breathing came soft and regular, in the first sleep he had known for many, many hours.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE COTTAGE IN THE PARK.

AT the extreme end of the park at Tranmere, on the south side, about a mile, or rather more, from the house, stood a large gabled cottage, all covered with ivy and creepers, with projecting bay-windows and a roomy porch, brilliant in the autumn with flame-coloured tropeoleum and masses of scarlet ash-berries, that shot their luxuriance into every nook and corner of the same.

Fenced in from the park by a broad yew hedge, the garden lay chiefly in the front of the house, where it was shut in from the road by a high brick wall, famous for its peaches and apricots, which effectually screened the inhabitants from the curious gaze of the passer-by. Thus the back windows commanded the park, with its herd of browsing deer, its famous old thorn, and massive beech-trees, through which the lake that gave the place its name shimmered and glimmered, and the roar of the water as it fell noisily into the river Tran smote dimly refreshing on the ear; whilst the front dominated the extensive landscape of the valley of the Tran, closed in by a broken line of far-away blue hills, beyond which, on an extraordinarily fine day, it was said that you could see the sea.

Be that as it may, it was a singularly lovely spot; and so thought Roger Champneys, agent for his two properties to Colonel Everard, as he leant thoughtfully on the spade with which he was digging the rich brown mould, and gazed out on the valley, following with his eyes the silver line of the river as it meandered through the broad fertile plain, bright with the golden corn, and with its store of goodly fruit, till it lost itself among the hills.

He was a young man, tall and upright, with fair wavy hair and deep blue eyes, gleaming with fun and merriment, to which the firmly-set mouth and the resolute jaw formed a not unpleasant contrast, if only as indicating that he had commenced his battle with life's troubles, and would fight it obstinately to the end.

"How late those girls are!" he exclaimed to himself, as through the open door he heard the hall clock strike half-past seven. "I wonder what they can be about;" and at the same moment the click of the garden gate and the sound of two girlish voices warned him that they had just arrived. In another minute they were by his side—two bright youthful figures, in white summer dresses and broad white hats; and Roger had thrown aside his spade to welcome and scold them at the same time. The scolding was a very secondary affair, chased away by Kate's radiant smile, and by a penitent glance from Alice's blue eyes, and a—

"So sorry we are so late, Roger, but we really could not help it."

"It is only high tea to-night," cried Kate, the housekeeper, "and everything is cold, so it does not matter if we are a little late. Let us take a turn, Roger; we have so much to tell you."

"Much to tell me!" incredulously. "That is quite a novelty for Tranmere."

"Yes, loads. Miss Smith has arrived."

"Well?"

"And we were there at the time."

"What a bore for her, poor girl! You had much better have come home."

"So we thought, but Mrs. Everard would not let us go. I never in my life saw any one so nervous as she was, and she begged us so to stay that we could not refuse."

"And the colonel?"

"Ask Alice."

"Well, Ally, how did your favourite Colonel Everard come out in the character of an uncle?"

"To tell you the truth, Roger, he was very solemn. In fact, I wished myself a hundred miles away when

that poor girl was shown into the library all by herself."

"Do you mean to say that no one went to meet her at the station?"

"No. Colonel Everard was not home in time from Meriton, and Mrs. Everard had a headache, so they sent the carriage only for her."

"I wish I had known it; I would have gone myself to meet her, poor girl!"

"I don't think you would have pitied her so much, Roger, if you had seen her," broke in Kate. "She walked into the library with her head up, looking as though she were a queen come to visit her subjects. I could see it quite took Colonel Everard aback, she was so cool."

"Ah! but, Kate," chimed in Alice, "how pale she was! She was as white as my dress, and I could see her lips trembling, and when she took her cup of tea her hand shook so, I thought she would spill it."

"Poor girl!" repeated Roger. "I cannot imagine anything much more disagreeable, than the ordeal she has gone through to-day, when one remembers her mother's story. I dare say she put on that defiant manner to cover her shyness."

"It was not defiant," said Alice; "it was exactly as Colonel Everard himself always comes into the room: in fact, she is wonderfully like him altogether. I think her quite beautiful."

"I thought Mrs. Everard told us," said Roger, with a smile, "that she was to be uncouth and ill-educated, and all manner of terrible things."

"Oh! Mrs. Everard!" said Kate, and her silence was more expressive than her words.

"I *was* sorry for Colonel Everard, Roger," continued Alice. "You know it takes a great deal to disturb——"

"His magnificent serenity," interrupted Kate.

"Don't, Kate; to disturb him. But do you know he was almost as white as Miss Smith, and so intensely frigid, that I myself felt turning to ice. I am sure—you know I have always said the same—that he has a great deal of feeling somewhere."

Kate and Roger simultaneously burst out laughing, peal after peal, till they were obliged to sit down on a bench to recover themselves.

"Oh, Alice!" cried Kate at length, "you are really too delightful; you do say the most original things. First of all you tell us that Colonel Everard was so frigid that he nearly turned your warm-hearted little person to ice, and then you deduce from that, that he is a man of extraordinary feeling."

Alice coloured, and looked at Roger.

"You know what I mean, don't you, Roger?"

"Yes, I do, though I must confess that you put it in a most upside-down manner. Between ourselves, Ally, I rather agree with you, and am inclined to think that Colonel Everard has a very kind heart to those who know the way to it; though, if all we hear is true, he has not shown much of it hitherto to Miss Smith. Now let us go in and have something to eat, and you can run up and see the babies. They were very unhappy that you were not here to kiss them before they went to bed."

"Poor little dears!" said Alice. "Miss Smith has put everything out of our heads."

"Well," responded Roger, "they do say that everything is fun in the country; and I dare say the arrival of Miss Smith, and the consequent sayings and doings of Colonel and Mrs. Everard, may occupy us all very pleasantly for weeks to come."

Alice looked grave. "Do you find this place very dull, dear?" she whispered, putting her arm through his, and looking up into his face, as Kate retreated into the house.

"Not a bit, Ally. I am perfectly happy here. We must have a regular go at the garden after tea; the rain has brought up a whole crop of weeds."

"I weeded for an hour this morning, but the sun was so strong, it made my headache."

"I won't have you making your head ache in the sun," answered Roger. "There is plenty of time in the evening, when it is cool."

"I do so little for you, Roger," she responded; "and you are—well, you know what you are to us, whilst we are only a burden to you."

"Alice," sternly, "if ever I hear you talk like that again, I shall be seriously angry. Have I ever made you feel like a burden to me?"

"No, no, never."

"Then why do you talk such nonsense? I hope you do not say such things to Kate."

"Sometimes—not often. But what I mean, Roger, is that I am nearly twenty now, and that I might begin to do something to earn my own living: be a governess, or companion—at any rate, not put myself on you."

"Look at me, Ally."

Alice turned, and stood face to face with her brother, looking up at him, with her large blue eyes full of involuntary tears, her bright golden hair peeping from under her hat, her soft pink and white complexion covered with the blushes that rose so readily: as pretty a picture of girlhood as Roger had ever seen.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself," he asked, trying to look severe, "to talk such abominable nonsense to me? You a governess or companion, indeed! You look like one, don't you? I would sooner turn chimney-sweep myself than allow you to do anything of the kind." Then seeing the pained look on the sweet face—"Besides, Ally," he continued, "how could I get on without you? You are more necessary to me than I am to you."

Alice's only answer was to throw her arms round his neck, and half suffocate him with caresses.

"If that is true, Roger; but it seems too good to be true."

"Then you don't believe me. Come, child, there is Kate standing at the window, and dying of laughter over our pretty little tableau. What a sentimental young person you are, to be sure!"

"Was Roger vexed with her?" Alice asked herself; but whether or not, was there ever in the whole universe such a brother as hers?

Tea or dinner—for sometimes it was one, and sometimes the other—was *the* meal of the day to

the Champneys family. The day's labours—and with them the expression was no figure of speech—were ended, and the two girls were at liberty to make the most of their brother, and to enjoy uninterruptedly his society. Judging by the talking and laughing that went on, there was not much to disturb their happiness; yet these three had, not so many years ago, passed through an ordeal that had left a lasting impression upon their hearts and minds.

Five years ago they had been rich and prosperous, with money to any extent at their command, and more than the usual share of its accompanying luxuries and pleasures. Roger had been a subaltern in a smart cavalry regiment, without a thought or care beyond the present, accustomed to spend his leave hunting and shooting, without reference to expense; whilst Kate and Alice had been two girls in the school-room, with masters, governesses, and maids, and all the accompaniments of a refined and expensive education. Theirs had been a happy life with their father, of which the surface alone had been but slightly ruffled by his second marriage with a pretty, penniless girl, to whom he had acted as guardian. Step-mother and step-daughters had got on well together, but from the moment of his taking a second wife Mr. Champneys' former success in all his undertakings began to fail him.

A junior member of a junior branch of an old and somewhat decayed family, he had early resolved that its former fortunes should be revived in his person, and to this end had thrown himself, when young, into commerce, with an ardour and audacity that had carried all before it. At first success had attended all his ventures; everything he touched seemed to turn to gold, till he had amassed such a fortune as had enabled him to bring up his family in lavish luxury and extravagance.

And then the tide began to turn. Loss followed loss, speculation after speculation failed, until at last absolute ruin stared him in the face, and with it his courage vanished. The thought of his young wife, his daughters, his one son, was too much for him, and his heart broke under its trouble, worn out by three years' ceaseless anxiety.

Mrs. Champneys did not long survive her husband. Four months after his death, with the birth of her twin babies, she died, commending her infants, of whom there were now three, to Roger, who solemnly promised her to be a father to them. Thus at twenty-five years of age Roger Champneys found himself saddled with two young sisters and three babies—no light charge for a man who up to that time had had nothing to think of but his own amusement. Every one said it was extremely hard upon him, and very little beyond that did the relations do. He alone did not pity himself—at least, no one heard him do so; whatever may have been his private regrets for what he was giving up, they were never divulged.

He set to work to act with promptitude and courage, and, having sold his commission, resolved to turn his attention to farming, in the hopes of obtaining from some of his many friends a land agency, where he could make a home for his brothers and sisters. He had always had a great taste that way, and a natural talent, which needed but development and practical teaching to make him a good agent; the only difficulty was what to do with his brothers and sisters whilst he was studying his new profession.

In this emergency, the relations, conscious that it would be but for a time, came forward. Kate and Alice were to continue their education, and the three babies were put under the wing of an old aunt, who was rather pleased than otherwise to have them. There was some money saved out of the general wreck from the two Mrs. Champneys' settlements, which made them not quite dependent; but Roger was anxious to commence paying off, as far as lay in his power, his father's creditors as early as possible, and to this end to make a home as soon as he could for his brothers and sisters, as the most economical way of proceeding.

It was now a whole year since they had been settled at Tranmere, the agency of which estate Mr. Champneys had been offered by Colonel Everard, whose wife's distant cousin he was, and who had taken a liking to a young man who had thus bravely in an emergency put his shoulder to the wheel, and so unshrinkingly taken upon himself the whole weight of his family responsibilities.

Hitherto the relations between the two men had been uninterruptedly harmonious. There was a tacit sympathy between them, many ideas and some qualities in common, although also many widely divergent, and a trusting sense on either side that each had a well-bred gentleman to deal with. To Colonel Everard's strict idea of justice there was in Roger's nature an answering chord; for his stern relentlessness little sympathy, but much understanding; in fact, they were better suited to each other than nine men out of ten, and had hitherto falsified the predictions of their friends, who had insisted that they were sure not to get on together.

A little from Mrs. Everard, a great deal from the neighbourhood, the Champneys had been put in possession of the story of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, so that when one day Colonel Everard had announced to Roger that a niece of his, a Miss Smith, was coming to stay at the Castle, he received the news without comment, feeling instinctively that there was a certain amount of tragedy wrapped in the information.

During tea this evening, Miss Smith, her face, and her fortunes were the sole topics of conversation, till Roger grew weary of the perpetual harping on one string, and told his sisters that they would make him hate the very sound of her name, and that he would not go up to the Castle for a whole fortnight, unless they promised to forswear all mention of her.

"It does seem strange, does it not," said Alice, in her dreamy way, drawing on her gardening gloves, "that Colonel Everard should have a niece named Smith?" Which remark drew forth another burst of laughter from her brother and sister, and no small measure of ridicule from Kate, who was sorely tried by Alice's sentimentality and high-flown nonsense, as she called it.

"And why in the world," she asked, "should not Colonel Everard have a niece named Smith as well as other people? It is not an uncommon name, Alice; and perhaps better people than Colonel Everard have nieces, or even sisters, rejoicing in it. You are really too foolish!"

"Hush, Kate!" said Roger; "leave Alice alone, and take care what you are saying. Here is the colonel himself."

Kate composed her countenance to an expression of preternatural gravity, whilst Alice went forward to meet their friend, who was advancing up the small drive.

"I am afraid I am come at a very unorthodox hour," he apologised, as he took her hand. "But the heat this evening is so unbearable, that I thought I would take a turn, and come down to talk to your brother on a little matter of business."

"SHE WALKED ON, THINKING SADLY OF THE NAME HE HAD GIVEN HER" (*p.* 9).

"We are very glad to see you," said Roger, joining them. "Will you have a cup of tea?"

"No, thank you. This garden of yours is the coolest place I have been in to-day; it is quite refreshing. Pray go on with your mowing; don't let me interrupt you. I shall be only too content to sit here and talk to your sisters, and afterwards we will discuss business together."

It seemed to Roger that Alice was right. Colonel

Everard's "magnificent serenity," as Kate had termed it, was disturbed. Not once since their arrival at Tranmere had he strolled down to see them at this hour, and there was something in his countenance that told of an inward upheaval, although a less acute observer would have seen nothing unusual to notice.

Roger continued his mowing, stopping at every turn of the machine to say a word or two, whilst Kate chatted away pleasantly, and the stars came out one by one. No word was mentioned of Miss Smith. As if by common consent, her name was omitted entirely from the conversation, which finally, under the influence of the bright silver moon, took an astronomical turn; and Alice forgot her usual shyness in Colonel Everard's presence, as he took the trouble to give her and Kate a lesson on the constellations. It was half-past ten before they had quite solved some of the many mysteries of the skies, and Roger joined them to observe that it was time for them to be going in, and for him and Colonel Everard to have their cigars and business talk.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," remarked Kate oracularly, as she and Alice ascended the staircase together, and stood for one moment on the landing, looking out at the two men in earnest confabulation. "In plain English, when Colonel Everard and Miss Smith come to live under the same roof, what will be the consequences? At present Miss Smith has achieved a decided victory, for there is no doubt her uncle fled from her presence this evening, which was the reason for our being so graciously treated to that dissertation on astronomy."

"You are not just, Kate. I thought that Colonel Everard was particularly pleasant this evening; not that I have ever found him otherwise."

"No more have I. But he always provokes me somehow, I can't tell you why. Now, good night, dear;" and Kate disappeared into her room, where her little sister lay sleeping peacefully. Alice, too, had retired to her domain, rather a larger one, where she occupied herself for fully ten minutes in gazing rapturously at the twins asleep, till her thoughts flew back to the events of the day.

"Oh, dear!" she murmured to herself, as she proceeded slowly to disrobe. "I am rather glad that I am not Miss Smith, and I have *such* a brother as Roger."

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

A WORD ABOUT WIT,

WITH A FEW HINTS TO THOSE WHO USE IT.

"WHAT is wit?" was once asked by a bishop of his chaplain, who replied, "If you give me the vacant rectory we have just spoken of, that will be wit." "Tell me why, and you shall have it." "It will be a good thing well applied," answered the chaplain, and secured the living. Such a definition was suitable for the occasion; but wit generally is not to be so easily described: it is too subtle, airy, and restless a sprite to allow itself to be examined very minutely. It is the spirit of mischief in its innocent moments, seeking its amusement at anybody's expense, and flitting without discrimination from the village club to the august assembly of the English Parliament, from the rocking-horse of the nursery to the spectacles of age. It comes at dinner-time as a welcome guest. It comes in business hours, with an impudent air of assurance that makes snubbing a thing not to be thought of. It comes in the evening and chats by the fire; and when we have retired and are unconscious, it glides unseen into the guarded chamber, and tickles us with the delicate feather of imagination till laughter rings strangely through the haunts of sleep.

Wit moves easily in all society. It laughs and chats with the gay; it walks quaintly with the wise and prudent. There is no concealing it: even when it walks about in the russet garb of grave reflections, the gleams of its inner nature are seen through the folds, as the pride of Antisthenes was seen by Socrates through the rents of his shabby raiment.

What is there that wit cannot achieve when skilfully directed? It can make men forget their cares sooner than wine can; while people are laughing, they can think of nothing else. It can laugh men out of their follies when reason has exhausted her arguments and sent her hearers to sleep. It can cure ill-temper. It is particularly skilful in the matter of introductions, and can make people delighted with one another's society before half a dozen words have been exchanged. It can combat the restlessness of a rainy day. It can tickle laziness into energy; and generally it has about it such a way of making things comfortable, that we are always glad to see it when oppressed with indefinite dissatisfaction with things around us and a want of something to interest us.

Another thing to the praise of wit is that it has seldom been despised by great and clever men. On the other hand, a judicious display of it is usually looked upon as a sign of ability; for while it is a better and greater thing to get frivolous and volatile people to think, it is no mean accomplishment to induce the sombre and melancholy to laugh; and laughter is assuredly one of those things for which there is a time. One could not imagine life healthy without it: the routine of business and the excitement of pleasure are alike agreeably broken by flashes of mirth.

Witty words and apt anecdotes break the monotony

of the best books, as pictures relieve the dulness of a child's reading book. A biography without a joke would be too dry a morsel to delight a Puritan of the old school.

Wit is no bad servant to those who use it well; and many are the ways by which those who possess it may turn it to their advantage. Doubtless they who live on their wits often make a very poor dinner; but wit may point triumphantly to the barristers it has made, and to the livings it has procured for the curates it has patronised. It has pointed the way out of many a pecuniary difficulty, as several incidents in the career of Sheridan will testify. It has often been the first wave of one of those tides that lead on to fortune; and if anecdotes are invariably true it has even saved the lives of some of its *protégés*, one of these being an ancient jester who, informed by his enraged master that he certainly should die, but might die by any means he chose, suggested promptly that he should die of old age.

Genuine wit makes its home with the wise. If any one wishes to see it in its most playful and vivacious humour, let him not go to the carousals of brainless men. Wine may wake wit, when wit is there; but its efforts in that direction on an unfurnished mind are usually followed by demonstrations that appear very uninteresting on the morrow's reflections. For the eyes and ears of the witty, wit is lurking at every turn and corner of life. Even inanimate things are full of subtle humour. The kettle putting its spout on one side in a saucy attitude and protesting it would not boil, was an idea caught by the quick wit of Dickens, and photographed in "The Cricket on the Hearth" for the amusement of thousands. The least displacement of things will often produce a change grotesque and ludicrous; for everything in the world has its comic side, and the slightest variation of position will often reveal it. It is when this comic side of things is uppermost that we laugh at the affairs of life; while it is the luck of those with sharper wits than their fellows to perceive first the fun of the position and point it out to those about them. A gleam of good wit is like a little flash of lightning followed quickly by a mimic clap of thunder.

A great charge against wit is that it is often associated with too much frivolity and inconsiderate mirth, and that they who court its society much are apt to acquire a distaste for the stern questions of life. But it should be remembered that although keen, quiet humour is more honoured by age and wisdom, a little giddiness is not a crime in the young, and when we think that the poet Cowper and his companion, afterwards Lord Chancellor Thurlow, were noted more in the attorney's office for giggling than for the advance they made in the study of law, it should prevent us from throwing shadows of forebodings over the mirth of youth. Calmness and self-possession are always to be admired; but extreme gravity in people oppresses everybody about them. Neither learning nor inborn genius usually cloaks itself in very severe attire, and the explanation of a perpetually grave countenance is often to be found in the opacity that lies beneath it. Philip II. was seldom seen to smile in public; his face was as serious and stern as his daily toil was methodic and incessant. His gravity gave people the impression that he was great, but the secrets of history, revealed only in our own times, show him to be as remarkable for littleness and emptiness of mind as he is ingloriously famous for his unflagging energy in persecuting heretics; while the mask of gravity was often laid aside, when only his intimate associates were with him, while he laughed at affairs either too frivolous or too iniquitous to excite the mirth of wiser men.

It is true that to all there is a serious side of life; but it does not follow that we must always walk in the shade. In all the walks of life men will find themselves now on one side of the road, and now on the other; and some, like Tom Hood in his verses, will continually alternate between the sunshine and shadow of life:—

> "So closely their whims on their miseries tread,
> The laugh is aroused e'er the tear can be dried;
> No sooner the rain-drop of Pity is shed
> Than the goose-feathers of Folly can turn it aside."

Doubtless, when everything has been said that can be said in favour of wit and humour, to be always with the gay grows wearisome; and to be continually practising one's wit is a snare to one's self, and a bore to others. Men who can be witty, and at the same time believe they have the ability to be something more than wits, when struggling for a place in the world, may find it worth their while to remember the advice of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who suggests that those who possess a distinctly comic side, will do well to keep it concealed till they have made a reputation for greater things.

In conversation wit should sparkle on the surface; but it should not be allowed to elbow itself into the place of the topic in hand. If it is allowed to lead and rule conversation, conversation will soon dwindle into a repetition of stale jokes and old anecdotes; and anecdotes to be successful should illustrate some point in question, and not require an apologetic "That reminds me" for their introduction. They should not be dragged into the current of conversation for the credit of the narrator; for although we are told Dean Swift used to lie in bed making his impromptus for the morrow's use, such a practice is not to be held up as either easy of imitation or worthy of it. People who so prepare their wit spend too much thought upon it; but there is another class who think too little about it. These recklessly shower their witticisms on all about them without even glancing round to see if there is any one who will be sure to be hurt by what they say. Such people will do well to remember the caution of the wise man who bade the boy, throwing stones into a crowd, take care that he did not hit his own father. A good-natured and sensible person will not resent an innocent joke. At the same time, there is no denying that the happiest wit in company is where we all laugh together.

The last thing to be noticed in this short paper con-

cerning wit, and perhaps the most important, is the fact that it is not without danger, and should unfortunately sometimes be labelled "Poison." When wit takes the form of satire it may be fascinating, it may be highly amusing; but he is either a weak or very unfeeling man who, for a moment's applause or a transient gratification of triumph, will flippantly fling at his opponent those venomed sentences which writhe in the memory till they sting the heart to revenge. Bitter jokes are indeed the poison of friendship; and when there is no friendship to poison they sully the springs of good-nature, and choke the flowers of wit with nettles. Is it not mean to say a nasty thing in a pleasant way, to wound any one's feelings to the quick under the mask of a smile? Then to the youthful chevalier who would play rashly with the lance of scorn we say, Beware! Satire in the hand of a wise man may make a good weapon of defence; but to confuse a man with ridicule, or overwhelm him with invective, is not to convince him of the falseness of his position. In the fabled days of chivalry and knightly honour, scorn was only allowed to the deformed and weak. Should we not do well to imitate the custom in our own days, leaving it more to those who are weak in argument and unskilful in the use of nobler weapons?

WILFRED B. WOOLLAM, B.A.

SOME FACTS ABOUT FROST AND SNOW.

BY WILLIAM DURHAM, F.R.S. EDIN.

THE ordinary phenomena of frost and snow are only too well known to the inhabitants of this "cloud-obscured isle," and during the last few winters the discomforts connected with their appearance have, no doubt, firmly fixed them in our minds.

To awake on a wintry morning with the thermometer standing, it may be, several degrees below zero, and to find the windows obscured by a dense flower-like tracery, our baths covered with ice, the water supply cut off, the gas extinguished, and the dim light of the morning rendered still more melancholy by the flaky masses of snow falling so silently from the leaden-coloured sky, are experiences apt to make us consider "frost and snow" as very disagreeable subjects indeed, with which the less we have to do the better.

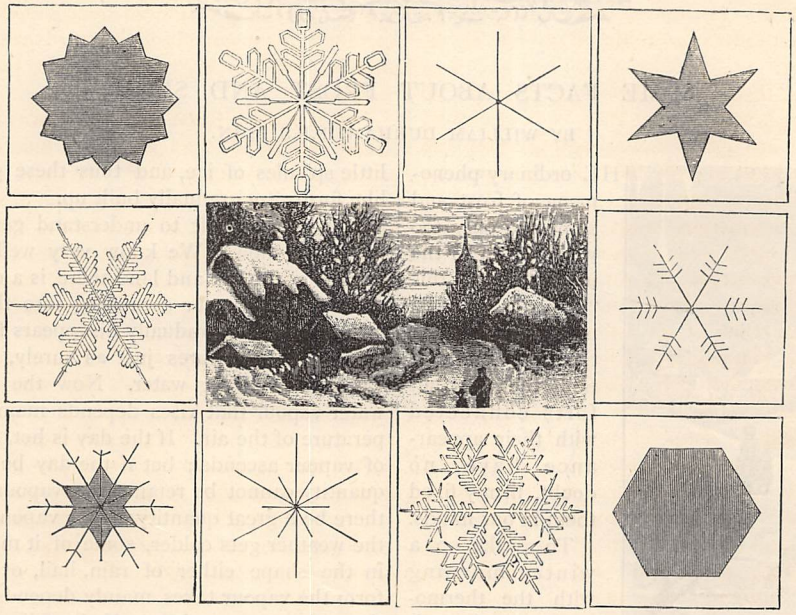
There are many things, however, connected with frost and snow which are extremely interesting, and the consideration of which may enable us to pass a winter afternoon both pleasantly and profitably.

If we examine somewhat minutely the fallen snow, we shall find it is a very beautiful substance indeed. It is made up of small crystals of ice: some of them of rare beauty, especially when quietly deposited on the tops of mountains and other retired places. The accompanying illustration shows some of these forms. The most simple seems to be a star with six rays; these rays get filled up in a marvellous manner with little spicules of ice, and thus these graceful flower-like forms are gradually built up.

It is not difficult to understand generally the formation of snow. We know very well that from the surface of the sea and land there is a constant stream of vapour of water ascending into the atmosphere; even snow itself gradually disappears from this cause: in fact, it evaporates just as surely, though not so quickly, as boiling water. Now the quantity of this water vapour that rises depends mainly on the temperature of the air. If the day is hot, a large quantity of vapour ascends; but if the day be cold, the same quantity cannot be retained as vapour. If, therefore, there be a great quantity of this vapour in the air, and the weather gets colder, some of it must come down, in the shape either of rain, hail, or snow. Which form the vapour takes mainly depends on how much the temperature falls; if it falls below 32° (the freezing point of water), then we have either hail or snow. Hail seems to be due to sudden change of temperature: the ascending vapour, for instance, meeting cold currents of air coming suddenly upon it, and freezing so rapidly that the ice cannot assume those beautiful forms we have noticed. Snow, again, forms when the change is more gradual; and the more quietly and gradually the freezing takes place, the more beautiful are the forms which the snow crystals assume. In the higher regions of our atmosphere, where the temperature is always below freezing point, the watery vapour may exist somewhat permanently in the form of ice; thus, there is good evidence for believing that those light fleecy cirrus clouds we see, even in summer, high up in our atmosphere are really composed of minute ice crystals. On the tops of high mountains, such as the Alps or the Andes, snow is deposited in rather a different manner, depending on the cooling effect of the expansion of the air. If we forcibly compress air into smaller bulk, it becomes warmer: indeed, by sudden compression we may raise its temperature sufficiently high to set tinder or other

inflammable substance on fire. Now the converse of this is also true: viz., if we expand a gas, we cool it or lower its temperature. Let us consider the effects of this law on air at the base of some tall mountain in a warm country like Italy. In the first place, the air gets charged with vapour, as we have already noticed; as it gets heated by contact with the land, it expands, just like a balloon, and begins to ascend the mountain-side; as it rises, the pressure of the atmosphere above it gets less, allows it to expand still more, and in doing so it gets colder, as it cannot now get heat from the warm land it has left below in the valley; getting colder and colder, it can no longer retain its watery vapour, which it gradually deposits on the mountain-side: it may be at first as mist and rain, but as it rises into the higher regions as snow. Thus those regions of perpetual snow are supplied with a ceaseless current of vapour-laden air. It is interesting to observe that this process is a regular distillation and condensation, quite analogous to the heating and vaporising of water in our steam-boilers, and its condensation in our engines, although carried on at a much lower temperature.

The question now arises, What becomes of all this snow? It can't go on for ever accumulating on the summit of the mountain. To answer this question we have to consider a very simple phenomenon. In the days of our boyhood we have often hardened snow-balls by pressing them very hard in our hands, and we may have noticed that they, in fact, became hard balls of ice if sufficiently compressed. Now, this fact enables us to see what becomes of the snow that is being continually deposited on mountain-tops. Its own weight compresses and hardens it into ice, and that ice is forced down the mountain-side from the same cause, wearing out for itself a channel in the solid rock, grinding and marking it in its course, until it reaches the warmer regions, where it is melted, and forms refreshing streams and rivers to beautify the land. These great ice rivers, or glaciers, as they are called, perform important work in the economy of nature in modifying the aspect of the land, cutting out lake basins, and modifying in various ways the form of the world. From the markings they have left on the rocks in various parts of the world, we see they must have prevailed to a much larger extent in ancient times than they do now. At one time, indeed, the greater part of the world would seem to have been covered with a great cap of snow and ice down to the water's edge.



SNOW CRYSTALS. (*After Glaisher.*)

Having considered the formation of snow from the freezing of water vapour, we have now to turn our attention to the action of frost on liquid water. It is perhaps unfortunate that we are in the habit of speaking of so many degrees of frost, as this rather tends to obscure the meaning of the term, as if it were some unique property of water; whereas it is rather a negative term, indicating the absence or diminution of heat, and its effects in freezing water are quite analogous to other phenomena which at first sight seem to have no connection with it whatever. Thus ordinary iron in a solid state might be termed frozen iron, as it is produced by abstracting heat from the liquid or molten form of that metal. The only difference is, the temperature at which iron freezes is very much higher than that at which water freezes,

but the change is quite similar. It would not require a very lively imagination to picture a planet where all the water existed in the form of huge masses of ice-rock, and where the inhabitants, suited to live in a very low temperature, might be greatly astonished when told that the temperature of their world was once so high that all these huge masses of solid ice-rock existed in a fluid state, just as we regard the time when the solid rocks of our world were in a liquid or molten condition. If this analogy between the freezing of water and the solidifying of other bodies be kept in our minds, it will enable us more clearly to appreciate the various phenomena connected therewith, and to take a wider grasp of the subject. Our daily experience teaches us that bodies solidify when they lose a certain amount of heat; and the freezing of water is just one of many cases of this kind, although certainly a most important one in relation to ourselves.

Let us consider, then, the behaviour of water as we gradually abstract heat from it. Most bodies contract as they cool. We are quite familiar with this fact, and utilise it in many ways in daily life. For instance, we put the iron rims on cart-wheels quite hot, and when they cool their contraction binds the wheel firmly together. Now, water follows this general law of cooling to a certain extent. If we put some boiling water into a long narrow glass vessel we can readily observe the contraction of its volume as it cools; when, however, its temperature falls to about 39° in our Fahrenheit scale, the contraction suddenly ceases, and as it cools still more it begins to expand in a gradual manner, till the temperature of 32° is reached, when it freezes, and in doing so undergoes a great increase of volume: eight volumes of water becoming nearly nine volumes of ice. The expansion of water in becoming ice, and the force with which it does so, may be very simply illustrated. Fill a bottle with water, and cork it tightly, and place it outside the window on a frosty night. In the morning the water will be a solid lump of ice, and either the cork will be forced out, and its place taken by a plug of ice, or the bottle will be broken. Indeed, so great is the force of expansion that an iron bomb filled with water, and then exposed in the manner described, will be burst. The expansion of water as its temperature is lowered beyond 39°, and its sudden expansion on becoming ice, are of considerable importance in the economy of nature. We know very well that when a body expands it becomes specifically lighter, and consequently the lighter fluid or solid will float on the surface of the heavier. Therefore in our rivers, lakes, &c., when the surface water reaches its densest point, 39°, it sinks to the bottom, and this goes on under ordinary circumstances until the whole mass cools to that point; the surface then cools to 32°, when it freezes, and the ice, being very light, remains on the surface, and acts as a protector to the water beneath, as ice is a very bad conductor of heat, and keeps the water beneath it from cooling, much in the same way as a tea-cosy keeps the tea warm. The consequence of this action is that our lakes, &c., freeze much more gradually than they would otherwise do. Were water to continue to contract as it cooled down to 32°, the whole depth would be cooled to that temperature, and then the least degree of frost, as we term it, would freeze the whole mass into a solid lump of ice at once, which would be exceedingly inconvenient, as it would close up all water supplies very quickly in winter time, and be very fatal to life.

The expansive force of ice is often very troublesome in our household arrangements in bursting our water-pipes. As it is only when the thaw comes and the melted ice pours through the broken pipe, many people suppose the bursting of the pipes is due to the expansion of ice in becoming water; but, as we have seen, this is not the case: the pipes are really burst when the ice is formed, not when it melts, but the crack is closed up by the ice itself, and we don't know the damage till the thaw comes. It is rather unfortunate that in building our houses the water-pipes are led often through the coldest parts, among the rafters and near the slates, where the temperature is soon lowered to the freezing point. It would be more in keeping with our knowledge if some care was taken in protecting them from the effects of the weather. It is a good plan, however, in very severe weather to keep one or two of the taps constantly running to a small extent, as this keeps up a current through the pipes, and running water is not so readily frozen as still water; and, besides, the expansion of the ice acts merely in narrowing the opening through which the water runs, and not against the sides of the pipe. This is easily understood. A pipe shut up at both ends is just like a bottle full of water corked tightly, and if the water freezes it must burst, as we have seen in our experiment; but if it has a narrow stream of water passing through its centre, the only effect of the expansion is gradually to shut up the passage for this stream.

When Rose-buds Oped.

Words by E. S. GILLINGTON. *Music by* J. W. ELLIOTT.

Andante con moto.

VOICE. PIANO.

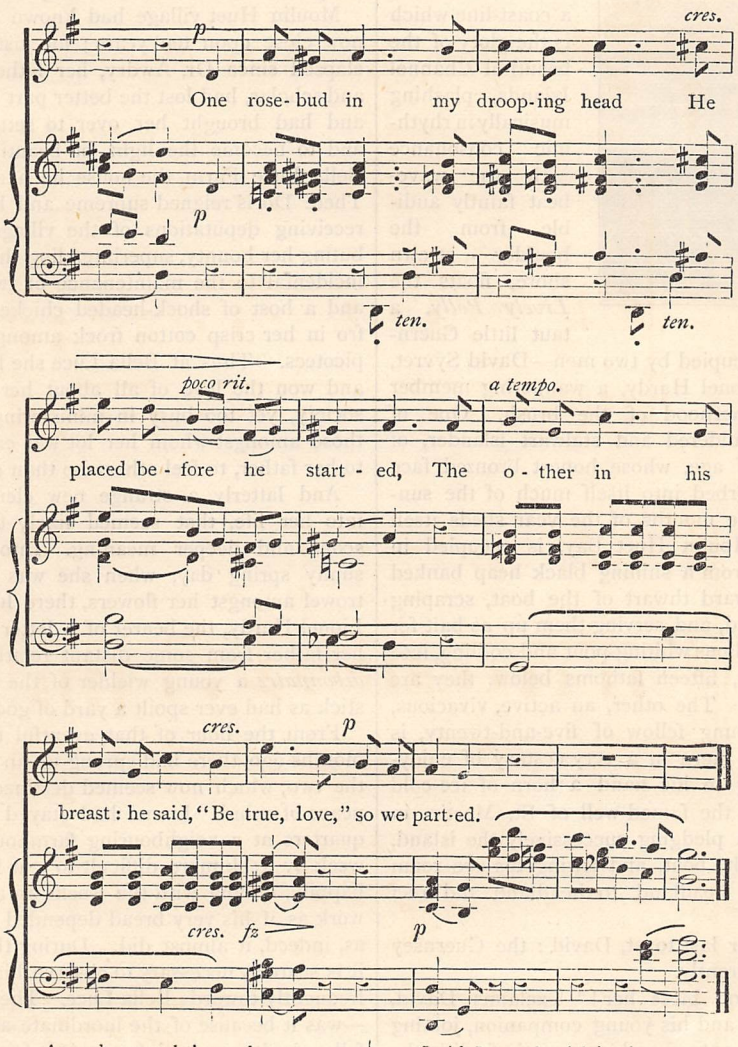
When rose-buds oped on yon-der tree, Last

p *legato.*

year in sum - mer ear - ly, My love plucked two for

him and me, 'Twas then we part - ed fair - ly.

cres.

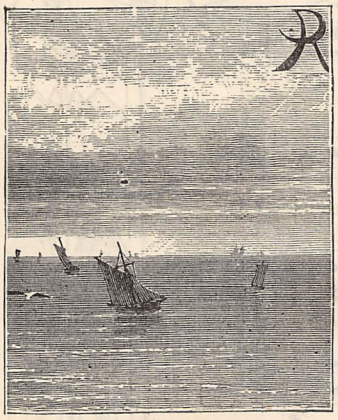


A year has passed o'er yonder tree,
Again 'tis roses bearing;
My Johnny comes not back to me,
Nor tells me of his faring.
The birds they sing above yon spray
Where fresh the roses blossom,
But me—I'd rather see, this day,
Last year's in Johnny's bosom!

I wish I were the nightingale,
I wish I were the swallow,
I'd find his ship where'er she sail,
And o'er the seas I'd follow.
But if so be he lays his head
Beneath the restless billow,
Then, oh, to be that rosebud dead,
With his still heart my pillow!

THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS!

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER. BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MOONBEAM TANGLE," &C.



RISING and falling on the sparkling waters some two miles distant from a coast-line which is the glory of the beautiful Channel Islands, plashing musically in rhythmic consonance with the wave-beat faintly audible from the boulder - strewn shore, floats the *Lively Polly*, a taut little Guernsey fishing-boat, occupied by two men—David Syvret, its master, and Lionel Hardy, a wandering member of the great brotherhood of the brush. One of these, a broad-shouldered and stalwart islander, of some fifty years of age, whose honest bronzed face seems to have absorbed into itself much of the sunlight which for nine months of the year sheds itself prodigally upon Moulin Huet Bay, is occupied in selecting mussels from a shining black heap banked up under the forward thwart of the boat, scraping them free of oarweed, and serving them up as bait for the somewhat fastidious whiting-pout and codling, into whose cool haunts, fifteen fathoms below, they are temptingly lowered. The other, an active, vivacious, resolute-looking young fellow of five-and-twenty, is lolling back in the stern in a very ecstasy of enjoyment, airily poising in his hand a horn of ice-cold water drawn from the famed well of St. Martin, in which he has been pledging successively the island, and the bay, and the boat, and letting his eye roam appreciatively from headland to headland and reef to reef.

"And now for our last toast, David : the Guernsey Lily !" he says reverently.

"Miss Doris, God bless her!" exclaims David, draining his glass ; and his young companion, joining him, gazes over the waters, and apparently finding the Guernsey Lily too sacred a flower to be dilated on, relapses into a dreamy abstraction, and remains lost in thought, while David gathers together the finny spoil, hauls in the kedge, and finally sets the mainsail.

Let Doris hold up her sweet face, and in all her graciousness be introduced to the gentle reader. Fair, and slim, and beautiful is the maiden whom young Lionel Hardy has alluded to as the Guernsey Lily : a goddess among the island fisher-folk : hedged in with a divinity begotten of kindly actions and quick sympathies : the possessor of a love-compelling face, with eyes of sun-flecked hazel, of a shade as where the golden rays strike through interlaced branches, and penetrate to the darkling undergrowth of stem and foliage ; and with lips from which proceeds a laugh, pure, and fresh, and musical as one of the streams which gurgle around the pebbles of her own Guernsey water-lanes.

Moulin Huet village had known and loved her for now close upon ten years ; for just that period had elapsed since Dr. Awdry, her father, an antiquarian and scholar, had lost the better part of his fair fortune, and had brought her over to settle in the island, and to become the light of beautiful, old-fashioned Bella Luce Farm, the house he had made his home. There Doris reigned supreme and held mimic court, receiving deputations of the village children, distributing her bounty, superintending the dairy operations incidental to the maintenance of two Alderney cows and a host of shock-headed chickens, flitting to and fro in her crisp cotton frock amongst her roses and picotees. Thus at Bella Luce she lived, and worked, and won the love of all about her ; seeing little of society, yet too busy in ministering to the wants of those amongst whom her lot was cast, and attending to her father, to feel otherwise than content.

And latterly a strange new element had entered into her life, that seemed likely to give it a wider scope and deeper meaning. Into the garden one sunny spring day, when she was delving with her trowel amongst her flowers, there had strolled young Lionel Hardy, the bearer of a letter of introduction to her father from some distant relation : as frank and *debonnaire* a young wielder of the brush and mahlstick as had ever spoilt a yard of good canvas.

From the hour of that eventful meeting, just four months ago, there had sprung up an intimacy between the two, which now seemed destined to disturb their peace of mind. Lionel had stayed on, taking up his quarters at a neighbouring farmhouse, and feeling it week by week more difficult to tear himself away, yet, happily, finding with the weeks an added stimulus to work as if his very bread depended on his labours—as, indeed, it almost did. During those four months, it is scarcely necessary to observe, his steps had tended frequently towards Bella Luce. The doctor, good man—was it because of the inordinate affection the young fellow had conceived for ancient fossil remains ?—had taken to him marvellously, and so far from discouraging his visits, had encouraged them. Thus it fell out that Doris and he had seen much of one another ; and to see much of Doris was to love her.

Lionel was not long in making this discovery ; and as he sat at work in the little room he had fitted up as his studio, his brain would often be busy in the evolution of day-dreams. Though the little income he was making was, he knew, painfully diminutive as incomes went, he nevertheless did not ignobly rail against fortune, but set himself manfully to redress her deficiencies in so far as regarded himself. "And if thou lovest me as I love thee, we require little else,"

he would say, half aloud, as his hand would fall to his side, and he would bend in a sudden accession of tenderness over the picture in which he was limning Doris's fair form. "Love will make our cottage pleasant; and I love thee more than life." But then he

"HE LEANED BACK AND REGARDED IT CRITICALLY" (*p.* 22).

wasn't a Lord of Burleigh, as he would a little ruefully reflect, and the only acres he had to offer her were a few acres of rather indifferently painted canvas. "But the hand, lady, shall grow stronger as the days pass on!" he would continue, still apostrophising the picture; and judging from the draughtsmanship, it really did begin to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title "Good Advice," and was being painted surreptitiously. Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fulness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaid, Lizzie Syvret, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter Port—Doris, supple, sylph-like, with her hazel eyes full of wisdom looking well into the future; Lizzie reverential and receptive, in the crispest and daintiest of mob caps, kerchiefs, and aprons: the two wending their way through the water-lane which skirts the garden of Bella Luce; their setting, a tangled wealth of dog-rose and bramble—emblematic, mayhap, of the thorns to be carefully avoided in little Lizzie's path.

But to return to the *Lively Polly*, which, coquetting with each wavelet as she scatters it into spray,

sensibly nears the shore. David is sitting forward, meditatively puffing a pipe of honeydew, while Lionel, with his hand resting on the tiller, is directing the course of the boat, and, judging from his expression of dreamy abstraction, is still lost in the reverie which concerns the Guernsey Lily. Suddenly addressing his companion, he exclaims solemnly, "David, the masterpiece shall be unveiled to your eye this evening. The private view shall take place!"

"What, the pictur', sir?" asks David, removing his pipe from his mouth in deference to the subject.

"The picture, David, *the* picture; and if your little daughter and Miss Doris don't walk before you to the life, why—rip the canvas from the frame, and trice it up as a new top-s'l for the *Lively Polly!*"

"Thank'ee, Master Lionel," replies David, looking well-pleased: whether at the invitation to the private view or the prospect of the new top-sail does not appear. After a pause, he adds regretfully, "How Lizzie will miss her, sir!"

"Nay, David," says the younger man with quick sympathy; "we mustn't call it a parting. Miss Doris will be often getting over to see the little woman. What, after all, is five miles?"

David slowly withdraws his pipe from his mouth, and gazing across at Lionel with a face which betokens wonder tempered with incredulity, gasps out, "Why, hast thou not heard the news, lad?"

"News? No. What news? How could I? I've been staying away at Ancresse for the last two days."

David gives vent to a long low whistle, and leans forward. "Why, the news is just this, sir: somebody or another that nobody's ever heared on afore has gone and died, and the doctor's come in for thousands and thousands o' pounds!" he says, in a sepulchral whisper. "Thousands and thousands! As soon as I heared what folks said, I upped and asked the doctor himself; and 'Thousands and thousands, David!' he says: them were his exact words; and, lor! Master Lionel, how he did rub his hands together and laugh! So now he'll be off with Miss Doris to London town, I suppose, more's the pity: and—— Put your helm down, Master Lionel, put your helm down! G-r-r-r! Bless me! if she hasn't gone and jibed!" And the *Lively Polly*, which had been flapping her sail ominously to draw attention to her unheeded tiller, had swung up to the wind, and now lay rolling uncomfortably from side to side. Requiring her sheets to be let go and hauled in before she would consent to proceed on her course, the little craft distracts David's attention from the deep effect his news has produced on his young companion; and there is no time, even if there were inclination, for questions and answers, for after one more short board the boat is beached. Leaving the task of hauling her up to David and a fellow-fisherman who happens to be standing near, Lionel hurries off, and ten minutes afterwards is seated in the solitude of his studio, dazed and bewildered, with a great sorrow clutching at his heart.

Thousands and thousands! Yes, there they were: repulsive in their coarse, barbarous glitter, whole bastions and battlements of them, forming an impassable barrier between him and the woman he loved!

The woman he loved! He started up from his chair, and restlessly crossing the room, stood before the easel which supported his recently finished picture, and gazed upon her face. Ah, how he did love her! He had never quite realised how much till then.

Subjected to one of those mental freaks by which, with strange oversight of relative magnitudes, some trivial issue is temporarily obtruded in place of one of vital moment, his eye became arrested by some trifling technical omission; and taking up his palette and brush, he proceeded to rectify it. Yes, that was better, he reflected, as he leaned back and regarded it critically. While he gazed his thoughts hurried tumultuously into the future. Her father would settle down in England; and the exigencies of her wealth would throw her much into society, and the old life in the little island would fade in her memory till it remained only as a dream—a pleasant dream, perhaps, but still a mere dream—and she would grow conventional and worldly-wise; the pity of it!

A knock at the door. Ah! he had forgotten. "The private view," he mutters to himself, with a ghastly attempt at a laugh. "Come in, David."

Enters the Guernsey Lily, and with folded hands and meek eyes which seek the ground, says, "Sir Painter, Sir Painter, I am no David, but a simple maiden, who has just had tidings of your return, and bears a mandate from her father bidding you come and smoke a pipe with him over some beautiful, new, old fossil remains. And the chamber of Bluebeard being invaded, perhaps he would stand on one side and let me gaze upon his treasure?" The hazel eyes are raised demurely, and the sunshine of a smile is lighting up the fair petitioner's face.

Inarticulate from conflicting emotions, Lionel steps silently from before the easel, and discloses the picture; and with a rapturous little cry of delight, Doris recognises its subject. For a moment or two she stands leaning forward and gazing intently upon the canvas; and then, dimpling and blushing in her confusion, timorously holds forth her little hand, and exclaims—

"Oh! what am I to say, Sir Painter? Can't you find me words to express my appreciation? Can't I——" Her eye suddenly catches the title of the picture, and she claps her hands. "See!" she cries, "I can give *good advice*. Let me promise to give *you* good advice whenever you may ask me for it."

His forehead is clammy and cold, and his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth. "Tell me the news, Doris; tell me what has happened," he says hoarsely.

"The news?" she repeats, surprised.

"About this death and this will," he blurts out, almost angrily.

"Oh! haven't you heard?" she asks; then, with a laugh which babbles forth spontaneously, protests, "It was too cruel!"

Cruel! If she had any intuition of the anguish

he was suffering, could she allude to the tragedy in that light way? He motions her to a chair; and with the laughter still dancing in her eyes and dimpling her sweet face, she sits down and recounts.

"You must know, Sir Painter, that many years ago my dear innocent father was seized with a passion for business, and persuaded an equally inexperienced friend to enter into a gigantic scheme with him for supplying London with iced soda-water at some abnormally small sum per bottle."

He bows. Yes, he recollects the doctor having alluded to the scheme in some reminiscence.

"Somehow," she continues demurely, "the soda-water fell flat. It is a laughing matter now; but it wasn't so, by any means, at the time. Poor papa lost a very large sum of money; and, what he felt far more, his friend lost a very large sum too. He never forgave papa—except, that is, till he died the other day." And her face, from which the laughter had momentarily faded, again becomes dimpled over with irrepressible smiles.

"I see," murmurs Lionel, with his heart, sunk to an abysmal depth, feeling like lead. "And so he came to think better of his churlishness, and now has died, and left a will in the doctor's favour?"

"Yes," whispers Doris.

"Made over those thousands and thousands of which David spoke?" continues Lionel, as if the words would choke him.

"Dear David! How papa will exult!" murmurs Doris, with another irrepressible little gurgle of laughter. "Yes, thousands and thousands!" she assents, lowering her voice in an awe-stricken whisper.

"Ah!" he groans, as his worst fears are confirmed.

"Of the empty soda-water bottles, you know," she continues softly. "Now, wasn't it too elaborate a joke, Sir Painter?"

"What!" he almost shouts, as he takes a sudden step forward, the revulsion of feeling sending the blood coursing like wild-fire through his veins.

But she has risen, and is already at the door. "Here's the dear legatee come to look for me," she says as she opens it, and takes her father's hand in hers. "You shall tell him how David took his joke, while I run away and look after the chairs being taken out into the garden. And as to your picture, Sir Painter"—here her musical voice became very earnest and subdued—"I can't tell you all I think of it; but, as I said before, if you ever *should* require any good advice——" The rest of the sentence was lost, for she had tripped down the stairs, and passed out of the house into the summer air like some sweet melody.

Then Lionel seizes the astonished doctor by the hand, and forcing him into a chair, tells him from out of the depths of his heart the story of his love for the maid Doris. And the doctor, returning the honest grip of his hand, abruptly asks—

"And you really do take an interest, Lionel, in ancient fossil remains?"

"I—yes, sir; certainly!" replies the bewildered lover.

"Then, perhaps, you'll have the goodness, my boy, to regard me in that light," he says, with a merry twinkle of the eye, "and let me pass the few remaining years of my life in your home. I mean, if your suit be successful, you must take up your residence at Bella Luce; for I can't afford to part altogether with my little girl."

And then, with feelings too deep for utterance, Lionel again wrings the kind hand that is stretched out to him, and leaving the doctor to inspect the picture, goes whirling out of the house like a tornado, and tears off in pursuit. It is just at the end of the water-lane that he overtakes the object of his quest, threading her way daintily amongst the dog-roses and brambles; and there and then, in a voice which thrills her gentle heart with emotion, he tells her a tale of an artist who loved an island maiden with all the passion of his soul, and with his arm stealing round her waist, asks her for good advice as to the course the artist should pursue.

What advice was given is not reported. Rumour says that it came rather indistinctly: it being impossible for lips to acquit themselves with anything approaching to justice of two tasks at once. That it must have been good advice is, however, clear; for not only is the artist alluded to making very decided headway in his profession, but he is also wedded to the most blithesome little wife in an island where blithesome little wives abound—a fact attested by the musical laughter which now comes echoing from out of the shady alcoves of Bella Luce garden, and anon rippling from the deck of the *Lively Polly* over the dancing waters of Moulin Huet Bay.

HOW TO MAKE "GAME PIE" WITHOUT GAME.

By universal consent the present season of the year is a convivial one. In almost every rank of society some little addition is made to the usual bill of fare. The baron of beef, the boar's head, and the woodcock pie ornament the sideboard in the palace, while even the workhouse can boast of at least one good substantial dinner, though it be but "once a year."

There are few dishes that may be said to "come in more handy" than a nice game pie. I mean a pie that will keep good for months. It forms a capital breakfast dish, it is equally good at lunch, and at an early hour in the morning, after a walk home through the frosty air, notwithstanding the excellent dinner at our friend's house of beef, turkey, and plum pudding, appetite will often revive in a most remarkable way. What then is nicer than a slice of cold game pie?

First of all, have you ever eaten any game pie that may be called a professional one? Those of you who have will remember that, notwithstanding the high class establishment that manufactured it, nevertheless a very large proportion of the pie consisted of forcemeat.

The fact is that were game pies to be made of real game, and that too in abundance, the pie would become so expensive as to be beyond the reach of all except epicurean millionnaires.

The late Mr. Francatelli recommends the following to be used for one game pie. He commences his receipt thus:—"First bone a turkey, a goose, a brace of young pheasants, four partridges, four wood-cocks, a dozen snipe, four grouse, and four widgeon; then boil and trim a small York ham and two tongues," &c. The least that can be said about this receipt is, that if the pie is not a good one it ought to be. A very excellent game pie can be made by using the flesh of cold rabbit, or, still better, cold turkey. I can assure you that if you follow my directions you can make a pie so nearly resembling game pie that not one really good judge of cooking in a thousand would be able to tell the difference.

The first point is to make some proper flavouring spices, which, when once made, if placed in a glass-stoppered bottle will keep good for many years, and will probably last for many, as a *very* little indeed goes a long way. I do not know of anything in cooking that so repays the trouble of preparing as the flavouring spices I am going to describe how to make. A little pinch, not so much as will cover a threepenny-piece, makes all the difference in meat pies and puddings, especially when a few larks have been added, between a plain one and a high-class rich one, and owing to the quantity used being so small, the cost is almost nil.

Take an ounce each of bay-leaves, marjoram, sweet-basil, and thyme, and see that these herbs are thoroughly dry. They can be dried in the oven after being carefully wrapped in paper. Next add to these two ounces of cloves, two ounces of white peppercorns, one ounce of mace, and one ounce of nutmeg. These must all be thoroughly pounded with the herbs, and the whole sifted through a sieve, and then placed in a glass-stoppered bottle for use.

These herbs have a most marvellous property of giving a gamey flavour to whatever they are mixed with, and, as I have said, this quantity will probably last a private family for the rest of their lives. The spices can be bought at any grocer's, and the herbs can be bought at Covent Garden Market, and elsewhere, in small sixpenny bottles. I need scarcely add that the remainder of the herbs not used can be utilised for making veal stuffing, or flavouring mock turtle soup.

Indeed mixed sweet herbs are often made of a mixture of marjoram, basil, and thyme; and if you want to make flavouring spices in a hurry, three ounces of mixed sweet herbs can be substituted for one ounce each of marjoram, thyme, and basil. I would also remind you that you can make half, or even only a quarter, of the quantity I have mentioned.

Next with regard to the forcemeat for our game pie. Take a pound of calf's liver, the lighter the colour the better. Soak this a little in water, cut it up into small pieces and dry them. Next get a pound of fat bacon or ham, cut it up and place it in a frying-pan, with a good-sized onion sliced up, a brimming dessert-spoonful of chopped parsley, and, if you like, two or three beads of garlic. This latter is a matter of fancy; I prefer it myself, but then there are many who cannot bear the flavour of garlic. Fry the onion a light brown, but do not burn it or let it get black. Next add the calf's liver and a tin of mushrooms, and fry it all till the liver is thoroughly done.

Put the whole in a large basin or mortar and pound it up, mixing in a brimming tea-spoonful of our flavouring spices, and, say, half a tea-spoonful of cayenne pepper. If the spices and herbs are stale, more than a tea-spoonful must be added.

If you now taste this mixture you will find you have got a game pie already. In fact, the only thing to be compared to it in flavour is the back of a grouse. I may, however, here add that the tin of mushrooms, though a very great improvement, is not absolutely essential.

Next you had better either send the whole mixture through a small sausage machine, or rub it through a wire sieve. Both of these utensils are absolutely necessary in every kitchen where economy is at all studied.

This forcemeat should now be pressed down in a basin, and put by for use. Before leaving this subject of liver forcemeat for game pies, let me give you one or two further hints. When you intend making this forcemeat, always try and get a few livers from your poulterer's, such as pheasants' livers, hares' livers, goose or turkey livers, &c., and if they are not too high add these to the calf's liver. It is a wonderful improvement, and of course helps considerably to assist the gamey flavour.

We have now our two pounds of liver forcemeat, and we must add to it two pounds of meat. Of course if we can afford the meat of real game all the better, and when this is the case I should recommend you to put double the quantity of game to that of forcemeat. Thus, 2 lbs. of forcemeat, 2 lbs. of the flesh of a pheasant, and 2 lbs. of the flesh of hare or grouse, would make an excellent pie.

It is, however, rarely the case, except in some parts of the country, that we can afford to be thus lavish with game. Try, therefore, the following cheaper substitute. Take a couple of rabbits, and boil them in the usual way. Cut all the flesh off the bones, and put the bones back into the liquor in which they were boiled, with an onion and some trimmings of celery to boil away. When reduced to about a quart, strain off the liquor, and let this liquor boil away till it is almost a glaze. You don't want much, for the quantity we are going to make is not more than a tea-cupful. Remember, too, that this liquor when cold must be a very hard jelly indeed, or our pie won't keep.

Next let us turn to our meat. This must be cut up into small pieces, the largest of which, when composed

of firm white meat, should be about as big as the top of the thumb down to the first joint. When we cut the pie, we want to see pieces of meat in it whole, which cuts white, and contrasts with the darker-coloured forcemeat.

Be very careful in cutting up this meat to remove every particle of gristle, skin, bone, &c. The flesh of a couple of rabbits will do very well, or you can get the meat for our game pie from a variety of things. For instance, you can mix the flesh of a rabbit, fowl, turkey, hare, duck, of course any kind of game, &c. If possible, however, try and have some good-sized pieces of meat, that will look white when cut; otherwise—*i.e.*, if you only use up, so to speak, the scrapings of cold birds—the whole pie will have the appearance of being all forcemeat.

Next, having got our two pounds of forcemeat and two pounds of meat, mix them all together, adding our half-pint, or rather less, of stock made from the bones, which stock when cold must form a *very hard jelly*. This is most important. Press all down into whatever dish or dishes are going to be used, and either cover with a rich crust of puff paste or cover with clarified butter, and put by in a cool place.

If you want this pie to keep, of course you must adopt the latter course. The best dishes for keeping this cold game pie are small, deep, oval dishes, in which the sides are quite perpendicular to the bottom. The meat of the pie, too, should be at least three inches in depth. The meat should be well pressed down in the dish, and the dish placed in the oven for a little while. Take care the top does not dry over and get discoloured. Then, when the mixture is hot, press it down very thoroughly, and pour some clarified butter over the top so as to completely cover it to the depth of half an inch. Put a lid on the dish, and cover it round the edge of the lid with a slip of paper moistened with gum or white of egg. These dishes are made on purpose, and are known as Yorkshire Pie dishes.

These pies will keep good, especially if you have not forgotten the cayenne and spices, for several months, if kept in a cool place. They are by no means expensive, and make an excellent dish, always ready at hand for breakfast, lunch, or supper.

If, however, you wish to cover the pie with a pastry crust, you of course cannot expect it to keep, as the crust will get bad. In this case, of course, you would not use any clarified butter at all; but, instead, you must have some more stock, that when cold will become a jelly.

Fill the pie-dish nearly full; pour a little stock over the top to keep the top moist, and also cover the top with some thin slices of fat bacon or ham, which should be pressed down on the meat; this will prevent the top getting dry while you bake the crust. Cover the pie-dish with some good puff-paste. Egg it over with a brush, with a yolk of egg, and make some leaves of pastry and put on the top.

When the pie is baked, and the crust done, take it out, and, when cold, fill the pie up to the very top of all with gravy that is a jelly. Pour the jelly, when *nearly* cold, through a hole in the top of the pie, by means of a funnel, and let it set gradually inside, but be sure to fill it up to the top. When the pie is cut in slices, this jelly will join the pie itself to the crust.

Next wrap a clean napkin round the pie-dish, and place it on a dish with some parsley, and, if possible, get the head of a pheasant or partridge with the feathers on, and stick this head on the top of the pie by means of a small wooden skewer.

This game pie, I can assure you, is most delicious, and by no means expensive.

In order to clarify butter proceed as follows:—Take, say, half a pound of butter, and oil it in a saucepan—an enamelled one is best. You will now see some scum float on the top; this must be carefully skimmed off; when no more scum rises, pour the butter into a basin carefully, so that the sediment which you will see settled at the bottom of the saucepan does not run in with it.

Only the clear oil must be poured off. This is clarified butter, and is used for covering all kinds of potted meats, &c.

There is one more dish that I will describe, which will probably be a novelty to most. They are called Italian fritters, and are made from the forcemeat I have been describing how to make.

Take a little of the liver forcemeat flavoured with the onion, mushrooms, garlic, parsley, celery, and all the flavouring spices made as above. Roll some of this into little balls, and then flatten them till you get a little piece of forcemeat about the size of an oval picnic biscuit. Flour these, and dip them into some stiff batter, and throw them into smoking-hot fat deep enough to thoroughly cover them. As soon as the batter is a light brown—a question, if your fat is thoroughly hot, of a few seconds only—take them out, drain them on a napkin, and serve with fried parsley.

It is sometimes an improvement to cut two very thin strips of cold boiled bacon fat, not thicker, if possible, than a five-pound note, and lay a thin strip on each side of the lump of forcemeat before you flour it. Then flour, dip in batter, and proceed as before. These fritters are more like Kromeskies; the bacon has the effect of making the fritter more moist. Fried parsley should always accompany fritters of this description.

And now, in conclusion, as the festive season is approaching, let me once more remind you of laying in a small stock of preserved cherries and angelica. Preserved fruits, such as apricots, peaches, &c., are now cheap, good, and useful. Pile them up in a dish in a pyramid shape, pour their liquor over them thickened with a little corn-flour, and coloured pink with a few drops of cochineal, and then stick the preserved cherries in all the corners, and cut little strips of green angelica and stick them in the fruit itself.

This is a pretty dish, that can be always kept in the house, and if you don't thicken the syrup, can be got ready in a couple of minutes. The addition, however, of the red preserved cherries makes so much difference in the appearance of the dish.

CAIRO.

MY JOURNEY WITH THE KHEDIVE.

IN TWO PAPERS.—FIRST PAPER.

TWO years ago I had the good fortune to travel with the present Khedive into Upper Egypt. The news that the Khedive was going to make a voyage up the Nile with the Princess Consort and young Princes caused the natives some perplexity, until the characteristic story got abroad that intelligence had been received of a magnificent treasure—gold, jewels, and precious stones—buried for thousands of years, and now to be unearthed and brought in triumph to Cairo. The Khedive, when I told him the story, was somewhat amused, but made the kingly answer that the only treasure he desired to find was the contentment and prosperity of his people.

The expedition started on January 22nd, and consisted of four fine, large steamers—the Khedive in the first, next the Princes, then such of the suite as were not in the other two, and lastly a provision boat with two barges in tow conveying four carriages and thirteen horses. The splendid palaces of Cairo—one of which, still unfinished, is said to have cost the late Viceroy over £3,000,000—soon faded away, and gave place to the ordinary village, a cluster of mud-built houses, thatched with cane-straw. The scenery varies little for some distance, until the line of hills that follow the right bank comes nearer the river; but the monotony of palm and sand is forgotten in the endless magic of colour that plays about the horizon. On the left bank the succession of Pyramids from Gizeh to Medûm, their great number and strangely different shapes, gave one plenty to think about: and all along our route on either side the fellahîn thronged out of their villages with drums beating and banners flying. At sunset we stopped at Uasta, whence a branch line of railway leads to Fayûm, the Arsinoe of the ancient Greeks. The Mudir and people received His Highness with every sign of loyalty and rejoicing. Large crowds were gathered on the banks, but were kept at a little distance by some Bedouins who had made a course for themselves a hundred yards long in front of the steamers. Here they displayed their wild horsemanship, galloping, drawing rein, and turning suddenly. at full charge they held their guns pointed, then brandished and fired them off, and rapidly reloaded: while some devout worshippers kneeling towards the east, and bowing their evening prayers, made a strange contrast with the noise and tumult around them. At dark the bank was illuminated with scores of lamps fixed on poles, between which flags were waving with the Khedive's emblem. Overhead a bright moon shone, and far into the night the splendid band of the Khedive played European music.

Our next station, Benisuêf, was reached at 10 a.m. after an early start; for Friday is the holy day in the East, and His Highness always attends mosque at midday. On his return, he was received with salutes of musketry and music, clouds of cavalry, and cries of "Long live the Khedive!" Again there is a show of Bedouins, but this time a regular battle, pistols and sabres gleaming among the flintlocks. They seemed never weary of burning their powder. Backwards and forwards they charged in storms of dust, banging their guns and shouting their war-cries in a ceaseless,

deafening uproar. Not quite ceaseless, happily—powder or patience failed them at last, and after tethering their horses they dispersed to cut sugar-cane for their dinner. In the afternoon we strolled about the tents, which made a scene not unlike a country fair in England. As we passed we were invited into the tent of the head Sheik. The floor was spread with beautiful carpets, but the tent was lined and the divan covered with printed calico, and glass chandeliers adorned with prisms hung at the entrance. European furniture is always a mark of wealth and fashion, but it is rather depressing to see the preference given to hideous things of English or French make by a people who have still the fine artistic talent long lost in Europe.

Minyêh, capital of the province of that name, was our next destination; and at 8 p.m. on Saturday we anchored in front of the palace, that stands only thirty paces back from the river. The palace walls, which ran down the shore for half a mile, were flashing from end to end with lights; and in front long rows of lamps and portfires shone, making a scene of great splendour. Before dining in the palace, the Khedive drove into the town, where great pains had been taken to make a display in his honour. All the streets were adorned on either side with continuous arches of painted woodwork, and every arch was hung with flags and lanterns. Here and there, perched in boxes at the side, or actually over the street in mid-air, groups of musicians and story-tellers spoke or sang, to the great amusement of the turbaned crowd below. Sometimes beneath one of the boxes we had to fight our way, shoulder to shoulder, through a densely-packed mob, but they took it all with great quiet and good-humour.

The following morning we had even clearer proof that the hand of civilisation had reached Minyêh. At nine o'clock His Highness drove to the great sugar factory, where the whole process of manufacture, from the cane to the crystal, was witnessed by and carefully explained to the Khedive, who showed great interest, listening and asking many questions. Gigantic machinery, erected by a French firm, is employed, and the native artisans have, with their usual quickness, so far mastered it, that they not only repair any chance breakage, but make all fresh machinery that may be required in foundries of their own. The sugar trade is a great source of wealth to Egypt; it is unfortunate that the rare occurrence of a frost this year seems to have spoiled the promise of next season. After the usual noonday breakfast there was a grand display of Bedouin horsemanship, varied with sword and lance exercise. Horses and riders are both undeniably quick and clever, but they do not come up to their reputation. Tumbles are not uncommon; and their rude weapons, flowing robes, and motley harness do not suit English ideas of discipline and smartness. Still they are not soldiers, and their equipment is too artistic and picturesque to be disparaged. The saddles, which rise six inches in front and have a high cushioned back, are embroidered with needlework or overlaid with emblems in spangles. The stirrups are huge plates of iron with triangular sides, hooped by a thick semicircle of metal: the largest foot is lost in them. Some of the guns had ivory stocks, all were inlaid with silver, and in many the barrels were banded with silver. Dusk followed soon after the close of the performance, and the palace flashed again with 5,000 lanterns, which cast their lustre across the river, where it fell faintly on a grove of palm-trees that had stolen a footing underneath the cliffs. The Khedive, as usual, entertained the chief people at dinner, and then drove through the town. Many of the suite also went independently on foot, and everywhere as we passed the native bands struck up with sounds of welcome. It is impossible to mistake the delight with which the people see the Khedive among them; and all who are fortunate enough to travel with him partake in some degree his triumph. Every step almost gave some fresh proof of good feeling. One house we noticed especially, with its carved stone doorway, curiously resembling late Norman architecture, where the merchant had set an ingenious device in Arabic: "We have been prosperous (*tewfik*) for the first time in the reign of His Highness Tewfik Pasha;" and other loyal mottoes abounded. Emerging suddenly from a narrow lane we found ourselves in a small open square, on one side of which was a massive gate. The moment we were seen, loud bursts of music greeted us, and a carpet was unrolled from the inner part of the house to our feet. Crossing the courtyard upon it, we entered a marble hall amid profound salaams, and thence a grand saloon. While refreshments were handed round, some native minstrels performed on strange instruments, and sang or wailed Arabian ditties. The same hospitality awaited us everywhere; all comers were friends, especially strangers. On our way home we stood and viewed with much amusement some of the native paintings. The background is generally a white sheet of linen: sometimes instead rude frescoes are drawn on the whitewashed walls. The favourite subjects are flowers and animals—lions, camels, elephants, and donkeys—painted in flat colour of red, blue, and green; but now and then a steamer is seen, a palm-tree, or a European head with a "tall hat." They are all grotesque and laughable caricatures, but the artists were delighted with our amusement, and thronged grinning and chattering around us. But we had no curious crowds to follow us home, only whirlwinds of dust.

But it is time to pass on to Assiout, the capital of Upper Egypt. Thousands of people were on the banks, and cannon thundered in salute, as the Khedive touched land in the early afternoon. The hottest part of the day once past, towards 4 o'clock His Highness started in a state carriage for the town. The procession was headed by some native horsemen; then came a standard-bearer with green turban, denoting his descent from the Prophet; some bare-legged runners in white tunics and waistcoats broidered in black and gold; next, part of the mounted guard; then the Khedive, drawn by a pair of splendid black horses; ten more guardsmen came

behind, and after them the suite mounted as best they could, *i.e.*, on donkeys. Close behind and on either side thronged Bedouins on their prancing Arabs, and then the population. The road, of course, was only a raised causeway of ordinary Nile mud, and lay three inches deep in dust. The effect may be imagined when a vast mob, horse and foot, were rushing on together, all with the one idea of keeping as close to the Khedive as possible.

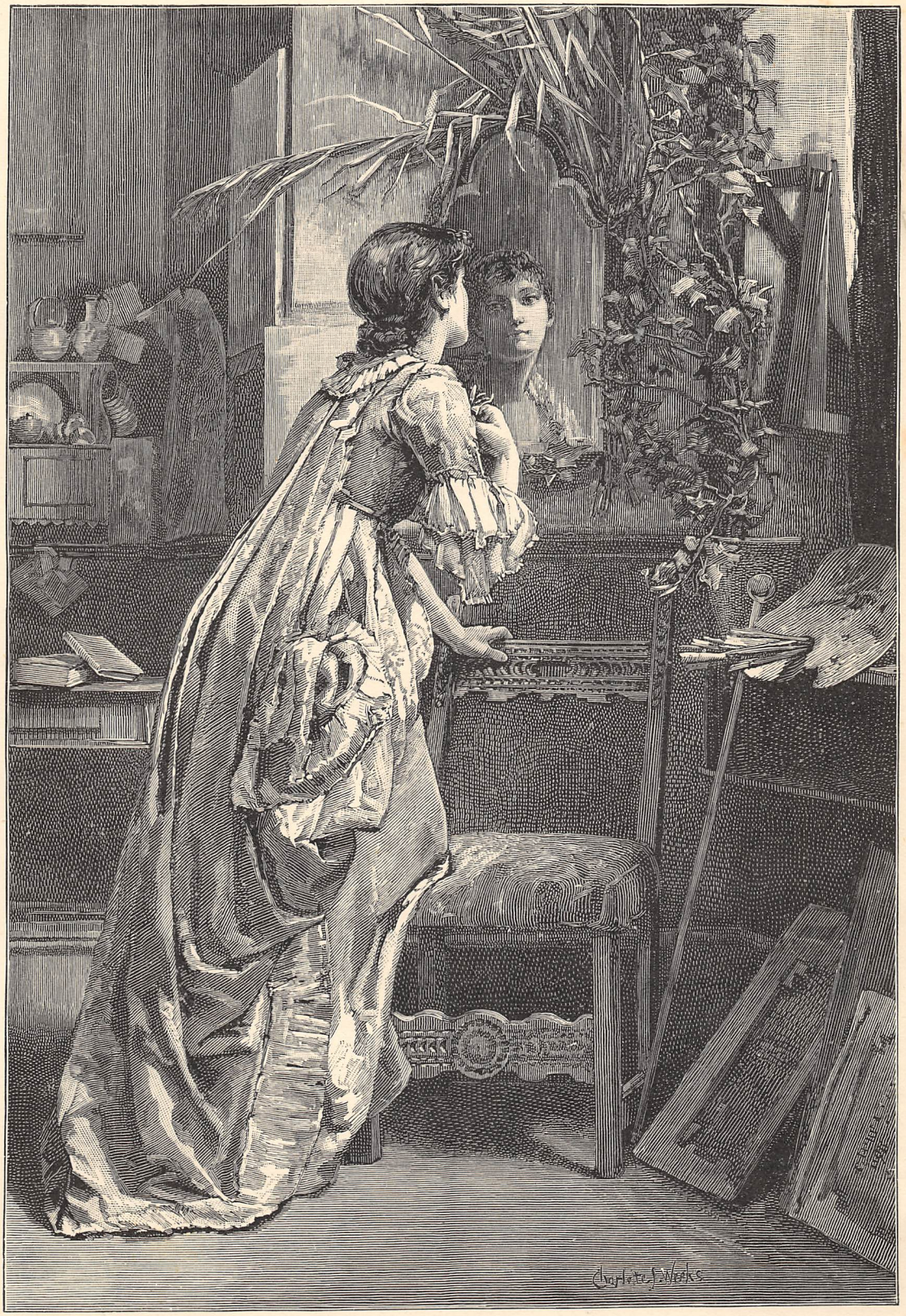
Fortunately I had secured a very good donkey and donkey-boy, who fought tooth and nail and managed by some means to keep me in my place, just behind the guardsmen, all the afternoon. For a mile, through air literally darkened with dust, we pushed on to the city. The narrow gateway barely allowed His Highness's carriage to pass, and when the guardsmen were through and the crowd came, all storming the one point, the usual result followed. For a moment we were all wedged immovably together, then, being well in the centre of the archway, I saw the foremost on either side fall heavily, and disappear under a heap of fresh bodies, flung over them by pressure from behind. I thought bones must have been broken, if not lives lost, but no accident has been reported. As the sides yielded, the centre was relieved, and my donkey, after a desperate struggle to avoid being swept off his feet, brought me through the press in triumph. In the town the Khedive was greeted with music and shouts from the soldiers. The men, as a rule, make a great deal of obeisance but are silent; they do not know how to cheer; but the women on the housetops raise their shrill "Lul-ul-ul-ul," which is exactly the Latin "ululatus," and is used to express either joy or mourning. As we wound through the narrow streets, the scene was indescribably vivid and amusing. In front of the procession all was calm and quiet; behind a confused battle for place was incessantly raging. A staff of "beaters" came to the rescue of the suite, and with long sticks belaboured the crowd until they reversed the pressure. Even the donkey-boy would lay his cudgel smartly across the shoulders of a man twice his size. A hundred blows were falling on every side; none were resented or returned. The Arabs seem a tractable people. Of course there was also a ceaseless by-play made up of little incidents. Now a luckless Arab lost his shoe in the *mêlée*, and followed plunging, diving, and swearing, as it was kicked about by all comers; another is seen wildly smiting the heads of his neighbours with an ivory fiddlestick, without damage on either side; there again a scimitar or battle-axe swings round and makes a momentary way for its owner; there a huge burly officer rolls ignominiously off his donkey amid shouts of laughter; later on a man rushes to the Khedive's carriage with a censer of burning incense, and the odour is sweet in one's dust-laden nostrils. So we move on into the bazaar, where heat and dust are redoubled, in spite of the carpets strewn beneath our feet. There is an instant of rest while an ox is being slain; then forwards again over his blood, and out, at last, into the air at the far side of the town. There we turn and charge our way back again. As we leave the city gate another ox is sacrificed: dancing-girls beat their tambourines; His Highness's carriage goes at a trot, the donkeys at a gallop, and we reach the steamers at sunset, as the hour of prayer is called from the lighted minarets. The evening ended with a grand display of fireworks on the river-bank; while over the water boats were moving, decked with Chinese lanterns and laden with singers, who dropped fire-fountains as they passed. The broad river under the full moonlight was magnificent.

A delay of another day enabled the Khedive to receive or visit all the chief personages of the neighbourhood. His visit to the American Mission should not be omitted. The teachers, who are Presbyterian clergymen, had pitched their tent near the river, and there maps, charts, &c., were exhibited, while the pupils sang English hymn-tunes to the harmonium. His Highness talked in English with the chief teacher, a missionary, and showed a keen interest in the work and management. There are no less than nine schools in Assiout connected with the mission, and six of these are supported by natives. Christians and Mohammedans are taught together, though most of the pupils are Coptic Christians. The aim of the mission is rather education than proselytism; and in religious matters their battle is rather with the dead and deadening formalism of the Coptic Church. The chief of the mission, a Scotchman, has devoted twenty-three years of his life to his self-denying work, that has had no reward beyond its own success, and has fairly lived down the suspicions and evil rumours that his coming created. All the community respect and honour him; no one now believes he uses magic or incantations.

A SWEET REFLECTION.

LAY down the palette and resign the brush!
What art, O painter, e'er can hope to trace
The matchless glory of that fair young face?
What hand depict the secret of that blush
That deepens at its own rare loveliness?
Or those dear eyes, twin stars that shine to bless
Some lonely wanderer on life's toilsome way,
Turning his night into the broadest day?
Thrice happy wanderer, oh, if thou be he,
Dream-laden artist, evermore to thee
A power, an inspiration she shall be,
Crowning thy effort with a light sublime;
Remembering her, whate'er thy hand shall do
Shall blend in love the beautiful and true,
Fixing her graces to the end of time.

MATTHIAS BARR.



"WHATE'ER THY HAND SHALL DO,
SHALL BLEND IN LOVE THE BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE."

"A SWEET REFLECTION" (p. 28).

"ARE WE REALLY FEEDING OUR CHILD ARIGHT?"

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

IT is pleasant not only for the Editor himself, but for every member of his staff, to know that the Magazine on which he labours from year's end to year's end is not only duly appreciated, but highly popular. That ours is so, thousands of kindly letters bear annual testimony. We know, and rejoice to know, that we bring happiness to many a far-distant home, even in the distant Hebrides, and the *Ultima Thule* of the North. We are to be seen in the huts of primitive Thorshaven, in Faroe, and met in the homes of Reikjavik in Iceland, and yearly in ships farther north still we fly—

> "To those wild northern climes that lie
> Where summer's day ne'er shuts its eye."

The interest taken in our contents is quite a friendly one; we are often even pre-discussed, for readers wonder, ere they scan a page, what will happen to our hero or heroine next, what our music or illustrations will be like, what Phillis Browne will have to say, or what the Family Doctor will have to chat about in the next number.

I am going to chat this month, if chat you choose to call it, on a subject which is of interest to many among us, but to mothers more particularly, and the subject was suggested to me in a letter from a friendly reader—viz., on the diet and feeding of children.

"There seems to be an idea," says my correspondent, who belongs to the upper middle class, "that a child cannot eat too much, and they are consequently encouraged to stuff all they can. Their appetites are forced by all kinds of dainties.

"Again, the amount of sweets bought for children cannot be good for them. Often I have seen children come to their meals which they are unable to eat simply because they have already partaken so largely of buns, tarts, and sweetmeats."

Plain, straightforward, and sensible remarks are these, as every thinking man or woman will admit.

A child needs, comparatively speaking, a large supply of food, because not only has he, like his elders, waste to repair, but bones to build and flesh to form. Every parent knows this, but the very fact of its being so hard to convince a father or mother that it is what a child digests easily that tends to make a man of him, and not the amount he swallows, forms the rock on which so many childish lives are shipwrecked, and causes the annual bill of infantile mortality to be such a sadly heavy one.

Children need but little encouragement to gourmandise, especially when dainties are pressed upon them; the sin of doing so is not theirs, it lies at the door of those who feed them, and they often err from sheer ignorance, but more often through pure selfishness, for they seem unable to resist the pleasure of seeing their little ones apparently enjoying themselves.

We do not have to travel far at any time to find illustrations from the life of how children are stuffed, both at table and between meals. Go where we will, on ships at sea, on trains by land, wherever little ones are to be found—and where are they not?—the same thing goes on, a constant forcing to eat on the part of those in charge of them, and a perpetually willing compliance on the part of the poor innocents themselves. I sat the other day at a *table-d'hôte* in a quiet riverside hostelry, *tête-à-tête* with a small party out on pleasure—husband, wife, little boy and girl, and a gentleman, evidently an uncle, and just as evidently the host for the time being.

"Eat, my dear children," he exclaimed, replenishing their plates with beefsteak and onions, "eat, my darlings; bless your little hearts, eat; there is plenty here, and pudding to follow."

Did they need much more pressing, think you? Nay, the faces of those children positively beamed like little rising suns, and at the uncle's last remark, the girl, who was playing even a better knife and fork than her brother, nodded smilingly round to the boy.

"Freddy," she said, "we'll have the hiccups presently." To her innocent young mind, "the hiccups" was the *dénoûment* devoutly to be wished, happy proof that the cup of bliss was full to overflowing.

Now, of all the complaints to which childhood is liable, that called dyspepsia, or indigestion, is the most carefully to be guarded against. Over-eating and injudicious feeding are the primary causes of the complaint, but the loss of appetite, or the capricious appetite which is one of its first symptoms, is usually put down to something else. The child is said to be ailing or delicate in constitution, plain food is supposed to be unsuited to him, so he is plied with dainties, and allowed to consume whatever he takes a fancy to, often in quantities out of all proportion to the needs of nature. The case becomes worse of course. Probably a change of air is thought requisite. Seaside residence, or a bracing atmosphere, certainly mends matters for a time, if increasing the appetite can be so termed. However, it pleases the parents to see what they think improvement in any shape, and feeling convinced in their own minds that there cannot be anything radically wrong so long as the child eats, they are happy in consequence. The child may even be rotund, plump it cannot be called, for the fat beneath the skin is of the flabby kind, flabby and

therefore unhealthy. He is just a trifle paler than children brought up on better principles. They look at this with parents' eyes, and perhaps even affect to despise the bronze hues of health. They forget that paleness means poverty of blood.

I wish I could induce such parents to endeavour seriously to answer these questions. Are we really feeding our child aright? May we not be acting with mistaken kindness, and sowing the seeds of disease in his constitution, or at all events rendering it practically impossible for him ever to possess that amount of health and happiness which alone fit boys or men to be useful members of society? Dyspeptic children are generally pampered, petted and spoiled, and often puling and peevish to a degree. Their very presence is often far from a blessing in a house; indeed, I can go truthfully further than this, and can say without fear of contradiction, that his home is often rendered miserable and distasteful to the husband and bread-winner, owing to the results of the mismanagement in dieting of his child or children.

But the peevishness of dyspeptic children, or rather I ought to say of the few among them that live to manhood, is sure to develop into moroseness and bad temper in after-life; thus from errors in diet in childhood arise results, both mental and physical, which we can only characterise as deplorable.

Permitting children to sit at the table with their elders, is the cause of a good deal of mischief and injury to their youthful digestions. A variety of dishes should never be permitted, and any attempt at wastefulness should be checked at once. Economy and self-denial can be taught at the children's table far more easily than at school.

The diet of children can hardly be too plain. If they require to be encouraged to eat by the administration of dainties, there must be something radically wrong somewhere. It is unlikely that that something is constitutional, more probably insufficient exercise is taken, or taken at wrong times, or the nursery is stuffy, or the bed-room badly ventilated, or the parents have forgotten that sunshine and fresh air are as necessary to the healthy life of a child as wholesome food itself is.

The want of cleanliness, or frequent use of the bath, is many times the cause of indifferent appetite in children. Without cleanliness of clothes and cleanliness of person you cannot have healthy children. Without this the young blood seems poisoned, the child has neither buoyancy nor heart, appetite is depraved or absent, and he grows up as pale and poor as a sickly plant.

Injudicious clothing is another cause of dyspepsia. It is bad enough to encase the body which has attained its full development in a tight dress, but it is ruinous for a child to be clothed in tightly-fitting garments. Every organ of a child's body requires room to grow and expand; if it be in any way compressed, the circulation through it becomes lessened, and it is therefore sicklied and rendered weak.

Tightness, therefore, of any portion of a child's clothing ruins not only the organ directly underneath the constriction, but indirectly those at a distance from it, for no damming up of the circulation can be tolerated by nature. Tightness round the waist in children and young people is the cause of many cases of dyspepsia, and in a lesser degree so is tightness of the neckerchief, by retaining the blood in the brain. Have your children's clothing loose, then, if you would see them healthy and happy. See, too, that at night they sleep not on feather beds, and that though warmly they are not heavily clothed.

Children should be fed with great regularity day by day. The parents having chosen the hours for dinner, breakfast, and tea, ought to see that the times are strictly adhered to.

Irregularity in meal-hours, and times of getting up in the morning and retiring to bed at night, is not only prejudicial to the present health of a child, but it teaches him habits which are greatly against his chances of success in after-life.

I need hardly speak here about the quality of the food that is placed before a child; against indigestible or too rich food, against sauces and spices of all kinds, including curries; against heavy foods of the pancake, dough, and dumpling kind, against unripe fruits, against too hot soup, against strong tea and coffee, or beer, or against over-much butcher's meat.

They who ought to know tell us that a day is coming, and is not even now very far distant, when butcher's meat will be double the price it now is. I do not think this will be a national calamity; it will doubtless cause flesh of all kind to take its proper place in the scale of diet, which it certainly does not fill at present; and it will tend to check the shameful waste which now goes on at almost every table in the three kingdoms.

Pray, mothers, do not forget that an interval of rest should ensue between the meals you give your children, and do not ruin their young digestions by cramming them with cake, or buns, or sweets of any kind. To do so is worse than cruel, it is a sin, and a sin which you are but little likely to commit if you truly love them, and really wish to see them generate into strong and healthy men and women. Tarts and sweets and confectionery would be bad enough in all conscience for children, even if they were always pure and unadulterated. But they are too often positively poisonous. Feed on plain and wholesome food regularly from day to day, permitting no stuffing between meals, and not forgetting the benefits that accrue from frequent changes of diet, more especially as regards dinner. Do this, and your children will live to bless you; do otherwise, and expect to see them sickly, with veins and arteries possessing no resiliency, with mucous membranes pale and flabby, pipes of lungs that the accident of a slight cold is sufficient to close, muscles of limbs so weak that exercise is a penance instead of a pleasure, and flesh so unwholesome that a pin's prick may cause a fester, and all this because the blood is impoverished through errors in diet.

ICE-BOATING IN AMERICA.

FOREMOST amongst the numerous attractions offered in the way of winter pastimes by our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, is that of ice-boating. To the being inexperienced in that art, the first sail in an ice-boat is as a glimpse of a ride in another world. Yachting, boating, and all other minor pleasures of water pass into insignificance as compared to it. Can the reader imagine himself being conveyed through the air in a boat, faster than the speed of the fastest express train? The idea itself, I think, will fill him with amazement; not only will he doubt the achievement of the feat, but when he has mastered the first surprise caused by such a statement, he will come to the conclusion that, should the act be practicable, it would be fraught with so much danger that pleasure would inevitably give way to incessant fear. To the inexperienced navigator danger there certainly is, yet, our American friends say, when once the first dread of the lightning speed is overcome, fear gives way to fascination, the feeling grows on one to be always moving on at cannon-ball speed. It is rather difficult to describe one's sensations on first experiencing the rapid progress of an ice-boat—flying nearly expresses it—the sensation is like nothing else. The primary idea one has is that he must hold on very fast to save himself from being shot out.

With reference to the speed attainable by these ice-boats great exaggerations have at all times been made, but, with a wind on the beam—what is called three-quarters free—there are times that a boat can attain a speed of seventy miles, and sometimes even more per hour, should the conditions of ice and wind be both favourable; but it cannot continue at this pace, as the helmsman is frequently obliged to alter his course, so as to steer clear of rough ice, hummocks, fissures, cracks, &c.

The solution of the problem as to how a vessel can possibly sail faster than the wind has been frequently attempted, yet not to my knowledge with any practical result. Let it be understood that a boat's speed before the wind, which blows with a constant velocity, cannot equal the speed of that wind; under different conditions than this it is possible, and in accordance with mechanical principles, that the speed of a boat may equal, or even surpass, that of the wind. Suppose the boat were before the wind, which is travelling at the rate of about thirty miles an hour, the direct impetus of the wind on the sails, if fixtures, would be equal to about six pounds per square foot. But the sails are not fixtures, and move before or away from the wind, and the pressure is in this way diminished until it is balanced by the resistance met with by the boat. As the resistance of an ice-boat is very small, a high speed—nearly equal to that of the wind—is reached before the speed and wind pressure become uniform. Suppose the speed of a boat were twenty miles an hour, the resultant pressure of the wind would be only that due to a wind of ten miles an hour, or about three-quarters of a pound per square foot. In sailing so that the wind makes a more or less acute angle with the line of advance, the conditions are entirely altered; the resultant pressure of the wind does not diminish with the advance of the boat, and its effective impulse is determinable on mechanical principles, which do admit as possible a speed of the boat greater than the actual speed of the wind.

However, it is impossible for any water-borne boats propelled by sails to exceed the speed of the wind which impels them, owing to the great resistance they encounter in wave-making; but ice-boats will move with the slightest motion, and meet with little or no resistance on their smooth course.

As most ice-boats run about the same size, with very little variation in building, I will give a description of the sizes of the material, and of the parts visible in the engraving of the famed boat *Haze*, owned by Mr. A. Innes, of Poughkeepsie, U.S.

The keel, or centre timber, is 24 ft. 6 in. long, 3 in. wide, and 9 in. deep.

The side frames are $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, and 4 in. deep.

At the mast a rafter, 1 ft. wide by 3 in. deep and 7 ft. 6 in. long, is fitted on top across the side frames. Underneath the mast timber is the "runner" plank, of 12 in. width, 3 in. depth, and about 16 ft. length, the side frames, mast plank, and "runner" plank being all bolted together. Sometimes the side framing is continued forward of the mast timber round to the bowsprit, and thus makes the construction look more boat-like.

The after-part of the frame is bottom-planked with inch boards, to form the deck.

The "runners" are three in number, one fixed to either end of the runner plank (which crosses the keel at right angles), and the third is fitted aft to the keel timber and rudder post, and is used as a rudder. This runner is, as a rule, slightly smaller than the other two.

The runners are securely fitted, in a line parallel with the keel, to the ends of the runner plank. They are 6 in. deep, 2 in. thick, and about 3 ft. long. Each runner is backed with steel, and rounded up at the fore-end. The shoe is solid, and is $1\frac{3}{4}$ in. deep; 1 in. of the depth is ground to an angle of 90° V, the remaining $\frac{3}{4}$ in. forms the upper part of the shod, and is square with the top, which is 2 in. wide. The steel is "tapped" on the upper side about an inch deep. Into these taps $\frac{5}{8}$ in. bolts are screwed, and are long enough to pass through the runner and runner plank; their heads are then secured with counter-sunk nuts before the runner is fitted to the runner plank.

As a rule, nothing but two sails are carried, and the ice-boats of Toronto have but one lateen sail. The heel of the yard is jointed to the far end of the

boom; the sail has angular reefs, and requires no shifting when tacking, and is readily squared away when before the wind. The yard has a down tackle at the mast, and is hoisted by a halyard fast to a traveller round the mast, and a whip purchase.

These, then, are the dimensions of the ice-boat *Haze*. The favourite point of sailing is with the wind a point or so—before the beam, right abeam, or a point abaft the beam. With such a wind, a straight course over a smooth surface of ice, the

AN ICE-BOAT.

The dimensions of the spars are as follow:—

Mast, step to cap	20 ft.
Mast, diameter at heel	5 in.
,, ,, cap	3½ in.
Bowsprit, beyond mast	16 ft. 6 in.
,, depth of bowsprit	6 in.
,, depth at outer end	3 in.
,, width	3½ in.
Jibboom (when one is fitted)	15 ft. 3 in.
,, diameter at centre	2½ in.
,, diameter at ends	2 in.
Boom	29 ft. 4 in.
,, diameter at centre	4½ in.
,, diameter at end	2½ in.
Gaff	8 ft. 9 in.
,, diameter	2 in.
Mainsail, luff	14 ft. 6 in.
,, foot	28 ft.
,, head	8 ft.
Foresail, leech	15 ft.
,, luff	22 ft.
,, foot	14 ft. 6 in.

wonderful time I have before mentioned is made. Every winter we see records of sixty miles to the hour, and I, for one, do not doubt their correctness.

One thing more, in conclusion: when such a high rate of speed is arrived at, the question that naturally arises is—How, in case of obstacles ahead, can the boat be stopped? This is done by running off to dead before the wind, and then luffing-to sharply, until head to wind. The boat is "anchored" by turning the "rudder runner" right across the keel.

On Lake Ontario, on a bright frosty afternoon, six or seven of these boats, with their happy inmates, may be seen speeding about in all directions in front of the City of Toronto, presenting a very picturesque appearance to on-lookers, and affording great pleasure and excitement to the navigators.

F. FOSTER LONG.

DOWN IN THE WORLD.

By the Author of "But for Ilion," "How Vickerscroft was Redeemed," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

MR. BRAND MAKES A MARTYR OF HIMSELF.

IT was all over at last. Ernest Brand had said his last farewell to every one, and the parting had not been such a terrible wrench, after all. He had feared it with a nervous dread, for he was a somewhat selfish, sensitive man, with a morbid horror of anything resembling "a scene," and the thought of tears, prayers, perhaps reproaches, the clinging arms and oft-repeated words of farewell, or the mute miserable white faces and pleading eyes of his wife and daughters, almost drove him mad. Instead of which, they kissed him, with tears surely, but with bright smiles too, and cheerful words of hope and encouragement; and as he looked back once before a turn of the road hid them from his view, he saw them all three standing on the lawn, with the pale chestnut blossoms over their heads, and the bright summer sunshine making a golden halo round them. They waved their handkerchiefs and smiled bravely; even Doris, her father's favourite, ventured on a feeble cheer; then, when the last echo of the wheels of his cab died away, they returned to the house, and were alone with their misery—face to face with the first great sorrow of their lives; and it was a crushing one. Death itself could hardly be worse than such a leave-taking, outward smiles and inward agony, words of hope and cheerfulness, when their hearts were full of dark and dreadful uncertainty. Mrs. Brand, taking both the girls into her arms, felt they were worse than fatherless, and might ere long be motherless, for she was a delicate woman, in no way fitted to battle with the world.

As he looked back for the last time at his wife and children, Ernest Brand—for the first time in his life, perhaps—fully realised how much a loving woman is capable of doing and suffering in silence; he appreciated his wife just then more than he had ever done before, she had been so supremely patient with him, so tolerant of his faults and follies, and loving him all through with unwavering faith and devotion. His girls, Nell and Doris, loved him too, in the same trusting way, with their mother's unquestioning loyalty; his slightest wish had always been their law; and he, with a sudden self-consciousness of weakness, wondered what they saw in him to love and reverence.

But, with all his faults, he loved them dearly, and was glad the farewell was over, though it had been ever so much better than he expected. He would carry away the memory of his two bright, sunny-haired girls, and their still pretty sweet-faced mother, standing under the chestnut-trees, waving their handkerchiefs and smiling bravely through their tears; and it would comfort and cheer him in his exile to know that, whatever hardships he might have to endure, they would be safe and happy in England. He was going to China on business that would probably take him a good deal into the interior, and he had a strange presentiment that something would surely happen to him; he had a horror of the people, the country, the climate, the business—a horror of everything, except ease, comfort, refined surroundings, and his own way. He had enjoyed all those things during his whole life, especially the latter, and it had led him into some very tangled and thorny paths.

No man ever began the world under brighter auspices than Ernest Brand; he inherited a fair fortune from his father, and married an heiress, and for years he enjoyed his good fortune thoroughly. He spent his money royally and recklessly, and when he found it would not last for ever, he resolved to turn over a new leaf, and settle down to business. Rash in that, as in everything else, he speculated and lost, and it was only when the whole of his own fortune was gone that he began to be cautious. Then he resolved, with his wife's fortune, to start on an entirely new plan; he advertised for a working partner with a thorough knowledge of business, and for a time matters went on smoothly. But at the end of three years Richard Borrodail asked for a dissolution of partnership, on the ground that the business was not paying, and then Ernest Brand discovered that he was ruined; his capital was exhausted, for he had been living on it and paying the working expenses of a losing business for three years.

If he had taken the slightest personal interest in his affairs, he might have discovered his situation long before; but he had left everything to Mr. Borrodail, and it was not his interest to open his partner's eyes to his folly: so long as he saw his way to his rather large salary being paid, he kept silent; when the sponge was squeezed dry, he threw it aside; he brought no capital into the concern, therefore he had none to take out of it; but he was not a loser. Richard Borrodail never was. He even interested himself to procure Mr. Brand a situation; and though it necessitated his going out to China, and signing an agreement to stay there five years, he consented at once, for he did not in the least know what to do in

England. Perhaps he wished to get far away from the scene of his folly and humiliation, out of reach of the condolences of friends and the sneers of enemies, out of sight of the wife and children he had behaved so cruelly to, yet who still loved him and believed in him most implicitly. He was a selfish man, and weak, as all selfish people are; he could more easily run away from the consequences of his folly than look them fairly in the face; and he had a happy faculty of forgetting unpleasant circumstances, unless he was brought into absolute contact with them. He never thought of providing for any contingency, never thought much of anything at all, except enjoying the present to the fullest extent.

To such a man, going out to China was simply going into banishment: it was social Siberia; and he considered that he was making a martyr of himself, and behaving with great magnanimity beneath his misfortunes. He would have a salary of £300 a year, and if living was as cheap in China as he had always supposed, he would be able to send his wife half his income, and that would keep them above want—which was something, considering how much he had to endure.

It was not much, if he only reflected how all their lives they had been surrounded by luxury, hedged in by sunshine—how entirely ignorant they were of the value of money, and how unfitted to battle with the world.

But, in truth, Mr. Brand did not think much of these matters at all. It was sad, of course, that he had to go away, and leave them unprotected and almost unprovided for; still, they would be in England, among their friends, while he would be alone, far away among horrid savages and strangers; and it was for their sakes he was going. That he brought the necessity upon himself by his own folly only tended to aggravate him still further; indeed, it was of himself he thought most of all, with morbid, weak, humiliating self-pity, rather than stern self-blame. That he would make some money somehow in China seemed a part of the programme of his going out there; he would return at the end of five years rich again, and he resolved to be more cautious in future. In the meantime, his wife and children had many friends, who would see that they did not want for anything. It was on him, and him alone, the heaviest burden would fall.

"You will try and stay on here, Mary," he said to his wife the day before his departure. "I'll send you as much money as I can; and I should not like to think of you or the girls anywhere but at the Chestnuts."

"We'll do our best, papa," Nellie, the eldest girl, replied; "but the house is very large, and it will be so lonely without you."

"That's true, Nell; but, on the other hand, I don't want people to say that I've ruined my wife and children as well as myself. I'm going away in order that you all may be comfortable, and I want you to live as much in your usual style as you can. Of course, you must be more economical in some things, but then, when I'm away you won't have nearly so many expenses. Though I've lost all my money, Nell, mine is not a sentimental 'ruin'—I won't have to sell my gold watch, nor you your diamond ear-rings. Your mother's jewel-case is still her own; no vulgar hands will turn over your books and drawings, try the tone of Dory's piano, or feel the texture of the window curtains. This is your home, and everything in it is paid for; and, as far as I know, we don't owe a hundred pounds in the world."

"Fortunately," Nell thought to herself, "for, as far as *I* can learn, we haven't half a hundred we can call our own."

The rent of the house and garden was almost half Mr. Brand's promised salary, but he never thought of that, and it was no use reminding him. He only thought of the Chestnuts as their house, and he wished them to try and stay there; it was pleasanter and easier than leaving: it would look better in the eyes of the world, and be altogether a much more comfortable arrangement; as for the money, that would come right somehow.

Nell and her mother exchanged meaning glances; they realised fully what the ruin the father spoke of so lightly meant; they knew living on at the Chestnuts was simply impossible; but what was the use in saying so? It would only distress and trouble him, and he had enough to bear besides, and he would not understand; he had never been brought face to face with poverty, never knew yet what it was to want for anything, or deny himself anything; and then, he honestly believed his wife's friends and relatives would be kind to her.

To do him justice, with all his faults, Ernest Brand would never turn his back on a friend simply because he was in adversity, or treat him any differently because he was down in the world; and it never struck him that the kindness of so-called friends is often infinitely harder to bear than their coldness or absolute neglect; it never entered his head either that his wife, being a proud woman, might resent the kindness he coveted for her, as being a reflection on her husband's conduct. He was not a proud man himself—selfish people rarely are. If any one offered him the loan of ten thousand pounds, he would accept it almost as a right, spend it royally, and hope to be able to pay it back some day, without troubling himself very much as to the how or the when. Altogether, he left England with less concern or anxiety on behalf of his wife and children, and more pity for his own hard fate, than perhaps any man under similar circumstances ever did before. His last glimpse of them was in the garden, surrounded by sunshine and flowers, with smiles on their faces. He would find them much the same when he returned in five years' time (if, indeed, he ever did return—if the misery, monotony, and hardships of his banishment did not kill him), happy, smiling, unchanged. Yes, surely it was on him alone the blow had fallen; and though with his lips he thanked Heaven for it, in his secret heart he thought it cruelly hard.

It was evening when he caught the last sad glimpse of the receding shores of England—a clear, still June

evening, with the after-glow of a gorgeous sunset in the sky. He was a first-class passenger in a P. and O. steamer, with plenty of pleasant company, and every prospect of a delightful voyage. Yet, as he leaned over the side of the vessel, watching the outline of the shore grow dimmer and dimmer, he thought enviously of his wife and girls at home.

"They are in the garden now," he said aloud: "Mary with her knitting, Nell with a book, and Dory lying on a rug under the trees, or perhaps at the piano, singing some of my favourite songs. Well, Heaven bless them, any way, and all ways, and may they never know what it is to have to leave home. Ah! as the old song says—

'Be it ever so lowly,
There's no place like home;'

and for an Englishman there's no home but England."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

SOME FRIENDS OF THE FAMILY.

IT'S really very sad about the Brands, Janet. I wish you would call on them," Mr. Fraser said, laying down his newspaper, and applying himself diligently to his breakfast.

"I don't see why I should, James; and I don't see either in what the 'sadness' consists," Mrs. Fraser replied, with a little more than her usual acrimony. "You had to go to Canada for two years after we were married."

"Yes; it was Mrs. Brand's father got me the appointment, and a lucky thing it was for me. I have been going up in the world ever since."

"I did not consider your absence a reason why every one should make a fuss about me, and go miles out of their way to visit me," Mrs. Fraser continued, without heeding the interruption. "Mr. Brand is not the first man who has had to go abroad, and I dare say his wife and daughters will get on very comfortably during his absence. By all accounts, he's no great loss."

"All that may be very true, Jane," Mr. Fraser said nervously; "but Mrs. Brand's father was a good friend to my father, and Ernest Brand himself helped me out of many a scrape. They were kind to us always, and I should be sorry if we were wanting in proper sympathy and feeling now they're in trouble."

"Trouble, indeed!" Mrs. Fraser cried contemptuously. "What have they got to trouble them, I should like to know? With a place like the Chestnuts——"

"What about the Chestnuts, mother?" Alec Fraser said, entering the room suddenly. "Anything new about the Brands, father?"

"No. I was only just suggesting to your mother that she ought to call."

"They mightn't care for visitors just yet," Alec said, with a glance at his mother, that might be translated into, "You're not the most soothing and sympathetic individual that could drop into the midst of an afflicted family."

"Whether they care for visitors or whether they do not is quite immaterial; I don't mean to go. They live quite beyond calling distance, so there need be no more said about it, Mr. Fraser. I've made up my mind. I never cared for the Brands, and I have not the slightest intention of taking them up now," Mrs. Fraser said sharply.

"Quite right too, mother; they're not the kind of people one could 'take up' comfortably," Alec replied, with an amused smile. He remembered the time—and it was not so very far distant either—when an invitation to the Chestnuts was a thing to be boasted of, and everything said and done there considered perfection by his mother. But lately James Fraser had gone up in the world, and his wife had, in consequence, taken a social flight that amazed many of her old friends, and particularly amused her only son, for it was on his account that Mrs. Fraser resolved to soar.

That Alec should marry a lady—a "real" lady—was the great desire of her life. Rank, youth, beauty he should have; it did not matter so much about money, as he would have enough and to spare; but rank, and if possible title, he certainly should have. The young fellow himself only laughed at the idea. He was good-looking, clever, well educated, honest, and honourable in his business transactions, but he never forgot that his father was a timber merchant, and at one time had kept a tan-yard. He wouldn't in the least have minded keeping a tan-yard himself—if it paid, and nothing else offered itself; and he was far too proud to be at all above his business, whatever it was; but he could not imagine himself as the husband of a Lady Evelina or Thomasina, with the timber-yard and tan-yard in the background.

So he laughed at his mother's plans and ambitions, though he sometimes felt a little annoyed with her too, for she had a way of telling all her young lady acquaintances what her views and intentions were for her son Alexander. Amongst other people, she had told Ellinor and Doris Brand that Alec was reserved for a member of the aristocracy; and he could recall the sudden uplifting of Nellie's dark eyebrows, and the curious, haughty expression that came into her eyes for a moment, followed by a gleam of amused contempt.

It might have been fancy, but somehow Alec thought the Brand girls had never been quite so cordial to him since, and an almost imperceptible air of restraint seemed to fall on them whenever he visited the Chestnuts.

Since Mrs. Fraser had left Kentish Town, and taken up her residence in Buckingham Square, she dropped the Brands altogether. Her new friends were new people, like herself, and they suited her better; her new house, new furniture, and new gowns were all very gorgeous; and in their surroundings the Brands were quiet, harmonious people. Alec was almost glad his mother did not invite them to her dinner-parties and receptions, and sometimes felt grateful for the brilliant fate in store for himself, since it explained his conspicuous absence from the family mansion on festive occasions.

It required all his good temper and sound common sense to keep him from getting angry and impatient with his mother sometimes. The Brands had been so truly kind to her, so anxious always to make the best of her, and now, in her prosperity, she ignored them, forgetting past favours, and her own past need for many little attentions and kindnesses. The fact was, Mrs. Fraser could not endure being reminded of the poor time gone by, nor could she ever quite forget that Mrs. Brand was her superior, and so she kept away from her, and what looked like ingratitude was in reality only weak vanity.

Mrs. Fraser was a good mother in the main, and fonder of her son than of anything else in the world, except her newly-acquired wealth, and the imaginary position it gave her. Perhaps Alec might not have been either so patient or so tolerant but for the remembrance of the long hard years of struggling, waiting, hoping his mother had endured before fortune had fairly smiled on them. James Fraser was a cautious man; no coy glances of the "fickle jade" deceived him, no transitory gleams of sunshine ever deluded him into believing in summer before July. When he made his fortune, he secured an ample competence for his old age before he even thought of altering his mode of life; then, when he was comfortably and assuredly a rich man, he "burst out into sudden blaze"—or rather, he allowed his wife to do so—and held on to the steady routine of his own business in the same old style. He had always been a little afraid of his wife; he was becoming daily more so, and shrunk from interfering with her, or crossing her will in any shape or form. Prosperity had not improved Mrs. Fraser's manners or temper; indeed, there are very few people in the world who can bear prosperity well: it requires a strong head and a good heart to use properly the greatness which is "thrust" upon one. Every day she was growing more imperious and exacting, more forgetful of the past, more ambitious for the future. But till the conversation regarding the Brands neither her husband nor her son had thought her heartless or ungrateful.

Both men finished their breakfast in silence, both stood up from the table with the same unspoken intention of calling at the Chestnuts, for both felt that much civility at least was due to their friends in adversity.

"I think I'll run down to Windsor this afternoon, father," Alec said, when he had gone through his usual morning's work at the office on Tollman's Wharf, whither he went regularly every day.

"Do, my boy, do; and just try if you can find out how they are situated. I heard Brand lost everything; but that can hardly be, else he'd never have gone off to China and left 'em behind. Mr. Garfield was a good friend to me, Alec, and I shouldn't like to think his daughter wanted for anything. Just have a good look round, boy; take stock of things generally, and let me know. We may be able to vamp them up a bit; and I owe Hugh Garfield's daughter a good turn."

Alec smiled to himself as he left the office and jumped into a hansom. How little either his father or mother knew the Brands! James Fraser's well-meant offers of assistance would be about as well received as his mother's patronage, and the young fellow laughed outright at the idea of her "taking up" the Brand girls. "Poor dad! there's no ill in life he don't believe 'cheque-book' would cure. I should just like to see Ellinor's face if any one ventured to offer her £50, however much she might want it; and the idea of any one needing money and not taking it is a state of affairs not dreamt of in father's philosophy. But perhaps they're not so badly off, after all. Mr. Brand couldn't be so mad as to risk everything."

On reaching Paddington, Alec took a first-class return ticket to Windsor, and as he leaned back in a corner with closed eyes, he tried to think what he would say.

On the last two occasions when he had called at the Chestnuts he had not seen Nellie at all; and he was distinctly conscious of a feeling of disappointment, a sort of sense of emptiness and incompleteness, though Doris had always been much kinder to him than her elder sister, and was much prettier into the bargain. All the time he thought of how Nellie would look, what she would say, whether she would be pleased to see him, or only think his calling an intrusion. At last he roused himself with a sort of guilty confusion, and a sudden accession of colour to his healthy brown face.

"I may spare myself the trouble of thinking so much of Ellinor Brand, for she'll never think two pins about me," he muttered, as the train drew up at the station; "and yet I can't remember the time when I didn't think more about her in some shape or form than of any one else in the world."

Hailing a cab, Alec was soon driving along the smooth white road that leads from Windsor to the Chestnuts. He was too deep in thought to notice the woods in all their early summer beauty, or the flash of the vagrant river as it clove the meadows, and made summer lightning through the trees. He never raised his eyes from the green leather of the seat opposite him till the cab pulled up at the white gate of the Chestnuts. Then he started, with a sudden exclamation, for on a large black board, in the whitest possible letters, was the intimation that the desirable family mansion was either "to be let or sold." The Brands were gone away, had been gone quite a fortnight, and, except that they had gone to London, he could learn nothing whatever of their movements. No one seemed to know or care anything about them.

Alec returned to town disappointed, and not a little perplexed. "They must be badly off, or they would never have gone to live in London. I wonder how I shall find them out." And though it was almost his dinner-hour, he turned into the park, and glanced at the few belated carriages that passed him, in a vague undefined hope that he might see some of them, and then laughed at himself for his absurdity.

He reached home late for dinner, but no one questioned the cause; indeed, his mother rather liked to see him saunter in when the meal was half over. She

had got the idea into her head somehow that it was a habit of high society, and it gave him an air of importance in the eyes of her guests, for the table was usually surrounded by strangers.

"I really can't stand this any longer," Alec said to himself when he escaped to the smoking-room. "It's becoming too much for even my good temper. I really don't see why I can't have a den of my own somewhere, and eat my dinner without being surrounded by—savages. The house is simply becoming an hotel without the advantages of liberty and hotel prices. I'll have chambers somewhere, and live like a civilised being if I can!"

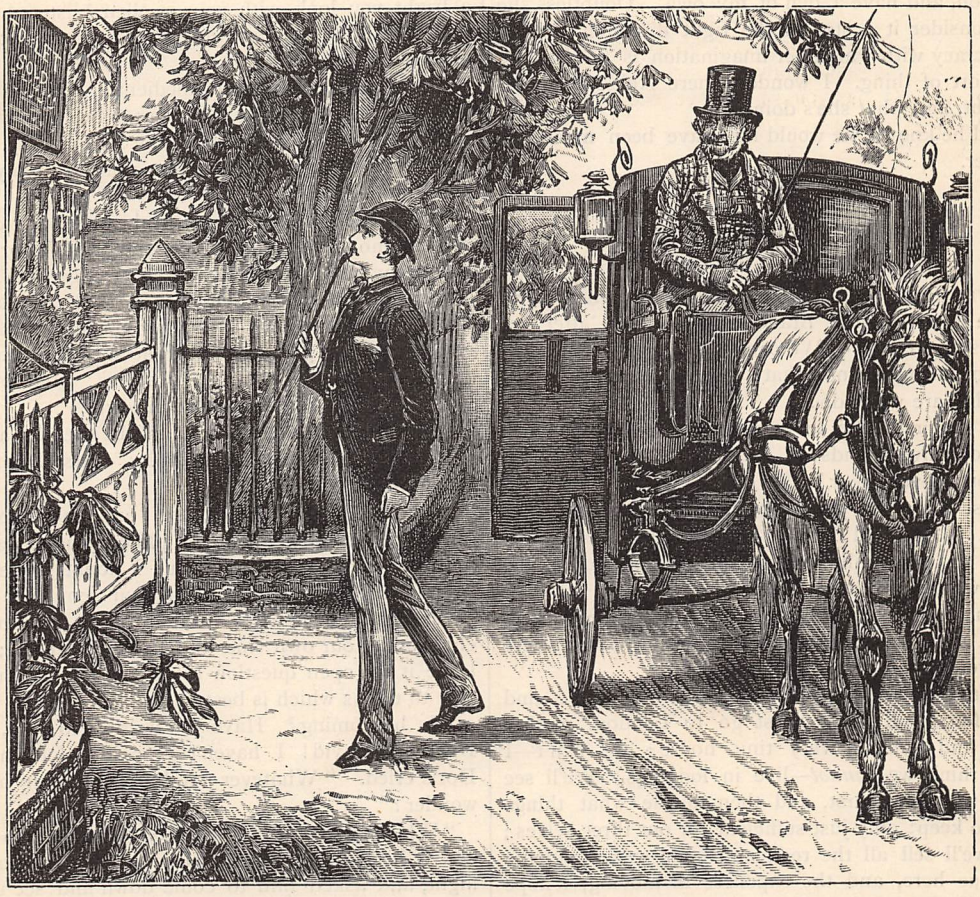
"Well, boy, how did you find them?" Mr. Fraser said, putting his head into the smoking-room on his way up-stairs.

"I didn't find them at all; they've left the Chestnuts."

"O-h!" and Mr. Fraser came in, and closed the door cautiously after him. "Oh! I'm sorry to hear that, Alec, very sorry indeed. I had a letter from their father this evening, which I should have had a month ago. It followed me to Brighton, and was kept with others waiting my return. You know I didn't go back, and Meredith forgot to telegraph for my letters till this morning. Stupid man! Did you make inquiries as to why they came to London and what's their address?"

"I don't know; no one seemed to know or care anything about them."

"Then they *must* be down in the world," Mr. Fraser said, shaking his head. "And their father asked me to look after them. It's really very sad!"



"HE STARTED, WITH A SUDDEN EXCLAMATION" (*p.* 36).

That was the ultimatum of Mr. Fraser's sympathy in words. When he said that any circumstance was "really very sad," his eloquence was exhausted; he had no more to say. But he was prepared to do for his friend's wife and children anything in reason, when he found out their address; though he had no intention of setting a detective to trace them, or putting an advertisement in the *Times* to the effect that by applying at Tollman's Wharf, E.C., they might hear of something to their advantage. James Fraser was a very cautious, keen, long-headed man. He just put two and two together, and made five of them; and he was satisfied to let matters rest as they were for the

present. If the Brands were really hard up, they would find out their friends.

"The governor has heard something he does not altogether like," Alec said when he was alone. "His tone isn't quite what it was in the morning; perhaps he thinks they may come down too heavily on the cheque-book. Poor dad! how little he knows them! I wonder how on earth I'm to set about finding them out. I wonder what the mother will say when she hears that I'm going to cut the magnificent family mansion, and have a den of my own. Doubtless she will consider it a step in the right direction; all the aristocracy with which her imagination is peopled do that sort of thing. I wonder where Nellie Brand is to-night, and what she's doing."

Had he known, he would not have been much the happier.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

WAYS AND MEANS.

"MOTHER dear, we may as well look the worst fairly in the face," Nellie Brand said, the day after her father's departure. "We can't stay on here!"

"No, darling, I know that; but where are we to go? and what are we to do?"

"In the first place, let us review the situation. You have forty-five pounds?"

"Forty-seven, dear."

"Just enough to pay all our debts and the servants' wages. Dory and I have about twenty pounds between us, that will keep us till we hear from papa. Then we must have an auction."

"Oh, Nell! we must keep our furniture," Doris cried, with a glance round the pretty morning-room where they were sitting.

"Some of it, pussie. Wherever would we find room for it all? We must go to London, mother mine, and take a very tiny house; we can't—I really think we *cannot*—live in lodgings. We'll see about the house first, and then decide what things we're to keep: only just sufficient for our three selves; then we'll sell all the rest, and after we've paid the rent due here, and the expenses of moving, I hope still we'll have enough for a rainy day. When we're settled in London, Dory is going to keep house, and I'm going to be a daily governess or something, and we'll save all the money we can against papa comes home. That's my plan. What do you think of it?"

"Like yourself, darling, sensible and practical," Mrs. Brand replied. "But, Nellie, how will you ever be able to carry it out?"

"And how are we to live in a little pokey house in London?" Doris cried, with a passionate burst of tears. "Oh, Nell! is there no other way?"

"No, sis; and I don't want any other. My way is a good way and a sensible way, and we'll be much happier in a little house that we can afford to pay for, than here. We have real difficulties enough to meet and master; don't let us begin by making imaginary ones. Mother dear, don't you think I'm right?"

"Yes, darling; I trust you entirely. I am not so strong mentally or physically as you. I know what we ought to do, but I do not seem to have sufficient strength to undertake it."

"I have enough for us both, and to spare," Nell cried, "and I mean to carry out my plans to the very letter; and if I'm to be the general of our little campaign, I must have implicit obedience to my orders. First of all, no tears," and she shook her head defiantly, and brushed a few drops from her long lashes. "Dry your eyes this very moment, Doris; if you knew what a fright you look, with your swollen blistered cheeks and red nose, you wouldn't give way to such nonsensical folly."

Doris mopped her face obediently, and went to the glass over the fire-place. "I certainly do look horrid, Nell. I won't cry any more," she said meekly.

"That's right; and the same remarks apply to the little mother too."

"Only she couldn't look a fright under any circumstances, no matter how much she tried," Doris said. "We may keep our piano, mayn't we, general?" with a military salute, at which even Mrs. Brand laughed heartily, and it seemed as if a ray of morning sunshine struck both the girls as they glanced at their mother.

"Now then, to continue business," Nell went on gaily. "We're to get a house in town."

"I wonder if lodgings wouldn't be the best after all—it would be less responsibility," Mrs. Brand said thoughtfully.

"And less comfort, mother, and more expense. We're three very amiable, philosophical, sensible, practical, charming women, but I doubt if we could stand lodgings without raising our tempers. We'd never feel alone or free from intrusion; we must recline under our own vine and fig-tree, I think; but I leave it an open question till David comes—he'll be able to tell us which is best."

"Is he coming? Have you written to him, Nell? Dear old David! I haven't seen him for an age," Doris cried. "Whatever put him into your head, I wonder?"

"What puts the great majority of things into everybody's head, I suppose—necessity. Yes, I wrote last night, and asked him to come down and see us this afternoon, as we wanted his advice."

"You are a regular general, Nell; an emergency brings out your resources. I confess I never even thought of David," Mrs. Brand said, with a wondering glance at her daughter. "Of course, he is the person of all others to help us."

"We shan't want much help from him or any one else, mother. You know, Heaven helps those who help themselves," Nell replied, and there came a look of steady resolution in her face. "David can advise us in the matter of finding a house; that's all we want."

"Is it indeed, general? And, pray, who's to see to the furniture and things?" Doris cried. "Oh! here is Davy," and she flew out of the open window and down the garden to meet him.

He was an old man, close on seventy, with a dry, shrivelled, parchment-coloured face, keen eyes twink-

ling beneath shaggy brows, and a grim mouth, compressed into an almost malicious smile — not an inviting type of face by any means—not a very pleasant person to any one, except his old master's daughter and her children. He had been Hugh Garfield's confidential clerk all his life, and was even then living on an annuity left by him. He had a fixed idea that his fellow-men were rapacious, dishonest wretches, who would fleece, pilfer, plunder all creatures weaker than themselves if they got an opportunity, therefore he went through the world with a scowl of defiance and a glance of suspicion, a grim, solitary, morose, often malicious old man. But no nature is wholly warped, no heart entirely hard, no mind perfectly suspicious. David Dunderdale still believed in his old master's daughter, and loved her children, and he came at once in answer to Nell's summons.

After listening in grim silence to the details of their trying situation and their crude plans for the future, he shook his head slowly, glancing from one to the other with a sort of puzzled irritation. "If it was only one, or two," he muttered, "but *three* on 'em—one worse than the other, and none on 'em better 'n babbies—I can't look after 'em all;" and he shook his head more decisively than ever.

"Well, Davy, which is it to be—house or lodgings?" Nellie said, after a few minutes' silence. "You see, we have plenty of furniture, so that would cost us nothing."

"But the moving, Miss Nellie, and the breakages?"

"We must make allowance for those; and, Davy, just consider how much more comfortable mother would be in ever such a tiny house of her own than in lodgings where people would probably be rude and neglectful."

"Not to mention the wholesale robbery," David added thoughtfully, "especially kitchen fire. Yes, a house is the best, if you'll be content with a little one in a cheap neighbourhood."

"As tiny and cheap as you like, Davy; we'll leave it all to you, won't we, mother?" Nellie cried. "Davy knows exactly what we want."

"No, I don't, any more than you do yourself, but I'll do what I can. How soon do you want to leave here, Miss Nellie?"

"As soon as possible, because it's very expensive here, Davy, and we have not too much money. Directly you find a cottage, we will select the furniture we shall require, sell the rest by auction, and get settled in London without delay."

"I know the kind of house you're going into, and I know the things you'll want, Miss Nellie," Davy replied, after a few minutes' consideration. "Give me a piece of chalk, and I'll mark 'em, and you can put the rest in your inventory for the auction as soon as you like."

For fully two hours Nellie went patiently from room to room with Davy, pointing out favourite articles of furniture, hinting, suggesting, entreating; but the old man was inexorable: he put a mark only on what he thought, after profound mental calculation, would be suitable for a tiny suburban six-roomed house. It was in vain Nell clung to pitch-pine wardrobes and Duchess dressing-tables. Davy shook his head in obstinate silence.

"But wherever shall we put our things?" she cried at last. "Dear old Davy, you know our gowns must hang somewhere."

"You must do with fewer gowns, Miss Nellie, and hang them up behind the door," he said, with a dry little grin. "I know the kind of house you're going to, and I ain't a-going to keep furniture you'd have to knock down the side wall to get in. A semi-detached villa can't take you and the furniture too."

Nell was silenced, but not convinced; she determined to retain a few of the articles passed over by Davy, and when they reached her mother's room, she declared her intention of removing the contents intact.

"There must be no chalking here, Davy," she said, laying her hand on the old man's arm. "Mother must have her room just as it is now; everything—books, flowers, pictures, mirror and all."

Davy looked round critically, walked the room lengthways and breadthways, examined the height of the windows and the width of the recess between them, and then laid down his piece of chalk deliberately.

"I may as well wish you good morning, Miss Nellie, If you're going to take a family mansion, I'm not the individual to help you, knowing as how you're situated."

"But I don't want a mansion, Davy, only a small house, with one middling-sized room for dear mother."

"Do you call this a middling-sized room?" with a glance all round. "Why, it's as big as a house. And there's not a semi-detached villa in Clarendon Row that would hold all the furniture that's in it. There's no use in my trying to help you at all, Miss Nellie, if you're so unreasonable, so I may as well go back, and you'd best write to a house agent. He'll find you what you want: a family mansion in one of the fashionable squares."

"Davy, you're very cruel. You know quite well we can't afford a mansion; if we could, there would be no reason for us to leave here," she said, with a few angry tears trembling on her lashes. "All I want is to have dear mother comfortable, and surely that's not unreasonable. She will miss her pretty room so."

"She'll miss a many things," Davy replied, "and the least 'll be all this lumbering furniture; but please yourself, Miss Nellie, please yourself."

"No; do as you think best, Davy. You know better than I do," she said, putting the chalk into his hand again. "Only please let mamma have as many of her pretty things as you can."

A low easy chair, a tiny reading-table, a few little ornaments of very trifling value, and the bookshelf that hung in a corner were quickly marked, and then Davy turned away resolutely from Nell's pleading eyes, and returned to one of the smaller bed-rooms.

"This furniture 'll do for the missis," he said, chalking it hurriedly. "It's a deal better than you'd be likely

" 'THERE MUST BE NO CHALKING HERE, DAVY,' SHE SAID " (*p.* 39).

to get for her in lodgings ;" and poor Nell was forced to be content. She did not know that David had a twofold object in view : not only did he not want to crowd a small house with unwieldy and unsuitable furniture, but he strongly objected to spoiling the best sets by breaking into them, and so depreciating their money value When everything was selected, and he had pondered for a good half-hour in a corner by himself, he joined Nellie and Doris on the lawn.

" I think I had better see you into your new house, Miss Nellie, and then come down and arrange about the auction. How soon could you be ready to leave here ?"

" As soon as ever you can find the house for us."

" I think I know where to find that at once. Could you have all packed up by next Monday morning, if I send two vans for the furniture ? Then you can all come up by train on Tuesday, and amuse yourself by setting things straight, and I'll come down and see to the sale. You'll have to be pretty sharp to do it, Miss Nellie ; but you can if you like."

"I'll do my best, Davy. Whatever should we have done without you, I wonder?"

"Gone into a family mansion, and been robbed and ruined before quarter-day. Now mind, Miss Nell, you don't keep putting up this and that and the other, because a small house *can't* hold more than it can: mind that; and expect the vans at six o'clock on Monday morning."

Without another word Davy marched away, leaving the girls astonished at his energy and decision.

"I have heard lots about house-hunting," Doris said, "and I remember when we came down here, it was months before everything was settled. How Davy is to find us a house fit for immediate occupation in five days is a puzzle to me."

"And to me also. But I suppose he has some place in his eye. He knows London so well, and is used to business. We must commence to pack up at once, Doris; we have not a moment to spare, there is so much to be done. It certainly was a 'happy thought,' my writing for dear old Davy Dunderdale."

Davy meanwhile was hurrying towards the railway station, grumbling and growling to himself in no measured terms. "A pretty old fool *I* am, to be sure!" he cried, pausing, and banging his stick viciously against a stone. "A meddling silly old blockhead to bother myself about other people's business, to turn out of house and home, and go into apartments to be robbed and pillaged in my old age, and for people, too, who think they're going to have a family mansion, and won't thank me for my match-box of a place. A rare old fool you are, sure-ly, Davy Dunderdale, and if you weren't an annuitant, I'd say—You were going to die."

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

MY heart will be gladdened if by the means of my pen I can give counsel and afford practical help to any among the vast number of gentlewomen who are compelled by adverse circumstances to earn their own living. I have a full and ready sympathy with all those who strive to stand alone unaided by charity, and who feel miserable at the idea of their work being bought and paid for from a mere sense of pity. It is now just twenty years since I was left penniless, and it may be some encouragement to others in like strait to hear that during this length of years I have always been able to pay my own way. A sturdy and inflexible feeling of independence rules me with a rod of iron, and forbids me to accept help (as long as I have health) from relations or friends, whether offered from motives of love or of pity.

I was not educated with a view to earning my living. I had been taught music very indifferently; drawing and painting had been omitted from the list of my accomplishments; the only language with which I was then acquainted was French; my needle was too clumsy an one to sew finely or to embroider. How, then, have I managed to gain enough for my needs?

In reviewing these years, as I am now led to do, it seems to me that I succeeded in my efforts owing entirely to these resolutions, which have accompanied me throughout:—I only undertook to do the kinds of work which I felt that I could conscientiously accomplish satisfactorily. Whatever work I did undertake, in it I threw all my interest, on it I concentrated all my thoughts, and to it I applied all my energies. My aim and object was to be *thorough*. Also, I steadily pushed aside all those words and phrases which rose up in my mind like ogres, endeavouring to daunt me, or were uttered by people around me, who from a sense of mistaken kindness tried to create a spirit of false pride—such words as "derogatory," "beneath you," "wretched payment," &c.—and I ordered my mind to fix itself resolutely on the fact that however mean or small any employment may look when we first face it, we can ennoble it if we will, but it cannot degrade us. Circumstances never obliged me to do what is termed menial work, but I had many ups and downs and fluctuations of fortune in the higher fields of labour. Had I been blessed with any special talent, I could much more easily have secured an assured income; as it is, I have always to be satisfied with a particularly modest competency, and as even that is not a certainty, I have often to recall to mind the old saying, "Bread is promised and water is sure."

I do not propose to give you full details of the ups and the downs. Sometimes—on rare occasions, when the sun of prosperity shone very brightly—I could wear a silk gown, and at the same time put a little money aside for the "rainy day." Sometimes, when the sky was cloudy, I appeared in cotton dresses manipulated by my own incompetent hands. For a stretch of months at a time I have breakfasted off dry bread and

sugarless coffee in a fireless room. But I have also been able to grasp many pleasures, to see other countries, and enjoy delights felt only in their supreme intensity by those who have to provide the rarity for themselves.

My employments have been very various. I have invariably found when one thing was finished there was another ready for me to take up. First of all I undertook to teach some little boys. With the help of average intelligence, a steady determination to make the groundwork firm and perfect, and a daily desire and exertion to create an interest for their lessons in the minds of the lads, I succeeded in my untried post, and thus kept it as long as the post was there. Then, when it was known I was at liberty, I had other similar posts offered to me, and in this way a few years passed on.

Afterwards I spent some time with an old lady, who was exceedingly prim, precise, and sedate. Shut up week after week in a large silent house with stately ways and stiff ceremonies, my life was necessarily dull and solitary, and people said, "How can you bear it?" This separation from the outward world gave me an opportunity for practising my pen in leisure hours. I have spoken of the necessity for energy and concentration of thought, and the essential need for a vivid interest being felt in every undertaking, whatever it may be; but with the possession of all these at high-pressure point, one must be fully prepared for perpetual disappointments, nay, even for total annihilation of the hope of success in authorship.

To run hastily along the line of my life, I accompanied a young lady whose delicate health obliged her parents to send her abroad; I read English to, and wrote Latin for, a blind scholar while he was in need of that help; I took charge of a family of little children; I knitted and netted; I undertook a responsible post in a charitable institution for a term of years. Thus, in one way and another, accompanied by much actual enjoyment in the work, and real interest felt in each of my varied employments, I have, as yet, succeeded in accomplishing my endeavour to be free from debt and to be independent of charity in any form or shape.

All this recital I greatly fear may seem to be proud boasting, but truly it is not for this purpose that I relate my doings. Those who know me personally do not know the full details of my scrambles, and you to whom I tell them do not know who I am.

I am moved to speak of them thus publicly for this sole purpose—because I constantly meet with gentlewomen who tell me that they are striving ineffectually to maintain themselves. I as constantly meet with people in the middle and upper ranks of life who complain that they cannot find efficient workers when they require them. I also often come across, and hear of, women bread-winners who cannot get through the amount of work pressed on them: if they are what is termed "useful" they are continually wanted in half a dozen places at once; if they are competent in the higher arts, their pencils cannot design, their brush cannot delineate, their pens cannot translate, their fingers cannot engrave with sufficient rapidity to supply the demand for their work. How does all this come to pass—work sorely wanted, workers greatly needed? I think the solution of the problem will be found to lie in this:—Women who find constant employment are those who can do at least one thing perfectly, whose work is real and thorough. A lady of high degree who takes a large interest in this subject said to me a few months ago, in reference to a gentlewoman who was relinquishing a post, "There are so few women who are *thorough* in their work that we cannot afford to lose one such when we get hold of her." I believe that word "thorough" is the key-note to success in all undertakings. "The force of merit makes its way," says Shakespeare; and this axiom always proves itself true. I wish to press home with all the power I possess that thorough work will invariably command its value. I do not wish to sermonise, but I press the point for this reason—that repeatedly during the last dozen years I have heard this averred by those who have employed women of all grades in different ways: that women are not willing to serve an apprenticeship; that whereas men have to learn for years to overcome difficulties and make themselves masters of their craft and art, the majority of women will not apply themselves to diligent patient study or practice, but try to realise an income by the aid of imperfect knowledge and work, and quickly grow disheartened if they encounter impediments or obstacles to immediate success.

Another class of women who find constant employment are those who are pliable—who will adapt and bend themselves to do the work put before them, even if it is not quite to their taste. Women workers can rarely be choosers; if they possess some special talent there is certainly more chance of their being able to pick and choose. According to my idea it is better to try and earn sixpence if one has not the opportunity of earning a shilling, but I constantly find gentlewomen standing in their own light by standing on their dignity.

It is not a month ago since a gentlewoman, highly educated, a good linguist, and competent to teach what are termed the higher branches of education, came to me and besought me with tears in her eyes to help her to find employment. I knew from her introduction that she was a strictly honourable woman. I asked a friend to give a helping hand. She did not just at the moment know of any one wanting an instructress, but she asked if the lady could use her needle, and on hearing that she could employ it in a certain class of work, my friend offered to buy the necessary materials, and pay for some needlework to be done for a bazaar to which she wished to contribute. The (to my mind misguided) gentlewoman declined the offer, saying that her gifts were of the mental order, that other kinds of work were distasteful to her, and she thought it would not be worth her while to do it. I could relate other instances of this mistaken rigidity of purpose were it necessary to do so, but the one serves as a sample.

I have only made general remarks in this paper, because I am speaking on the subject in the widest and

broadest manner, but my aim and object is to be definitely helpful, and of practical use in the future.

For this purpose I propose from month to month to give information respecting the various remunerative employments open to gentlewomen.

In some respects the members of my sex resemble sheep. One woman makes an antimacassar or some such comparatively useless article, and immediately a whole flock of her fellows proceed to follow in her footsteps, regardless of the fact that although there may be a ready sale for six, or even perhaps for sixty articles of that description, there will not be a demand for six hundred, or six hundred thousand! It is, I am fully aware, a somewhat difficult matter to ascertain what is really marketable, and to discover the new fields of labour, but this I shall endeavour to point out.

There are some paths long trodden by women which will always, we presume, remain in their possession—paths of usefulness in house and home; but the ornamental grounds are constantly varying, and are subject to the perpetual caprice of fashion. New modes, new styles, new ideas spring up suddenly, are greatly in vogue, and then decline, fall into disuse, and die out entirely. Thus, one has ever to be on the alert, and ready to seize each opportunity that occurs by the help of which we can keep ourselves afloat.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

WE are often compelled to forego the luxury of present-giving, because we find there is a limit to our means. But "where there's a will there's a way," and where time represents no money value, women can make most acceptable gifts at little expense. It occurs to me that, with Christmas before us, I may offer some useful hints on this score. To begin with a thought for the poor folk we have always at our gates. We may materially help them in their struggles for subsistence, even with trifles which are of little moment to ourselves. A warm counterpane, for example, can be contrived of strips of any woollen stuffs half an inch wide, stitched in lengths, and knitted twelve stitches deep on coarse wooden pins, subsequently sewn together. Or sheets of newspaper tacked together, and laid between a double layer of unbleached calico, will keep a sleeper warm through the most frosty night.

A houseful of children may be amused, and at the same time healthfully employed, in assisting in the manufacture of presents for the poor. A pillow stuffed with old writing-paper torn into infinitesimal pieces would be a boon to an old or sick person, especially if it has a loose cover to be removed and washed. Children could tear up the paper better than grown-up folk. Where there is any infectious complaint a pillow of this kind is burnt without any serious loss. Old clothes, likely to be of better materials than the poor can afford to buy themselves, if thoroughly mended before given, are priceless treasures; but time is money to a hard-worked mother of a family, and mending and renovating comes hard upon her. Keep your eyes about you next time you go to a village church, and note the form of the old dames' bonnets. Buy a shape as near it as you can, and try your hand at covering it with pieces of silk, add a curtain and strings, and if you give it away, and do not give infinite satisfaction too, you will be less lucky than I was under similar circumstances.

The shops assist the charitable at Christmas in many ways, and a charity bundle of flannel and calico, at a low price, may be turned to wonderful account. It takes four yards of flannel for a shirt, two for an under-vest, three for a woman's petticoat, and the odd pieces will make capes, jackets, aprons, and cloaks. I need not describe how to make these, but I have an easy plan for chemises. I take the width of the calico and twice the length of the garment; double it, join the sides together, cut the upper part to shape for neck and sleeves, adding gussets to the under-sleeves, and the work is done.

Drapers' cuttings and list are a mine of wealth. For waistcoats, cut the shape in unbleached calico, which may cost 2d., and cover with the pieces herring-boned down. Cradle quilts, children's petticoats and bodices, can be done after the same fashion, and mats be made by sewing list when plaited in a three plait on a circular foundation. Keep any odd length of wool, knot it together and crochet it up into muffetees, collarettes, &c., or knit the foundation of twine, and use the wool for loops knitted in with the twine, by passing it round the finger; and a number of delightfully warm articles may be produced, such as caps, slippers, muffs, &c.

If you are a knitter, innumerable are the presents you can make. Space forbids me to give receipts, but you will find them in the many cheap handy volumes continually published. These will teach you how to knit vests, shooting stockings, cardigans, knee-caps, leggings, gaiters, cricketing and smoking caps, infants' boots and socks, bassinette quilts, and much besides which will be gratefully received by many friends, masculine and feminine, whom you desire to please at Christmas time. If, however, you want something quite new for head-dresses on leaving the theatre, caps for children, cuffs, infants' boots, &c., let me recommend to you the new knitting arrasene, stronger than the embroidery kind, sold in wool and silk, which are charmingly light and pretty-looking.

If you are at all artistic, you have a very wide field open to you in present-giving. One of the features of our day is that the most common and discarded articles are transformed by the touch of deft fingers into things of beauty. Honey-pots, salt-jars, blacking-bottles, all these can be turned to account. A very little ornamentation makes a red-grounded pot or jar ornamental; there are few better models than the Moresque. Broad irregular lines of yellow and grey carried across a red jar have far more effect than you can imagine, and a band of colour round the mouth. Salt-jars and blacking-bottles are covered all over with some grounding colour in oils, and on this flowers or conventional designs are painted; a deep, rich blue I find the best grounding.

Menu cards, painted and so contrived that the actual list slips in and out, are pretty certain to be an acceptable gift to any housekeeper. Or a couple of large terra-cotta ones, for the daily list of what is coming for dinner, saves many inquiries and regulates difficult appetites. China would, of course, answer the same purpose, and can be as easily painted, but I mention terra-cotta because the painting when done can be covered with a coat of varnish and need not be baked, which saves much trouble. But, on the other hand, a menu written in pencil on terra-cotta is somewhat dazzling to eyes that are no longer youthful.

Our rooms, in these modern days, gain so much by painting, that to those who are not themselves able to colour, the gift of a painted screen, or a painted plate to hang against the wall, would be invaluable. Some black terra-cotta plates, requiring but a very small spray to make them decorative, I would suggest to those who have not time for elaborate work. Quite the most artistic screens I have seen were covered either with leather paper or with black calico, and painted in oils after the Japanese idea, with trails of japonica, or orange or apple blossom thrown carelessly across each panel, barely taking an hour to paint. Table-screens after the same order are new and are less ambitious gifts. Looking-glasses to hang against the wall or to stand on tables, with black frames, have not only the frames painted, but the bouquet or spray is carried on to the glass itself with admirable effect. Quite new are the black-wood post-card cases, having affixed a triangular piece of wood which makes them stand firmly on the table; these also are painted in oil-colours. To those who are not born artists, and have but little idea of drawing or colouring, Briggs' patterns, which can be laid on and ironed off, will get over many a difficulty as to out-lining, and the Christmas cards and illustrated books will give a fair notion of how to fill in such outlines with proper tints.

Many shops let out designs, and I have been of late inspecting the newest. I am inclined to think that birds of all kinds—swallows, snipes, flamingoes, and peacocks—and classic figures are the most used.

Happily women are not only bringing their artistic but their creative faculties to bear on decorative art, and the blacking-bottles and salt-jars I have just been talking to you about, I have known transformed into what I imagined was Barbottine ware. The flowers, in exact imitation of this species of pottery, had been formed in plaster of Paris, stuck on, and when thoroughly dry painted after the same mode of colouring.

Milk-pails, butter-barrels, milking-stools, and wheelbarrows find their way into drawing-rooms transformed into very pretty articles indeed. Try giving these; the milk-pails and butter-barrels are first covered with a uniform ground-colour, and then have fruit, flowers, or old English models painted on them, and are subsequently lined with satin as receptacles for work. The stools, painted in the same way, are used for seats, but the toy wheelbarrows, just the largest size made for children, are, when varnished and painted, or merely gilded on the outside, intended for receptacles for growing flowers. Sabots painted are also used to hold flowers, but are hung up against the wall.

If you only want small remembrances, which will go by post, I should suggest penwipers made of circles of cloth, covered at the top with one of kid, button-holed round with silk, and painted in the centre; or small round pincushions, covered with silk over cardboard

and painted. Bolster pincushions, with a strip of ribbon attached to each end, intended to be hung to the looking-glass, are acceptable to gentlemen. The last idea in these is painted satin, opening down the entire length to show an inner covering of silk for the pins, just as an Indian corn pod opens and the corn protrudes.

A fashionable form of fan would be an acceptable present to a lady, viz., a circular one with long handle covered with lace. The common straw ones of this form are not a bad foundation. Or you can make them with a circle of wire covered with stiff net, and a handle formed of ribbon-wire. Begin by sewing the lace from the centre in a circular form, and hide the starting-point with a flower, cover the handle with a ribbon wound round it, finishing it off with a bow at the point. Hand-screens on the same foundations covered with chintz and edged with a ruche of lace are pretty for bed-rooms.

Baskets can be bought for a few pence, and are worth many shillings if trimmed with plush and fringe, or chintz and fringe; any little pieces will do. The fringe costs only a few pence a yard, if you procure a kind which is very decorative, made of two colours, say dark green and red, blended with tinsel; this laid round the basket at the top, and diamonds or draperies of the plush, with a few stitches in crewel-work, or an edging of the fringe, makes a complete transformation. A carpenter's basket with stars of crewel-work worked all over it, the bands of webbing decorated to match, is a recent notion, which has met with success, as I think you would have if you presented it to any great worker, for it holds great stores of wool and materials generally.

Bags lined with satin, made of plush with just a large tassel at each point, and a long heading left below the running, are easily made, but are convenient for work, and fashionable as pocket-handkerchief bags. The cheap cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, red and yellow, are used for lining carpenters' and Nice baskets, the ends being brought deftly to the outside.

The wire sponge-baskets, sold at a low price, interlaced with ribbon and lined with satin, form admirable carriage-baskets. A charity blanket, the border torn off, the whole button-holed round with crewel-work, and embroidered with coarse wool, in outline stitch, with the monogram or flowers, is an acceptable sort of rug; a friend's photograph laid on a plaque of terra-cotta, and painted round; a quilt made out of a Bolton sheet, and bordered with red twill worked round with wool in scrolls, and a centre circle, is a most ornamental one; a tennis racket cover of American cloth or holland, with the owner's monogram; bags of sweet-smelling lavender, sent from country to town; chair-backs of plush or linen, the design in outline, the groundwork darning (perhaps the newest species of work of that kind), all these I suggest to you as suitable Christmas gifts easily made. I must, however, say a word or two about Christmas cards, for the sending of Christmas cards is every year on the increase, and I am glad to see there is a preference shown for hand-painted ones. The newest are ivorine, which is to be purchased either in sheets or cut to the right size; then there is talc, which is found to be a good painting medium, and cards covered with satin. Another form of Christmas card which, to perpetrate a bull, is not a card at all, takes the form of good wishes painted on small circles of terra-cotta, or china plaques, intended to be hung against the wall, or set in velvet frames.

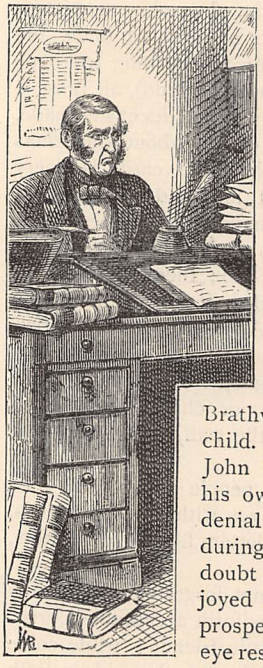
As a rule, however. I think people prefer their own names or monograms interwoven with the good wishes, and nothing is prettier than letters formed of flowers, say roses, or forget-me-nots.

The comic side of life is not forgotten, and many happy illustrations in etchings form acceptable Christmas cards, the gifts of artistic friends; while some recall illuminated texts, and borrow their ideas from Scripture. Some of the most beautiful Scripture Christmas cards come from America. Water-colours are universally employed for these cards; oils play but a small part, except in the case of satin cards, dark satin cards I should say, and then the oil-paints look well upon them. Seaweed deftly pressed is likewise used for Christmas cards, but the mottoes, and any wording required, should be painted. I give myself the preference to dried flowers used with painting. It is best to take them when in full bloom, press them, and then gum some fine tarlatan over them in placing them on the cards.

DESIGNS FOR CHRISTMAS CARDS. (*By kind permission of Messrs. Hildersheimer and Faulkner.*)

OUR MR. JENKINS.

A COUNTING-HOUSE STORY. BY JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, AUTHOR OF "LADY FLAVIA," "RALPH RAEBURN'S TRUSTEESHIP," ETC.



I WAS fortunate in my uncle. So everybody thought, for Uncle Brathwaite was as wealthy and thriving a manufacturer as any in Lambeth, and I, his dead sister's son, Cyril Vaughan by name, was not merely drawing a fair salary, with the prospect of a partnership, but was actually engaged to be married to my second cousin, reputed a great heiress—dear, sweet Lucy Brathwaite—the old man's only child. A severe, just man, was John Brathwaite. He had won his own way in life by rigid self-denial and unwearying industry during a joyless youth, and I doubt if he ever thoroughly enjoyed the fruits of his well-earned prosperity. It was only when his eye rested on his daughter's pretty face that his stern look relaxed. Lucy reminded him, doubtless, of her gentle mother. But he was a good master to a good servant, notably where he, who was by nature and habit suspicious, could repose full trust. He did so in his confidential clerk, Jacob Jenkins. That head clerk was one out of a thousand. "Respectable Jenkins" was the nickname by which irreverent youngsters in the counting-house spoke, with bated breath, of that pearl of clerks; but even those pert office lads had a belief in the man—he was *so* respectable, with his lean, well-shaven face, his neatly-brushed suit of formal black, and his square-toed boots. Never, as I have heard, in the twenty-nine years of his toil had honest Jenkins been known to ask for a holiday, to shirk extra work, or to make a blunder as to tare and tret, a thing of moment with a firm like ours, large exporters as we were.

As for myself, I am afraid that my poor merits, if I had any, were quite eclipsed by those of that commercial comet, Jenkins. Indeed I know of no reason, except my blood relationship to our principal, head of the house of Brathwaite, Perry, and Co., for any comparison between that veteran of the desk and my inexperienced self. But my uncle often said, in his gruff way, "Take Jenkins for your model!" or "Cyril, lad, it will be one while before you fill Jenkins's shoes! See how neatly he settled that business with Chauvin et Fils, of Bordeaux, and how cleverly he avoided the heavy loss of that last shipment when Krakjaw and Kindergarten, of Hamburg, were going to smash."

Yet I stuck to my work, young as I was, and did my best not to be undeserving of the prospective partnership; and, somehow, I got a vague impression in my head that, instead of my being jealous of Jenkins, Jenkins was jealous of me.

One day there was a big cheque to be changed—nearer to three thousand pounds than two—and it was my task, no unusual one, to present the draft at Peabody and Sons'. In a house like ours, where the furnaces were always aglow, and the tall chimneys always smoking, the outgoings for wages, horse-keep, and fuel were, I need hardly say, very large. On that day—how well I remember it!—I was in exceptionally high spirits. I had been talking with dear Lucy, and though her father, who said that we children need be in no hurry, would never consent to name even an approximate date for our wedding, still there was a vague prospect of connubial bliss next spring. It was fine bright weather, and on the Tuesday there was to be a garden party at some Richmond villa, to which we were all to go. Altogether I was in excellent spirits, and as far as any man could be from dreaming of the evil that was to come. "How will you take it?" asked the bank cashier. "Short!" I answered, with a sort of boyish pride in my newly-acquired familiarity with business phrases; and, with my gold and notes, I left the bank. As I did so, a man staggered towards me, jostled me, then reeled away, muttering, "Beg pardon!" and would have fallen but for the support of my arm. I saw in a moment that the man was sober. But he looked ill, very ill, haggard and hollow-eyed, though still young; and he was decently clad in a well-worn velveteen suit, with large bronze buttons. There was a smack of the country about him, waif as he was in the midst of London, and his accent, so far as I could judge, was that of Yorkshire or Northumberland.

"You are ill, I fear," I inquired, "and perhaps a stranger to London?"

"Nigh clemmed in this blessed London of yours, paved wi' gold guineas, as our old crones say up in Craven," muttered the countryman, in the same thin, reedy voice; "paved wi' traps, say I, and cause for it, since all that granfeyther stored up, whether for Bess and Bell, or for me——" and then he would have fallen but for my assistance.

Clearly the man was fainting, and from starvation. We had walked some distance. In tempting proximity, at the corner of a side street, was a house, over the door of which, in great gold letters, gleamed the words, "Luncheon Bar." Into this, quite instinctively, I half dragged, half hustled the man.

It was the middle of the day, luncheon-time, a brisk hour for business in the City, in the eating and drinking line at least, and the place which I had entered was full of customers, young men mostly, noisily chatting over their sandwiches. As I flung open the swing-

door I felt sure that I caught a glimpse of my uncle's confidential clerk on the pavement outside. "Mr. Jenkins!" I called out, but he evidently did not hear me, but passed on. There was a rush of excited young fellows towards us—"Bet you he's drunk!" "Four to five he's dead!" "Run over!" and so forth, and it was not immediately that I could get some restorative. But the poor countryman's face was livid, his eyes closed, his teeth fast shut, and he could swallow nothing. Then a doctor was sent for, and the doctor was slow in coming, and I had explanation after explanation to give, first to the dull-witted landlord who came blinking out of a back parlour, then to inquisitive customers; and when, at last, a breathless surgeon, hastily summoned, came panting in at the heavy swing-door, amidst the surging crowd, there was a necessary word or so with him. "But where is my patient?" asked the bewildered man of science; and, indeed, the "poor fellow" who was the object of all this stir had disappeared in the midst of the hubbub, and with him had vanished the heavy, steel-clasped, black morocco pocket-book, which I remembered, too late, to have incautiously laid on a table in the flurry and confusion of our sudden and awkward entry, and which was gone, pitilessly gone.

"Cyril Vaughan, I always deemed you to be a simpleton—a soft, as we Yorkshire chaps say—but now I know you to be a knave!" thundered out my irate uncle, the north country accent in his wrathful voice becoming unusually predominant. "Had you not been my relative, had not my girl—who shall never be the wife of such a scoundrel—begged you off, I would have prosecuted you as I would any other rogue, and sent you to quarry stone among convicts at Dartmoor or Portland. As it is, I won't hear another word of your lies, or your excuses. Go, go! or I shall forget Lucy's pleadings, and act as a citizen, and not as a father. The 'confidence trick,' eh? The countryman—the—— I am not your dupe, lad! Go, and get yourself hanged elsewhere! You won't starve, on the sum of which you have robbed me."

Then came a terrible three months—it was that or more—a time of depression, of crushed spirits, a half-broken heart, for me. That I was wrongfully suspected gave me but cold comfort. I was innocent, but Lucy was lost to me; my prospects were blighted, no one would give work to me, and I was poor, and sinking fast into the direst depths of want. I remember how pale, and thin, and shabby I had become, when I received a visit from my uncle's lawyer, Mr. Mordaunt.

"Mr. Vaughan, you wonder to see me," said the shrewd solicitor, as he took the broken chair I offered him—my wretched room in a suburban lodging-house contained but one—"but I come, now, as a messenger of good tidings. Do you remember a serving-man, Enoch Clint by name, whom your uncle, and my client, Mr. Brathwaite, engaged some six weeks before the unlucky affair of the stolen money? He was a smart young fellow, with excellent testimonials—all forged, by-the-by—and made himself useful both in the house and in the stable-yard, and was vastly popular with his fellow-servants on account of his powers of mimicry and the juggling tricks which he could perform."

I had an indistinct recollection of having seen and heard of such a person in my uncle's household, and I said so, wondering how there could be anything in Enoch Clint to concern me.

"This Enoch Clint," said Mr. Mordaunt slowly, "was a north countryman." I stared at him, sorely puzzled. "He was *your* countryman," drawled out the shrewd lawyer, and then a light broke in upon me, and I grew sick and dizzy, and could hardly hear Mr. Mordaunt's friendly voice as he said, shaking my passive hand the while, "You have been sorely wronged, Mr. Vaughan. I, for one, believed you guilty, for which I heartily beg your pardon. Now, listen to me. This poor wretch, Enoch Clint, was two days since run over by a heavily-laden van, not fifty yards from his master's door, and carried back to the house, the crushed and blood-stained wreck of a man. He asked for his master, and, Mr. Brathwaite being absent, prayed to see Miss Lucy. To her, in the doctor's presence, the dying man gasped out some inarticulate confession, clearing you from all blame but that of a credulity pardonable at your age, and implicating most seriously another person. At his own desire his broken statement was, by the doctor's help, taken down in writing, but he died before the narrative was complete. Miss Lucy had an interview with her father, I need scarcely say, on his return home, as a sequel to which, Mr. Brathwaite, more agitated than I had ever known him to be, called on me, and laid the matter before me. We, too, had a long talk, and the result of it was, Mr. Cyril, that on the following morning I received a visit from—have you guessed it?—the confidential clerk, Mr. Jenkins."

"Our Mr. Jenkins?" I returned, perplexed by the half-comic expression on the solicitor's face.

"Your Mr. Jenkins, if you will cling to the ancient formula," assented the lawyer, with twinkling eyes. "That commercial luminary came to me blandly unsuspecting, for, as it turned out, he had not even heard of the death of his accomplice. My first act, when he had made his bow and seated himself in the clients' chair, was to shut the door and lock it. When he heard the click of the lock he started, and turned as pale as his shirt-collar. 'Now, my friend,' I said to him, in a frank, pleasant way, 'my advice to you is, for your own good, to make a clean breast of it at once.' Then you should have seen the ingenuous wonder of his interesting countenance. 'Excuse me, Mr. Mordaunt, but I cannot have heard you aright,' he said, after a pause. 'Oh, yes, you have," said I, shaking a finger at him. 'Come, come, Mr. Jenkins, it is time for you to drop the sheep's clothing, and stand forth as the wolf you are—only this I promise, in Mr. Brathwaite's name, that if your revelations be full and ample, you shall have gentler and more generous treatment than you deserve.'

"A stormy colloquy ensued. Once I thought the man meant to strike me, but there was something in my eye that restrained him, I suppose, for next he

"HE STAMMERED OUT A CONFESSION, WHICH I REDUCED TO WRITING."

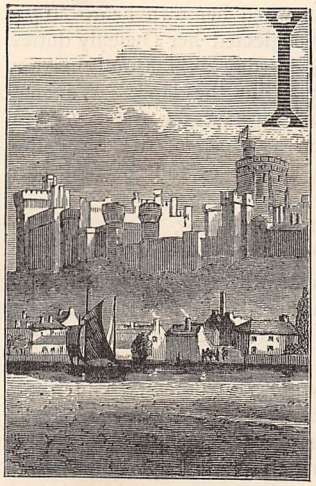
began to sob, and then to whine like a beaten hound, as, sitting on the edge of my writing-table, and glaring at the carpet, he stammered out a confession, which I reduced to writing, and to which he presently affixed his reluctant signature.

"The revelation, when this slippery witness was at length brought to make it—he did not know, you see, Mr. Cyril, how much his colleague had confessed—was a tolerably complete one. He had, it seemed, an especial malice against yourself, as the kinsman, and future partner, and heir of the employer whom it had been the business of his life to dupe by a show of zeal and a display of mock honesty—I say mock, because, probably, when the books come to be overhauled, it will be found that this was not the first time of a betrayal of trust. And Mr. Jenkins thought, too, that young as you were, you did not share Mr. Brathwaite's high opinion of him, and might one day ask troublesome questions. Wherefore, by the help of a forged character, he got this fellow Clint into your uncle's service, put him up to the trick which he played on you—Clint had been a low comedian, mountebank, and thimble-rigger in his time—and received from Clint himself, at the door of the City public-house, the morocco pocket-book containing the gold and notes, which you, in the hurry and excitement of the moment, had——Why, Mr. Vaughan, you are ill?"

But if he said more, I heard it not, for I was weak with long privation and sleeplessness, and the blood surged up to my temples, and there was a roar as of waves in my ears, and I sank fainting on the floor.

I have not much more to tell. How cordial, and self-reproachful even, was the reception which my uncle, Mr. Brathwaite, extended to me, or with what tearful joy my Lucy's eyes met mine, are easy to imagine, but difficult to describe. "I wronged you, my boy, and I thank Heaven that I was wrong in what I thought," said the old man, with a sob in his imperious voice; "Lucy, here, knew you best."

THE POWERS THAT BE: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.



IT is often forgotten that, though it is usual to speak of the Premier as the first officer of State, the Queen herself is entitled to that position. Her Majesty is, speaking literally, as much a Minister of State as any member of the Cabinet; she is not less the servant than she is the Sovereign of these realms.

Few people have any just idea of the work-a-day life that the Queen leads; the popular notion that she has everything done for her, and does nothing for herself or others, is as far removed from the reality as anything can be. Whatever else Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" has done, it has, at any rate, made this point perfectly clear, that Royalty has its duties as well as its privileges, and that Queen Victoria, from the day of her accession onward, has never shrunk from the tasks which Sovereignty exacts.

What these tasks and duties consist of, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to describe in detail. As Mr. Bagehot says, "There is no authentic blue-book to tell us what the Queen does; the House of Commons has inquired into most things, but has never had a committee on 'the Queen.'" But from the biographies of eminent statesmen, and especially from the "Memoirs" and "Leaves" which Her Majesty herself has given to the world, we get glimpses and hints of "what the Queen does," which enable us to dispense with the aid of any "blue-book" on the subject.

We are apt to imagine that when the Prime Minister speaks of "taking Her Majesty's pleasure" upon any matter, he is merely using a figure of speech; but this is not the case. He actually does what the phrase implies, either in the course of a personal interview, or by means of a letter addressed to the Queen. Wherever the Court may happen to be, whether at Balmoral, or Osborne, or Windsor, telegraphic communication is maintained with all the great offices of State in London, and the messages received thence, and from other quarters, never reach a smaller daily total than fifty.

The Queen's letters are conveyed to her in despatch-boxes, by Queen's messengers, from all the chief Departments at Whitehall. The official autograph communications of foreign Sovereigns are enclosed to the Queen in these State-boxes. On the arrival of any despatch-box, the contents are examined by the Queen herself.

It is well understood that no correction or erasure must appear in any paper which comes under Her Majesty's eye, and that no paper must be folded. Very frequently, private letters from the Premier, the Foreign Secretary, and other Ministers, accompany the despatches sent for the Queen's inspection. All such documents commence with one formula, which is as follows: "Lord ——— (or Sir ———; or Mr. ———) presents his humble duty to your Majesty." If the Queen approves of the draft despatch, a note to that effect is appended to it, but it not seldom happens that Her Majesty wishes alterations to be made in the phraseology employed, or the arguments used. In that case, a memorandum, written either by her own hand or by her dictation, is enclosed to the Minister by whom the draft has been submitted.

It may interest our readers to have placed before them such a Royal memorandum as we now refer to. In the "Life of the Prince Consort," the original document is exactly reproduced; it is in the Prince's handwriting, but shows several corrections and additions made by the Queen herself before it was forwarded to the Foreign Office. An historical interest attaches to this document; it was the last thing the Prince ever wrote, and there is good reason to suppose that it had considerable influence in leading to a pacific solution of the difficulties which occurred between this country and the United States in connection with the *Trent* affair.

"WINDSOR CASTLE, *December 1st*, 1861.

"The Queen returns these important drafts, which, upon the whole, she approves; but she cannot help feeling that the main draft—that for communication to the American Government—is somewhat meagre. She should have liked to have seen the expression of a hope that the American captain did not act under instructions, or if he did, that he misapprehended them; that the United States Government must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow its flag to be insulted, and the security of her mail communications to be placed in jeopardy, and Her Majesty's Government are unwilling to believe that the United States Government intended wantonly to put an insult upon this country, and to add to their many distressing complications by forcing a question of dispute upon us, and that we are therefore glad to believe that upon a full consideration of the circumstances of the undoubted breach of International Law committed they would spontaneously offer such redress as alone could satisfy this country, by the restoration of the unfortunate passengers, and a suitable apology."

Although, during Her Majesty's lifetime, we may not see another despatch noted in her hand, or learn how far her advice has been given at critical periods in our country's history, it may safely be assumed that such a memorandum as the above is not unfrequently found in the despatch-box of the Queen's Foreign Minister. The fact is that the Queen's experience of State affairs is now more extended than that of any statesmen who sit at her Council, so that, while it is their duty to tender advice to Her Majesty, it is her Royal privilege sometimes to give advice to them, which they are thankful to receive, and often

glad to act upon. In this way the Queen performs a most important part in the work of the State.

The Queen has her own Parliamentary reporter, and whether she is in the far North, or at the Isle of Wight, she is acquainted with the proceedings of both Houses long before any of her subjects. On ordinary occasions brief abstracts of the debate are telegraphed to Her Majesty, but should the discussion be of exceptional importance, fuller reports are sent, and continued down to the close of the debate, and the taking of the division. Besides the telegrams received by Her Majesty from both Houses, the leader of the House of Lords and the Prime Minister in the House of Commons write her a short account of the debate. Outside the walls of Parliament, the Queen is probably the first to know that Ministers have gained a victory, or suffered a defeat. In time of war, too, the Queen is kept fully informed of the progress of events day by day, and hour by hour, and every despatch from the Commander-in-Chief to the War Office is forwarded direct to Her Majesty by special messenger.

When the Princess Royal was born, the Queen is reported to have said in a private letter, "I think our child ought to have, besides its other names, those of 'TURKO-EGYPTO,' as we think of nothing else!" But this, we believe, is a myth. The supposed allusion is, of course, to one of the first political difficulties which arose after the Queen's marriage; it is mentioned only to show how State affairs must constantly invade the sanctities of domestic life in a Royal household. It cannot be otherwise. As Mrs. Oliphant remarks, "Politics are the occupation and profession of the Royal worker, as literature is of the writer," and during the five-and-forty years of her reign the Queen has been a most diligent and constant student of public affairs. Since the dark December in which the Prince was taken from her, she may have withdrawn from much of the bustle and many of the pleasures of life, but it is the universal testimony that, even when her own heart-burden was heaviest, she never neglected her Queenly duties, but did her work day by day as faithfully as any labouring man or woman in the land. We shall scan the *Court Journal* in vain for the record of Her Majesty's daily toil as Head of the State, but we know that her life is one of toil, of real hard work, like that of him

"Who binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave."

One of the functions of Royalty—one which "becomes the throned monarch"—is that of speaking for the whole nation in times of disaster or special distress, and how well the Queen of England fulfils this high duty the daily press is witness. The words "message from the Queen," a "letter from the Queen," are as familiar to the reader as, alas! are the words "appalling disaster," or "terrible explosion." Simplicity and sincerity are the characteristics of these Royal messages; they are always looked for on the occurrence of a great calamity—and always welcomed!

But it is not to her own subjects alone that Her Majesty, speaking for the nation, sends grateful as well as gracious words of sympathy. It is no secret that the Queen's letter to Mrs. Lincoln gave greater pleasure to the American people than any single act of the British Government gave them all through their time of trial; there was no mistaking its motive or its import; it was a spontaneous act of intelligible feeling in the midst of confusion and dire distress, and it touched and bound together in a moment the hearts of two great peoples.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

AS the winter season is upon us we begin to see what among the many materials prepared by manufacturers the public intend to regard with a friendly eye, for what the dressmakers propose is not always what the wearers approve. Skirts are considerably wider, and consequently show to better advantage the fashionable fabrics, which are really worth being seen. There never have been more gorgeous silks, velvets, and brocaded plushes, which glimmer and glisten as the light catches their brilliant surfaces, and made up with plain stuffs they show up to much better purpose. You will be preparing all kinds of evening dresses for winter gaieties.

For parties there is nothing so durable as a net dress. White or yellow or black are most worn, but a disposition is shown for dark colours. Box-plaitings round the skirt, or a huge ruche and puffings, the tunic caught in horizontal folds across, and a waterfall drapery at the back, these are an easy and stylish arrangement. The bodices are low, and generally pointed back and front; with draperies in the way of a bertha, or a full bodice with belt. Mousseline de laine, nun's cloth, India muslin, Surah, and many kinds of soft silks are in vogue, and make up into really useful gowns for evening wear. These have ruches, box-plaitings, or puffings at the edge, and then straight flounces gathered or plaited and embroidered, with much lace, draperies edged with lace falling at

the back. The bodices are either cut half high, or as a narrow square, with elbow-sleeves. The ficelle and black lace dresses are among the most useful things yet brought out. They are simply composed of gathered lace flounces to the waist; the width of the lace varies from six inches to a quarter of a yard. The lace is rather full, and one row overlaps the other; with these satin and velvet bodices are worn. Small drops of gold or silver are sewn all over the lace or net flounces, occasionally with very excellent results, and among other new fashions I note that some of the low bodices cut at the waist in points back and front have a thick rouleau at the edge, larger beneath the arms and tapering towards the points. It is quite the fashion to wear velvet, plush, or satin bodices of a colour that contrasts with the skirt; ruby with blue, cream with a dark green bodice, brown with maize. Short dresses for evening are almost universally worn except in the case of very rich materials, but for balls nothing else are to be seen. This is economical, and saves a great deal of trouble. The latest idea on black dresses are clusters of many-coloured looped bows, the several hues mingled in the one bow.

We have come back to the floral wreaths high over the forehead, and tapering at the back, just as they were worn twenty years ago. On some party dresses enormous flowers appear, nearly covering the front of the dress, and costing about £4 the set. How is it possible to dress well and cheaply when the etceteras are so costly? Velvet and satin flowers have superseded others, and they are all shaded to the utmost perfection. A new idea is a floral basket looping up one side of the tunic, out of which comes a long spray of flowers, which can hardly be too big: poppies, yellow and red, five times life-size, sunflowers, yellow blooms of many kinds, are most in favour.

Fashionable stockings are really specimens of the embroiderer's art. I have seen them in all colours, and of all designs. People seem to bemoan the difficulty of washing them, and I notice that for "washed," we should often read "spoilt," so I am tempted to give you a receipt furnished by a large firm of stocking weavers, even though you may be acquainted with the process. Wash the goods on the wrong side in lukewarm water, with pure soap, perfectly free from acid, and rinse them well in clean cold water. Dry in the shade or in a heated room. Black spun fleecy hose are much worn this winter, and fine ones of ribbed cashmere, but there is nothing specially novel save that open-work and embroidery are both blended in the same stocking, and that black stockings show designs in bright colours.

WHAT TO WEAR.

WHAT TO WEAR.

You will, of course, be wanting to hear what gloves are to be worn this winter, and my only difficulty is that the choice is so large. Cashmere gloves without buttons, which can be slipped on easily, and well cover the wrist, are made in every shade to match the dresses, and so are the taffetas-lined silk gloves, but neither of these kinds really wear well; they are sewn with a chain machine stitch, and if one stitch gives way the whole finger is unripped; and the silk wear out at the fingers directly. The old original French kid are most durable, but these have been quite superseded by Suèdes. White and cream Suèdes with many buttons are worn most for evening; for day wear they are either black or coloured to match the dress. But gauntlets are the great feature of the season, and even Suèdes now can be had with them. I have seen some most elaborately trimmed gloves for evening wear, silk ones with puffings on the arm, kid puffed with bands between, covered with embroidery, and a mass of embroidery on the outside of the hand; others with ribbons run through slits at the top and wrist, and artificial flowers mixed with the ribbon, but as yet I have only seen these worn at fancy balls by people who made dress a study. English chevrette piqué-sewn are good wear. Happily gloves are becoming cheaper, especially Brussels gloves.

The manly nature of women's fashions just now shows itself in the rage there is in the country for wearing tan dogskin gauntlets, some so stiff and deep that they rival what Cromwell wore. If, however, an heirloom that I have by me does not belie itself, the Protector did not go in for Puritanical simplicity in gloves. The specimen I have, which he is said to have worn, are of undressed kid elaborately embroidered on the hand.

The fleecy-lined silk gloves, as well as the fleecy-lined silk and woollen stockings, have much to commend them. In Suède gloves for dressy occasions tan-colour is being superseded by light grey.

Whether it is due to the societies which have taken the reform of mourning into their hands, or that modern notions are not in accordance with long and protracted lugubrious apparel, each year the wearing of black for departed relatives becomes less severe. Handsome brocaded satin and velvet gowns, with elaborate jet and chenille trimmings, are quite *en règle*, and wherever crape can be set aside it is. Mourning dresses are made just as elaborately as out-of-mourning gowns, and it is only the plain, woollen, black dresses that would not be quite as well suited for non-mourning.

A good substantial make of nun's cloth adapted to winter wear seems general for every-day mourning dresses, and I notice nearly all the millinery is trimmed with the dull jet. The crape cloth, a woollen fabric closely resembling crape, is now much worn by widows for every-day wear in their first mourning, to the exclusion of real crape, which a shower will ruin. Satin, Spanish lace, French lace, all these are used even with crape now, when crape is adopted, which it rarely is except for the deepest class of mourning, but hardly any mixture is considered inconsistent, and it is thought sufficient for all but near relatives to wear merely black; and as the mourning lightens, trimmings of gold, silver, and steel appear on tennis dresses, cloaks, and even bonnets sometimes.

In furs I have seen nothing novel except a cape which fits the shoulders and covers the arms better than any old ones I can remember. Bear has been largely imported this year, and has the merit of being a most durable fur which will stand plenty of wear-and-tear. It appears in all the sable browns, and not as heretofore in dark browns only and black, and moreover is offered at very reasonable prices. There have not been as yet for many years such really good skins to be had so cheap, and they are being largely employed on brocaded silk and velvet.

The picture that appeared some time since in *Punch* is no exaggeration: fans are so enormous now, a lady ensconced behind one not only obscures herself, but her neighbour. Still there are other kinds: the pretty, round, marabout feather fans, with handle, and looking-glass in the centre, and the newer screen-fans made of stiff shaded feathers, arranged in oblong form, with a handle and looking-glass; also round fans consisting of rows of lace and artificial flowers, are often now made to match the dresses, and I have seen, used with ball-gowns that are trimmed with poppies or field daisies, a very large bloom of either flower forming the fan, but these, as yet, are all purely French.

Most of the winter petticoats are made with flounces up the back, and steels, but there is much art in the arrangement or else they shake about.

Plush plays a prominent part in millinery, and most soft and becoming it proves when skilfully used for bonnets, hats, capotes, &c. Capotes, as is usual at this time of the year, are popular in Paris. The difference between a capote and a bonnet is, that in the former the crown is full, and not flat and plain as in the latter. A plush capote forms the initial to this chapter; the colour is dark terra-cotta, and the feathers are shaded to the tint known as "crushed strawberries," all such peculiar hues being a special feature in Paris millinery. The lining is elastic plush, a *bonâ fide* stretching material, the most convenient ever introduced for the inside of a bonnet.

The mantles here illustrated are all braided, for it is literally a braiding season, as the makers say. Soutache or silk braid is not so much used as the tubular, patrol, and mohair braids, which are sewn on at one edge and remain upright, instead of flat as heretofore. Escalier plush and marabout borderings trim the outdoor wraps in our picture, and the linings are either gaily-striped satin or plush, which certainly add to their smart appearance.

Bodices that are entirely different both in colour and material from the skirt are still in fashion for evening gowns; so are important ruches round the edge of skirts, as our engraving testifies. Brochés of all descriptions are in vogue, whether on the rich ottoman or corded grounds, or on the less costly soft clinging nun's veiling.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found on page* 56. *The Editor's duty will be to act as a kind of "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

SHOULD EARLY CLOSING BE MADE COMPULSORY?

OPENER'S SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,

The necessity and advisability of legislative interference with a view to the limitation of shop hours, has become such a burning question of the day, that I suppose, Sir, it is hardly necessary for me to preface my argument and appeal for legislation by setting forth the lamentable evils and hardships entailed upon young men and women in our shops and warehouses, by the long hours of daily labour so customary throughout the length and breadth of the land. To work for fourteen or fifteen hours out of every twenty-four, to stand in the warehouse or behind the counter from early morn till midnight, to have barely time to snatch a meal, much less to read or think, or enjoy innocent recreation—this surely is not living: it is to become a mere money-making machine, but, alas! with none of a machine's capacity for endurance. As Lord Brabazon has said, speaking of young women alone, although his words hold equally true of young men—"Confinement in close rooms and in vitiated air, want of proper exercise, hurried and interrupted meals, often added to badly-cooked food, and unventilated sleeping-rooms, will tell upon all but the strongest constitutions. It is no wonder, then, that they who go in and out among these young women have sad tales to tell of insanity, consumption, bronchial affections, chronic dyspepsia, and other maladies." With but mere verbal alterations Thomas Hood's song of the sempstress might well have been written of the overwrought shopwoman, for with her too it is—

"Work—work—work,
From weary chime to chime!
Sell—sell—sell,
With never a resting-time!
Fetch, and carry, and wait,
With weary aching hand,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
But *none* will understand!"

But, Sir, I fear that I am wandering from my argument, more especially since I think I may take it for granted that all now-a-days would wish to curtail the long hours and protracted drudgery of shop-assistants. What I wish to show is, not that the end is to be desired, but that legislation will provide the only sure means to that end—in other words, that early closing should be made compulsory.

Now, of course, I know well that in advancing this proposition I shall be met with a storm of cries about "grandmotherly government," "interference with the liberty of the subject," and so on; but in reply I will only ask my opponents to consider for one minute the beneficent working of the Factory and Workshop Acts, and to say whether the good resulting from them could have been achieved in any other way. Would moral suasion have prevented young women and children from wearing their lives out by toiling far into the night for hard taskmasters in factories and work-rooms? Most assuredly not! And so, too, is it in the case of shop-assistants, as the facts plainly prove. For many years associations have existed for the express purpose of inculcating the duty and the advantages of early closing; year after year pressure has been brought to bear upon employers of labour and buyers alike, and long hours have been decried from the houses of legislature, from the pulpit, and in the press. And what is the result? Young men who laboured for the good cause have grown old and grey; young women who heard of the movement, and had pleasant visions of evening leisure, and green fields, and running streams, have passed away in the dire conflict to the land where there is no buying and selling; thousands upon thousands have fallen victims to the dread juggernaut—and yet things are little, if any, better than they were; the evil still exists in all its hideous deformity.

People will not be persuaded to give up late shopping; shopkeepers will not give up a chance of making money, or yield in the least to one another in the pursuit of wealth; assistants cannot, or will not, help themselves. The competition between shop and shop is so keen, that even if ninety per cent. of the shopkeepers in a district agree to close early on one day a week only, and the remaining ten per cent. decline, the majority are bound to yield to the minority, and the "old order changeth" not. The words of the Early Closing Association are conclusive enough, since their report says that, after thirty years' work in the metropolis, "there are still in London alone no less than 30,000 shops, employing about 100,000 assistants, who work continually twelve, thirteen, and fourteen hours a day, without any opportunity for relaxation; and the same state of things prevails in other towns." It is abundantly evident then that the old methods are useless, and I submit, Sir, that an Act of Parliament is the only remedy.

Now it may not be generally known that a short Bill, entitled the Shop Hours Regulation Act, was actually introduced in the House of Lords by Earl Stanhope in the Session of 1882, but after considerable criticism was withdrawn by its sponsor, who, however, promised to bring in a better and more com-

plete measure on a future occasion. By the second clause of this Act it was proposed to enact that, "on and after the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three, it shall not be lawful for any shop or warehouse for the sale of textile fabrics and articles of wearing apparel, where women and young persons are employed, to be open for more than ten hours in each day." It is at once apparent that this Bill proposed to deal with but a small section of the class affected by the length of shop hours. Women and children alone were to be protected, and these only in shops for the sale of textile fabrics and wearing apparel. Not a word was said about young men, who suffer almost as severely as young women, nor was it proposed to deal at all with some of the worst offenders among shop-keepers, such as publicans, restaurant-keepers, grocers, and dealers in provisions. It has been argued that legislation for women and young persons exclusively would seriously affect them in their endeavours to obtain employment; but this is very doubtful, since in the class of shops mentioned in the Act, female assistants are almost a necessity; and moreover the Factory and Workshop Acts may be pointed to as proving that by their operation women and children have not been debarred from obtaining employment. However, this is certain, that any Act which is to do real good must grasp the whole subject resolutely and fearlessly. The arguments against a full and complete Act are weak and flimsy in the extreme, but I will not anticipate my opponent by mentioning them merely to refute them. This I am confident I shall be able to do, if you allow me to reply on the whole question. At this stage I am content, Sir, to leave my case to the judgment of the Family Parliament, feeling sure that if the thousands of fellow-members will but speak their minds with no uncertain voice, the hands of such men as Earl Stanhope and Lord Brabazon will be materially strengthened, and another step will have been taken towards that perfect legislation which can alone remove a dark blot from the trade of our country.

OPPONENT'S SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,

The Opener of this debate has done well in taking it for granted that all kindly and right-thinking people would be glad to see a curtailment of our protracted shop hours, and I, Sir, will yield to no one in the earnest wish to bring about such a result. At the same time I cannot help differing in my opinion as to the means to be adopted to arrive at the desired end, and I feel very strongly that legislation with a view to the reduction of shop hours is not only impracticable, but even if possible would only tend in the long run to retard the triumph of the cause we all have so much at heart.

Now, Sir, the present is anything but a subject for heated controversy, but feeling as I do, I think that I ought to state very briefly why I differ from the Opener of the debate, even while I have the deepest sympathy for those whose cause he pleads.

First, then, as it seems to me, it is practically impossible for any legislation to be sufficiently far-reaching to be equitable. The most that any Act of Parliament could attempt to do would be to limit the hours during which shops of all kinds might be open, in the case of those shops *in which the proprietor employs others to assist him.* Thus, at the very best, the Act would never reach the small shops in which the shop-keeper alone served his customers, for legislation which prevented a man from willingly working himself to death would be regarded as intolerable. But with such a shop Act in force all the small shops would at once derive an immense advantage over their neighbours, and would have an unfair monopoly of certain hours for buying and selling. The outcry about such a state of things would soon be too strong for any Government to refuse to hear, and the obnoxious Act would be repealed.

Of course it may be argued that if all the more important shops were closed, this would be the prelude to a system of early shopping on the part of the purchasing public, and that the first advantage enjoyed by small shops would not be lasting. It must, however, be remembered that either from habit or from necessity the working classes of the country are late buyers, and it would be difficult to make them otherwise. And beyond this, the general body of purchasers are essentially selfish, and while *any* shops were open, would continue to buy what the need or fancy of the hour demanded. If people generally could only be induced to make their purchases early, the shops would not be kept open, and legislation would be unnecessary.

It is a noteworthy fact that so keen a lawyer as Lord Cairns has expressed himself as altogether distrustful of law as a remedial agency, and that in his opinion any Act would be worse than ineffective, and it must be remembered that even in the case of factories Parliament has not yet attempted to restrict *men's* hours of labour. To sum up the matter, then, it seems that a Bill dealing with women and children alone would undoubtedly be injurious to their chances of obtaining labour; a Bill affecting those shops only in which assistants are employed would be unjust to the main body of shop-keepers, and would offer a premium to the lowest class of retailers; while a Bill ordering the closing of *all* shops at stated hours would for a multitude of reasons be intolerable to the community at large.

But if legislation be impracticable, what is to be done? This, Sir. Let an enthusiastic support be accorded to the societies which have laboured so long and so well for the good cause; let an urgent endeavour be made to arouse shop-assistants themselves from their wondrous indifference and lethargy, and let them take heart of grace when they see how the Trades Unions have by organisation been able to limit the hours of labour; let the facts of the case be brought clearly under the notice of every employer, that he may recognise his duty, and at the same time perceive the positive advantages to himself of shorter hours; and last, but

not least, let renewed efforts be made, by speeches, by pamphlets, by the newspaper press, to touch the conscience of the purchasing public, and arouse them from their present selfish attitude. What is needed is that public opinion should be formed; and so far only as it tends in this direction can the introduction of Acts in the Houses of Parliament be expected to do any good.

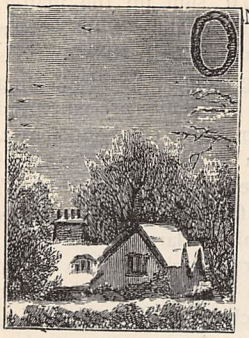
And, Sir, in reply to the Opener of this debate, who maintains that these old methods have been tried and found wanting, I assert that they have not. Much good has already been done, although it is, alas! too true that much more remains to be accomplished. But year by year changes have been brought about. The Saturday half-holiday is becoming more general throughout the country, and although shop-assistants can scarcely hope to obtain this boon, in many towns employers have commenced to close at four or five o'clock on some other day in the week. In many districts all the shops have arrived at a mutual understanding to close at seven, eight, or nine o'clock on certain days, and keeping open till midnight is becoming more and more a thing of the past. Public feeling is being aroused, as the very movements in favour of legislation show, and good must result. It is in no spirit of boasting that the Early Closing Association asserts that, previous to the existence of the society, "the destructive and fatal effects of immoderately prolonged labour upon the bodily and mental constitution were practically known only to the victims of the system which enforced it." And well indeed may the association claim that "working for the whole metropolis, and giving advice and assistance to applicants in all parts of the kingdom, it has, within a quarter of a century, brought about an enormous change in the condition of many thousands of shop-assistants, while supported by less than a tenth part of those whom it has benefited. "Thanks be to God, Sir, we live in an age of progress towards better and nobler things, and the hearts of men are open as they never were open before to the cries of the sufferers in life's battle. Half-hearted legislation is useless; whole-hearted public feeling is what is required, and when the heart of the nation is once aroused, then, and then only, can any true lasting change be brought about in our shop hours; then, and then only, can our shop-assistants enjoy their lives as other human beings.

[RULES OF DEBATE.—*The course of debate is as follows:—Two principal speakers holding opposite views on the question discussed are selected by the Editor. Readers of the* MAGAZINE *are then invited to express their own views on the subject, to the Editor, who will at his discretion select some of the most suitable and concise of these communications, or portions of them, for publication in a subsequent Part of the* MAGAZINE. *The Opener of the Debate is to have the right of reply.*]

TO OUR READERS.—The Editor will be happy to receive the opinions of any Readers on the above Question, on either side, with a view to the publication of the most suitable and concise communications in the February Part. Letters should be addressed "The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.," and in the top left-hand corner of the envelope should be written, "Family Parliament." The speech should be headed with the title of the Debate, and an indication of *the side taken by the Reader.* All communications on the present Question must reach the Editor not later than December 11.

An Honorarium of £1 1s. will be accorded (subject to the discretion of the Editor) to the *best speech on either side of the Question*; no speech to exceed 50 lines (500 words).

GARDENING IN DECEMBER.



ONCE again we find ourselves in the sunset month of the year, and more particularly those of us who find themselves among that large and ever-extending suburban population are proportionately fond of talking about the dark days of December. And it is undeniable that we, who are compelled for eleven months out of the twelve to limit our daily travels within that wonderful "ten miles radius" from St. Paul's, *do* find the days darker than our apple-cheeked country cousins, who bake their own bread and cure their own bacon. A great living statesman was very recently telling us that although for hard upon half a century he had for a large portion of the year resided in London, yet he felt that he really knew comparatively nothing of it, and that he was sure no one was able to form any idea of what is now meant by that very comprehensive word "London." And the object of all this for our purpose—our horticultural purpose, we mean—is simply this: while we shall still have something to say about the garden in general, we shall have a good deal to say about the management of suburban gardens in particular; and the bare mention of the dark days of December naturally brings up at once to the front that terrible giant with which we are all striving to do battle, and whose shadow so adds to our darkness that we are more than ever envious of these country cousins—we mean Giant Fog. Now, it at once occurs to us that the best protection against all these atmospheric changes and disturbances, whether in London or the country, is a small greenhouse or pit; and now that the ravages and inconveniences occasioned by London fogs seem to be alarmingly extending themselves, and affecting not only the animal but the vegetable world, there seems to be an additional inducement for the erection, according to our means and capabilities, of some such protection. The interest and recreation which it

affords are well worth the little painstaking and expense which, of course, it must entail at the outset, and we shall hope during the coming year, from time to time, to follow its fortunes when giving our general hints for our gardening calendar.

Now, in London and its neighbourhood we can generally boast of plenty of walls, and a sort of greenhouse could easily be fitted up against these in the capacity of what is known as a "fixture"—that is to say, something which upon leaving our

house we could be empowered to take away with us or leave behind at our pleasure. Some such suggestion as this was made some years ago, when it was recommended in the "Gardeners' Chronicle" to have strong movable roofs applied in the end of September, and removed in April, which would almost seem to render greenhouses (in the ordinary acceptation of the word) unnecessary. An old wall with a good wide border in front of it might, then, readily in this way be

fitted up with a movable glass lean-to. Except for the preservation of anything particularly tender, or in seasons of unwonted severity, there would rarely arise occasion for artificial heat. Yet, of course, the erection of a small greenhouse in the ordinary way is the more desirable and the more enjoyable.

And—to revert once again to the fog nuisance—one expedient that has been recommended in order to save your flowers and evergreens from being defaced by a shower of blacks is as follows:—Since at least some fresh air daily is essential to the well-being of all plants, the lights or windows of your greenhouse must certainly be open for a portion of the twenty-four hours; have then the lightest possible gauze or muslin curtain drawn over your open and exposed space whenever in thick or foggy weather the wind is in an unfavourable direction for the prosperity of your flowers and yourself, and is driving the smoke-charged gusts in volumes over you. And again, never be tempted to allow the temperature of your greenhouse to stand too high, especially in the early winter months, and when January and February are yet in store for us. Let your object be merely to save your stock of plants by excluding the frost. The temperature, then, during the month of December should stand at from forty to fifty degrees by day, and from thirty-six to forty degrees by night; in fact, only be anxious to keep on the safe side of thirty-two degrees. Light, too, is, we know, as essential as air to the well-being of plants in your greenhouse. In the vicinity of London, then, an occasional day's work may be had in cleansing your glass, inside as well as outside. Next, as to watering. Very little water should be given during the winter months. Whatever watering is given should always be in the morning, and the water itself should be always also of the same temperature as the house. All syringing should be entirely dispensed with, and it is well also to avoid even spilling any water about the greenhouse, which would have a tendency to cause undue dampness. Those of your plants that are in bloom should merely have enough water to keep the soil ordinarily moistened, while, on the other hand, those that are little more than in a dormant state should have even a less allowance of water. Another admirable winter day's work in the greenhouse is to be found in washing, leaf by leaf, the foliage of evergreens, myrtles, orange-trees, camellias, &c. The stage for your flowers had better be of slate or of stone, in preference to wood. It will naturally occur to any one that the more tender and delicate of your plants should be the nearest to your heating apparatus, if you have one, and those to which fire-heat is detrimental—such, for example, as your camellias—should be farthest removed from it.

The camellias want especial care just now. The buds of the early-blooming ones are rapidly swelling, and, if you nurse them up through mistaken kindness, they will merely repay you by dropping their buds. Keep the soil, then, only uniformly moistened, but never allow it to grow actually dry. Or should you one morning find that the temperature of the house after a suddenly severe night has fallen to freezing, or to a degree, perhaps, below it, do not in your panic think that the best thing to do is to light a roaring fire, or use any means to gain a sudden and violent acquisition of heat. This is simply the very worst thing you can do. Let your temperature be raised in the slowest and most imperceptible way possible. It is, in fact, these violent atmospheric changes that are so often detrimental to plants. Your stock of geraniums, and other plants that you are endeavouring to preserve for the bedding-out of your small garden next year, should in a mild winter season be watched, with the purpose of pinching them back, and keeping them merely in a dwarf and shrubby condition. The cineraria—an early spring flower—will, perhaps, also be occupying us. These require shifting, it may be, into larger pots.

But we must not forget that the possession of a greenhouse generally supposes also the possession of a plot of land outside more or less extensive. Our suburban gardens are generally pretty well stocked with large and hardy evergreens, and in a mild season these may yet be moved from one place to another, although October and November are the months more favourable for the operation. The same will hold true also with regard to the procuring of fresh rose-stocks, or the formation of a new rose-bed, but nothing of the kind must be attempted upon the first appearance of frost. In the open, protection from coming frost is what we generally think of just now among our flowers or vegetables. A little litter or matting in severe weather had better be laid over the more tender of your bulbs; while should any experimental autumn-sown peas and beans have pushed above ground, draw and earth up the soil round them, as this and the sticking of peas afford admirable protection against frost. On the many other departments of our never-tiring craft we cannot now say much, although the enthusiastic and industrious gardener knows well enough there is plenty to be said, even when merely discussing the best method of turning to account the horticulturally modest pretensions of a London greenhouse and a suburban garden.

Some Literary Queries for Spare Moments.

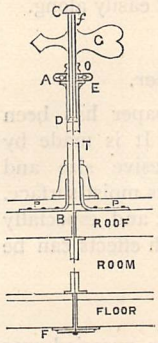
1. Why is the "Court of Arches" so called?
2. What is a Jihad?
3. Who was Astrophel?
4. What did Shakspere say "wears out more apparel than a man"?
5. Whom did Wordsworth call "the most unhappy man of men"?
6. Where is this quotation?—

"'Midst the tide
Two angel-forms were seen to glide,
The genii of the stream."

THE GATHERER.

An Indicating Weather-Cock.

M. Emile Richard, inspector of the water service at Versailles, has designed the weather-cock which we illustrate, for the purpose of enabling a person indoors either by night or in stormy weather to see how the wind blows. It consists of a fixed stem, A B, composed of an iron tube, T, standing on a base-plate, P P, which is fastened to the roof of the building. The upper part, C D, is movable round its axis with the wind, and carries a vane, G. This part is formed of a tube of zinc, *f*, turning within the outer tube, T, which serves as a socket for it. It rests by means of a bronze disc, O, on little glass castors, which run upon the bronze platform, E. A mushroom head, C, crowns the whole, and sustains a stout brass wire, which depends from it through both tubes, and through the roof to the interior of the observatory, or house, where a needle is fixed across it at F. This needle, therefore, by the torsion of the wire is caused to follow all the movements of the vane, and tell the observer how the wind blows.



Triptolith.

Triptolith is the name given by its inventor to a new substitute for lime, cement, and plaster. It is composed of sulphate of lime, coke, and oxide of iron. It is lighter than plaster, and requires less water to form a workable mortar than ordinary lime. It sets very rapidly, but the time of setting can be lengthened from ten to sixty hours, by the simple addition of slaked lime in certain proportions. After setting it has the strength of ordinary bricks; but it can stand a pulling strain with much greater strength than mortar. For facing and plastering it is said to be well adapted, especially as it adheres firmly to brick and stone surfaces and becomes harder than plaster of Paris. Moreover, oil and colours adhere to it very well.

Reducing Gold and Silver Ores by Electricity.

An economical process for extracting the precious metals from their ores by means of electricity has lately been discovered. It consists in forming a bath of some salt of the metal in the ore, and using for the plate, by which the electric current enters the bath, slabs of the sulphur ores of that metal. These slabs or "anodes" are decomposed by the current, and sulphur falls to the bottom of the bath, whilst the pure metal, say gold, is deposited on the "cathode" or plate by which the current leaves the bath. The cathode may, of course, be a plate of the metal to be reduced. The deposited metal is in the first place reduced from the bath, but that in turn supplies its deficiency by helping itself to the metal in the sulphur ore in decomposing it. In operating on sulphides and sulphurets containing several metals, it is necessary afterwards to separate these metals from each other, but this is also done by the aid of a second or a third electrolytic process of the same kind.

Uses of the Sunflower.

It may not be generally known that the sunflower, which has recently claimed such a prominent place for purposes of decoration, has considerable commercial value. Its nut-like seeds are not only extremely valuable as food for poultry, but they also afford an excellent oil, especially useful for lubricating machinery. The residue of the seeds, after the oil has been expressed, makes a cake said to be superior to linseed as food for cattle. The stalks furnish a good textile fibre, largely used by the Chinese, and the blossoms yield a lasting and brilliant yellow dye.

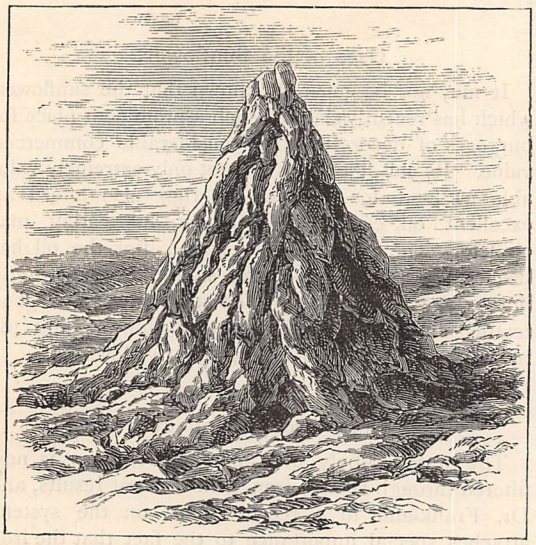
Filtering through Spongy Iron.

The water supply of a part of Antwerp is now filtered through spongy iron with the best results, and Dr. Frankland, in a recent report on the system, attaches special importance to the fact that the iron is "absolutely fatal to bacteria and their germs." He further considers it would be an invaluable boon to the metropolis if all the water from the Thames and Lea were subiected to the Antwerp treatment. This consists in letting the water, which comes from the river Nethe, settle for twelve or twenty-four hours in reservoirs, and then pumping it on to spongy iron filters, from which it flows by gravity to sand filters below. The iron filter consists of a concrete bed, on which are laid two loose layers of brick, and then a layer 3 feet thick of spongy iron mixed with three parts of gravel $\frac{1}{5}$ inch in diameter. Over this mixture is laid 3 inches of gravel, and over that two feet of sand, thus making a total thickness of 5 feet 3 inches. The sand filters also consist of a concrete bed with two layers of brick, while on the bricks is laid 12 inches of $\frac{1}{5}$-inch gravel, then 3 inches of fine gravel, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet of sand, thus making a filter 3 feet 9 inches in depth.

A Novel Clock.

An American watch company has constructed a very ingenious clock for the United States Signal Service. The brass case is made air-tight, and can be partially exhausted of air by a pump. The atmosphere inside is thus kept at a uniform pressure indicated by a barometer. The clock is kept going by a main-spring seven feet long, making eighteen turns round the barrel. It is wound electrically, as it goes by means of a battery and electro-magnets.

The electric circuit is opened and closed every second by a seconds pendulum vibrating within the case. The electro-magnets thus act every second, and wind up the spring a little more. Thus the spring is always kept half uncoiled, and the clock goes on perpetually unless some accident occurs to the electric circuit. This is indicated at once by a special hand on the dial, but the clock will continue to go for four days longer of itself, thus giving time for the electric circuit to be put right.



A Stack of Lava.

The engraving represents a curious conical heap of lava, sometimes to be seen on the surface of the lava-floods which pour out of the crater of Mauna-Loa in the island of Hawaii. They attain the height of thirty or forty feet, and are caused by outbursts of gas from the molten lava, which carry with them jets of the fluid. These fall around, and harden into a kind of chimney-stack for the escaping gases.

A Luminous Water-Gauge.

A device for showing the water-level in boilers has been invented by Herr Schlag, of Berlin. It consists of a half-luminous float, which illuminates the water-bubbles so that they are visible in the dark. The float is a small glass capsule, kept vertical by grains of shot at the lower end. It is filled with a mixture of Balmain's luminous paint and phosphate of alkali salt, which becomes luminous at temperatures of more than 50° Fahrenheit.

Steel Casks.

Steel casks and barrels are now made in Wolverhampton. A sheet of steel is taken to form the body and its two edges are brazed together in a seamless fashion. The head is riveted to the body, and the bottom is shrunk on hot. The rims are thick enough to give a good purchase to cranes and hoisting tackle for loading purposes. The bush for the tap does not project beyond the rim, so that it is not liable to be knocked off. The casks are more durable than wooden ones, and lighter, an eighteen-gallon one weighing ten pounds less. This is, of course, a consideration in transporting them. The shape of the steel cask is quite the same as that of wooden ones, the bulge allowing of their being rolled easily along.

A New Ornamental Paper.

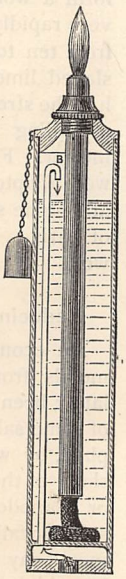
In Belgium a new kind of satin paper has been brought out for decorative purposes. It is made by covering common paper with adhesive size and sprinkling dyed asbestos powder on its moist surface. Asbestos readily takes up all colours, and especially those of aniline, so that some very rich effects can be produced.

A Monster Flagstone.

Probably the biggest flagstone ever quarried was recently laid in front of the residence of Mr. R. L. Stuart, New York. It is of "river bluestone," and measures 26 feet 6 inches by 15 feet 6 inches in superficies, and is 9 inches thick. The total weight is 30 tons. If raised on edge it would make one side of a cottage, and is quite smooth in surface. It was quarried in Sullivan County, and after being brought down the Hudson on a barge, was lifted by "screw-jacks" high enough for a waggon to back under it, then drawn to its destination by eighteen powerful horses.

A Benzine Candle.

The homely candle has at length found a rival in the benzine oil device which we illustrate below. Hitherto colza and petroleum oils have been burnt in lamps with glass shades, but these are to a certain extent inconvenient, as they cannot be held in a slanting position. Benzine is one of the more volatile hydro-carbons distilled from crude petroleum, and as it burns with a clear and smokeless flame, it can be used without a funnel. But being volatile at ordinary temperatures it requires a particular kind of burner, for there is danger of explosion from the vapours mixed with air. This drawback is overcome in the arrangement figured, where the benzine is contained in an iron pipe. The wick is enclosed in a tube which reaches nearly to the bottom of the pipe, so that if the candle be upset the oil cannot run out through the wick. The reservoir ought not therefore to be filled quite full. If this is observed the candle will burn in any position between the vertical and horizontal, and there is no dripping of grease as with the ordinary candle. The end of the wick is made of asbestos and therefore does not consume like



vegetable wicks. There is no danger of explosion because there is no communication between the vapour above the benzine and the flame. To keep the pressure equal on the outside and inside of the lamp an air tube, B, runs through the reservoir from below. This vent also serves to carry away the benzine vapour to a safe distance from the flame. Of course, care must be taken that the vapour is not brought into contact with the flame of any other candle or lamp. The products of combustion are as free from smell as those of a stearine candle; and the size of flame can be regulated from the size of a candle-flame to that of a night-light. This of itself is a slight practical gain. A small cap hung from a chain serves to put out the light. The quantity of benzine burnt in five hours costs one halfpenny, and any candlestick will serve for a support. Walking-sticks with the benzine are also made, to which the candle can be attached on a dark night.

The Stinging Tree.

The stinging tree of Queensland, Australia, is a shrub growing from two inches to fifteen feet in height, and though pleasant to the eye, it emits a disagreeable smell, and causes excruciating pain for months to any one who is unfortunate enough to be stung by it. There is no mark, but the part affected is tender in rainy weather or when wetted. Dogs and horses have sometimes to be shot after being stung by it.

A New Conservatory Heater.

A new plan for heating conservatories has recently been brought out by Mr. Hellier. It consists in generating steam in a copper gas-boiler within the conservatory. The steam, together with the products of combustion, then passes through a coil of iron pipes to different parts of the interior, and finally escapes outside. The air to keep up the fire is not taken from the inside, but comes from without by a pipe running under the floor. Four ordinary No. 1 gas-jets are sufficient to generate steam enough to heat a greenhouse, and a length of 50 feet of 3-inch cast-iron pipes.

An Electric Launch.

An interesting application of electricity to motive purposes was recently made on the river Thames. This was the trial trip of an electric launch from its birthplace at Millwall to London Bridge and back. The craft, which we illustrate in Fig. 2, was 26 feet long, 5 feet in the beam, and drew some 2 feet of water. It was fitted with a 22-inch screw propeller, which by means of suitable gearing was revolved by the power derived from a Siemens dynamo-electric motor of the size known as D 3 on their lists. Two of these dynamos, marked A A in Fig. 1, which is a section through the launch, were taken in order that a spare one might be at hand, and either or both could be actuated by the same current. The current which rotated their bobbins was derived from forty-five electric accumulators of the kind invented by Mr. Sellon and Mr. Volckmar. These were stowed away under the seats and flooring of the launch, as shown at B B (Fig. 1), and formed a good ballast. They were charged before setting out with electricity capable of generating in the dynamos an energy of 4 horse-power for six hours continuously. The dynamos were connected by belts with a centre-shaft overhead, and arranged with a friction clutch to put the dynamos in or out of gear. From the shaft another belt passed to a pulley on the axis of the screw. With four passengers on board the little E.S. *Electricity* (to coin a new abbreviation for electric ship) ran from Millwall to London Bridge and back in twenty-four minutes, or at a speed of eight knots an hour. There was no noise or smoke, and the craft appeared to glide through the water like a living creature.

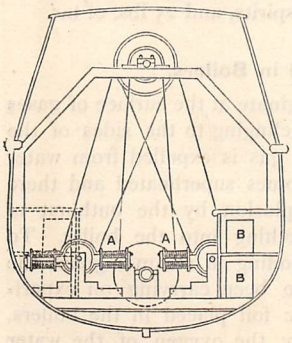


FIG. 1.

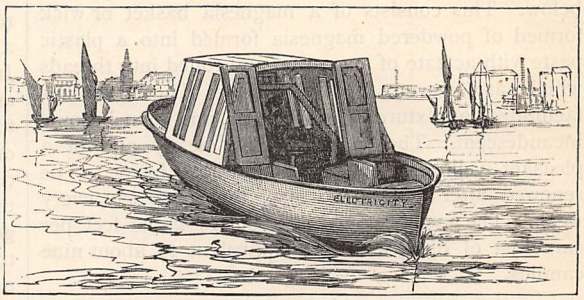


FIG. 2.

A Curious Use for Ants.

A singular way of utilising ants is reported by Dr. C. J. Macgowan, from Han Chow, Hainan, China. It appears that in many parts of the province of Canton the orange-trees are infested by worms, and to rid themselves of these pests the natives import ants into the orangeries from the neighbouring hills. The ants are trapped by holding the mouth of a lard-bladder to their nests. They are then placed among the branches of the orange-trees, where they form colonies, and bamboo rods are laid from tree to tree to facilitate their movements through the orangery.

A Magnesia Light.

Mr. Clammond, a well-known inventor, has produced a very brilliant light by heating a piece of magnesia in flame of mingled gas and air. The gases have, however, to be heated before mixing, and the air is blown into the gas under a pressure of 1⅜ inches of water. For this purpose mechanical power is required to work the blowing fan, and hence the new light is best suited to factories where power is already at hand. The burner

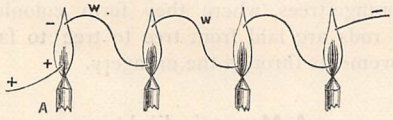
consists of a brass headpiece having two orifices by which the air and gas enter. The details of the burner, which it is unnecessary to describe at length, consist of chambers and partitions for blending the gases in various proportions and conveying them to the burner below. This consists of a magnesia basket or wick formed of powdered magnesia formed into a plastic paste with acetate of magnesia, and rolled into threads which are woven into a mesh. These meshes facilitate the mixture of gas and air, and soon become incandescent. The light is very steady and of a pleasant yellowish tint. The baskets have to be renewed after forty hours' use, that is to say, every week. The gas consumed is about 1½ cubic feet per carcel jet of light, which is equivalent to about nine candles.

A New Ruler.

A ruler which absorbs the ink that comes on it from the side of the pen has an advantage over the ordinary hard-wood ruler. Such a ruler has been devised by Mr. G. L. Knox, of New York, and consists of an ordinary square having along one edge a deep groove, in which is laid a folded strip of sheet metal. In the recess of this metal is a strip of blotting paper, or other absorbent material, having its outer edge near the outer edge of the ruler, as shown in the figure. The metal of the folded plate has some elasticity, which grips the blotter securely in its place. The metal clip can, of course, be removed at will to renew the paper, or adjust its edge to a proper distance from the edge of the ruler.

A Battery of Flames.

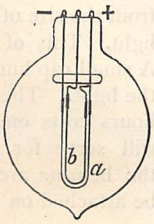
The electrical properties of flames have lately been investigated by Herren Elster and Geitel, and they find that in ordinary gas-flames the film of hot air inside is electrically negative to the outside shell, which is positive. Thus, if wires are inserted to different depths in the flame a current of electricity can be obtained from it. The electro-motive force is rather over that of a Daniell cell. The same results were obtained with flames of spirit-lamps and candles; and the experimenters constructed a "flame-battery" of twenty-five spirit-lamps, which gave a current twenty-five times the strength of that from a single flame. This battery is illustrated in the sketch, which shows by the



signs + and — the electric states of the flames and the manner in which the different flames were connected together by wires. Thus the positive pole of the battery leads from the bottom of the first flame, A, and the top of the same flame is connected by wire, W, to the base of the negative next, and so on "in series" until the last element of the battery is reached, from which proceeds the negative electrode as shown.

The Duplex Electric Lamp.

In the ordinary electric incandescent lamp the intensity of the light cannot be varied except by cutting off a portion of the current, and thus lowering the temperature of the glowing carbon filament. The result is that the colour of the filament changes to a ruddy gold, and the tint of the light is reddened. In the Duplex electric lamp there are two filaments, as shown in the sketch, and the light can be reduced to half the intensity by simply cutting the current off one of them, without altering the bright taper-like tinge of the light. As will be seen, the two carbons, *a b*, are joined together at one terminal wire or electrode (+), and separate at their other terminals (—), so that the same current can either be sent through them one after another, or split up between both. The lamp is, therefore, a very handy one, and has advantages over the ordinary single filament lamp.



While upon this subject, we may mention that Mr. Werderman has devised an incandescent electric lamp in which the glowing filament is made of silicium, which, being an incombustible substance, can be heated in the open air, and does not require a vacuum round the filament as carbon does. We may also add that two new carbon filaments are to be seen at the Munich Electrical Exhibition of this autumn: one devised by Herr Müller, which, instead of being straight, is kinky; and one by Herr Cruto, which, being hollow, gives a larger illuminating surface for the same resistance.

Utilising Wood-Smoke.

At the Elk Rapids, Michigan, there is a blast furnace where charcoal-iron is made in large quantities by means of furnaces burning wood. The quantity of smoke is very great, but it has recently been turned to good purpose by Dr. Pierce, a chemist. The smoke is drawn by large suction-fans into a set of stills, where it is condensed into pyroligneous acid, from which are produced acetate of lime, alcohol, tar, and gas, which latter is consumed under the boilers. Each "cord" of hard wood is stated to give off 28,000 cubic feet of smoke, and as 100 cords are burned every twenty-four hours in the charcoal-furnaces, the total quantity of smoke is 2,800,000 cubic feet. This yields 12,000 lbs. of acetate, 200 gallons of spirits, and 25 lbs. of tar.

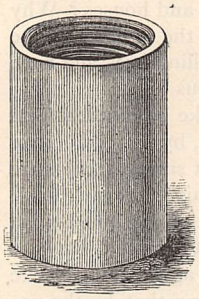
Zinc Foil in Boilers.

Boiling is known to originate at the surface of gases dissolved in the water, or clinging to the sides of the containing vessel. If all gas is expelled from water by boiling, the water becomes superheated and there is danger of sudden explosion by the outburst of steam on dropping something into the boiler. To facilitate the process of boiling in steam-engines, the French Government have been carrying on experiments with pieces of zinc foil placed in the boilers. The zinc is converted by the oxygen of the water

into oxide of zinc, and hydrogen gas is liberated. This promotes ebullition, and the oxide combining with fatty acids mingled with the water, forms a kind of zinc soap which coats the tubes of the boiler and prevents their fouling with hard deposits of salts. The soapy matter is readily cleaned away. M. Tréve, however, is of opinion that for marine boilers the zinc action is not so regular as might be desired, and suggests that a warm blast of carbonic acid gas should be blown into the water by mechanical means instead. The carbonic acid could be developed by the combination of carbonate of lime and hydrochloric acid.

A Corrugated Vent.

The woodcut shows a new form of vent-lining for chimneys, introduced by Mr. T. Fraser, of Aberdeen.



The interior is corrugated while the clay is in a soft state, and the sharp ridges of the corrugations being at right angles to the line of draught up the chimney, the soot does not settle on them. The chimney, therefore, does not require sweeping, and smaller vent-holes may be used than with the smooth linings. It has often been observed that rough-lined vents require less sweeping than smooth ones, and Mr. Fraser has turned the principle in question to account.

Gas from Metals.

A new process for manufacturing illuminating gas from certain metals and chemicals is announced from Australia. Mr. John Dixon there has been engaged in experiments to this end for several years, and gas-works on the new system have been at length built. The metallic gas is said to be superior to coal-gas in lighting power, and also more economical. Until further intelligence is received, however, it would be premature to say whether coal-gas has met its match or not.

Artificial Graphite.

An Italian physicist named Conte has succeeded in preparing graphite or plumbago by artificial means. It is chemically pure and quite homogeneous, crystalline and having a metallic lustre. Being highly elastic it is very suitable for making the filaments of incandescent electric lamps, and also for micro-telephone transmitters. Electric lamps made of it were sent to the Munich Electrical Exhibition.

A Gigantic Strap.

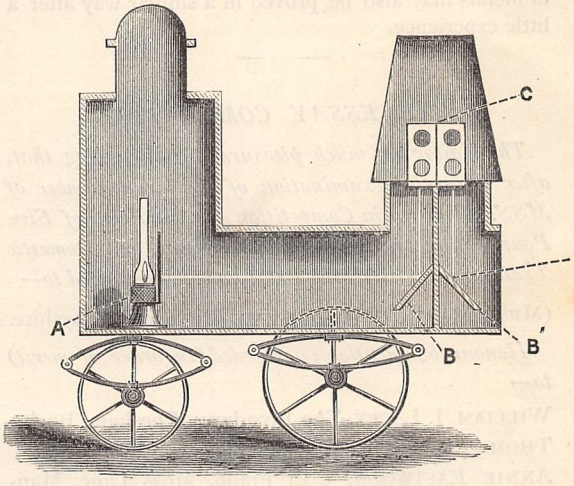
The biggest strap for transmitting motive-power to machinery is probably that recently put up at Berlin. Its width is about six feet three inches, and its weight one and a half tons. Some 200 of the largest and heaviest ox-hides were used to make it, and in the starch factory where it is fitted up it is intended to transmit 500 horse-power of energy.

Woodland Sounds by Telephone.

A short time ago, while Mr. N. G. Warth, manager of the Midland Telephone Company, Gallipolis, Ohio, U.S., was conversing by telephone with Major H. B. Hooner, of Pomeroy, Ohio, some twenty miles away, he was surprised to hear the croaking of frogs and songs of wild birds very distinctly. The telephone wire is known to pass through some dense woods on its course, and the explanation is that some loose joint in the wire acted as a microphone, and taking up the woodland sounds, transmitted them to the telephone at the end of the line. The accident shows that it would be possible to have wild-wood music brought into the heart of the City every morning along with fresh milk and flowers. While upon this subject we may mention that another telephone observer recently heard the crackling of aurora in his instrument, which was connected by one pole to a water-cistern, and the other to the gas-pipes of the town—Mont Clair in New Jersey. A similar crackling is heard during thunderstorms, but the auroral crackle is more delicate, and was mingled at intervals of half a second with short taps.

Keeping Silver-Plate Bright.

Articles of silver and silver-plate rapidly tarnish in rooms where sulphurous coal is burned, owing to the sulphuretted gases given off. If, however, they are occasionally dipped in a solution of hyposulphite of soda, or rubbed with a cloth wetted in the solution, and afterwards dried with a soft towel and rubbed with chamois, they soon recover their pristine brilliancy.



A Photometer on Wheels.

Mr. W. F. Sugg, the gas engineer, has invented a portable photometer, which is useful for measuring the intensity of street-lamps as they stand. As shown in the sketch, it consists of a standard lamp, A, of the Keats pattern, burning spermaceti oil, and provided with a screen in front having a horizontal slit in it, which allows a beam of about two candles to pass through. This beam falls on a white disc, B, inclined

in front of it, and having a piece of printed newspaper pasted on it. At the same angle to the vertical there is another disc, B′, also having a twin piece of newspaper on it, and this receives the light from the lamp whose light is to be compared with that of the standard. The two discs are separated by a partition carried up some distance above them. A mirror suitably placed above them at C, in a dark chamber, enables the observer to see both discs reflected side by side, and to compare their relative intensities. The apparatus can be moved away from the street-lamp until the intensity of its rays equals that of the candle. With it the light falling on any part of a roadway at a distance of three feet from the ground can be measured.

The Microscope and Building.

In examining building materials before submitting them to the testing machine, the microscope may be made very useful. Mr. Robert Grimshaw, in a paper to the American Franklin Institute, points out that by its means weak or faulty timber, stone, or metal may be recognised, and the time taken up in testing them thereby saved. In the case of timber, for example, the trunks and limbs of exogenous trees are built up of concentric rings of woody fibre held together by radial plates. The denser and stronger the wood, the closer these rings come together and the more numerous and thick are the radial plates. With photographs of sections of a standard piece of timber in his possession, the engineer, by aid of a magnifying-glass, can tell whether a piece of timber is above or below the standard as regards quality. The colour and texture of metals may also be proved in a similar way after a little experience.

PRIZE ESSAY COMPETITION.

The Editor has much pleasure in announcing that, after a careful examination of the large number of MSS. submitted in Competition for the Prize of Five Pounds to the author of the best Essay on "Domestic Training for Girls," the Prize has been awarded to—

(MRS.) MARY ANNE MYRING, Duffield, Derbyshire.

Honourable mention is accorded (in order of merit) to—

WILLIAM J. LACEY, The Broadway, Chesham, Bucks.
THOMAS OAKEY, 6, Falconer's Road, Scarborough.
ANNIE EASTWOOD, 3, El Prado, Moss Lane, Manchester.
KATHERINE F. SAINSBURY, Duxford, Cambridge.
ANNIE M. BRUNSDON, Moorfields, Hereford.

It is hoped that room will be found for the Prize Essay in an early issue.

The Editor begs to remind his readers that, in accordance with the published conditions, he cannot in any case whatever undertake to return the MSS. of unsuccessful competitors.

Why all this Smoke?

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

Do you not think you could find room in your Magazine for a grumbler's column, a small space set aside monthly for the discussion of real grievances and nuisances—those only, of course, which are endured by the community in general, and not by individual members alone? If so, I cannot but think you would add largely to your usefulness and popularity.

As an instance of what I mean, I venture to bring under your notice one of the great nuisances which all dwellers in towns and cities are compelled to endure—smoke. And yet why is it so? Why should a huge black cloud of unconsumed carbon hover continually, like a spirit of evil, over our streets and houses? Why should the least suspicion of fog in the atmosphere be made an excuse by the smoke for filling eyes and nose and mouth and lungs with its noxious particles? Why should dwelling-house and office alike be invaded from morn to night, from night to morn, by specks of soot and smoky vapours? Can it be that scientific men are altogether powerless to cope with this increasing evil?

I see, indeed, that at the last meeting of the British Association the learned President pointed out the importance of gas as a heating agent, and spoke favourably of smokeless coal, arguing that by the use of these the smoke of cities might be lessened. Furthermore, a Smoke Abatement Exhibition has been held, and numerous societies have been inaugurated expressly to deal with the acknowledged nuisance. But, alas! so far as we can see, all has been in vain: no good seems to result, and each wondrous project appears to end as it began—in smoke.

And yet something might surely be done. When scientists and theorists fail, then is the time for practical men to step in, and in the hope that there may be some such among your readers, who may make valuable suggestions on the subject, I appeal to you to insert this communication in your pages.

I am, Sir, &c.,

EX FUMO DARE LUCEM.

*** We shall at all times be glad to hear, on this or other suitable subjects, from any one of our readers—it being, however, borne in mind that the space at our disposal for such matters is very limited, and that the insertion of communications, whether in whole or in part, must be entirely left to our discretion. In no case can we undertake to return unused communications. All letters must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.—THE EDITOR.

POEM COMPETITION.

Intending Competitors for the Prize of Five Pounds offered by the Proprietors of this Magazine for the best Poem on "Happiness," are reminded that the competition closes on December 1st, 1882.

PARDONED.

By the Author of "In a Minor Key," "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," &c.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

WINIFRED SMITH stood at her bedroom window at Tranmere, vacantly gazing out into space.

Her heart was very sore, very heavy. She had made her great plunge only yesterday, and yet it seemed to her months since she had followed her father to his grave in the lonely churchyard at Penruth; weeks since she had left the only home she had ever known, and set out on her journey to seek one, the bare idea of which made her spirit rise in revolt. Only one little fortnight since she had leant over her father's bed-side, to try if she might but catch his last faint words; only two nights since she had knelt far into the summer evening by the newly-made grave, till old Alan had found her, and besought her to go home; and yet it seemed like years—years that she had been alone and miserable—years that she had been dependent.

The meeting she had dreaded was over now. It had been as cold, as ungenial as she could wish, and had given her no reason to abandon her intense aversion to the person who had done her the cruel injury of conferring a benefit on her. Uncle and niece had met, as the perfect strangers they were to each other—icy frigidity on the one side, cold humility on the other, with their own hands spreading out a wide gulf between them.

This morning it had not been much better. Breakfast at the best of times is not a genial meal, and after waiting on his niece with exasperating politeness, Colonel Everard had relapsed into letters and silence, and Winifred had had time to study his fine head and countenance.

She was obliged to own she had never seen a finer; but then her experience was so small, she told herself; yet there arose in her heart almost, as it were, a feeling of tenderness, as the turn of his head, the quick upward glance of his eye, the exquisitely-shaped hand, recalled her mother to her memory.

And now she was alone in her bed-room, along with her few poor little possessions, which seemed all that there was left to her in this dreary desert of grandeur and dependence. Her room was large and bright, all its appointments were perfect, and its very comfort and luxury made her hate it the more, gave her that intolerable feeling of being beholden to the person she detested most in the world. She was standing at the window now, in order to turn her back on it all.

Beneath her lay the landscape bathed in golden sunshine. In the foreground the lake shone out like some bright gem, set in tenderest green; the deer lay lazily under the trees, and the scent of the broad lime avenue was borne in on the summer air. In the distance a blue mist hung over the hills, shrouding them jealously from the eye of those who sought to fathom what lay beyond them; and, with a sigh of deep despondency, she was turning aside to resume her occupation of settling herself, when she was attracted by the sound of horses' hoofs on the gravel.

Anything to do with horses was a fascination to her, and she looked eagerly out of window to see what it was. Only a groom, leading what even her untrained eye told her was a very good-looking animal, to the front door for her uncle. Well, she was glad he was leaving the house; she should breathe more freely when he was gone. She drew in her head quickly for he was coming out now, was speaking to the groom in that low quiet voice of command, the outward expression of an habitual self-control over an overbearing temper. The man had evidently incurred his wrath—Winifred could tell that from the gleam of his eye even before her ear caught the words, "I never give an order twice; next time it occurs, you leave my service."

She brought her shapely hand down on the window-sill, in a passion of indignation. "How can I ever live with that man?" she cried, "how can I? and yet I have promised to do so, and to obey him."

By-and-by she grew calmer, smoothed her dark red-brown hair, gave the finishing touches to her room, and began to descend the broad oak staircase that led to the morning room.

What a beautiful house it was! In her wildest dreams she had never imagined anything one-half so grand, so venerable as this old Castle, where her mother had been brought up. The many rooms, the numerous servants, the evidences on all sides of the refinement of luxury and wealth fairly bewildered her; and for the first time she realised fully what her mother had given up in marrying her father. With this realisation arose anew the intense indignation with these people, who had kept their servants in luxury, whilst their daughter and sister was wanting almost the common necessaries of life.

And all the time that she was slowly walking down the staircase she was peering about on all sides, at every picture, every bust, to discover a trace of her

mother, who had once been the sunshine and idol of this old house. But there was no answering glance from the many canvases that adorned the walls; they were all Everards, that was very plain; but not one of them was comparable, in her daughter's eyes, to that Winifred Everard whose portrait must be somewhere, seeing that it had been taken in the heyday of her youth and beauty by the first artist of her time.

Mrs. Everard lay on the sofa, with a book in her hand, and the inevitable knitting on her lap. But she had been neither reading nor working; she had been thinking, and her thoughts had not been pleasant. This niece of Colonel Everard's who had cropped up in this unexpected way was neither uncouth, underbred, nor apparently ignorant. She would have been sorry for the poor girl had she been so; would have striven to show her every kindness in her power; would have taught her manners; in fact, would have tried to supply the place of a mother to her. But how could she feel maternal, or even aunt-like, to a girl who was said to be eighteen and looked five-and-twenty, who was a head taller than herself, and whose every action, every gesture seemed to say that she was born to command?

The door opened, and the object of her thoughts entered the room. Winifred wished to be pleasant to her aunt; she felt no ill-will to her; she was not an Everard; she had had no share in ostracising her sister-in-law—she had not even been married when that tragedy took place; and she did not look happy—which was perfectly natural. So she approached the sofa and, sitting down on a small chair by the side of it, asked her aunt if she could do anything for her.

Mrs. Everard brightened perceptibly at the deep, meek voice, and determined at once that, as Colonel Everard had insisted on foisting his niece upon her, she would make her useful.

"I am a sad invalid, my dear," she commenced; "in fact I do not know what it is to feel well for two consecutive days; but I never say anything about it, and I do not suppose that any one has an idea of what I suffer, least of all your uncle. That is why you find me on the sofa. If I do not lie down for awhile after breakfast I am knocked up the whole day."

"I am so sorry. Please may I help you in any little thing you may have to do?"

After all, she was not such a bad girl; she seemed humble enough.

"Well, yes, you can help me this morning by arranging the flowers. It makes my poor back ache so that I often get the gardener to do it; but Colonel Everard objects to that, and declares that he has no taste. To my mind he arranges them charmingly."

"I shall be delighted to do it." And something like a smile illuminated the pale face. "Shall I go out and gather them?"

"Gather them! Oh, certainly not, my dear. Duncan has brought them in. He never allows me to gather any flowers. He is a first-rate gardener, but rather a tyrant. You will find them all in the little inner hall."

Winifred rose at once to repair to the hall, where she found a large table spread out with such choice flowers as made her eyes brighten, and brought the faintest gleam of colour into her cheeks.

Her task was quite to her mind, but she did not find it as easy as she expected. Every ten minutes Mrs. Everard would come to her, criticise what she had done, say that it was different to what she had been accustomed to, and beg her to rearrange the offending jar or vase. Winny submitted with that proud humility which she had told herself must be hers now she was a dependent, diligently pulled her vases to pieces, rearranged them, and began to see that if, on her side, Mrs. Everard's life was not a bed of roses, on his too Colonel Everard might have something to say.

"The luncheon-bell will ring directly; please make haste, my dear," ejaculated her aunt, as she flitted here and there, "touching up," as she expressed it, Winny's bouquets. "You will be quicker another time, I dare say, when you get accustomed to the work."

At last she was satisfied, besides she heard Colonel Everard's voice in the outer hall, and the gong about to be sounded. Winny ran swiftly up-stairs to wash her hands, passing her uncle so closely that her dress brushed his coat, and he involuntarily turned and watched her ascend to her room.

He could not but admire anything so supple, so free of step as this niece of his. "She has a beautiful foot," he murmured to himself; "but her shoes!" with a shiver, "where can she have got them?"

Luncheon was a shade less solemn than breakfast. Colonel Everard noted the fresh flowers on the table, and asked if Duncan had arranged them. "If so," he said, "he is beginning to display some taste."

"No," answered Mrs. Everard, "Winifred and I did them between us. She was a great help to me, for you have no idea, George, how standing about over those flowers makes my back ache. I am good for nothing afterwards. I could not have driven over to Lipcombe had I had them entirely to do, and Mrs. Gosset was so anxious that I should have tea with her, that I had a second note from her this morning on the subject, begging me to be there by four; but that is simply impossible this weather. If I were to drive in the sun I should be utterly prostrated to-morrow. People are so inconsiderate when they are strong themselves."

Except for a faint sigh of relief when this speech came to an end, Colonel Everard had betrayed neither impatience nor any other emotion at the repetition of things he had heard on and off throughout his married life.

"I am sure," he said, turning to Winifred, "it is very good of you to arrange the flowers. I trust they have not affected your back also?"

"Not in the least, thank you." The voice was low, but the tone was as cold as his own. "I hope Mrs. Everard will always make me useful." She looked up as she spoke to see a sarcastic smile reflected in the corners of the handsome mouth, as her uncle suddenly remembered that letter, the full bitterness of which he, as an Everard, had understood.

The smile seemed to goad Winifred to madness.

She clenched her hand under the table, but had the self-command to say nothing, and was relieved by Mrs. Everard creating a diversion.

"Winifred is a long name, my dear," she remarked. "Were you ever called by anything shorter?"

"Yes, I was."

"What were you called?"

"Winny." She suppressed her mother's pet name "Win;" no one on earth should ever call her that.

"Winny!" critically. "I do not know that I quite like that; it reminds one of a horse somehow. Don't you think so, George?"

"No, I do not." It only reminded him of his sister, whom he had always called by that name.

"Now, I think," continued Mrs. Everard, in her monotonous fretful voice, "that I shall call you Freda. It is a pretty name, shorter than Winifred, and altogether nicer. I once knew a girl—she was one of my bridesmaids, do you remember, George?—whose name was Frederica, and she was always called Freda. Yes, I shall call you Freda."

"Have you any objection to being called Freda?" It was her uncle speaking now, as he leant back in his chair, having finished his very slender repast.

"None at all. I have no objections."

"What a very fortunate person you are! Will you have anything more?"

"Nothing, thank you."

He rose from the table as he spoke and walked to the window, and Winny followed him with her eyes. But Mrs. Everard was speaking to her again, and she must pay attention.

"You see, my dear," she was saying, "as I am going to Lipcombe this afternoon, and—and——" with a glance at the black becraped dress.

"I quite understand"—this politeness distressed the girl—"I am so used to being alone, I like it."

Colonel Everard turned from his contemplation of the gardeners at work, as if to speak, then changed his mind, and following his wife and niece into the hall, disappeared into his own sanctum.

How slowly sped the hands of the clock! thought Winny to herself, as she looked forward anxiously to the time when Mrs. Everard should have set off on her drive to Lipcombe, and she should enjoy the luxury of being alone. Colonel Everard was gone out already. She had watched his tall figure safely down the drive, had seen it disappear into the lime avenue, and at four o'clock she would be by herself.

Mrs. Everard was, in her own way, almost as glad to be rid of her niece, when the time came for her to dress for her drive, and it was with mutual satisfaction that they parted on their different ways.

Winifred did not take long to dress. A broad shady hat completed her costume as she emerged into the brilliant July sunshine, and stood looking at the novelty, to her eyes, of a really well-kept garden. The peacocks were strutting about on the exquisitely smooth-shaven lawn, ablaze with its beds of shaded colour, not a leaf, not a petal out of place; the air was heavy with the scent of the gorgeous roses, which hung clustering in wasteful profusion; great masses of deepest crimson, pale pink, rose-coloured, yellow, and flesh-tinted, at almost every yard. But beautiful as it all was, it was not to her taste; it was too tame, too cultivated, too regular, but a poor substitute indeed for the grand playmate of her life, the great sparkling sea. How it must be shining and glittering to-day; how the waves would be dancing; how the clear sunlight would show out the little shrimps in the pools; how the granite rocks would glisten; how beautiful it would all look, and she was not there to see it! No; she must not think of it, or she should cry, and no one must find out how perfectly wretched she was. She would go and hide herself in those leafy woods, among the little birds and squirrels, away from these influences which only excited in her "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." How wicked she felt! Could she indeed be the same Winifred Smith who only this day week had stood on the rocks at Penruth?

So thinking, she wandered down to the lake, and stood fascinated by its crystal-clear water, by the great white water-lilies that floated on its surface. There was a boathouse close by, and in it the most perfect of boats. What would she not have given to have been able to unlock the chain, to have taken out the boat, and either rowed herself or drifted into the middle of the lake, and there, on her native element, as she called it, have thought out her thoughts? But she had no right to anything here, and she would rather cut out her tongue than ask the tiniest favour. She must be content to look and long; no, she would not even do that; she would go into the park among the deer, with their grand antlered heads, and sweet sad eyes, or creep away into the wood.

It was in this last that she eventually found herself. A feeling of repose, a resting of the strife within fell upon her, as she entered into its leafy shade, whence the glare of the sunshine was jealously excluded. Under her feet lay spread out a carpet of softest, greenest moss; from the root of every tree sprang large feathery ferns; there was a low hum of gnats and insects, a soft twitter of birds; all was hushed and still, dim and solemn as in church, as she threw herself on the mossy roots of a wide-spreading beech-tree, and buried her burning face in its cool depths.

Here she was, indeed, alone; here there was no culture. Her mind grew calmer, her thoughts, less rebellious, were all with her dead father; gradually they became misty and confused; a drowsy sense of wellbeing took possession of her, and, wearied out from a long night of wakefulness and tears, she fell asleep.

How long she remained so, she knew not; but she awoke with a sudden start to find herself no longer alone. Three pairs of blue eyes were being levelled at her simultaneously; two little golden heads were thrust forward inquisitively; two little hands were feeling her dress, whilst a third held her hat, which had fallen off and rolled down the slight incline on which she had fallen asleep. With her awakening start, the small intruders drew back a step or two, but still remained surveying her somewhat suspiciously.

"You little darlings!" she cried, kneeling up on the soft moss, and capturing one of the two small urchins; "tell me where you come from? Are you the fairies of these woods?"

"Me's Jim; dat is Tarlie. Please let me do."

"And who is that?" pointing to a little girl, taller and evidently older than the other two.

"I'm Molly. Roger is coming directly."

"Hulloa, babies! Where have you got to? At what a pace you scuttle away!" And, before she had time to recover from her surprise, Winifred saw the interlaced leaves of the low hazel-trees on her right part asunder, and a man's figure emerge from among them. All three children ran up to him at once, shouting, but Molly alone was intelligible.

"Oh, Roggie! we've found the Sleeping Beauty. She was fast asleep in the wood, and Jim wanted to kiss her only he was 'fraid to, and then she woke up."

Roger came forward with a smile, and lifting his hat, while Winny put on hers, feeling a sudden shyness come over her.

"I am so sorry the children disturbed you, Miss—Smith"—how far more appropriate was the babies' impromptu name of the Sleeping Beauty!—"Am I right? It was too bad of them to wake you this drowsy afternoon."

"I am very glad they did"—how did he know who she was?—"I am afraid—— Have I been trespassing?" with a sudden fear that she had unwittingly overstepped the boundaries of Colonel Everard's property.

"Not at all. This and a great deal further is all Colonel Everard's land. Of course you do not know your bearings yet. You are now close to the cottage—my cottage," with a smile. "Won't you come in and see my sisters?" I think they met you yesterday at the Manor, and they will be delighted to give you a cup of tea, this hot afternoon."

The kind manly voice, the genial words, made Winny look up at last, and rise to her feet, impelled by the earnest gaze of those steadfast eyes. Here was a human being, not an icicle; here was a man with a heart, or those children would never have clung so fondly to him; and yet she felt shyer, more stupid with him than with either Colonel or Mrs. Everard.

"You are very kind," she said at last, lifting her grave eyes to his, "but I think it is too late."

"It is only six, and you don't dine till eight. Won't you come?"

"Will 'ou tum and 'ee my wabbits?" and Jim, who had wished to enact the part of the Prince to the Sleeping Beauty, thrust the tiniest of hands into hers, and looked into her face with a pair of pleading eyes that a heart of stone could not have resisted. Winny stooped down and kissed him.

"Yes, darling, I will come and see your 'wabbits,'" she said; and gave Roger, at the same time, a little shy glance of assent.

"You have barely five hundred yards to go," he said, as the little party moved forward, and then suddenly turned to the right, where, the path sloping downwards, they found themselves emerging on to a soft velvety lawn. The children ran on to tell their sisters of the new arrival, and Kate and Alice rose from their low basket-chairs to welcome Miss Smith.

"I hope you have some good tea left, Kate," said Roger, after the first greetings, as he lifted a cat out of a chair to give it to Miss Smith.

"I'm afraid it is a little bit cold, but I can answer for its being good."

"I rather like cold tea, thank you."

The deep voice startled the two girls as it had yesterday, but it had already attracted Roger, who was extremely critical on the subject of voices.

Winifred sipped her tea and talked now and then, but chiefly to the babies, who were very anxious that she should come at once and see the "wabbits." A strange shyness had fallen upon her with these girls of her own age. In the course of her quiet isolated life, she had never had a friend or companion of her own age, never known a young man. Kate's bright sallies, Alice's low joyous laugh, Roger's chaff to his sisters, were like a new language to her; she enjoyed it, but she felt out of place, even more than she did at Colonel Everard's dinner-table. And yet Roger looked as though he might be very much in earnest, if he had a mind to be so; and what blue eyes Alice had, with such a sweet lovable mouth!

"You see, Miss Smith, we are making no stranger of you," said Kate, as her needle darted in and out of the stuff she was manufacturing; "but the fact is, these children tear their clothes so in the woods, that they have nothing fit to put on for Sunday, when they usually go up to the Castle to see Mrs. Everard, so Alice and I are working hard to get them something ready that will not tear."

"May—might I help you?"

The words came out so shyly, but Alice caught the wistful look in the eyes, and understood.

"I am terribly behindhand with Molly," she said, "and if you would put this band together, I should be so much obliged."

Winny took the work gratefully, and, her fingers employed, she gradually found the use of her tongue—not readily and easily like Kate, not prettily and airily like Alice, but with an earnestness and intensity that lent a certain gravity to the conversation, and gave, even to the information about the various families in the neighbourhood, a new colouring. And then they got on to books, and Winny had to confess, though without any tinge of shame, that she was wofully ignorant of modern literature. She could read Homer in the original tongue, but had never seen a work by George Eliot; knew pages and pages of Shakespeare by heart, and Tennyson and Browning but by name; had never read a novel but a few of Sir Walter Scott's, and was more learned in the Fathers of the Church, in Butler, Hooker, and Jeremy Taylor, than Kate and Alice in Mrs. Gaskell or Holme Lee.

"Now," said Kate, folding up her work, "you must come and see the 'wabbits,' or Jim will go to bed in-

consolable; and if we can lend you any books, we shall be delighted to do so. But, as I dare say you have found out already, there is plenty of literature at the Castle, of the most varied description, for Mrs. Everard lives upon novels—the trashier the better—and Colonel Everard reads the stiffest books in all languages, the very covers of which give one a headache to look at."

The domain was so small that it did not take long to reach the rabbits, and the children were quite satisfied with the admiration bestowed on their favourites, and consented to go to bed after Winny had kissed them, and declared that she too must be going.

"If you will come through the house, I can show you a short cut home," said Roger, leading the way to the drawing-room, a pretty, cosy room, smelling strongly of roses, and of which the walls, Winny at once perceived, were profusely adorned with water-colours.

"ARE YOU THE FAIRIES OF THESE WOODS?" (*p.* 68).

"Did you do those?" she asked Alice, her eyes lighting up with pleasure as she recognised that they were not without merit.

"I? Oh, no! I cannot draw. Roger did all those. He has been abroad a good deal."

"You see that great beech-tree, Miss Smith?" Roger was saying, standing at the window and point-

ing towards the park, "you must make straight for that, and then follow the path to your left, and you cannot go wrong. I will walk with you, and put you in the way of it."

But Winny was not paying any attention to his instructions; she was greedily devouring a crayon sketch of a woman's figure, the pose of which seemed curiously familiar to her, and underneath which was scrawled "Queen Vashti." The attitude was so easy, the figure so youthfully majestic, that it riveted her attention, and made her turn to Roger, with the first real smile he had seen on her face that afternoon.

"Ah!" she said, her shyness all forgotten, and a light in her eye that transformed her whole being, "is it not delightful? Should not you like to be at it all day long?"

"Yes," with ready understanding, "I am very fond of it, but I don't get much time for it now. I do not think I have touched a pencil for three months."

"And have you studied much?" The whole manner was so eager, so changed, that Roger could not but suspect that there was an object in her question.

"Very little, I am sorry to say," he answered.

Her face fell. "And yet you have accomplished *that?*" and her tone was one of deep despondency.

"That," as he pointed to his Queen Vashti, "is not at all wonderful. Between you and me, I think that in parts it is out of drawing. If I had studied much, I certainly ought to have produced something better. Nevertheless," he continued, as if to prevent her going away, "I must confess to its being one of my favourite compositions, for it is associated with a very jolly three weeks I once spent in a walking tour in the south of England. It was in Cornwall that I came upon the most primitive little village I ever saw in my life: a few little fishing-huts perched about among the huge granite cliffs, a little old Norman church, leaning all to one side, and as wild and desolate a piece of coast as it has ever been my fate to see."

"Yes?" The great luminous eyes seemed to grow yet larger as they fixed themselves interrogatively on his face; the breath came short and quick from between the curved red lips.

"And there it was," continued Roger, to whom the whole scene had become suddenly vivid, as his eye rested on the tall, black, draped figure before him, "that I saw Queen Vashti. She was standing on a rock, well out to sea—just as you see her there—her figure clearly defined against the sky-line, but her face invisible to me. I was so struck with the apparition, in this desolate corner of the world, that I sat down then and there and sketched her. I was in a desperate hurry, for I was with two other men, and they wanted to push on; but by a lucky hit I caught the attitude at once, and there is the result. You wonder, I dare say, at the name I have inscribed below it, which, although appropriate enough to the figure, is not so to the surroundings. I had finished my sketch, and put it up, and we were hurrying through the village as fast as we could walk, for we had a long stretch before us to the next town, when we suddenly came upon an old man shuffling along with his basket of fish on his back. The wind had risen, and was blowing great guns, and it was almost as much as we could do to keep our feet. Nevertheless, such was my curiosity that I stopped him to ask the name of the unknown young lady, who was still standing on the rock, not having altered her position, I believe, by one hair's breadth. The old man was deaf and stupid, I was impatient, the wind was howling and moaning, and all I could catch of the answer were its last words, 'I calls her Queen Vashti.'

"'And a very good name too,' cried one of my friends, seizing my arm and dragging me on. 'Call her Queen Vashti by all means, the name suits her down to the ground, for be she who she may, there is something very regal about her, and as you will never see her again, "what's in a name?"'

"That was how I came to scrawl 'Queen Vashti' on the margin, and to this day I do not know who she was."

Throughout this narrative Winifred had neither moved nor spoken beyond that one "Yes?" of interrogation. Her mind was far away from Tranmere. She was once more at Penruth, standing on her favourite rock, watching the little fishing-boats in the distance, rejoicing in the waves that came dashing against her outpost, covering her with a shower of silver spray. With an effort she came back to the present, to encounter Roger's earnest gaze fixed upon her—a puzzled, mystified gaze, which seemed to remind her that it was very late, and that she must be going home. How easily she could have given him the clue to his "Queen Vashti"—for she felt no doubt as to who she was. But her shyness had returned in double measure under his grave questioning glance, and with it an inability to speak.

Suddenly the stable-clock at Tranmere rang out the half-hour, and she started with horror to find how late it was.

"Colonel Everard is punctuality itself," and Kate alone detected the curl of the lip, and the scornful glance, as she uttered the hated name. "I must be going at once. No, don't come with me. I shall run the whole way. Good-bye," and she was off through the window before the two girls could stop her. Roger ran after her.

"You are going the wrong way," he shouted, as he led her out by a little side gate, though she never relaxed her speed. "Straight to the beech," he said. "Here comes Colonel Everard himself, so you are in plenty of time. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, and thank you," and Winny stopped for one brief second to give him her hand, before she sped off again; time enough, however, for their eyes to meet for one swift moment.

Slowly and meditatively he walked home, and re-entered the drawing-room, to find the two girls gone up-stairs to the children.

"I am sure of it," he murmured to himself as he took up his post at the window, "I could swear to it. Miss Smith and Queen Vashti are one and the same. Could any two heads be placed on their shoulders

with the same queenly grace? No, no; there is but one Queen Vashti—and, after all, I have seen her again." Strangely enough, the smile had faded out of his face, to be succeeded by an involuntary sigh, as he slowly and reluctantly quitted the window, and made his way up-stairs.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

"WHERE IS MY MOTHER'S PICTURE?"

WINIFRED had been at the Manor a fortnight, and had grown accustomed, to a certain degree, to the daily fret, the hourly rubs to her proud spirit. She had made up her mind to her lot, but it was nevertheless gall and wormwood to her, and she never lost sight of the one aim and object of her present existence—to get away some day, and be free—free to earn, however toilsomely she did not care, her own bread: free to leave this hated Manor, where the very air seemed to stifle her.

One of the pet visions of her life had melted into thin air lately, adding yet another disappointment to her already full heart. Standing or sitting on the sea-shore at Penruth, she had dreamt away many an idle hour in ever the same castle in the air, wherein she saw herself an artist rising step by step, very slowly, but gradually, to fame and riches, able to help her father, and give him the comforts he had foregone for so many years—herself happy beyond words in her art.

She had never questioned how all this was to come to pass: it had been a dream and nothing more, but a dream which had assumed a more tangible shape when she found she was likely to be left alone in the world, and penniless. Confronted now with the stern reality of dependence, the fair fabric broke down altogether, as, with a maturer judgment, she understood that to be an artist requires years of toil and study, and that for that she must be possessed of some means.

So she gave it up, resolved that she would wait patiently and submissively till she was twenty-one, and then seek a situation as governess, and shake the dust of Tranmere off her feet. Meanwhile, as her request for some work to do seemed to be either forgotten or overlooked, she would make herself useful in any way that presented itself, and try and still the gnawing pain at her heart, by busying herself in some shape or form. Mrs. Everard was not slow to avail herself of her presence in the house. It suited her invalidism to have some one able and willing to do everything for her, and, as Colonel Everard had foreseen, she soon began to lean entirely upon Winifred. The relations of the uncle and niece to each other were very curious. Each, unknowingly to him or herself, was observing the other, experiencing constant surprises as some unexpected trait of character would develop itself, maintaining throughout a reserved and formal intercourse, which did not tend to remove the rooted dislike on Winny's part.

And yet she was not insensible to the fact that, try as she would to deny it, Colonel Everard was possessed of many good qualities, and further, with a woman's quick instinct, that he was a disappointed man. She would catch herself wondering whether he had ever loved Mrs. Everard; for she could see that, in spite of his sometimes marvellous patience with her, he had no warm love for her. And how entirely he lived to himself! He never, by any chance, spoke of his interests, his occupations, his affairs, and yet they were numerous. He was apparently busy all day; the letter-bag of a morning would pour forth such a heap of divers-coloured and shaped envelopes, all addressed to him, as made his niece open her eyes with astonishment; he was punctuality itself at the magistrates' or any other county meetings, and from breakfast till dinner his womankind saw but little of him.

Winny had been handed over completely to Mrs. Everard; her uncle had, as it were, said, "I have given you a home, I have kept my word, you must ask nothing more of me." So, at least, she chose to interpret his conduct, and it looked like it.

So she spent her long days with her aunt, writing letters for her, arranging flowers, finishing off work, driving out in a big London landau for miles along hot dusty roads; always willing, obedient, gentle—and wretched. The life of luxurious do-nothingness, of perpetual self-restraint after the happy freedom of her own home was poison to her. Here there was nothing to be done but to wait on Mrs. Everard's somewhat capricious wishes, to listen to her gentle, fretful complainings of her husband, of her health, of the world altogether, and try and not stamp with impatience, as she frequently felt inclined to do.

She was happiest and unhappiest in church: happy in the services that are the same whether in Cornwall or Northumberland, whether in England or India, where English people are met together; miserable in the overwhelming memories that would come over her there, as she would stand, kneel, or sit, and her father's voice would once more sound in her ears, and she would fancy she could hear the boom of the waves at any pause in the service.

On Sundays, too, the Champneys would come up to the Manor; there would be afternoon tea on the lawn, Colonel Everard's severe face would relax into a smile as he and Roger would stand talking together on all the topics of the day, and Winny would find herself straying away in mind from Kate and Alice's airy talk to listen to the two men's graver conversation.

Since that first day at the Cottage, she had seen but little of Roger, yet she could not shake off the impression of those earnest questioning eyes, or the remembrance of the story of Queen Vashti; and now and then, as she sat by the side of Mrs. Everard through her long drives, a smile would rise on the white, sad face, as she would wonder if he had yet guessed that she and Queen Vashti were one and the same. But if she remembered the little incident, recalled it again and again, with all its attendant memories, Roger seemed altogether to have forgotten it. Perhaps he was offended that she had in no way responded to his puzzled look of interrogation, perhaps the whole history had passed from his mind; at any

rate, whenever they had since met—which had been in company—although he was always courteous, he seldom addressed her individually. She did not wonder at it much, although unconsciously she had looked forward to the same informal intercourse that had marked their first interview; it seemed to her so perfectly natural that she should be as one apart, outside of this new world in which she felt so strange.

She would make the tea, and talk to the children, her great allies, telling them long, wonderful stories of mermaids and mermen; whilst Roger and Colonel Everard would be deep in the coming elections, and Kate and Alice would be discussing with Mrs. Everard the propriety of holding a tennis tournament on the lawn.

Those were pleasant days, with the scent of the roses and the hum of the insects in the air, and Alice in her bright, prettily-made cotton dresses would look like some sweet flower, as she would place herself by Winny's side, and insist on drawing her into conversation whether she liked it or not, breaking through the fence the girl erected around herself, and winning her heart by her gentle obstinacy. The afternoon would always terminate by a visit to Colonel Everard's shorthorns—a treat for which all parties loudly clamoured, and to which Mrs. Everard alone openly declared her indifference.

For three whole weeks now the Everards had been by themselves; the many bed-rooms had been vacant; they had sat down night after night only three at dinner, and it had been, as Kate and Alice said, exceedingly dull at the Manor. Winny had no idea that this unusual seclusion had been on her account, and that her uncle had had the delicacy, although he had never alluded to the death of her father, at the same time not to force her into society which would be uncongenial to her.

But now the period of retirement was to come to an end, and Mrs. Everard was bemoaning herself that she would soon have the terrible fatigue of entertaining people she did not care about. Winny sympathised with her heartily. In her grief for her father, she would fain have hugged herself in her solitude for many months to come. The great world had, she told herself, no attractions for her; she did not know these people; she did not want to know them; they would only despise her; her manners would not be all that they should be, and her hated uncle would smile in that intolerably satirical manner which made her detest him more than ever.

It was the day before the guests were to arrive. There had been a thunderstorm in the morning, in which Winny had revelled, listening eagerly for the great claps, and seeing in her mind's eye the lightning playing over the rushing surging waves at Penruth; but which had driven Mrs. Everard to bed with a nervous headache. It was bright and clear now; there was a soft delicious breeze playing through the trees, and Winifred had seized the opportunity of being alone for the afternoon, to fetch her sketching-block, and climbing the hill in the park, to sit down and try to make a sketch of the old Castle.

She had begun to draw now, freely and happily, secure in that she had seen her aunt asleep, and her uncle gone off to Meriton, less than an hour ago; the afternoon was all her own, and she had even ventured to bring out with her one of those books, the very covers of which gave Kate a headache, Colonel Everard's own special literature. She felt rather like a schoolgirl who had escaped from her mistress, and was in that frame of mind that, had her temperament and circumstances been different, she would have liked to commit some innocent folly out of sheer bravado and defiance. As it was, she sat herself down soberly to sketch in the outline of the keep, and had just completed that part of her drawing when she heard a step behind her.

Some one stooped and picked up the book that lay beside her, and a deep voice, the counterpart of her own had it been a woman's, addressed her.

"I did not know you drew."

In a moment Winny had slipped into her armour.

"No?" she answered coldly.

The long white fingers were laid on her sketching-block, and before she had time to recover from her surprise Colonel Everard was looking critically at the few strokes before him. Winny put out her hand for her property, with a somewhat heightened colour, but it was not returned to her.

"I do not pretend to draw," she said, "I only amuse myself. I have never learnt."

"It was his turn to say "No?" this time, still gazing at the outline before him, with a coolness which exasperated his niece past all bearing.

"You have some talent," he continued at length. "Mr. Champneys is a good artist; he might give you some hints."

Winny breathed more freely; she had thought her uncle was going to offer her some lessons, and she would, sooner than increase her obligations to him, have been forced to refuse her heart's desire.

"By the way," he said, looking at the book he held in his hand, "if I were you, I would not read all the literature I found at the Manor indiscriminately; this magazine, for instance, contains much that is valuable and instructive for me, but many of its articles and most of its opinions are not quite suitable for the perusal of a young lady of your age. I think you will find your aunt's book-box more in your line."

"I am very sorry," and the deep hazel eyes, that intended to look so meek, blazed wrathfully. "I ought not to have taken it. I will not transgress again. Shall I carry it back now?"

"There is no necessity for that. You are welcome to any books in the house; only let your choice be made with discretion."

She answered nothing, only held out her hand once more for her drawing-block. Colonel Everard returned her property, and in so doing his eye fell on two almost worn-away gilt letters on the old well-used leather back. "W. E." stared him in the face, and, as he saw them, he hastily returned it, and was about to walk away, when his niece detained him by a gesture so unwittingly imperious that instinctively he stopped.

"What is it?" he asked, and there was a gleam in his eye, as he thought to himself, "Has my lady brought herself already to ask me a favour?"

"Colonel Everard"—the brave eyes looked straight into his—"where is my mother's picture?"

Her uncle started as had some one let off a pistol close to his ear, then recovered himself at once, his anger roused by his niece's amazing audacity.

"Mrs. Smith's portrait," he answered slowly and deliberately, and returning Winifred's gaze with a haughtiness that did not abash her in the least—"Mrs. Smith's portrait is banished from the Everard family pictures, as she banished herself from all connection with her family."

"But I am not an Everard," she cried, "I am a Smith. I am proud to be a Smith, and as such I am sufficiently plebeian to possess a heart, and I want to see my mother's picture. If it is there," pointing to the house, and her tone suddenly cooling down to one of quiet determination, "I mean to see it."

For one moment Colonel Everard stood in admiration before her, and then once more there flashed into the corners of his mouth that shadow of a smile that had such a bad effect on the hot-tempered girl before him.

"That is not a becoming way to speak to me," he answered coldly, and turned again to go away, but Winny stood in his path, and once more faced him in all the beauty of her just indignation.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "I did speak improperly; I did forget myself. I remember I have no will, no rights now. But the fact remains the same that my mother was Winifred Everard; that her portrait was taken as such, and that it must be there unless—unless you have destroyed it."

"No, it is not destroyed," with cool nonchalance; "it is, as I have told you, banished, forgotten. You had better not try to find it. And now let me give you one word of warning. Never mention Mrs. Smith's name in my house and presence again."

"Never mention my mother's name in her own home! As though every room, every shrub, every tree did not speak of her. I have often heard her say that the Everards never forget."

"Did she add, 'and never forgive'?" he asked her.

"No," she cried, "my mother was an angel, and she could not credit her relations with such feelings. She hoped against hope to the last, and, although she was an Everard, she forgave."

Colonel Everard slightly winced.

"This is quite enough," he said. "I have told you my wishes. Mind that they are obeyed."

The words of her promise, "unquestioning obedience," flashed across Winny's memory, and she smiled bitterly.

"You need not fear but what I shall obey you," she responded. "Do you think I am likely to mention my dear mother to you again?"

For all the defiance of this, her last word, there was something suspiciously like a sob at the end of the sentence; but Colonel Everard did not heed it, if it were there. He turned on his heel, and left her, standing tall and upright as a young fir-tree, the fire died out of her eyes, her hand fallen wearily to her side.

Through the grass, among the tall beeches and elms, and the low-spreading thorn-trees, he strode, without once turning to look at the girl who had dared to ask him questions. How beautiful she was! Her mother, in all her sweet loveliness, had never been so beautiful as this, her plebeian daughter, whose name was Smith, but then how infinitely more attractive she was!

And with that memory Colonel Everard quickened his steps, and resolutely put it from him, as he had for the last nineteen years, turning however to give one rapid glance towards the park as he reached the house.

There was a long black streak on the grass where he had stood a few minutes ago; a black spot close by, which he could easily distinguish to be a hat. Its owner lay stretched on the grass, nothing visible of her save a massive coil of burnished hair. Something like an expression of pity passed over his countenance.

"It is a great mistake," he murmured to himself, "to have feelings. Emily is a wise woman, to whom a tame parrot will bring comfort, whereas that girl"—and he shrugged his shoulders, then added, with an amused smile, "How intensely, how cordially she hates me!"

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

A FAMILY PARTY.

"AND so, George, you have acted the part of the good Samaritan after all, and have given an asylum to Miss—Smith?"

"Yes."

Frank Everard was standing out on the lawn with his brother—he, his wife, and daughter having just arrived from the Meriton Station.

He was a small, neatly-made man; his fair hair sparsely sprinkled with grey, his blue eyes set near his nose, his light moustache curling over the mouth, which was the plainest part of his face—a mouth which, at first sight, gave one the impression of good temper, but on closer inspection had about it a hungry look, that was not absolutely pleasant. A good-looking man, people called him, when they saw him by himself, but whose good looks were quite overshadowed when he stood by the side of his brother, who towered a head and shoulders above him.

They were all on the lawn together, standing about, as people do when they first arrive, talking about nothing in particular, Frank's eager eyes taking stock of the inheritance which would one day be his, or his son's, whilst a little apart sat the two sisters-in-law, who did not love one another, but who were both too well-bred to be otherwise than friendly. Mrs. Frank Everard was a tall, fine-looking woman, energetic and bustling, the mainspring of her family, who had very little patience for her sister-in-law's lackadaisical ways.

For the last month she had been feeling a little uneasy as to the advent of Miss Smith at Tranmere, and she and her husband had eagerly seized this opportunity to come and see all about it for themselves.

Meanwhile she and Mrs. Everard had drawn up their chairs close to one another, and were discussing the circumstance in all its bearings.

"And where is Miss Smith?" asked Frank, reverting to the topic that was, just now, uppermost in his mind. "What kind of a person is she?"

"You will see her for yourself in a few minutes; she is doing something for Emily just now," and Colonel Everard turned to his sister-in-law with an unusually gentle expression of countenance.

"Where is little Con?" he asked, "is she quite knocked up by her journey?"

"She is resting just now, but she will be down here soon; you won't keep her long away from you, George."

"Uncle George!" cried a fresh young voice from the little side door that led to the garden; and Colonel Everard turned round to see a small figure standing in the embrasure, ready to step out on the lawn. "Here I am," and limping over the grass, Constance Everard came up to her uncle, confidingly put her two arms round his neck, and kissed him with all her heart.

"And I am very glad indeed to see you, my dear, looking, I think, better than usual. You will be growing quite strong soon."

Constance shook her head, as he gently placed her on a low wicker *chaise longue*, where she could rest comfortably after her journey, and himself sat down by her side.

The head that reclined on the bright scarlet cushion placed for its support was a singularly attractive one. Had it not been for the look of delicacy that pervaded the sweet childish face, you would have said that it was the very counterpart of the fair Greuze-like portrait that hung in solitary desolation in the attic up-stairs. There was the same bright laughing eye; the same half-parted lips, showing the two tiny front teeth, that projected ever so little; the same masses of auburn hair, framing in a face as transparently pale as her aunt's had been bright with health and happiness.

"And do you know why I am come here, Uncle George?" she asked.

"To see me and your aunt, I suppose," he answered.

"Yes, certainly, but there is yet another reason. Can't you guess?"

"No, indeed I can't, unless it is to eat the last of the strawberries."

"You are too bad. Why, I am come to canvass for you! You don't know how eloquent I shall be. I shall go to all the people and tell them the welfare of the country depends on whether you are returned or not. Oh! what fun it will be! Aunt Emily, we will have out the fat cobs, won't we, and go together?"

This was the first word that had been said respecting the coming election, and Constance was the only person who had dared to hint at the fact that Colonel Everard's return was not as sure as it had always hitherto been.

"You are welcome to canvass for me to your heart's content, my dear," he answered, "provided you do not ask me to do the same."

"I suppose you feel quite safe, George?" asked Frank, looking at his brother with his ferrety eyes.

"No, Frank," put in Mrs. Everard, "George does not go the right way to work to make himself safe. He is too high-handed with the farmers, and then he takes no trouble about it. He won't canvass himself, or let any one else do so, and there are Browne's people canvassing morning, noon, and night."

"That is a mistake, George," said his brother.

"Perhaps it is. At any rate, it is one I intend to continue. Every one knows who and what I am, what opinions I hold, and so on. I have addressed my constituents *en règle*, but I never was, and never shall be, a good hand at eating dirt. No," he added, "now that Constance has arrived, I feel my cause is in good hands, and I shall not trouble my head about it any further. You will find a coadjutor, little one, in Alice Champneys, who has a pair of blue eyes that make her an admirable canvasser. "She and her sister, like you, think it great fun. There is no accounting for taste."

"And what part does the new-found niece take?" asked Mrs. Frank.

"Here she is to speak for herself," answered her brother-in-law, as Winifred came walking over the grass towards them. Frank put up an eyeglass and surveyed her critically as she approached, whilst Constance whispered to her uncle—

"Oh! Uncle George, why did you not tell me how beautiful she was?"

A little constraint fell on the party as she stepped in among them, and Colonel Everard alone rose.

"Frank," he said, "this is — Miss Smith. Let me introduce you."

Frank put out a flabby hand, which he withdrew somewhat hastily as Winifred raised her two grave eyes and looked him in the face. Yes, he was exactly like his letter.

Mrs. Frank, never at a loss, came forward with a hearty energetic shake of the hand, that was refreshing after her husband's nerveless greeting; and Con, with sudden alacrity, rose from her sofa, and surprised her cousin by taking hold of her two hands and, standing on tiptoe, lifting up her pretty face to be kissed.

This was absolutely bewildering. Winny hardly knew what to do. Gravely she bestowed the expected embrace, and with quivering lips—the only indication of her inward agitation—asked her aunt if she should make the tea. After she had taken up her position at the table, they all settled down tolerably comfortably, though Winny was painfully conscious that her new uncle's eyes were continually fixed on her, whilst she, in her turn, could not take hers off Constance. The latter had resumed her position next to Colonel Everard, and was rattling away merrily, not in the least overawed by her uncle, who smiled

and laughed as Winny had never seen him during the whole three weeks that she had been at Tranmere.

"Winifred," she cried, in her pretty voice, and Winny started to hear herself at once addressed by her Christian name, "you and I will start off canvassing the moment we have had breakfast to-morrow, won't we? There is no time to lose, so we must begin at once. It is all very well for you to smile, Uncle George, but you will laugh outright when Winifred and I have secured you your majority of votes."

Uncle George was nearly laughing outright now, so much was he tickled by the idea of Winny canvassing for him, as he waited to hear what she would answer. She grew violently red, then white, and Con looked on in amazement at these changes in her countenance. After all, what a simple question she had asked!

"I do not think I can go with you," came out the low, deep tones at last. "I am not on Colonel Everard's side. If I canvassed at all, which in any case I should not care to do, it would be for Mr. Browne."

Frank once more put up his eyeglass, for one moment literally to stare at this remarkable young woman, Constance turned to her uncle with a look of blank amazement and horror, and Mrs. Frank lifted her eyebrows and glanced at her sister-in-law. Colonel Everard alone continued to sip his tea without moving a muscle of his countenance, whilst the culprit herself became quite absorbed in her duties as tea-maker.

"I suppose politics run very high in—in—Cornwall?" at length sarcastically remarked Frank.

"I do not know. I never heard them talked about."

"And yet you are all for Mr. Browne! Oh, Winifred, how dreadful!" said Constance, once more finding her tongue. "I myself do not pretend to know anything at all about them; but, of course, whatever Uncle George thinks is right."

"Constance," said her uncle gravely, "Winifred is not a little butterfly like you, who is content to follow those who are older and wiser than she is. She is an *esprit fort*, who thinks for herself, and she has arrived at the conclusion that South Loamshire would be better represented by Mr. Browne than by myself."

Winifred had remained white and immovable during this speech, and did not attempt to take up the cudgels in her own defence. She said no word, although they all turned round and looked at her, as though expecting an answer, which did not come; and Mrs. Everard finally put an end to the discussion by saying in her fretful tones—

"I do not think women ought to understand politics, it is not at all feminine, and George says they always talk nonsense about them."

Every one laughed, and the cloud that had threatened to gather dispersed in lighter topics. Colonel Everard and his brother wandered off in earnest conversation together, promising to bring Con some peaches, and Winifred took her uncle's place next to her cousin.

Her heart was very sore. She felt more like an outcast, a pariah, than ever; but how could she help it? She would have given anything to have won the affection of this new cousin, so like her dear mother, and now she had utterly disgusted her; so she sat down in silence, finding it in her heart to envy Con her sweet, bright nature, her happy, youthful smile.

"How I envy you!" broke in her cousin's voice suddenly upon her meditations.

"Envy me?" No galley-slave could have expressed more intense astonishment.

"Yes, you. When I saw you come walking over the grass just now, I felt envious for almost the first time in my life."

"How strange! You know nothing about me, or you would not envy me."

"I know quite enough about you. I know that you are beautiful and strong, and have the use of all your limbs; that you are clever too, and that you live at this lovely Tranmere, and that, if I do not take care, you will fill up my place with my dear Uncle George."

"And do you envy me for this? Why, Constance, I would not only change places with you, but with the poorest woman in this village. Also you need never be afraid of my taking any one's place with Colonel Everard; he, very naturally, dislikes me."

"Why don't you call him Uncle George?"

"Because I existed eighteen years without his taking any notice of me. He is no uncle to me."

Con opened her eyes; she had only been allowed such glimpses of the family skeleton as were considered good for her, and had no idea of its proportions.

"Well," she answered, "if you knew him better, you would never speak in that way of him. There is no one like him to my mind. If you abuse him, I shall quarrel with you, Winifred, and so I warn you."

Winny smiled, such a sad smile that Constance's heart was touched even before she said—

"I am not likely to do that. Am I not living in his house, dependent on his bounty? I was wrong to say as much as I did; I promise you I will not repeat the offence. And now won't you tell me all about yourself and your brothers and sisters?"

This was a theme on which Constance could be very eloquent. The eldest of a family of nine, there was much to tell of her little brothers and sisters; of their life at Aldershot; of their many moves; of the few years of her babyhood that she could remember in India; of the accident that had rendered her a cripple; all of which she related with an openness that astonished her cousin, who had so much difficulty in unclosing her lips on the subject of herself.

The two sisters-in-law had risen from their chairs and walked to a little distance where Mrs. Frank might uninterruptedly ask questions about Winifred, whose appearance, to say the least, had been a shock to her. It was really unpardonable of Miss Smith to be so handsome, whilst not one of her own children had inherited the Everard beauty and dignity in all its perfection.

"I do not quite envy you, Emily, the new-found niece," she was saying, dismissing abruptly the lamentations over domestics in general, in which Mrs. Everard was indulging, "she makes me think of Lady

Macbeth, Charlotte Corday, and all those uncomfortable women in history who were bent on making themselves notorious."

Mrs. Everard had never in the whole course of her life been known to understand the faintest approach to a joke. She looked seriously alarmed now.

"You frighten me, Susan," she said; "do you know, there is something in what you say. I have once or twice seen her look really fierce."

Mrs. Frank laughed.

"My dear Emily," she said, "please do not take me *au pied de la lettre*. I did not mean to say that Winifred is likely to present herself one day to you with a dagger and a bowl; no, what I intended to convey was that her walk, her figure, her general appearance gives an idea of strength of will and purpose, which does not prevent her from having a really sweet expression of countenance, but which will probably make her a difficult girl to manage."

Mrs. Everard sighed heavily, but was prevented from making any further response by the reappearance of her husband and brother-in-law, accompanied by Roger Champneys, which was a signal for Con to break off her narrative abruptly, and for Mrs. Frank to advance with a bright smile of welcome on her face.

"LIFTING UP HER PRETTY FACE TO BE KISSED" (*p.* 74).

"Mr. Champneys! Who would have thought of seeing you here? Where did you drop from?"

"Not from very far," responded Roger. "What! did you not know that I am Colonel Everard's agent?"

"No, indeed I did not, though how it was never mentioned to us I cannot understand. There is Constance; you remember her, don't you?"

"Of course I do. How do you do, Miss Everard? I have been expecting to see you, sooner or later, ever since I have been here."

"Uncle George, why did you not tell me Mr. Champneys was here?" cried Constance, with a vivid smile of pleasure, which did not escape Winifred. She immediately rose and, quietly vacating her chair by her cousin's side, slipped away to make room for Mr. Champneys.

But Roger did not take the tacitly proffered seat; he was standing at the sofa's side, looking down on the pale face, and noting how the child he had known formerly had changed into a very pretty girl. He was joined by Colonel Everard, who came up with a basket full of large ripe peaches, which he deposited in Con's lap.

"There, my dear child!"

"Do you expect me to eat all these?" she asked. "I am not quite so greedy. Mr. Champneys, you sit down and have one, and then we will talk about old times."

"You speak as though you were fifty, Con," said her uncle; "your old times with Mr. Champneys must be when you were in the nursery."

"The schoolroom, if you please. Our old times are schoolroom teas, are they not, Mr. Champneys? I do not believe you have quite made out yet, Uncle George, that Mr. Champneys was in father's regiment."

"Yes, I have; I knew it all along; but, to tell you the truth, I had quite forgotten it till your father came to a standstill just now, up in the Park, and stood pointing in dumb amazement to Roger, who was walking across. Then there was a good deal of explaining, and apologies on my part for not having mentioned the fact, both in letters and conversation."

"Then, as you are penitent, you shall have a peach."

Soon the rest of the party had gathered round the sofa; all the details of Roger's old regiment were gone into; the various changes related, its history minutely discussed, till he was finally sent home to fetch his sisters, for all three to come back to dinner. Yet no one seemed to miss Winifred.

She was up in her room, busily at work, sitting just behind the window-curtain, from which point she could see, without being seen, the party on the lawn.

She was thinking of all that had passed just now; of Con's bright smile, and the warm greeting that had passed between her and Roger; of her love for her uncle, and her vehement words in his defence. What a hypocrite he must be, with a heart like a nether millstone, to pass for the kind good uncle to a cripple girl, whilst his own sister had been left to poverty and penury!

She rose and folded up her work, and just opened her door to listen if they were come up-stairs yet to dress for dinner. They were coming now. She could hear Constance's laugh, and then Colonel Everard's rejoinder—

"Let me give you an arm, little one; you ought to have had a room on the ground floor. I will speak to your aunt about it."

Together they were advancing, his strong arm supporting her, stopping on Winny's landing.

"To-morrow we shall have some guests, which will make it more amusing for you," he was saying. "Let me see, dear, how old are you now?"

"Seventeen, Uncle George—growing quite antique."

Winifred shut her door with a sigh. Constance seventeen! She had taken her for about fifteen. Why, she herself was only eighteen, and it seemed to her that there lay a lifetime between them both. But then Constance had not lost both father and mother; she was not utterly alone in the world; she was not—dependent.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

A NEW YEAR'S DAY IN JAPAN.

THE Japanese have more than twenty fanciful names by which they designate their beautiful country, but the *sobriquet* which to a foreigner seems the most fitting is certainly the "Land of Holidays." No excuse is too trivial for a Japanese to make holidays, and when he does not make them himself, the Government politely steps in and makes them for him. Thus, one day in every six, called *ichi roku*, is a statute holiday; so is the third day in every moon, whilst the list of national festivals commemorative of great men or of great deeds is simply inexhaustible. If a great man dies amongst us, we commemorate him by a monument in Westminster Abbey: if a great man dies in Japan, he is remembered by a holiday; so that what with the mythical great men who are thus remembered, and the historical great men who have died during the past 5,000 years, it is a little difficult to find a day of the Japanese year which has not the name of a celebrity attached to it; just as, in glancing down a Roman Catholic calendar, we find that every day has

its particular saint. But the greatest day of the year, the festival *par excellence* of the people, the festival into which is compressed the essence of the fun and enjoyment and happiness of all the other days put together, is the festival of the New Year. We may be familiar with the celebration of the day in Paris or New York, but the proceedings there are tame and lifeless when compared with the spontaneous outburst of rejoicing which characterises New Year's Day in Japan.

Preparations for it have to be made weeks beforehand, both public and private. The father of a family has to select and purchase the presents which it will be *de rigueur* for him to make, not only to his own family and his intimate friends, but to every one with whom he has been brought into the slightest business contact during the past year; the mother must see that her children's new dresses are ready, and that the domestic arrangements for the great festival are in order; the damsels must decide in what fashion the *obi* or sash is to be worn, or whether beetles or butterflies are to be *en règle* for hair-pins; the servants are already cleaning and sweeping out the house, so that it may present a spotless face to the New Year; the tradesman ascertains that his books are duly balanced, so that he may start afresh with a clean bill of health; and so on, through all grades and classes of society.

In the streets we may notice the effervescence long before the actual day. Coolies stagger along the streets beneath loads of bamboo and green-stuff, whilst carpenters are already hard at work fastening the festoons of leaves and flowers along the fronts of the houses; not in irregular patterns, if you please—there is no such a thing as independence of ideas in Japanese street decoration. Every house must be like its neighbour, so that although different streets may adopt different forms of ornament, each house in each street will be found to resemble its neighbour in the smallest detail. The cake shops and the toy shops and the finery shops are crowded, whilst the shops which deal with the sterner necessities of life are comparatively deserted.

But this effervescence is nothing to the grand burst on the day itself. There is nothing picturesque in an English holiday crowd, simply because of the complete absence of colour. We are a practical people, and we have found out that sombre attire assorts well with sombre skies; but in Japan the eye is simply bewildered by the ever-moving streams of colour which lighten the darkest streets, and as Japanese houses are of an uniform brown colour, a big city may be fairly represented by one great brown smudge. Early in the morning—that is to say, early for the Japanese, who by no means harmonise in their ideas with the name given by them to their country, the Land of the Rising Sun—the streets are thronged by a crowd of men, women, and children, each one of whom has his or her newest garments on, and all of whom are bent upon the one errand of paying visits.

The old "first footing" custom of our "north countree" finds its replica in this fair land, 15,000 miles away. To be the first visitor is considered as auspicious, as to be late is considered the reverse. And it is strange to observe the orthodox manner of paying a visit. The object of the visit—generally the master of the house, as his family are abroad discharging their social duties—is seated gravely on the mats at the back of the room which opens on the street; a tray with wine and sweets on one hand, and the inevitable charcoal brasier on the other. To him a visitor comes, carefully shaking off his clogs at the door; he prostrates himself upon the extreme edge of the matting, his forehead touching the mats, and his hands placed under his shoulders. Delivering himself of a few guttural sounds, he moves forward a few inches, and indulges in another prostration, and so on until he is within a couple of feet or so of the recipient of his politeness. The latter then addresses him in a language of compliment and self-abasement which is simply untranslatable, but the drift of which is that he is utterly unworthy to be the object of such attention from such an honourable lord, and that in all humility he begs that he will accept a cup of wine. The still prostrate visitor declares himself to be so utterly beneath contempt as not to think of taking such a liberty; but he invariably does so, as a real refusal would give offence, and in a few seconds the pair are engaged in familiar conversation.

Before taking his leave, the visitor drops, as it were by accident, his New Year's gift, neatly tied up in paper by gold thread, and with a renewal of gutturals and prostrations, backs himself out, and proceeds to his next house of call. This goes on in all directions throughout the morning, during which time the number of pipes smoked—each pipe, it should be borne in mind, consisting but of a couple of whiffs—and cups of wine drunk by the visitors are simply incalculable. At mid-day there is a general adjournment for feasting on a sufficiently sumptuous scale, although nothing in comparison with what will follow later in the day.

After the meal the streets are, if possible, more crowded than they were in the morning, for the calls have all been made, and every one is at liberty to go abroad. The temples are now the chief objects of attraction, and for hours their approaches are completely blocked by a chattering, laughing, gesticulating, singing, and shouting crowd. An English mob might learn a salutary lesson from the behaviour of a Japanese crowd. We may spend the entire day in the streets without seeing a single instance of drunkenness or riotous behaviour, or without hearing a single angry or offensive expression. Fun there is plenty, and a little horse-play, but every one is good-humoured and happy, and the positions of the few policemen scattered about are certainly sinecures. The noise about the temples is deafening; above the clatter of the clogs on the stones, above the Babel of voices, the ceaseless sound of cash rattling into the temple coffers, and the ringing of the bells which summon the god to attention, are heard. Service there is none, although the filthy, shaven priests are there to keep an eye upon the offerings of the faithful. Each man or woman advances to the coffer, throws in his or her handful

of copper cash, bows the head for a few seconds in prayer, and the next moment is laughing and joking with the friends below.

In truth, Japan has been rightly called the Paradise of Children. In all directions, upon the day of this festival, we meet them, from the two-year-old slung upon its mother's back, to the knowing little miss of twelve all radiant in new garments, her hair carefully pomatumed and plastered, and garnished with fanciful stuff and pins, her lips tipped with gold, the three lines of brown skin showing through the powder on her neck: her *obi* of the brightest colours, her socks of the whitest, and her clogs shining with brand-new black varnish. Kite-flying and battledore and shuttlecock playing are *de rigueur:* shuttle-cocks darken the air, alight on the noses of passers-by, fly about in all directions, pursued by shrieks of laughter and shouting which it does one's heart good to hear.

And so the mirth and revelry continue until the peerless blue sky grows darker, and the last rays of sunshine have deserted the great red roofs of the temples; the streets are gradually deserted, the house-shutters are pulled close, and the sounds of jollity issuing from every house proclaim that the great feast of the day is in full swing: a curious feast, according to our ideas; sweets to begin with, probably candied sea-weed and ginger; then slices of raw fish, fried fish, boiled fish, followed by pork or chicken soup, finishing up with cakes and sweetmeats *ad libitum.*

The wine-shops are full of great sturdy fellows waxing merry over measures of "Flower in full bloom," or the "Wine of three Virtues;" the tea-houses are crowded, and the noise therein of twanging guitars and revelry is deafening. A little later and the streets are crowded with folk bound to the theatres, for your Japanese citizen is a blind votary of Thespis, and will sit until the small hours of the morning, absorbed in the adventures of the Forty-seven Rônins, or roaring with laughter at the broad jokes of the "Bewitched Kettle." And with the next day he resumes his ordinary life, conscious of having done his duty to himself, his neighbours, and his country, by a faithful, though in many respects by no means wise or profitable, observance of the New Year's Festival.

A NEW CITY OF HEALTH.

IT seems that at last the Government of New Zealand is becoming alive to the great importance of the medicinal springs and hot lakes of their North Island, as they have determined to found and establish a species of National Hygeia in that district, where it is hoped the sick of all nations will flock to be cured by the healing waters. The new city is called—for it is already established on paper—Rotorua, after the celebrated lake upon whose southern shore it is to be built. The site of the city is chosen with singular happiness; not only is it among the most valuable of the springs, but the view of the lake obtained is very beautiful. A large expanse of clear blue water, on which seems to float the island of Mokoia, surrounded with hills densely clothed with the evergreen forest of New Zealand, lies in front of it; on one side is Ohinemutu, the old Maori town, with its countless hot springs and lakelets; and on the other Whakarewarewa, with the magnificent geyser that sometimes throws an enormous volume of boiling water high into the air.

Plans of the town are already drawn, and a good deal of the land has been sold in lots for building and other purposes, and the erection of houses has doubtless commenced before this, the forests upon the opposite side of the lake affording an almost unlimited supply of most excellent timber for that purpose. The Government has, with wisdom, marked off large reserves for recreation and sanatorium grounds, which, as this is especially designed for a health-resort, will eventually be of the utmost importance. A medical superintendent has been appointed, who will see to the sanitation of the new city, and who will also, doubtless, be of great service in overlooking the erection of suitable baths.

It would seem that the scheme possesses every element of success. Not alone are the waters known to be more efficacious than any others, there is also the exquisite scenery of the whole district, and the wonders of the hot lakes, geysers, and terraces, the wild weirdness of which is unequalled through the world, which will attract, doubtless, many travellers thither. It is only lately that the Government has been enabled to make terms with the Maori possessors who, till quite recently, have considered it their policy to retain a strict seclusion in this district. Of late years, certainly, travellers have been enabled to visit the hot lakes, but the natives have held absolute possession, and have shown a jealousy in the preservation of their rights, and a strong determination to resist the encroachments of the *Pakehah* (the white man), that are somewhat singular when the freedom with which they parted with so much of their land is considered. For a long time they would have nothing on their lakes but the uneasy, if trustworthy, native canoe,

and the visitor had to be satisfied with the comforts, or discomforts, of a Maori *wharre*, or hut.

But *nous avons changé tout cela*, and now that an English town is to be built close to the famous village of Ohinemutu, with its quaint houses, rich with carvings, and a railway, execrated of artists, to connect it with Auckland, the change will be still greater. There is a certain element of sadness, that would not be felt perhaps by a stricter utilitarian, in thus desecrating with the commonplaces and uglinesses that always go hand-in-hand with European occupation a place that has so long been free from any vulgar detraction from its beauty. One regrets the grand loneliness of the place, that will be broken up by the bands of holiday-makers and sight-seers, and that the Maori, to whom this has been so sacred a spot, should have sold his birthright to the *Pakehah*. But when one thinks of the mighty blessing of health restored to untold numbers of suffering humanity by the very waters that have flowed until now comparatively to waste, such considerations as these must necessarily vanish, and nothing remain but wishes for the success of the new health-city.

The region that is marked by the innumerable hot springs that flow in all parts of it is a large one, commencing at the Bay of Plenty on the north-east coast, and extending south-westerly as far as the two great mountains, Tongariro and Ruapehu, where the volcanic district may be said to end. From Tongariro, an active volcano, to White Island, in the Bay of Plenty, which is another, half hid in the sulphurous fumes that eternally hang about it in strange veils and festoons of vapour, is about 150 miles; thus this fiery region is fitly bounded at either end by a mountain itself of fire. But it is not the hot springs alone that constitute the charm of this wild land; the many lakes which lie amongst its mountains are its chiefest glory. Rotomahana, Rotorua, Taupo, Rotoiti: all are names synonymous with grandeur, mystery, and beauty; while the Waikato River alone gives more enchanting scenery, with its falls and grand cliffs and sudden rapids, than can elsewhere easily be found.

The river is of an exquisite colour; so clear and green, that where it flows round the numerous islets that interrupt its course, one scarce can tell where the verdure of the vegetation ceases and that of the water begins. The Huka Falls in this river are exceedingly lovely, although in size not of the greatest grandeur; the river for some miles descends over rapids, and then entering a narrow gorge, is confined suddenly between high cliffs of rock, all verdant with graceful ferns and lycopodium, that the constant spray and moisture keep fresh and green through the hottest months of the hot New Zealand summer. Rushing madly along between the narrow walls, and vainly beating itself into sheets of foam, the river nears the verge of the falls, and shoots in a glorious cataract of raging water into the clear basin that awaits it below. From thence it flows, calmed and peaceful again after the plunge from the heights above, in broad reaches dimpled here and there with laughing eddies.

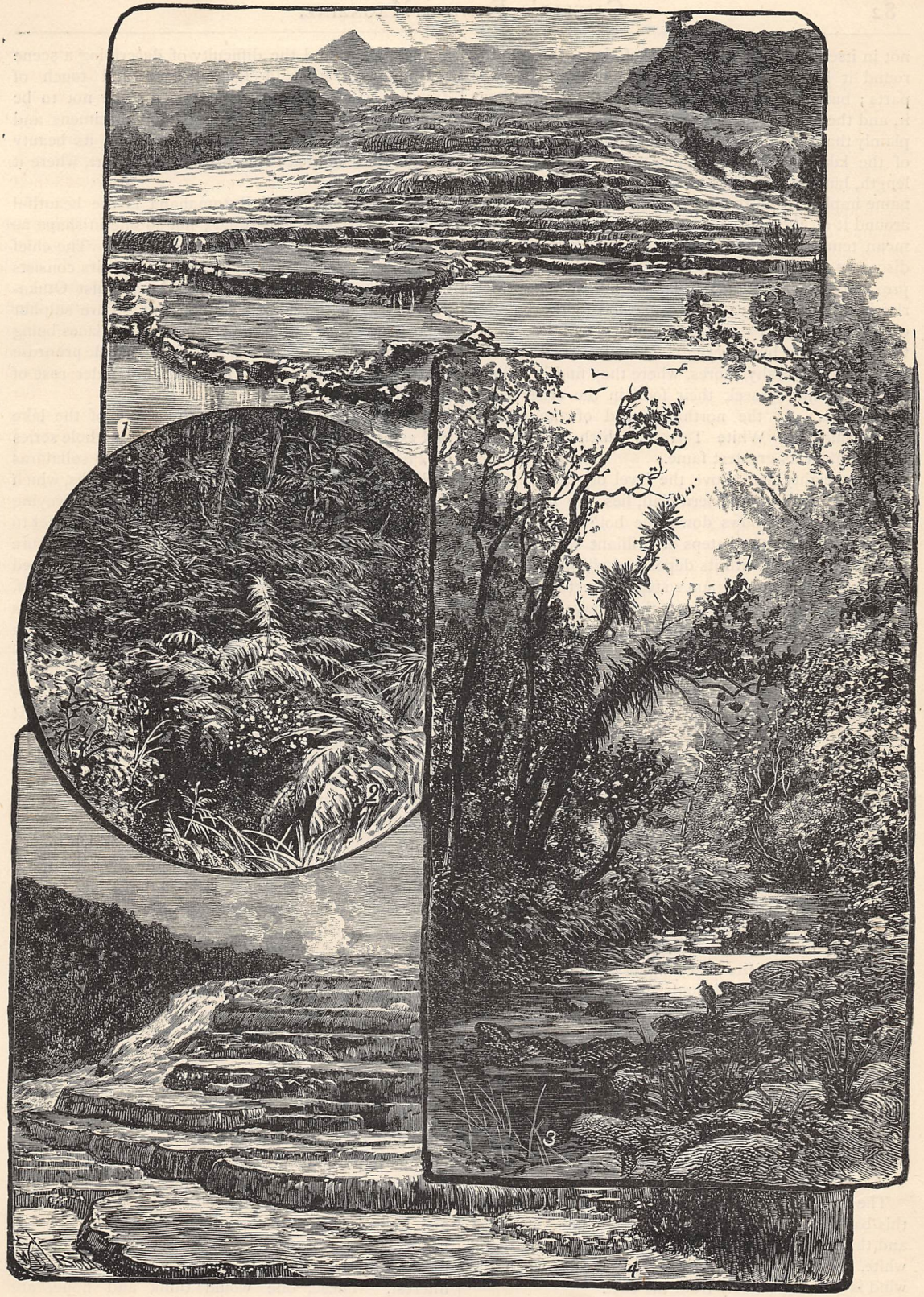
There is a strange legend attached to this spot, as there always seems to be to similar places all the world over. It runs that a party of Wanganui Maoris, seventy in number, were visiting this part of the island, and in a mad spirit of bravado, excited perhaps by the hoarse voice of the cataract and the wild surging of its waters, they challenged the resident Tapuaeharuru Maoris to dare the falls, and descend them in their canoe. This they declined to do; so the Wanganui men, with a foolhardiness born of vanity, entered in full array their long canoe, and paddling along at their greatest speed, exciting one another with their frantic cries, they reached the awful gorge, where in the whirling waters their canoe was sucked under and sunk. Only one Maori escaped from the seething pool below to live to tell the tale.

The dim great forests of this part of New Zealand, too, possess a majestic charm that once felt is for ever acknowledged, so mighty are its trees, and glorious the grand umbels of the ferns that grow here with greater richness than in other part of the world. Great lianes of supple-jack entwine the trees in places into one almost impenetrable mass, and parasites of exquisite beauty, ferns and hoary mosses, clothe the trunks in a grand wild drapery. Here and there some giant of the bush has fallen a victim to the insidious *rata*, which has enfolded it with its creeping stems, and using its support to gain the upper air and sunshine, it, snake-like, stifles with its embrace the very thing that gives it strength to live. When the time of flowering comes it bursts out with a glorious profusion of bright crimson blossom, standing, flaunting as it were, in the mischief it has done, but standing hollow-hearted. The holy silence of the bush is almost undisturbed save for the occasional musical call of some *tui* to its mate, and this clear bell-like note serves but to make the ensuing calm profounder.

In the early morning when the stars still shine, though the first lilac of the coming day tinges and flushes the east, the whole forest resounds with the music of the birds. The first act of these beautiful creatures, awaking to new life as each joyous day breaks with promise of light and warmth and pleasure, is to chant a hymn of praise in that dim primeval temple where they are the only choristers; but when the sun is wholly up and the day in full earnest commenced, the throbbing throats are silenced and the daily work begins.

From Taupo, the most southern of the lakes, Tongariro and Ruapehu form a most magnificent spectacle, standing as though twin sentries at the entrance of this wild land; snow-clad when first seen by the writer, and flushed rose with the light of the setting sun as the clouds drifted apart; as if conscious of their beauty, at the day's decline, they drew the veil that hid them and blushed to see the sun. Oftener their summits are obscured with the clouds which their snows condense from the moisture-laden air; and at these times they seem almost more impressive than when fully exposed to view, so solemn seems the silent majesty with which they bear the burden of their crowns.

Rotomahana, the most celebrated of the lakes, is



A NEW CITY OF HEALTH.

1. OTUKAPUARANGI: THE PINK TERRACE. 2. TANGLED UNDERGROWTH. 3. A BUSH-STREAM. 4. THE HOT CASCADE.

not in itself so beautiful as many of them, the country round it being less wild and rugged than in other parts; but the heavy clouds of steam that hang about it, and the strange aspect of the ground around it, tell plainly that it is a lake apart. It is one of the smallest of the lakes, being not much more than a mile in length, but the whole of its waters are quite hot, as its name implies, from the hot springs in it and the many around it on the shores, whose waters flow into it; the mean temperature is about 80° Fahr., but one soon discovers that it varies very much according to the proximity to, or distance from, the hot springs which rise in it, whose positions are marked by the bubbles of rising gas. No fish nor mollusc can live in it, the Maoris say, but a very great number of water-fowl frequent the marshy shores, where they find brooding-places, having to seek their food in the other lakes and rivers. At the north-east end of the lake is Te Tarata, the White Terrace, which has gained Rotomahana its greatest fame.

About eighty feet above the level of the lake, on a great hill, verdant and fern-clad, lies the huge cauldron from which flows down the boiling water over the great terraces and steps of brilliant white marble which it builds up with its deposit of siliceous rock as it flows. These great giant's steps project far into the lake itself, whose waters lave their lowest stair; on either side the green fern and tangled growth of the hill approach quite near, contrasting superbly with the vivid white of the marble and the turquoise-blue of the water which lies in each of the terraced basins. The great font at the summit, backed by its red and crater-like wall, from whence flows the stream, is about eighty feet long and sixty broad, and is always filled to the very brim with the perfectly clear water whose crystal transparence, suffused with the light reflected from the pure white stone of the basin, shines like some great jewel, bright with heaven's blue. The terraces near the summit are four, five, or six feet deep, but each one grows less and less as they approach the lake; every level surface contains its several pools of turquoise water which, flowing from the edges, has formed a glorious mass of stalactites chiselled into exquisite overhanging cornices of frosted work like festoons of drifted snow. It almost looks as though some great cascade, when dashing wildly down the hill over shelves of rock, had been stayed in its course, and the water plunging wildly down the terraces with every spot of its spray and fleck of its foam turned suddenly to stone. Great clouds of light steam rise from the cauldron, now revealing parts not seen before, then obscuring them again as quickly, which, floating gauze-like, half hide the hill beyond, with an effect as beautiful as magic.

The Maoris say that at times the whole contents of this basin are thrown out in a huge volume of water, and that then the sides and bottom are seen fair and white. This occurs, they say, but rarely, when the wind is blowing fiercely from the east.

Think of all this beauty shining in the intense light of a clear New Zealand day, the azure vault above a blue so intense, and yet ethereal, that the eye finds rest in piercing it, and the difficulty of describing a scene so unique in its wild magnificence and touch of *diablerie* will be recognised. It is a place not to be measured and paced, and chipped for specimens and tested for heat, but to be looked upon, and its beauty taken with delighted reverence into the heart, where it will rest for ever.

At the other end of Rotomahana is the beautiful Pink Terrace, Otukapuarangi; not so fine in shape as Te Tatara, it is still a most glorious object. The chief difference between these two great altar-stairs consists in the colour, Te Tatara being white, whilst Otukapuarangi is of the softest salmon tint. Pure sulphur deposits are found about it, the ground in places being encrusted with its delicate crystals, whose pale primrose contrasts most exquisitely with the still paler rose of the stone.

Between the terraces, along the shore of the lake and extending back for some distance, is a whole series of *Puias*, as the active geysers are called, solfataras and large springs of hot water suitable for baths, which the natives use, they having a method of conveying water from one of the cold springs along a channel to a hot one, thus making a hot bath of any temperature desirable; the flow of cool water being easily stopped by damming up the stream with fern or a sod of turf. But the finest baths are to be found on the terraces themselves, where in the different basins any depth may be found, and any temperature too, for, commencing quite cool at the bottom, they gradually get hotter and hotter as the summit is neared, where the water is boiling. In places, near the mud volcanoes, the crust of hard earth is so thin over the bubbling that it seems as though a heavier tread than usual would break it through. Accidents have been frequent and it is wise to follow strictly in the footsteps of the Maori woman who often acts as guide.

Tarawera lake is near to Rotomahana, which indeed flows into it, and is perhaps one of the most beautiful in the whole district; it is overshadowed by the mountain of the same name, whose rugged heights and wooded sides give a majesty and grandeur that are wanting in the others. The word Tarawera means "burnt cliffs," the Maori giving some name to every locality either descriptive of its appearance or of its products and uses, and burnt cliffs are very characteristic of the place, for great bare crags almost surround the lake. The woods about Tarawera, too, are very beautiful—so dense and green and dim.

It seems almost foolish to have attempted a description of this very marvellous country, for truly all words must fail to convey a true impression of its wonders; but perhaps enough has been said to show that, besides possessing waters of the most astonishing curative properties in rheumatic and skin disorders, and indeed almost every ill that flesh is heir to, the new town of Rotarua lies in the midst of scenery the most attractive, which is full of a great and unique interest. These, one would think and hope, are sufficient to insure the success of the last undertaking of the energetic New Zealand Government.

ALFRED ST. JOHNSTON.

A BLUE ENAMEL RING.

A SKETCH-STORY. BY THE HON. K. SCOTT.

EVERYBODY knows Eastbourne, at least almost everybody—its blue or stormy sea (as the case may be), the long rows of houses, the Parade, the band playing, the smart people lolling on chairs, the invalids wheeling about, the sunny brightness, the green Downs, the red poppies. "Very unromantic-looking place this!" say I to Honor. Honor, who is reclining against an iron railing in one of the wastes at the west end, smiles softly out of her long, oval, brown eyes. "Unromantic! I don't know. I don't see that it is particularly."

"What! All these houses, one exactly the same as the other; that horrid huge hotel half finished; that waste of ground, nothing nice in it but those poppies—even the long grass waves about aimlessly; and that bare church with a sort of railway embankment leading to it: oh, Honor, it's hideous!"

Honor only smiled again, turning her brown eyes up the hot, bare, dusty road, down which trotted an elderly lady with a bag, short, fat, and with spectacles.

"There is Mademoiselle! Perhaps she is a romance!"

"Certainly, the last person I should think had any romance about her," remarked I, as Honor advanced to greet her.

Honor had a thirst for knowledge at this time, probably for the sake of three little trots who scrambled up the steep stairs after Mademoiselle, eager to learn their few words of French.

"Coq-li-cot, coq-li-cot," the sweet little voice of No. 1 was saying slowly over and over, while I, in a state of semi-sleep from the heat and glare, reposed idly in the arm-chair. A pretty picture, too, in this very lodging-house-like room: Mademoiselle peering through her spectacles; six blue eyes gazing at "Maman," she translating freely from the newspaper, but at this moment apparently much puzzled for a word. "Mama, mama, you don't know your lesson!" with glee from the "coqlicot" voice; but Honor's eyes are fixed on a blue enamel ring on Mademoiselle's fat white finger, and all the hesitating was only Honor indulging in her romantic curiosity!

Mademoiselle's colour spread up from the soft pink cheeks to her forehead, and Honor, conscience-stricken, turned to the row of blue eyes, saying laughingly—

"Run along, little trots; how can I do my lessons with all of you staring?"

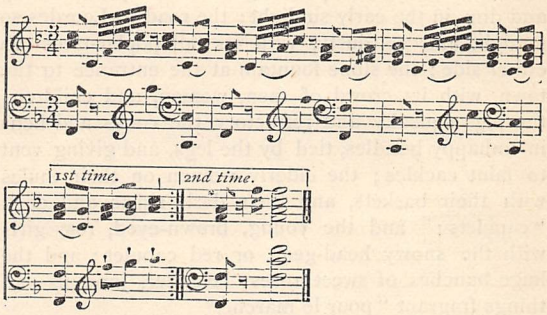
"I wonder what story belongs to that blue enamel ring," pursued Honor, after the lesson was over.

"Story! oh, Honor! none. Mademoiselle! why, she looks as prosaic as most things here," returned I.

"But she caught me looking at it," continued she, while with her gentle eyes she followed Mademoiselle's retreating figure up the scorching road again—brown alpaca, black cloak, brown bonnet, brown veil, the little bag, and the contented trot, all vanishing in the distance.

"Romance! romantic!" continued I lazily out of the depths of my arm-chair. "What do you mean by a romance, Honor?"

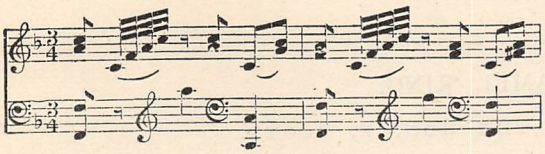
"Something lovely where one thinks it's all ugly; something refreshing where one imagines it's all dusty." Honor was now leaning on Hepburn's broad shoulder, and smiling up into his kind face. No doubt, something in it made Honor able to express her ideas of romance so glibly.



Over and over went Honor's slender fingers in this old French air, some weeks after, and the French air was the key to Mademoiselle's romance.

* * * * *

A château near Pau, with the snowy peaks of the Pyrenees cut clear against the sky, the roses hanging in thick clusters over grey stone walls; in the distance the croak, croak of the frogs; on the terrace, leaning over the stone balustrade, and smiling down on some one, a young girl with thick plaits of brown hair, tied together with a red bow, a red sash on her white gown, and the rosy sunset light spreading over her sweet face. Below, a tall, rather grave young man, with blue eyes, thick fair hair, and very white teeth. Inside, the lights are burning; at the piano is "Madame," tall and rather stately, playing on and on—



Catherine is opening the "jalousies," which have been baking all day in the sun, and as she does so catches a glimpse of Mademoiselle's face—Mademoiselle, her own Mademoiselle. "Mais! comme elle est belle! Ah! mais! c'est quelquechose de nouveau!"

Catherine, about fifty, hard and stern—ah! Catherine, you had a revelation then of a world you had never dreamt of! Up the stone steps came John Grey, whose grave young face was transfigured too, by something besides the sunset light. On, on went Madame.

Softly—loudly—softly again, and old Catherine gazed still. Mademoiselle's hand was in John Grey's, and the sweet jasmine blossoms mixed with the rose petals were falling on her, off the gable at the end.

"It is right—it is all right, Marie—thank God!"

Catherine saw no more. Madame played on. The soft May wind whispered through the trees. Mademoiselle and John still walked up and down, till the stars came out, and Madame, ceasing her playing, called from the window, "Mon enfant—ah! *Mes* enfans," and Catherine brought in the coffee and the fruit, and still her Mademoiselle looked beautiful, with a new beauty, and on her soft white hand was a blue enamel ring.

* * * * * *

Pau, on a Monday morning! have you seen it as it was twenty-five years ago? The Pyrenees rosy and dim in the early sunlight; the road to Lourdes so straight and so dusty, with its tall poplar-trees on either side; the stone fountain at the entrance to the town, with its crowd of men, women, and children; the pigs squeaky and refractory, the cocks and hens in unhappy bundles, tied by the legs, and giving vent to faint cackles; the elderly women on their mules with their baskets, and their dark skirts and dark "capulets;" and the young, brown-eyed, rosy girls with the snowy head-gear, or red capulet; and the huge bunches of sweet roses, lavender, jonquils—all things fragrant "pour le marché."

Along the dusty Lourdes road came three figures—John Grey; Mademoiselle, rosy and fresh in her pink muslin, and a shady hat with a rose in it; Catherine slowly following in her white cap. It is all beautiful, all happy and sunny! Only an old man with crutches, and blind, sits on a heap of stones. "La charité, Monsieur, s'il vous plait, la charité." On the other side of the road, a little cripple child hobbles to a tumble-down cottage. John's hand is in his pocket: "Poor old chap, he's blind, he must have something." "Que Dieu vous bénisse!" mutters the old man, and recommences, "La charité, s'il vous plait, la charité."

"And not ma petite?" says Marie smiling up at John; "she too looks sad, and so little; ah! yes, ma petite, quelquechose pour toi," as she rolled an orange towards the cripple.

"If I were blind, what should I do?" John was saying to himself; "*blind* and could not work for you, nor even *see* you, Marie!"

"Oh, John! please, *please!* but why do you say such things?" And Marie looked up piteously, and yet with a beaming incredulous smile, into John's large grey-blue eyes.

The fountain is splashing quietly, the pigs and the poultry have gone on to the market, and only a few of the women are left, washing off the dust, and laughingly putting on their "sabots," and adorning themselves for the town. "Il est beau!" says one to another, as the young Englishman, with his sunny hair and fair complexion, passes with his brown-eyed Marie. Then the two turn up a little "allée," and at the iron gate, leading up to the château, they part.

Catherine discreetly walks on, having seen Mademoiselle safe within the home portals.

"Three or four weeks, John, and you will be here again? It is "au revoir," John, *so* soon! and I must say adieu, John, or good-bye, your good-bye. John, which is best?"

"It is all the same." The sweet face was looking up into John's, and he was devouringly drinking it all in. "Yes, Marie, I shall be back then, and see you again. God bless you, my beloved! back in four weeks at latest."

Four weeks! And it was five years before those hands clasped each other again; five years before Marie saw John; and never, never more did his grave, far-seeing blue eyes look on her.

* * * * * *

Honor is still playing the French air at Eastbourne. The little "coqlicot" voice is saying, "Aunt Kitty, is this a nice poem for me to learn—is it a hymn or what? Very slowly the little voice goes:—

"'I will love, love, love,' said the child;
'For all that I love—I keep;
Death may come, or sorrow,
But I will love—though I weep;
For love is the only thing that lives
In the land beyond the sun,
And all that I love will be safe there,
When this short life is done!'"

Mademoiselle, by the table, with the slates and the French grammar, was deathly white, and as the music ceased, and the childish voice went solemnly through the poem, a choking sob came from her lips. Honor was at her side directly with a glass of water, and the little "coqlicot" child and I left the room.

How blinded we may be! I, sitting in the arm-chair, saw only a quiet little elderly lady; heard only a soft, tender, French air; and the little elderly lady was a young Marie in France, and the château garden, the blue enamel ring, the parting under the big chestnut-tree by the iron gate, were all passing before her eyes! No wonder Mademoiselle was pale; no wonder she gave a little sob!

Honor heard all the story, and repeated it to me on the chalky grass near the dull church, with the sweet wind blowing on us from the Downs.

John Grey was a barrister, and a rising one, and one week after he parted from Marie he was at a little inn,

on circuit; a fire broke out, and John was energetic in his help. All were safe but one little maid in the garret; John rushed back into the burning house and saved her, but in doing so a burning beam fell on him; some injury was inflicted to one eye; he was ill for months, and the sight was gone, not only from one, but both. The local papers had a thrilling account of the accident, every one talked of him, and then every one forgot. He had done his duty—he had saved a life; his own life was marred and spoiled, and no one remembered how, or why, but God and the angels.

"Mon père" said the engagement must be broken off. John had nothing, and now he could not work; and when "mon père" died, Marie had nothing either. "Ma mère" went to friends in Paris, and Marie came to England as governess, and toiled on for years. Occasionally she saw John. His life was beautiful; he did all he could, comforting, helping, teaching. Marie knew his heart was hers, but though "ma mère" would have allowed the marriage, there was nothing for them to marry on, and no hope of anything coming. Madame grew infirm, and Marie took to daily teaching at Eastbourne that she might be with her. Years of patient toil—years of hopeless love! "Ma mère" had died the year before, and Mademoiselle was trotting about doing her daily duty.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Honor, "setting sums, teaching French verbs, so lonely, and such a disappointed life! and yet it is *lovely*, it really *is* a noble life," repeated she. I mourned with Honor, and agreed that she had found a romance, and a very sad one.

But this was not the end. Some days after, Honor hurried into the little sitting-room, her cheeks aflame, and one of her thick coils of golden-brown hair escaped from its fastenings and hanging down her back, a great sign of excitement on Honor's part.

Hepburn, quietly reading the newspaper, looks up almost anxiously to see what can have happened.

"Oh! I've such news! only think! Mademoiselle's story is coming right at last!" gasped out Honor, and then proceeded to explain that John Grey had had a fortune left him, a very good one, and he was coming—coming after all these twenty-five years to claim his Marie for his wife! It was not surprising that Honor's back hair had fallen down with an excitement like this! "John" came and stayed at my forlorn hotel, which instantly became transfigured in Honor's eyes. Yes! his was a face that would transfigure a very dull spot. The fair hair was growing grey, the slow grave smile and the white teeth were the same as ever, the eyes were gone, and he walked with that peculiar gait of almost all blind people, as if he were always looking up for some lost light. Never again did I call Eastbourne prosaic or unromantic!

Two or three weeks afterwards, on a sunny forenoon, Honor, Hepburn, and I stood inside the bare church; before the altar was John Grey, and by his side was Mademoiselle. The brown alpaca Mademoiselle was gone. She now wore a soft pale pink cambric. "Let me think, you have the colour that I last saw you in," said John, so she was his "Marie" again: a black lace shawl, twisted round, and a soft pink bonnet, with one rose in it; and behind her were the two elder trots with large bunches of white roses. No. 1 seemed entering into something wonderful that had befallen Mademoiselle. No. 2, with widely open blue eyes, was mostly interested in gazing at John Grey, and wondering if his eyes were *always* shut. As for Honor, there was a dimness over hers, and I believe over Hepburn's too, as they stood in the porch; while No. 3, in her perambulator, showered many-coloured roses in Mr. and Mrs. Grey's path. Did it matter that twenty-five years had passed since the blue enamel ring had been put on the slender young finger? Did it matter that Marie was elderly, and no longer the bright young girl? Did it matter that John's thick curly hair was grey and thinned, and his eyes closed? He had got the light of his eyes again; he had worked and waited patiently with no hope of any joy in this world, and Mademoiselle had done the same. "No!" says Honor, in decided tones, "it does not matter one bit; it is beautiful; they have loved and they have trusted, and the love has made all their lives beautiful, and *now* they are happy, and Eastbourne really *is* a very interesting place!" These were Honor's reflections as the fly with the bride and bridegroom drove off along the chalky road. The trots were clamouring round mama. "Did not you say we were going to have a cake because Mademoiselle is married?"

Hepburn is quietly remarking, "I suppose we shall have to come to Eastbourne every year for more excitement." And Honor is laughing at the trots, and smiling at Hepburn, and saying, "Oh, no! *never*, because nothing could ever again be like Mademoiselle and her blue enamel ring."

MY JOURNEY WITH THE KHEDIVE.

BY HIS HIGHNESS'S FORMER TUTOR. IN TWO PAPERS.—SECOND PAPER.

THE morning after our arrival at Assouan, as I was leisurely dressing, there came a message, "His Highness is starting." I had no idea what "starting" meant, but in two minutes was on deck, and found we were all going towards the Cataract. It was barely eight o'clock, and it is not pleasant to travel under a burning sun without breakfast; but the chance of reaching fine scenery was too good to lose. Four large eight-oared boats rowed us across to Elephantine Island, where the ancient Nilometer was visited, and other ruins. Thence we went steadily up-stream, among scenery that became at every stroke more and more interesting. On the right was a long line of hills, showing here and there

a dark rock through their cover of bright, golden sand—sand so golden that at first one thinks the colour some passing illusion of the light. On the left, near the water, were flats, from which jagged and broken crags rise and slope away to the mountains beyond. The mountain-tops are generally crowned with tombs or ruins, and often on the face of a water-worn boulder one noticed some old hieroglyphic—the cartouch of a Ptolemy or Alexander. Crowds of Arabs followed us along the shore, and astonished us by their skill in climbing up and down precipices where there seemed no footing even for a cat. The river became more winding and narrower as we advanced, till at last the force of the current, shut in between close walls of rock, was too strong for rowing. Then the Khedive landed, and the party climbed hill after hill in search of the best view. A geologist would have revelled in the extraordinary variety of stones lying at our feet: all sorts of most beautiful granite, quartz, syenite (which, by the way, takes its name from Syene, the old Greek name of Assouan), and other stones to me new and nameless. At last we reached an eminence from which the Nile was again visible, but it was nothing like the Nile we had seen beforehand. One looked across what seemed a great lake lying below, sown thickly with small rocky islands on which palm-trees were gently waving; between the islands the blue water was rushing in hundreds of smooth channels, or foaming in rapids among huge boulders that blocked the way, and a continuous roar was sounding. The lake was enclosed by cliffs and hills, with every point and line thrown out clearly in dazzling sunshine. One felt the scene could never be forgotten—in fact it made one forget the want of breakfast.

Philae was our destination for the afternoon; the island lies above the Cataract, and His Highness resolved to go by special train, for there is a railway, though travellers are not generally aware of it. The station is some way from the town, but the ride was worth making, as it lay through some palm gardens, where tall sunflowers in full bloom under the palms made a picture to enchant the lovers of "high art" among us. The gardens gave way to groves, the groves to desert, before we alighted at the station. There nothing was visible but a short, empty, luggage train. This, however proved to be the "special." The railway was only made for goods traffic round the Cataract, and has not a single passenger carriage. Four trucks decked with palm branches and filled with chairs served for the escort and the rest who were not lucky enough to be invited by the Khedive into the guard's van. I was among the favoured few. The van had been set with flags outside, and hung with silks and mirrors inside, so that it made not a bad state saloon: and the Khedive, like an English prince, is amused at having to rough it occasionally. Half an hour's jolting through the desert brought us opposite Philae, and a steamer was waiting to take us across to the island, that lies in mid-stream, almost covered with ruined temples. We walked through all, admiring the perfect preservation of every colour and curve that had not suffered wanton destruction: for it is only destruction, not decay, that can spoil the monuments of Egypt. Even so the ruins seem, as it were, to have worked into their place, to have become part of nature, as they stand now in magnificent repose, the centre of a scene for romantic beauty and interest perhaps unequalled in the world, and viewed by us under all the splendours of an Egyptian sunset. This alone was worth our 600 miles' journey from Cairo, and formed its fitting climax.

In the evening His Highness remained on board the steamer, where the band played such operatic and other music as from time to time he commanded. Several of the suite were honoured with invitations into his presence under the awning; and the Khedive was kind enough to order some English music, on behalf of the only Englishman present with the expedition. It was a strange sensation to sit there in the soft Eastern night, sipping coffee out of gold cups studded with diamonds, and looking on the blaze of lanterns among the palm-trees, as one listened to familiar home airs splendidly rendered so far in Africa. "God save the Queen" came in due time, and by a curious though of course accidental coincidence, was accompanied with a loud salute of cannon. Then followed Italian and French pieces. But the state of dreamy pleasure which the whole scene produced was soon rudely changed, as a powerful native band struck up within a stone's-throw of the steamer. The discord was enough to tear the strongest nerves; but it was well meant—it is a way they have of showing honour—and the Khedive bore it all with great good-humour, though he is very fond of good music. And even when a solitary Arab came down to the water's edge, and beat with loyal fury his tom-tom, tin-kettle, or other execrable instrument, he was allowed to din away unmolested. He seemed to be supremely happy, only he had not the art of conveying his emotions to his audience.

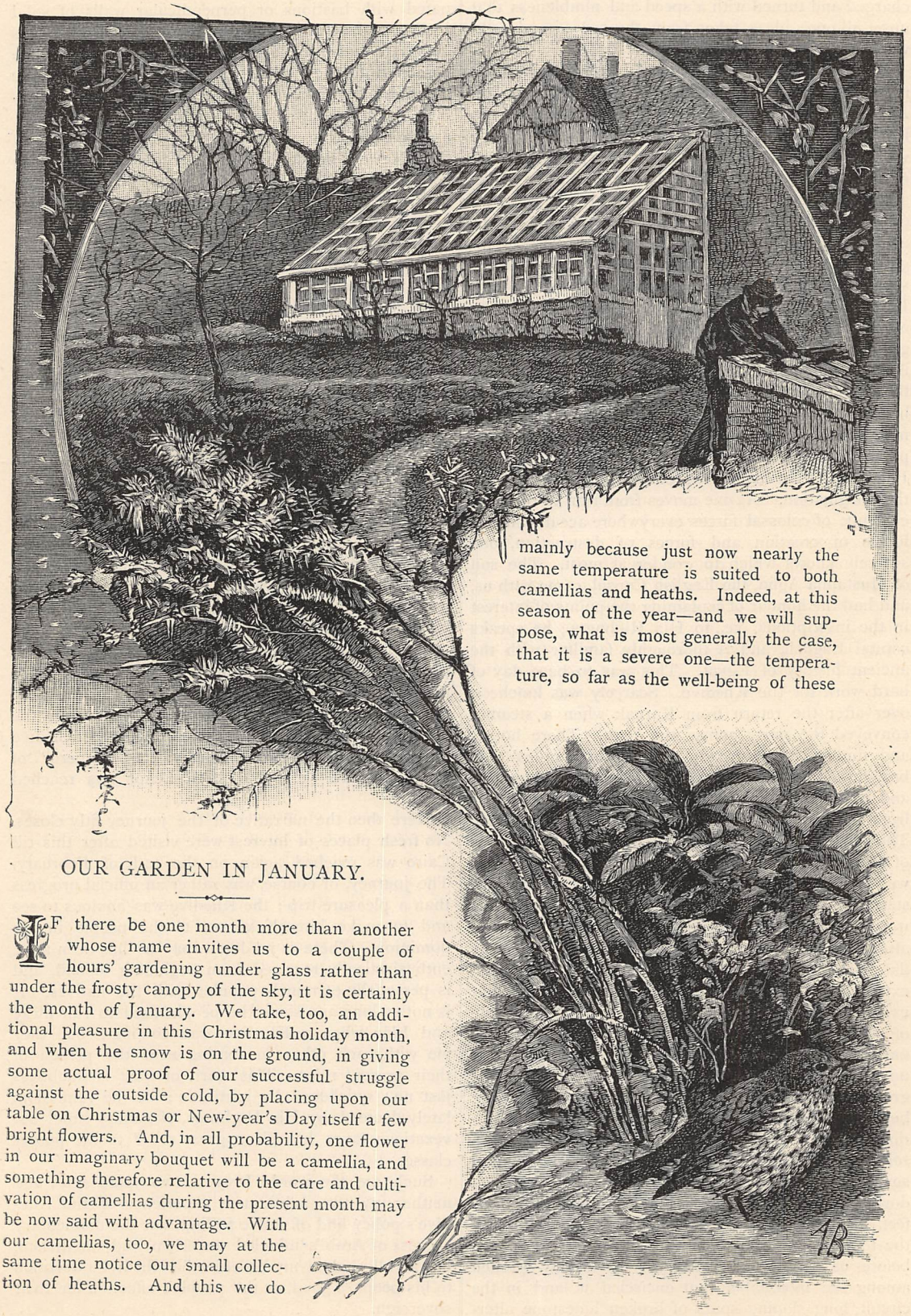
On the 5th February our bows pointed northwards once more, and the rocks and ruins of Assouan soon melted away behind us. But the progress of the Khedive was not quite finished yet. Edfou, with its magnificent temple, the finest relic of old Egyptian architecture, received the next visit. The entrance-gates, the high walls of the rectangular enclosure, the temple itself, with outer and inner courts, huge pillars capped with lotus and palm, mystic chambers and dark staircases, is, generally speaking, entire. Once an Arab village clustered in this, as in most temples. Now it is jealously guarded, and the only inhabitants are a few owls that flit about, haunting the place where their ancestors of old were honoured. In the farthest recess at Edfou lies the shrine of the deity, hewn from a solid block of grey Assouan granite. An inscription fixes the date, but twenty-four centuries seem to have produced absolutely no effect on the clean polished surface which shines as though cut yesterday. The Khedive seemed greatly interested in everything. Our return was varied by a troop of natives on dromedaries who preceded the Khedive, and all the way kept up a mimic battle with their sabres. The beasts

charged and turned with a speed and nimbleness that upset all one's ideas taken from the sedate and awkward gait of the laden camel.

On Friday evening we reached Luxor—perhaps the most interesting town in all Egypt for the antiquarian. After dinner the Khedive rode through the streets on his white charger, and was much gratified with the warmth of his reception, here as everywhere, by all classes. Weeks might be spent here in mere sight-seeing; it would require years of study and volumes of writing to make anything like a description. Luxor is the site of ancient Thebes—Homer's "Hundred-gated Thebes"—and on both banks of the river are vast remains; it was the No Amon of sacred history. Early next morning the Khedive drove to the ruins of Karnak, a mile from Luxor, which cover acres of ground. The chief temple—for there are several—is a stupendous work; its length altogether, including the avenue of sphinxes, is 2,000 feet. Much of the building has entirely disappeared, other parts are marked only by piles of gigantic hewn stones lying piled in wild disorder; but the splendid Hall of Pillars still remains, and is enough alone to bewilder the imagination. As one moves from ruin to ruin, the evidence of colossal forces everywhere accumulates—forces of creation and forces of destruction, one scarcely knows which to wonder at most. The son of Mustapha Agha, the English Consul, came with us, and had the honour of explaining the points of interest in the inscriptions, &c., to His Highness; he speaks capital English, and is thoroughly familiar with the ancient history of Egypt. This was to be a day of hard work for the Khedive. Scarcely was luncheon over after the return from Karnak when a steamer conveyed the party across the river. There horses and donkeys were ready, and a three miles' ride brought us to the now voiceless statue of Memnon and its fellow Colossus, that rise in solitary grandeur from the midst of the green corn-plain around them. Thence the ruins of Thebes proper, and the temples of Gournah and Rameses, were rapidly visited; and we saw, lying in huge fragments, the overthrown statue of Rameses, once the largest monolith in the world, with a weight of nearly 2,000 tons. The way after this lay among vast rubbish-heaps, broken by dangerous pits, where ancient sepulchres had been explored and plundered. Some difficult riding brought us to the foot of a mountain range, on the other side of which lay the famous "Tombs of the Kings." A narrow and steep footpath was the only ascent; at no point was there a sure foothold, at each step the ground yielded, and showers of stones were sent flying below. Horses and donkeys soon had to be abandoned, and every one had to clamber for himself, sometimes along the edge of a precipice; it required some nerve to trust the slippery ground, and look down the abyss that sank a hundred fathoms at one's feet. But the Khedive and all struggled onwards till the top was reached, when a magnificent view opened before us. A broad valley, or basin, lay sunken among the mountains that encircled it, and in the circuit, long sloping spurs of broken limestone alternated with bastions or perpendicular walls of solid rock, and here and there one saw square doorways hollowed out—the entrances to the tombs. The descent into the hollow was nearly as hard as the ascent had been, but by dint of sliding and scrambling it was accomplished. Lights were soon ready, and a flight of steps brought one down from one of the doorways inside the principal tomb. Each tomb consists of several storeys, sinking one below another into the very heart of the mountains; in each storey are several cubical chambers with pillars, and the whole is covered with sculpture and painting, which represent the achievements and lineage of the buried king. The work of chisel and brush is still singularly fresh, but has been much mutilated by tourists and others; it is a pity that a locked doorway cannot be placed at each entrance. But we had scant time to examine details, as the sun was already getting low. Still there was time enough to experience an irresistible sense of one's own littleness, a sense of belonging to an inferior age and race. These men, one thought, were kings indeed, and giants of the earth, and no more fitting resting-place for their bodies could have been chosen. Power and death, sublimity and desolation, the might of man amid the grandeur of nature; these were the ideas of the scene that pushed imagination almost beyond its limits. Our route back was varied. The way lay through a winding ravine, down which the bodies of the old kings were carried; gradually the mountains gave way to hills and detached blocks and crags, or heaps of broken limestone, and finally the desert gave place to fields of waving corn. A long ride remained, but the rare good fortune of a cloudy day had made the heat and fatigue quite bearable. Still the Khedive had done a day's work worthy the Emperor of Brazil, and all were glad when Luxor was reached again.

Here then the narrative of the journey fitly closes. No fresh places of interest were visited after this till Cairo was reached again on the 12th of February. The journey, of course, was rather an official progress than a pleasure-trip; the Khedive was anxious to see and to make himself known to the people in his dominion. There is no doubt that he has been most enthusiastically received from beginning to end, and is personally extremely popular with the natives. It is not so long ago since the people used to run away and hide when a Khedive was coming; but they vie with each other in coming near the person of their present ruler. This spirit of trust is doubtless just now quickened by gratitude; for the remission, lately decreed by His Highness, of sundry small but vexatious taxes has given great relief to the poorer classes.

Such are the words I wrote two years ago; and neither my own subsequent experience of the Khedive's policy and of native feeling, nor the momentary success of Arabi's mingled terrorism and fanaticism, has at all shaken my belief in the Khedive's devotion to his people's good, or the people's affection for their sovereign.



OUR GARDEN IN JANUARY.

IF there be one month more than another whose name invites us to a couple of hours' gardening under glass rather than under the frosty canopy of the sky, it is certainly the month of January. We take, too, an additional pleasure in this Christmas holiday month, and when the snow is on the ground, in giving some actual proof of our successful struggle against the outside cold, by placing upon our table on Christmas or New-year's Day itself a few bright flowers. And, in all probability, one flower in our imaginary bouquet will be a camellia, and something therefore relative to the care and cultivation of camellias during the present month may be now said with advantage. With our camellias, too, we may at the same time notice our small collection of heaths. And this we do mainly because just now nearly the same temperature is suited to both camellias and heaths. Indeed, at this season of the year—and we will suppose, what is most generally the case, that it is a severe one—the temperature, so far as the well-being of these

two plants is concerned, need not stand higher than barely above freezing.

Take, then, as a general rule for guidance, the following:—Let us suppose that the thermometer *outside* our greenhouse is standing at thirty-six degrees, and that under a clear and bright sky it is still falling: light in the afternoon a gentle fire, increasing it or allowing it to slacken just in proportion to the freak of the varying climate outside. If by any unforeseen mischance the frost should penetrate your house, then, as we hinted last month, expel it very gently, and your plants will probably escape unhurt, whereas a sudden and violent acquisition of artificial heat would undoubtedly injure them. Next, have a free and good circulation of air in your greenhouse, and when there is no frost at all give air by night as well as by day, while even in frosty weather give some fresh air during the middle or warmer part of the day.

Some of us perhaps have run up a small greenhouse, but have not gone to the expense of fitting it up also with a hot-water apparatus, and, it may be, have no appliances at all for artificial heat. A partial remedy, however, for this may be had by having some light wooden shutters, or some good asphalted felt, which could be placed over or around your glass. At all events, we may safely say that protection of this character renders fire-heat at night-time far less necessary. In a thoroughly damp and muggy season have a fire in the middle of the day, with the glass well open, so as to dry your house; the damp, as we too well know, being often as injurious as the frost. And, indeed, as the month advances, and in mild weather, a good day's work may be had in the greenhouse in re-potting, but this is generally not begun until next month. There are, however, plenty of flowers, especially of the early bulbs, that we are perhaps now endeavouring to encourage under the favourable influence of our glass. Crocuses and snowdrops in pots will of course be out much earlier under these conditions than in the open, while our hyacinths in glasses we are now forcing on under the still more genial influence of our dining or drawing-room.

To pass, however, for a few moments to our little garden outside, where we are surely just now trying the cultivation of the Christmas rose or *Helleborus niger*. These, when the plants are fairly well established and in situations at all sheltered, will bloom in the very dead of winter; and it is charming at this season of the year to gather their large spreading white flowers, which, with a few sprays of green or fern, are so effective for table decoration. The Christmas rose is a hardy perennial, and is easily reared. The wonder is that we see it, after all, so seldom as we do.

Now, our London greenhouses, from being of necessity in such close proximity to other buildings, will proportionately require watching after a fall of snow; or rather we should say that any building whose roof towers above your glass should have the snow carefully removed from it, otherwise a disastrous result may follow when the thaw comes, and your unhappy greenhouse may be well-nigh exterminated in a single night.

Not very much can be done this month in the way of window gardening. A bright supply of evergreens can, however, always be had; and yet by a little forethought and systematic attention to gardening for a portion of the day, all the year round we may be able to have, at all events, some flowers in bloom for the window, even during the coldest months of the year.

For instance, there is the well-known and popular Chinese primrose, the *Primula sinensis*, or *Primula prœnitens*, as it is sometimes called. It should be sown in the summer, and carefully kept during the autumn in the greenhouse. It will then bloom admirably in the winter, is a very good decoration for your window, and is exceedingly useful to pick from when making up a bouquet. Then, again, we can draw upon all the early-flowering bulbs for our window display, such as the hyacinth, tulip, crocus, narcissus, and soon afterwards the lily of the valley. Our fuchsias, however, we had better yet keep away in a dark place, and they need also only be kept moist enough to avoid their being entirely parched up.

In our suburban gardens we generally contrive to have a few standard roses, and these should be looked over this month with the purpose of attending to the security of the stakes and fastenings. During a severe gale, if your standard has the ill fortune to break away from its stake, it will doubtless get seriously damaged, and perhaps break off short altogether. Now there is one precaution against this which is too seldom taken; your stake may be driven hard enough into the soil, but the fault so often overlooked is, that it is frequently not long enough, and the head of your rose itself, which is considerably above the top of the stake, is exposed to the full force of the wind.

Your stake, then, should be sufficiently long to have its top partly amongst the foliage of your rose. In the summer the foliage will conceal the unsightly top of the stake, and in the present leafless season it is really of little moment if the stake appear to be too high. And in good open weather, which, after all, in a mild winter we sometimes have during a part of January, stocks for budding upon may be planted at once in good ground. For the purposes of budding in July, it is important to have had first of all a vigorous growth of young wood. Now in planting out these new stocks all the bruised and ragged ends of the roots should be cut off, and, indeed, also any awkward-looking piece that may be in the way, as it is far better to have the roots short and fibrous than to have them all straggling about. The stocks too, when planted, should be well trod in, and if you have many of them in a row some foot and a half apart, they should, if possible, be all fastened to a rail. Some close-rooted and dwarf stocks may even be potted, but, of course, in pots of a size large enough to allow of their growth. The pots should then be plunged in the open ground, and a rail should again be contrived to which the stems should be fastened. One or two stocks, indeed, in pots, that you may succeed afterwards in budding may afford

you much gratification if they are kept at times in your greenhouse and get earlier into bloom.

Plenty of good hard and deep trenching should be done this month, and all the soil left in large lumps so as to allow the frost to act freely upon it. By this means some slugs and vermin, we may hope, will get destroyed. Any pruning of fruit-trees in the fruit-garden which has not yet been carried out, must without any delay—saving only that which a hard frost necessitates—be proceeded with. Sometimes, however, it happens that some one long operation in the garden has unduly occupied our time, or we have been unwisely riding some pet hobby to death. This is always a mistake in the garden, as it destroys what is so absolutely an essential for successful gardening, and that is routine work. It is well in the opening month of the year to insist upon this caution.

There are many plants more strongly recommended than others for suburban gardens, and on a future occasion we shall hope to enumerate some of them, giving a few hints as we go along on the cultivation of each. Meantime, we are perhaps just now engrossed more or less by the festivities of our Christmas re-unions, and who knows but that round the Yule log our gardening may suggest a subject for an animated discussion?

WHAT TO DO FOR THE TOOTHACHE.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE experience of most medical men, and that of the older dentist-surgeons, seem to prove that ailments of the teeth and gums, with decay of the former and consequent toothache, are rather on the increase than otherwise. I do not pretend to be able to advance any theory as to the *causæ morborum;* their name may be legion; but nevertheless the fact remains that five out of every half-dozen young men, or young women, suffer either inconvenience or positive pain from decayed teeth. If I were pressed to give an answer to the question, Why is this so? I should reply that the causes vary with the cases. Inherited weakness of constitution, is doubtless one principal cause of decay in the dental organs. Dyspepsia, no matter how produced, is certainly another; and here I may add that cause and effect often change places.

Another cause of dental degeneration is the abuse of what is called "beer," and of the thousand and one vile mixtures sold under the name of wines and spirits. Neglect of cleanliness, and carelessness in the selection of tooth-powders, will also lead to decay of the teeth, and so too will excessive smoking.

These are general causes, and I may also mention fast living, which tends to weaken the whole system, nervous, muscular, and periosteal; and the abuse of medicines, especially mercury.

Now, while sojourning lately for a short time on the other side of the Atlantic, I could not help noticing that *caries* of the teeth, especially those in front, was far more common in America than even in England. But I was struck at the same time with the fact that our Yankee cousins take much more care of their teeth than we do. Dental surgery is quite an institution of the country. An American goes to have his teeth seen to with as much regularity as he visits his hairdresser; and even those among them who have not many greenbacks in their pockets, have plenty of gold in their mouths.

Well, with reference to my present paper, I shall be quite satisfied that I have done some little good if I can but succeed in impressing upon the minds of a few of my readers these truths: 1. That the teeth are of the utmost importance to the economy of the system. 2. That their decay is dangerous to the health. 3. That this decay can in most instances be checked. 4. That toothache is in nearly every instance curable and preventible.

A tooth consists of three parts, or rather, I should say, is easily divisible by the anatomist into three: the crown, the portion exposed; the root or roots, the portion or portions fixed in the jaw; and the neck, the portion that joins the two, and is covered by the loose gum. Furthermore, every tooth is hollow, and contains the dental pulp, which is well supplied with bloodvessels and nerves, and is extremely sensitive. The greater part of the tooth is composed of what is called dentine, or ivory; in reality it is bone, but much harder in its construction than any of the other bones of the body. The *cementum*, which covers the roots, or fangs, is more nearly allied to true bone, while the covering of the crown, or exposed portion of the tooth, is dignified by the name of enamel. It is intended by nature to defend the crown from decay, it being of so hard a structure that even acids have little effect on it.

If this enamel is worn off either in the ordinary process of wear-and-tear, or by the injudicious use of tooth-powders, one can easily understand how decay (caries) of the tooth may speedily follow.

Now, no one will doubt how important it is to possess really good and capable teeth, who remembers that mastication is the very first process of digestion. But mastication does not mean merely the division of the food into portions small enough for the stomach

to have easy power over; it means, in addition, the proper mingling or mixing of the food with the saliva.

Decayed teeth are powerless to perform their duties, but this is not all; they even poison the food—to some extent, at all events—which is partaken of; indigestion is the consequence. Indigestion means badly-formed chyme and chyle; from these the blood is manufactured, and it is needless to remind the reader of the many ills and ailments that may arise from unhealthy or impoverished blood.

It can easily be perceived, then, how caries of the teeth may work incalculable injury to the system. But in most instances decay of the teeth may be checked; and an attempt to do so should always be made, if only for the reason that caries in one tooth, if neglected, is almost certain to affect the others adjoining it, and so the disease spreads.

The chances of a permanent cure depend greatly upon the extent to which the decay has spread. If only a small hollow exists, the dentist will carefully remove the useless and diseased portions, and thereafter just as carefully fill it. If there be a still greater cavity, then there is no doubt that the pulp has suffered, and in such a case the operation will be more tedious, but none the less successful. If, however, the tooth be a mere shell, and that shell itself not sound, it would be folly to go to the expense of the operation; it had better be extracted, and the sooner this is done, the less chance will there be of subsequent suffering and annoyance. Stumps are no good at all, but they may at any time be productive of a deal of mischief. They may act as foreign bodies—indeed, if quite dead they are nothing else—and set up inflammation of the surrounding tissues, which may lead to dire results.

If you make up your mind to consult a dentist as to the filling of a tooth, you will find it cheaper and better in the long run to take advice from a man who really knows his work. Until lately nothing has been more easy than for a person who has studied a little of the art of dentistry, and thinks he knows all about it, to put a brass plate on his door and adopt the calling of dental surgeon. How often, too, do we see in chemists' shop-windows, especially in the poorer districts of London, the notice to the public, "Teeth carefully extracted." The unhappy mortals who enter within the portals, and venture to explain their desires, are often handed over to the tender mercies of some assistant, who, in all probability, hardly knows the curve of a root, and is just as likely as not to put pressure in the wrong direction, and probably break away a portion of the alveolar process of the jaw. The same shops will also sell their customers some stuffing for hollow teeth, with or without the directions, "Carefully wipe dry the inside of the tooth before inserting the filling." The purchaser does as he is told—with what result? Why, that of making matters ten times worse, increasing the caries, making an end of the tooth, and mayhap inducing abscess of the jaw. For various reasons people often neglect a tooth or teeth until it is too late to do any good; perhaps there is no pain, so they do not trouble; they think that teeth are things that even a man of middle age does not carry to the grave with him; or, perhaps, they are afraid to go to see a dentist, afraid of pain to be incurred.

It is true that for the most part the teeth decay ere a person reaches the age of five-and-forty; but should this be so? I think not. Unless one is in reality constitutionally weak, with ordinary care extraneous decay may be guarded against.

Teeth-filling is a somewhat difficult operation, and one which only an experienced dentist should be trusted to perform. I will not presume to say what is the best kind of filling, though I have a leaning to gold; but it ought to be something that will fit well, be capable of perfect manipulation by skilled hands, and not easily acted upon chemically by anything that may happen to come in contact with it.

I have said that toothache is nearly always curable or preventible. Let me say a word about its prevention first. We should do all we can, then, to preserve the teeth. This, even in the most healthy people, can only be done by a free use of the tooth-brush, and a carefully selected tooth-powder. Tartar, as it is called, is a crust that forms about the neck of a neglected tooth, and never fails to work mischief, either to the teeth themselves or to the adjoining gums, in which by mechanical action alone it is apt to induce sponginess and ulceration. This should never be allowed to accumulate; if it does, indigestion is almost sure to follow, with its attendant miseries and ills.

Remember that all tooth-powders of a gritty nature, or such as contain acids, ought to be carefully avoided. The brush, I have often told my readers, should not be too hard, else it will irritate the gums and injure the enamel. Use the tooth-brush morning and evening, and before and after food. It seems bothersome to have to do this; but it soon becomes a habit—a habit from which no end of good may accrue—and is thought no more trouble than washing the hands.

It is a very commendable plan, that of the Americans, who pay, as I have said above, periodical visits to the dentist. It would be good for Englishmen if they would follow so good an example; but as a rule they do not, and will not. A man sends his mowing machine regularly to be set and seen to, but those natural mowing machines, his teeth, he permits to go to wreck, albeit their soundness may mean health, their decay the beginning of the end.

The causes of toothache must be removed or guarded against. These are often constitutional; but people in fair health may at times be physically lowered through work or worry, or both combined, and it is just at this time they are most liable, if exposed to cold or wet, to an attack of this most painful complaint. Let them guard against exposure at such times, and by a judicious course of tonic and aperient remedies, combined with attention to dietetics and hygiene, endeavour to restore tone to the system.

It would be impossible in one paper to enumerate even a tithe of the numerous causes that give rise to

toothache; but before it can be successfully treated those causes must be found out and removed. I have no royal remedy to suggest for the cure of the complaint, no *eau-d'or*, one application of which will banish the pain. Even if I prescribe cotton wadding, pledget after pledget of it, saturated with chloroform, and held between the teeth until numbness ensues, I do not remove the cause of the ailment, and it may, and doubtless will, return with greater force when the effects of the anodyne have died away.

Is the cause constitutional?—do all in your power between the attacks to bring the health up to par, and try by living by rule to retain it so. A course of quinine, or quinine and iron, during the two or three weeks' interval that usually elapses between periodical attacks of toothache, often does much good. If the cause be local, good may be effected by cleaning out the hollow tooth, and then rinsing the mouth with lukewarm water in which carbonate of soda has been dissolved. Next, the tooth may be dried thoroughly, and a bit of fine cotton wadding inserted.

But extraction of stumps and filling of useful teeth are, after all, the principal remedies for toothache. Do not delay the operation until there is absolute pain. Such a course is positively cruel to yourself. The extraction of teeth now-a-days need terrify no one, as it can be done painlessly under the influence of nitrous oxide or laughing gas. It is a pity that the administration of the gas entails so much expense. However, it is a saving to a patient in the long run, for the pain of toothache is so distracting as often to preclude the possibility of doing any work, either physical or mental, while the torture lasts.

AN OLD SAILOR'S STORY.

YOU ask for a tale, sir, do you? A true one, too, you say,
Of what I've seen in other days, 'fore I was old and grey.
I think I've told you many a time of wrecks and close-fought fights,
Of how we shelled that Spanish port, and charged right up the heights,
And how I've twice been nearly killed, and then of fires at sea,
And tales of how my mates excelled in deeds of bravery.
I've got one little story, though, I haven't told before—
How I first met my old wife, sir: forty year ago or more.

I'd come home then from a good long trip—half round the world we'd been,
And glad we were to get ashore from off the *Ocean Queen*.
Well, me and my mates—a jovial crew—we landed all together,
And we talked awhile of our prosperous voyage, and bright and stormless weather;
So when I left for home that night the clock had just struck ten
(My mother, you know, was alive, sir, and kept a home for me then);
The sky was black, and a damp dark mist hung over the river that night;
And across the bridge, at the farther end, 'neath a lamp's dull, flickering light,
I saw a figure leaning there—a poor girl, thinly clad,
With a shawl thrown over her shoulders, and her face all white and sad;
One hand pressing her wearied eyes, as if to blot out her care,
The other clutching the hard rough wall, with the clench of utter despair;
And as I came close by her, I heard such a pitiful sigh—
I don't know how it was, but a tear *would* trickle from my eye;
For I thought of what would come to her if she were left alone,
With not a friend to comfort her; all hope in this life gone—
So I touched the hand that covered her eyes all tearless there,
And, soft as my rough voice could speak, I bade her not despair.
Somehow it seemed that my kindly word renewed her bitter woe,
For with a sudden sorrowing sob her tears began to flow,
And she murmured something, but it was in some strange foreign tongue,
And wept as though her heart would break, and close to the cold wall clung.
I *could* not leave her sorrowing thus, so I saw her safe that night—
Safe in my dear old mother's care, out of the cold world's sight.

Ah, well! you guess the rest, I see. Her great black shining eyes,
As she blessed me when I saw her next, were stronger than her sighs.
I had to cry for quarter soon: she seemed to understand,
And with a shy smile on her face she gave me her little hand.

They tried to joke me out of it—my trusty mates—you see
They thought a foreign-talking girl would never do for me.
But I married her, and very soon she learned to speak our tongue,
And many a glad year has rolled by since the wedding-bells were rung,
But I never have repented since; a dear wife she has been;
And I always bless that night I came from off the *Ocean Queen*.

Ah! I see what you're going to ask me, sir. How came she to be there,
Left all alone on that wretched night—alone with her grief and care?
We'd been married months before I heard her story fully through,
For you see that at our wedding the only words she knew
Were just to answer the parson with; but she'd very often try
To make us understand by signs her mournful history.
But I heard it all at last; it seems her father had had to fly
From Spain for some small state offence in years now long gone by,
And came, as such men always do, to seek for safety here,
And brought his daughter with him too, to comfort and to cheer.
But he wasn't long for this hard world, for its care and hunger and cold
Were all too much for his Southern blood—Death grasped him in his fold.
His daughter then for days and days dragged on a weary life—
Starving, half dead with toil and want, worn out with the ceaseless strife;
Till, that night I met her on the bridge, in bitterest grief and pain,
She'd prayed that for her another morn might never come again.
But the great and mighty God knew best, for her as well as for me,
And He sent me there to take away her grief and misery.
Ah, well! His ways are clearer now! we bow our heads and bless
His gracious Providence, that gave such love and happiness.

"AND, SOFT AS MY ROUGH VOICE COULD SPEAK, I BADE HER NOT DESPAIR" (*p.* 92).

I'll Never Love Thee More.

Words by the MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. *Music by* C. A. MACIRONE.

Allegro con spirito.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. My dear and on - ly
p Al - ex - an - der

love I pray, That lit-tle world of thee, Be go - vern'd by no o-ther sway But pu-rest mon-ar
I will reign, And I will reign a - lone, My thoughts did ev - er yet dis-dain A ri - val on my

- - - chie; For if con - fu - sion have a part, Which virtuous souls ab - hor, I'll call a sy-nod
throne; He ei - ther fears his fate too much, Or his de - serts are small, That dares not put it

tempo.

in my heart And nev - er love thee more, I'll call a sy - nod in mine heart And
to the touch To gain or lose it all, That dares not put it to the touch To

tempo.

Repeat for 2nd verse.

p

ne - ver love thee more. 2. As
gain or lose it all. 3. But

p

f

if thou wilt be con-stant then And faith-ful to thy word, I'll make thee glo- rious by my pen And

f

fa- mous by my sword; I'll serve thee in such no - ble ways Was ne - ver heard be - fore, I'll

rall. molto. *tempo.*

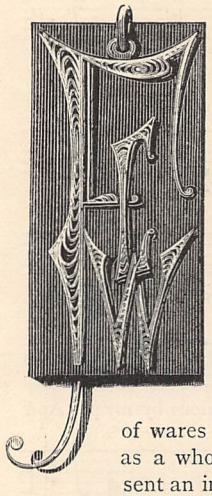
crown and deck thy head with bays, And love thee more and more, I'll crown and deck thy head with bays, And

rall. colla voce. rall. molto.

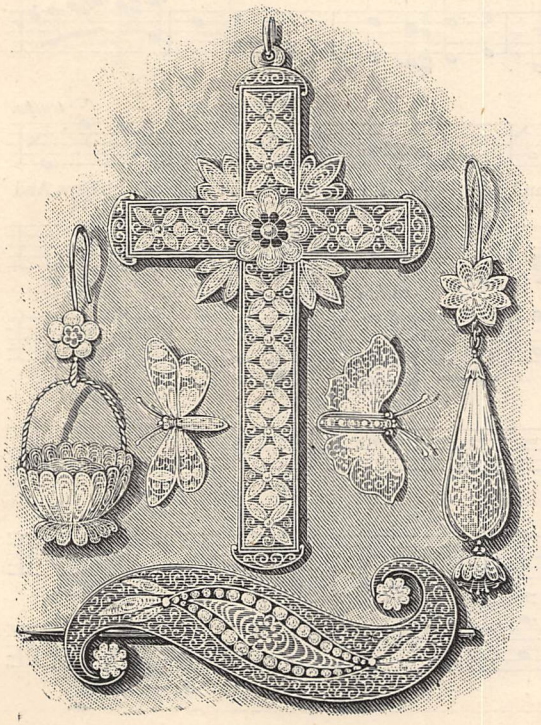
love thee more and more.

ff

THE MAKING OF GENOESE FILIGREE-WORK.



THINGS strike the visitor to Genoa, after he has exhausted the natural beauties of the place, more than the display of filigree-work. After he has scaled the heights of the superb city, and feasted his eyes on the wide sweep of sea and mountain, wandered along the narrow tortuous streets, and loitered in the galleries of her famous marble palaces, heard the solemn music of her gorgeous churches, and seen the busy life upon her quays, he turns to see what kind of wares she offers to the foreigner. Taken as a whole, the shops of Genoa do not present an imposing appearance ; indeed, after the brilliant displays of Paris and Milan, they are small and poor, with the one brilliant exception of Goldsmiths' Street. It is almost singular that in a busy town like Genoa, the first commercial city of Italy, where labour in its heaviest and most practical form meets you on every side, an art so dainty should have had birth. Filigree-work, like many of the finer branches of industry, is an old art in India and China, and in Malta for a considerable time a trade has been carried on in this kind of ornament, which is simply an inferior imitation of Eastern work, and lacks the elegance of Genoese design. This industry, for which Genoa is now unrivalled, and the fame of which is almost as wide as that of her rich velvets, is only about fifty years old. The chief features of the work were borrowed, like the Maltese, from India, but the independent spirit of the Genoese forbade them to remain mere imitators, and they soon grafted such original branches on the parent stem, that they established an industry distinctively their own. It is hardly necessary to say of such artistic work that it is produced by hands and not by machines.



A short time ago there was made in Genoa a model of the famous statue of Columbus, each hair of the head and beard being individually worked. The windows of Goldsmiths' Street present a dazzling variety of designs of most exquisite finish—baskets of fruit and flowers, monuments, towers and churches, whilst of smaller designs, in that branch of the art which is devoted to personal adornment, there is literally no end. You see ears of barley so light that the horns droop like the originals under the faintest breeze, insects with wings of gossamer lightness, flowers of every variety, with delicately veined leaves and distinct petals, half-opened pods with perfectly modelled peas within, shoes too dainty even for Cinderella, half-closed umbrellas, gondolas, bracelets in which the rare designs of the richest laces are faithfully reproduced ; indeed, there is no limit to the profuse variety in design, as there is nothing lacking in elaborate finish. Like the prophet who has no esteem in his own country, these beautiful ornaments, which look as if they were the work of fairy fingers, find little favour at home, and are produced chiefly for foreign markets, a considerable trade, however, being done with the passing tourist.

With some difficulty we obtained admission to a filigree factory : this being a favour which is reluctantly granted, partly because most houses have a speciality in their industry, which they wish to retain, and into the working of which they do not care that curious eyes should peer ; and partly because the attention of the worker being distracted from his work by the intrusion of a foreigner, will occasionally lead to the destruction of the delicate piece on which he is engaged.

These objections being at last overcome, we found ourselves, after ascending innumerable flights of stairs —for the houses of Genoa are frequently nine or ten storeys high—at the top of the house, where the workrooms, on account of light, are generally situated. The bars of pure silver, from which the wire is drawn, are about a foot long and half an inch thick ; and these are reduced by a process similar to that which transforms the ingot into the steel rail, by repeated passing through a machine, which provides for the making of every degree of thickness down to that of the finest hair. A great variety is required, as the backbone, so to speak, of the work is usually very strong, as are also the chief veins of leaves and the

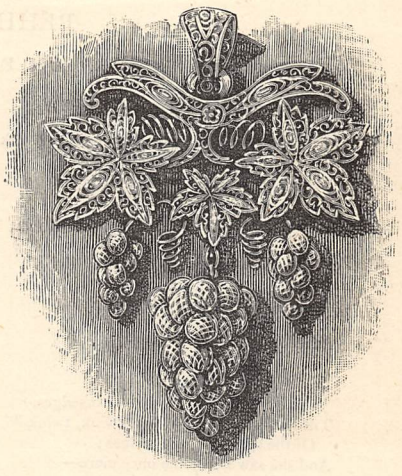
outer edges of flowers, whilst the design is filled in with coil as fine as a spider's web.

The peculiar appearance which we sometimes describe as "frosted" is produced by two fine strands being closely twisted together. When the wire has finally left the machine, it is handed into another room, where a woman sits at a little spinning-wheel, and quickly reduces the mass of shining coil into neat-looking reels; these reels are then passed on to a man, who cuts the wire into a given length; and these in turn are passed on to another, who forms them into the squares, ovals, or circles which are required for the order in hand.

Like pin-making, the labour is classified. The man who draws the wire does not glance at the cutting, whilst the cutter's mind, in turn, remains a perfect blank as to the moulding into shape. The shapes are then passed on to the women's work-rooms, which are the most interesting part of the exhibition, and apparently the most artistic, but at the same time the most poorly paid. Girls go to the work very young, the tiny fingers being most nimble; a very short apprenticeship serves to acquire sufficient knowledge of the art to earn small wages, which gradually increase until all the branches of the work are learned, but at best are never high. We inquired if this very fine work were not hurtful to the eyes, but were told it was not more so than other kinds of labour, and that this was never considered as an objection to the trade—spectacles enabling the worker to pursue her labour when her sight grew less strong. In most cases, however, as is usual in all feminine branches of work, marriage severs the connection at an early age.

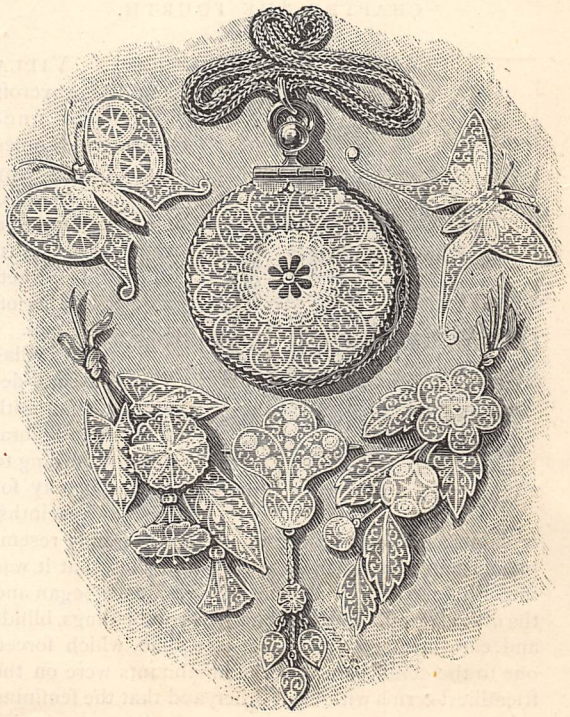
The work-rooms were low, and a flood of light poured in from the glass roof overhead; what the temperature of these rooms would be under hot suns we hardly like to think; let us hope it is tempered by the fresh breezes from the mountains and the gulf. The workers sat round tables, each woman having before her a small bundle of fine wire, cut into one length, and a pot containing the form into which she was to weave a dainty pattern. The process, though most interesting, seemed simple, a pair of fine pincers being the only work-tool used. With these, with the deftness only long practice can give, the worker took up a strand of wire and, with the light touch of accustomed fingers, it grew with marvellous rapidity into a close coil, like a dainty shell; this with equal dexterity was fitted into the skeleton shape awaiting it, being worked open or close as the pattern required.

We were next conducted into the finishing-room, where men sat at a long table, and before each were laid the single leaves, circles, or wings which we had seen made; each was laid on a piece of charcoal, with solder on the part which had been bent into shape, but not joined; this is placed under a gas-jet, of which each man has one before him, and the gas-flame is then, by means of a short pipe, blown strongly upon it; the charcoal rapidly absorbs the heat, and becoming red-hot, the solder is melted, and the leaf is firmly and finally made. These separate pieces are then joined together, some receiving little additions in



the shape of beads or stars of silver, and then the flower or bird, in its completed beauty, is subjected to the operation of strong chemicals and fire, to bleach it into snowy whiteness, and the work is finished.

The gilt filigree differs nothing in manipulation, save that the silver wire is gilded before the process we have described commences. The blowing of the gas is the only part of the work which is injurious, and this branch, of course, is most highly paid, but the wages are not high even in this department. The only drawback to these ornaments is that—especially in England—they soon lose their purity, and require careful cleaning; but looking upon the wealth of design and perfection of finish, as it comes fresh from the factories of Genoa, we stand and marvel, and say it is fit to adorn Aurora for her bridal.



BEHIND THE COUNTER.

FOUNDED ON FACT. BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

SHE stood there, gentle and meek,
Ready to serve and sell,
Just as she'd stood from week to week
More years than she could tell.
For her, Life's sun had set,
Oh ! such a weary while,
But she kept a woman's brave heart yet,
And stood, and tried to smile.

And now to-night it seemed
Her youth had come again ;
And, standing there, she dreamed
Of rest from all her pain :
And she began to think
Of the mere, low-fringed with sedges,
Till she heard the "twink, twink, twink"
Of the finches in the hedges ;
And she saw her home once more—
The cottage, low, red-tiled,
She loved so well before
She ceased to be a child ;
And forgotten for awhile
Were all her weary hours,
And her face lit up with a smile
At the sight of the meadow flowers,
Till, with a laugh, she pressed
Knee-deep amid the clover,
And startled a lark from its nest,
And saw it poise and hover,
And heard its pure sweet song,
And listened, rapt and still,
Till fancies in a wondrous throng
Began her brain to fill :
And the lark was lost to sight,
And she saw far, far away,
An angel all in white,
Bright as the sun's bright ray ;
And she thought she heard a voice
That said, "Your toil is o'er !
Rejoice, brave heart, rejoice
In God's Home evermore !"

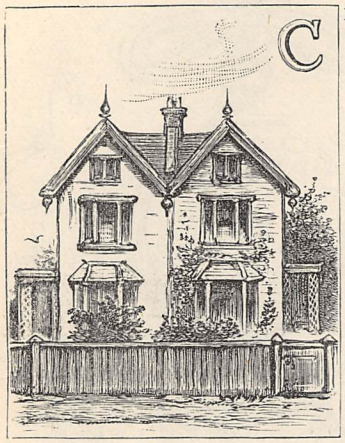
There was a stir in the shop !
A girl had fainted away,
Dropped as a stone might drop :
It had happened before to-day.
But stay !
This had never happened before ;
For the girl that had fallen lay still,
And the breath came back no more
To the lips so white and chill,
And the poor worn face was cold,
And calm was the troubled breast,
And the limbs that had toiled so well of old
Had found a haven of rest !
With a vision, sweet and clear,
Of the days she loved long since,
With the skylark's song in her ear
Seeming to call her hence,
She had quietly passed away,
Like the dying sun at even,
To rest for ever and aye
With God in heaven !

DOWN IN THE WORLD.

By the Author of "But for Ilion," "How Vickerscroft was Redeemed," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

NEIGHBOURS.



CLEMATIS VILLA and Thornycroft are two fine-sounding names for a pair of tiny semi-detached houses standing a little way down Maitland Street, a quiet turning off Camden Road.

The other villas were all semi-detached too, with more or less floral titles, according to their capacity for roses, hyacinths, or honeysuckle, and there was a strong family resemblance between them, so much so, in fact, that it was impossible to determine where one residence began and the other left off. They all had gates and palings, blinds and curtains, doors and knockers alike, which forced one to the conclusion that the inhabitants were on the friendliest terms with each other, and that the feminine portion must have consulted together before purchasing their snowflake curtains, and secured a "job lot" of china flower-pots of precisely the same pattern. But just half-way down the street was an incongruity, which was an eyesore to the respectable inhabitants of Maitland Street.

Clematis Villa and Thornycroft stood shoulder to shoulder, like all the other houses, their bow-windows smiling at each other, their trellised porches glancing coyly round the corners, their gates at either end of the paling, their gardens, fore and aft, stretching lovingly side by side ; but there all similarity ended, and it really seemed as if the occupiers did all in their power to make the houses a complete contrast. Clematis Villa was painted a dull grey—doors, windows, garden gate, paling, even the chimney-pots ; Thornycroft was a glowing crimson, picked out and ornamented with immaculate white, the door-posts, window-sills, and paling looking like gigantic sugar-sticks. The little garden in front of Clematis Villa was a smooth green patch, with a consumptive monkey-puzzle in the middle ; the little plot on the other side of the sugarstick fence was ablaze with flowers of the gaudiest hues, which, with the crimson blinds, all drawn down, and the furiously-blushing walls, made it seem, even from a distance, a spot of fierce colour in that uniformly drab neighbourhood,

and formed a complete contrast to its quaker-coloured companion, where the uniform tint was a most unbecoming grey.

The inhabitants of the villas were as much a contrast as the villas themselves. In the melancholy house dwelt Davy Dunderdale; in the fiery villa, Captain Laffin, a retired Indian officer, known in the neighbourhood as Captain Tiger, from his supposed resemblance to that animal, and the number of skins which adorned his dwelling. Between Davy and the captain there existed a bitter feud, which found vent in very aggressive actions and fierce scowls over the sugarstick paling, both in front and behind the house, but had never yet culminated in words. When Davy took Clematis Villa, Thornycroft was empty; when Captain Laffin took Thornycroft, he hoped Clematis Villa soon might be empty, and did all that lay in the power of a single gentleman of exaggerated tastes and erratic habits to scare away a quiet, elderly, rather disagreeable annuitant, who hated show of any kind. The cardinal walls of Thornycroft were a fearful eyesore, and he contemplated them as little as he could, and the captain himself was a dreadful object too in Davy's eyes. As if he knew that, he delighted to trot up and down his little garden in flowing dressing-gown and gorgeous smoking-cap, following the sun on summer days with unwearied persistency; and go where he would, Davy still saw his neighbour fairly basking in the warmth, while he scarcely knew where to hide himself from the scorching rays. As if by instinct, the captain found out all Davy's pet aversions, and played upon them. He hated pigeons, and lo! a cote suddenly appeared at the end of the garden, painted like a chess-board in red and white. A parrot was a creature he detested, and suddenly one morning at breakfast he heard a salute from the next window of "Dirty Davy! Get out, get out, get out!" A monkey, of all living creatures, was to him the most intolerable, and one morning, on looking from his kitchen window, he saw a pair of dark malicious eyes blinking at him from over the fence, and the captain's Jocko became his greatest enemy. Then the Thornycroft chickens would creep under the fence, and when they grew older fly over it, and scratch and scrape Davy's well-regulated little flower-beds, for he pursued his horticultural experiments at the back, while Captain Laffin's back garden was a smooth grass-plot.

Altogether, life was a long and constant irritation to poor Davy after the advent of his neighbour, but it must not be supposed he was without his revenge. By instinct, he too discovered the captain's weak points, and retaliated with great gusto. He kept a wretched little dog chained up just opposite Jocko's house, who whined for a good two hours every morning, just loudly enough to distract the captain without disturbing the inhabitants of the next villa, who fortunately were a deaf old lady and her equally deaf maid. Then Davy played the fiddle patiently, persistently, evening after evening, month after month, year after year: played execrably too, as only a thoroughly bad player who practises much can; and his *répertoire* was somewhat limited. "Barbara Allen," "The Last Rose of Summer," and "The Land o' the Leal" were his three favourites, and he played them over and over again for hours at a stretch, sometimes far into the night, with his window open, and not unfrequently he accompanied himself in a dry, high-pitched key, not unlike the sound produced by "a brazen candlestick on a dry axle-wheel," and with a sublime disregard of time and tune.

When this concert was prolonged beyond the usual limit, Captain Laffin indeed resembled the animal he was named after; he marched frantically up and down his room, muttering awful maledictions, upsetting the furniture, and occasionally something of a perishable nature. After hearing a noise of that kind, Davy usually gave a wonderful flourish, and wound up with a discordant crash of triumph; he knew he had worked his enemy up into a rage which would probably result in a sleepless night, and was comparatively happy in consequence. Next morning there would be malignant scowls on the one side, calm, lofty disdain on the other; the captain would retire to plan new annoyances, and remain severely indoors for a few days, Davy would perambulate the back garden, and then hostilities would begin anew with fresh vigour.

Such had been their lives for years, and they enjoyed their animosity much as other people enjoy friendly social intercourse, and on the whole it wore better, and answered quite as well. Had they been friends, they would have tired of each other long ago; had they been kindly neighbours, giving and taking, borrowing and lending, they would infallibly have quarrelled; as enemies, they were never weary of planning and plotting how to worry each other, and the occupation never grew stale. It was an exciting life, and as old Davy walked home from the station after his visit to the Chestnuts, he thought how he would miss it, for he made up his mind to give up Clematis Villa to the Brands, and go into lodgings on his own account.

"I'll have the best of it still," he said to himself, as he fitted the key into the latch. "It will exasperate the old tiger more to have women about the place than anything. They'll only laugh at his malicious tricks, while their innocent amusements will drive him mad—mad!" and Davy chuckled maliciously. "If *he* left, he would not have the power of tormenting me after he was gone, that's some comfort—the only comfort I have," he added, as he glanced a little disconsolately at the cheerless hearth and rather untidy room; for Davy kept no regular servant, having a horror of being robbed and pillaged, and only had a boy come in occasionally to "side up" immediately under his own eye.

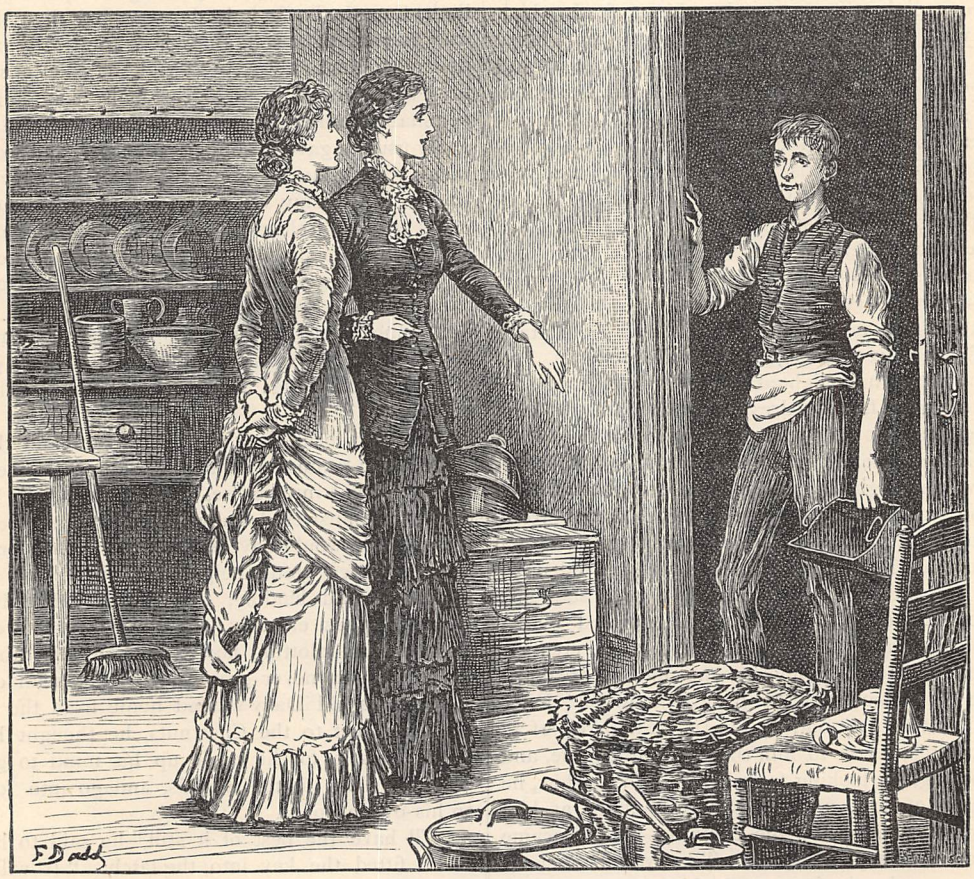
"I suppose they 'll light my fire for me in lodgings, and ruin me in coals, wood, and lucifers," he muttered, as he proceeded to lay a few chips in the bottom of the grate. "They are so wasteful!"

At that moment there came a sudden stamping, followed by a scuffle, the overthrow of a chair or two, and the breakage of crockery from the captain's

dining-room, followed by loud cries of "Help! murder!" from the captain's housekeeper, and continued scuffling.

Davy listened in amazement for a moment, then ran to the window and threw it open.

"Mr. Dunderdale, sir! Help! help!" cried Mrs. Mittens; and in a moment Davy was out of his own window, and head and shoulders in the captain's.



"CAN YOU UNPACK THIS GREAT BASKET" (*p.* 103).

"Help, sir! quick, quick! or he'll be gone!" And thus entreated, Davy introduced the rest of his body through the window, and bent over his foe, who was lying prostrate on the floor, writhing like a serpent, and black in the face.

"What's the matter? Has he had a fit?"

"No, sir; a fish-bone. He's only choking!"

"Oh!" and seizing the sugar-tongs, Davy stooped down, and in no very gentle manner succeeded in withdrawing the obstruction, which had settled itself very firmly across the old gentleman's throat, and would assuredly have been fatal in a few minutes. Even after the successful operation, which was novel and daring, the captain looked so alarmingly ill that Davy despatched the old woman for the nearest doctor, and promised to remain till she returned if she was sharp. Captain Tiger looked up gratefully, and meekly endeavoured to express his thanks; but Davy authoritatively commanded him to be silent, and administered such restoratives as were to hand.

The captain refused to touch anything till his benefactor helped himself, and in a very few minutes Davy and his foe were hob-nobbing together as amicably as if they had been the best of friends all their lives. The tiger was transformed into a very lamb, and the silent, taciturn Davy quite mellowed into sociability.

When the surgeon arrived, he declared the operation had been most skilfully performed, and assured the captain that, as far as human means went, he owed his life to the nerve and presence of mind of his neighbour.

Davy smiled a little vacantly as the captain fell on his neck, and then and there vowed to banish Jocko to the Zoo, sell the parrot, and eat the pigeons, repeating his regrets that he had ever inconvenienced so kind a neighbour, with tears in his eyes declaring it should never happen again.

"Don't distress yourself," Davy said, a little triumphantly; "I'm going away. I've let my house, and I'm going into lodgings."

"Impossible, my good sir!" the captain cried, with a little return of his tigerish manner; "you mustn't think of it. Just as I've had the pleasure of making your acquaintance; and suppose I should get a bone in my throat again, who's to fish it out for me?"

"I'll try and find apartments in the neighbourhood," Davy said thoughtfully.

"No—no—no! that will never do."

"It must do." And then by degrees Davy let out how he had made up his mind to give up his cottage, at quite a nominal rent, to his old friend and master's daughter and her children, now they were in trouble; and how he didn't wish them even to suspect the sacrifice he was making.

The captain's face grew purple, and his eyes crimson, as he listened, and every separate grizzled hair on his nearly bald head seemed to stand upright.

"My word, sir, you're a gentleman!" he cried, slapping Davy heavily on the shoulders, "and I'm proud of you. Hi! listen: here's room enough and to spare, why go into lodgings? You take the upper deck, and I'll take the lower, and we can quarrel to our hearts' content. Then you'll be near the children, and if I get a bone in my throat again you'll be convenient. Come, shake hands on it."

And after a few minutes' grave cogitation, Davy consented.

It was a capital arrangement for all parties. Captain Laffin would be no longer lonely, for, once the ice was broken and he had come to speaking terms with his neighbour, he wondered how he had got on without him all these years. Davy would be near his young ladies, and enabled to keep an eye on his property.

So, after much arguing and bickering, mutual terms were arranged; the furniture from the grey house was moved to the red, and such of it as there was space for comfortably arranged in the first-floor rooms, the rest carefully packed up in the garret.

Davy was in the happy and triumphantly independent position of a lodger in his old enemy's camp; and Clematis Villa was ready for occupation the next day, thanks to the energy of Davy, his factotum Slack, and the captain's old housekeeper.

When it was all swept and garnished, it seemed a very tiny place; and it was a great question whether even the odds and ends of furniture "chalked" could be comfortably stowed away.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

GETTING SETTLED.

IT had been Davy's intention to remain at Clematis Villa and superintend the arrival and arrangement of the furniture from the Chestnuts, but a little consideration convinced him that it would not be the wisest thing to do, as, unquestionably, the most useless things would be sent first, and carpets and such-like primary necessaries placed in the most inaccessible regions, if there was not some capable person at hand to superintend the packing. Accordingly, when the vans arrived on Monday morning, Davy was there, ordering and arranging everything; and before the girls were well awake the first instalment of their belongings was gone to their new home. Before breakfast the second van was despatched, and the remainder of the luggage could be sent on by train. Nell and Davy spent the whole forenoon in making a catalogue of the remaining goods and chattels, and securing the services of an auctioneer; and then they went up to town together by a fast train, and reached Clematis Villa before the heavily-laden vans arrived. Doris had kept her mother occupied in her own room during the morning, and prevented her from seeing the dismantled rooms, for the girls had agreed that she should be spared the desolation that grieved them so much; and it was Nell's idea to go up and get their new home quite ready before the mother even saw it.

"Is this the best you could do for us, Davy?" poor Nell asked, with tears in her eyes, as she glanced round the tiny sitting-room, with its awful paper and ill-fitting door. "How shall we ever keep poor mamma out of a draught here?"

"Miss Nellie, you were fair and honest with me; you told me what money you had in hand, and what were your expectations," the old man replied gravely. "You said that you would have to go out as a governess."

"But only till we heard from papa, Davy," Nell interrupted. "We shall only be so very poor for a few months."

"Suppose you never heard from him, Miss Nellie? There's always danger to them that go down to the sea in ships. It's as well always to be prepared for the worst."

"You have not heard any ill news, Davy?"

"No, child; but we may any day. In this little place you'll have few expenses; the rent is light, the landlord a good easy man; I'll be at hand to look after you, and when the good time arrives, and the ship comes home, it's easy to get a bigger and better house. Come, cheer up, dearie. I served your grandfather forty years; I nursed your mother as a baby; I've carried you and Miss Dory in my arms many's the time; and I've done what I've done for the best, and because I feared the worst. So make the best of it, dearie, and who knows but you'll be happy enough here yet? Clematis Villa will look very different when you get it straight, and I'll be at hand to see you're not pillaged or plundered; so things, bad as they are, might be worse."

That was a very long and very temperate speech for Davy Dunderdale to make, and Nellie felt the force of every word of it. If anything should happen to her father, they would be indeed dependent on their own efforts—on her efforts, rather, for the dear mother

could not do anything, and Doris, of course, would have to take care of her.

Nell's spirits rose equal to the occasion; there was nothing she could not do or dare for her loved ones; and instead of being depressed by the thought of coming trouble, she was excited. Accordingly, she set to work with a will, and very soon the first van-load of furniture was disposed of. Before dark all the carpets were down and the blinds and curtains up, and early the next morning the chaotic pile of chairs and tables was reduced to something like order. The little sitting-room really looked quite nice and home-like when it had all their odd chairs, work-baskets, ottomans, and ornaments about, with the piano cosily settled behind the door, and the mother's favourite low couch between the window and the fire. Behind the sitting-room on the same floor was a tiny dining-room, very plainly furnished indeed, for there was scarcely anything in the Chestnuts that would fit in it. Underneath was a kitchen, with a wash-house at the back, and both were being arranged by the captain's housekeeper, while above were two bed-rooms, the front and largest room for the mother, and it was on that Nell bestowed the greatest care and attention. The back room, which she would have to share with Doris, they could arrange at their convenience. Still higher up there was a box-room, and a tiny bed-room for a servant screwed somehow into the Gothic gables, and that was the extent of Clematis Villa.

"If all the rooms were placed side by side, the drawing-room carpet would cover them," Nell thought, as she glanced round; "still, it looks very nice and cosy, and I dare say we shall be very happy here when we get used to it; only I hope dear mother won't feel the change awfully."

Later in the afternoon Mrs. Brand and Doris arrived with two cab-loads of trunks, and old Davy groaned aloud as he thought of how much cheaper it would have been had the trunks come by parcels delivery or railway van, but it was unreasonable to expect Mrs. Brand to practise that sort of economy all at once.

Nell watched her mother keenly as she looked round with evident curiosity.

"What a dear little doll's-house, Nell! But do you think, darling, we shall all fit in it?" Her words were spoken simply in wonder, not discontent, and Nell breathed more freely.

"It's perfectly charming!" Doris cried. "Why, general, you must have had a whole battalion to help you. Just fancy, mother, all these things were down at the Chestnuts yesterday, and here they are to-day looking as if they were made for Clematis Villa, and had never been anywhere else; and I declare, Nell, you've brought the telescope toasting-fork and the pillar match-box!"

"My darling, how thoughtful you are!" Mrs. Brand said gently. "This room is like home, Nell."

"It will be more like home when we get everything unpacked, mother. And now come up-stairs and lie down a little while: just till tea is ready; you look so tired."

"I must not begin by being an invalid, dear."

"Yes, you must, dear, or you'll end by being one, and that will be ever so much worse," Doris cried. "Come along, and let us take off your things, and get you into your wrapper and slippers, and then we'll go down and make the tea."

"Nellie, you've given me everything; I can't have it, child," the mother cried, as she glanced round her room, and saw fresh evidences of her daughter's care and thoughtfulness on every side. "Why, this room is simply charming!"

"I'm so glad, mother dear," and Nell's eyes filled with tears. "I hope you won't miss anything very much."

"No water-works, general," Doris cried, her own eyes brimming over. "Do be careful, mater; you've got your very best bonnet on. Now lie down like a dear for an hour, and then you shall have some tea. The china is not unpacked yet, nor the kettle."

"But mother must be faint, Dory."

"Not at all; we had luncheon just before we left, and you know we came up by a fast train. You must not stir till we come and call you, dear;" and, with a glance round to see that everything was in its place, the girls left the room.

"Mamma will be asleep directly," Doris whispered; "she's awfully tired, poor darling! Now, Nell, let us go down to the kitchen department, and set to work at once, for I suppose we can't afford to keep a servant."

"I thought, I hoped, Doris, that Comyn might come with us," Nell said, a little sadly: "only for mother's sake, of course."

"It would have been quite the correct thing for her to do, sis; but, in spite of the fact that she has been with us for eighteen years, she tossed her head in high disdain at the mere idea of such a thing. Not that we asked her, Nell; only mamma said when she was paying her, 'You know, we are going to live in a very different style, Comyn, in quite a tiny house, without any servants; but if you like to stay with us till you find a situation, you can.' She stroked her apron, and said she preferred going home to her friends. Wasn't it horrid of her? And we really have been good to her."

"It looks very ungrateful, but I suppose it's the way of the world," Nell replied a little sadly. "I dare say that's how all our old friends and acquaintances will treat us; but we mustn't think of that now, dear." Nell was thinking of one old acquaintance in particular, whom she had always treated rather haughtily, and wondered if he would retaliate now he had the chance, and the thought brought a sudden rush of colour to her pale cheeks. "We're down in the world, Dory, and we must make the best of it."

"I don't feel 'down' in the least, and I have no intention of feeling so; only I confess it's horrid to be without even one servant, because we don't know how to do things—light fires, and wash plates, and black boots. You know, those are serious difficulties."

"Without doubt; but we have not come to them yet," Nell replied gaily. "I quite forgot to tell you

that I have already secured the services of one assistant, and I think he'll prove a very valuable one. Come down to the kitchen, and I'll introduce you to Slack."

"Who is Slack?" Doris asked, as she stumbled down the steep, dark, little stairs; "man, woman, or child?"

"Neither, I think, but a very useful *it*. Slack, here's your other mistress, and you're to do exactly what she tells you."

"Yes, ma'am—miss, I mean;" and a gaunt, shock-headed, loose-limbed body appeared suddenly from the region of the coal-cellar, and glanced from one to the other of the young ladies with open-mouthed admiration, then he dived into the cellar again, awaiting orders.

"What a dear, cosy little kitchen, Nell! And how beautifully clean!"

"I did it, miss," from the neighbourhood of the coals, in a very hollow voice. "I always kept the place clean for the master."

"What master, Slack?"

"Him as lived here afore you," was the cautious reply; "an' he said I was to wash up for you too if you wanted me."

"What else can you do?" Doris asked curiously.

"Why, everythink you tells me, if ye don't worrit me; if you do, I breaks the plates awful!"

"Can you unpack this great basket, and put all the things up on the shelves or into the cupboard? Put on the kettle for tea, and when it boils come up and tell me."

"Yis, miss, if ye go in the back kitchen and let me alone. I can't ever do nothink when there's any one a-watchin' of me."

"Then we had better retreat," Doris said. "And pray don't break the things more than you can help, Slack."

A snort of contempt was the only answer, but when the coast was clear the youth emerged, looking none the better for his contact with the coal, and his grimy countenance rendered more ludicrous by a broad grin.

"Just as if I ever broke *anythink!*" he said, as he dived into the basket; "only I likes to have the kitchen to myself, then I gets on like a house on fire."

"Wherever did you find that odd creature, Nell?" Doris asked when they got up-stairs.

"Davy sent him. He says he can do anything almost, and he's really very obliging and quick. I don't know what I should have done yesterday without him."

"Kettle boils, miss;" and Slack swung into the room, with the Japanese tray and best china nicely balanced on one shoulder. With a great flourish, he set it down uninjured, and whisked round the room in search of the other etceteras.

"Why, boy, where did you learn to carry things like that?" Doris asked. "I wonder you haven't smashed our dear little cups all to bits."

"That's the way they allus carries 'em at *restyrongs*, miss," with a very lofty air; and poor Doris felt considerably shut up. Slack had evidently made up his mind to patronise the young ladies, and keep them well out of the kitchen, and if they gave him his way in those two matters, they would find him a very useful assistant, infinitely better in their peculiar circumstances than a careless, incompetent general servant; and with a hint now and again from Nellie, a good scolding from Davy, a shake from Captain Tiger, and an odd sixpence from Doris, he soon became so valuable and efficient that the girls often wondered what on earth they would do without that utterly absurd creature, Slack; and the absurd creature clung to the kitchen regions at Clematis Villa with the tenacity of a barnacle. Though he worked for Nellie, and obeyed her orders implicitly (when they did not clash with some pre-conceived prerogative of the kitchen), he obstinately refused to enter into business arrangements with her, either as to wages or clothes. He would accept no payment for his services, and absolutely laughed outright when Nell threatened to send him away.

"You couldn't do it, miss, cause I'm a fixture: part of the premises, you know," he said, with a grin. "Besides, I'd be sure to come back again, for I have nowhere to go to;" and in the face of that argument Nell was silent, and Slack remained as general factotum at Clematis Villa, to the girls' great amusement and comfort.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

MRS. FRASER SPEAKS HER MIND.

"MY dear Alec, could you find no better chambers than these? The rooms are simply stifling, and such dreadful old rubbish of furniture! And this Place! why, it's merely a court. I had to leave my carriage in the street and make my way here on foot. It's too dreadful, and I can't promise to visit you again if you continue to reside here."

Alec Fraser tried to look as if that would be an insupportable calamity, while his mother continued finding fault with his surroundings.

"When I consented to your living in chambers, Alec, I never dreamed of anything like this. I thought you would have pleasant, roomy, well-furnished apartments, where we could come sometimes and have afternoon tea; but really, this garret!"

"My dear mother, it's on the ground floor."

"Cellar, then. It's too dreadful; not a chair fit to sit on. Such a smell of tobacco; and, Alec, what are those horrid things in the corner?"

"Only fencing-sticks, mother."

"Fencing-sticks! What on earth can you possibly want such things for? You're not going to turn fencing-master, are you?"

"I have no immediate intention of embracing that profession, mother, but there's no telling what one may come to, you know."

"How absurd! And those dreadful weapons in the other corner, what are they?"

"Only dumb-bells."

Mrs. Fraser shook her head disapprovingly. "It's

quite time I came to see after you, Alec. I really can't see how you have existed here for the last two months, especially as you might have been with me in Eastbourne; but you always were singularly deficient in taste. I must send you a carpet and rug, and curtains and mirror, and a few other things; but perhaps I had better go to Jonson, and tell him to send some one to see what's wanted to make the room habitable."

Alec shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly. He had been very cosy and comfortable for two months in his shabby den in Palsgrave Place; he did not want any new-fangled innovations; it was quite good enough for him as it was—better far than the back parlour in Kentish Town, where most of his youth was passed. But he did not argue with his mother; he knew by old experience that it was no use. Only he ventured to suggest that if she and Jonson were to have their way, it would be better to seek other rooms; Palsgrave Place had no capacity for such improvements as his mother contemplated. Mrs. Fraser quite jumped at the idea; it would be much better to secure large, light, airy rooms, then there would be some comfort in furnishing them properly. Alec was passive; his mother and Jonson might do their worst, cram the sitting-room with *bric-à-brac*, spider-legged tables, high-art needlework, china, and terra-cotta monstrosities; he did not even wax wroth when a dado was reverently mentioned; and Mrs. Fraser was delighted to have a son living in chambers in the Temple on whom she could bring her fashionable friends to call; it was the thing she most approved of, and she meant to do justice to the occasion. She even ventured to suggest Alec's giving up the business at Tollman's Wharf altogether, and taking up some learned profession, just for the sake of amusement.

"And have my dear old father work for me—eh, mother? No, that won't do. I like our business, and I have a share in it now, and I mean to continue it. 'Fraser and Son' sounds very well; and I tell you honestly the father is proud of it, and so am I," Alec replied good-humouredly.

In truth, Alec's thoughts were running on an entirely different subject, and after having conceded every point to his mother, agreed with her that his lodgings were inconvenient (mental reservation), out of the way (mental apology), dark, dull, dreary—he thought he had led her up to the requisite pitch of amiability to prefer a request of his own.

"By the way, I met one of the Miss Brands the other day, mother," he began nervously.

"Indeed!" very frigidly.

"Yes. She told me her mother was not very well, and they haven't heard once from their father since he left. They live somewhere Camden Town way. I thought perhaps you would like to call on them, so I got the address. It's here somewhere."

"You needn't trouble to look for it," Mrs. Fraser said shortly. "I have really no intention of renewing my acquaintance with the Brands—they are quite out of my set now."

"But, mother, I fancy they are poor, and in sore trouble. Miss Brand looked really ill and worried. It would be only an act of common kindness if you called on them."

"I think it would be most uncommon kindness," Mrs. Fraser replied sharply. "I never cared for the people; they were always haughty, and possessed plenty of the pride that goes before destruction. What you and your father ever saw in them I can't imagine."

"Mother, mother! what has come over you?" Alec exclaimed indignantly. "You cannot surely mean what you say. You cannot forget that when we were poor they were kind to us."

"We were never so poor as to be a trouble to them," Mrs. Fraser interrupted; "and if they're so badly off as you say, why not ask your father to send them some money? I have no time for visiting such folk; besides, they'd be certain to take advantage of any notice I might bestow upon them. There's no use in your returning to the subject again, Alec; I have quite made up my mind."

"Very well, mother, I shan't return to it further than this: I see in to-day's paper that the *Europa* is reported missing—indeed, all hope of her is given up, and Mr. Brand sailed in her. If that doesn't soften you, nothing will."

"I'm sorry, of course, but I don't see how that alters the case. When I tell you distinctly that I don't wish to know the people, that should be enough for you, I think. I suppose I am at liberty to choose my own acquaintances, without my son dictating to me? If you think so much about them, why don't you go and see them yourself—if, indeed, you have not spent the summer dancing attendance on them?"

"Mother!" Alec cried angrily; then by a great effort he steadied his voice. "I have certainly been endeavouring to find out the address of Mrs. Brand and her daughters ever since I left home, but I only succeeded three days ago. I always esteemed it a pleasure and a privilege to know them; I feel just the same now; but they are ladies alone and in trouble, and I hope I have sufficient sense of what is due to them and myself not to intrude. The Brands are not the sort of people to admit the gentlemen of a family to visit them when the ladies decline to do so." And Alec took up a paper, meaning to intimate that on his part the subject was exhausted.

But Mrs. Fraser was the sort of woman who loved to walk round and round a disagreeable matter; and at last, stung almost to madness, Alec jumped up and seized his hat. "Excuse me, mother, I have an engagement. Good morning." And before she could utter a word he was out of the room and out of the house, leaving her to find her way to her carriage by herself, wondering much at her son's extraordinary behaviour, and wishing she had not said quite so much about those artful, designing creatures, as she had termed Nellie and Doris Brand: wishing, too, that her son was safely married, and out of their possible reach. "Not that I think my son would ever really cross me in the matter of his marriage," she said to herself as she complacently stroked her well-

"WHAT'S THE MATTER? HAS HE HAD A FIT?" (*p.* 100).

fitting gloves. "I would make it far too unpleasant for his wife if he did; and besides, Alec is a good, obedient, dutiful boy."

Mrs. Fraser forgot that love and obedience are delicate, sensitive plants, that will not bear much rough handling or harsh usage. Alec's love for his mother had received a rude shock by her want of feeling for the Brands in their trouble; and without love, obedience is, after all, but a broken reed to lean on. For whatever course her son might pursue in the future, his mother would have to thank herself alone. A little kindness to her old friends in their adversity, a little sympathy and consideration, might have saved herself and others many a heartache and many a sorrow. But in the pride and glory of her prosperity Mrs. Fraser did not think that adversity could ever touch her again, or that the time could possibly come when she might need a friend to comfort and cheer her.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

HOW MOLLY MADE BOTH ENDS MEET.

BY PHILLIS BROWNE.

CHAPTER I.—THE WELCOME LETTER.

IT is a cold winter's evening. Two old ladies, sisters, are sitting, one on each side of the fire, waiting for the daylight to die. One of them is knitting, and it is evident that she is accustomed to the work, for though her eyes are anywhere but upon it, and she looks as though her thoughts are far away, she keeps on knitting briskly and almost mechanically, while the steel needles glitter in the uncertain light and click, as if they were announcing to the world at large that though some people might yield to laziness, their owner never will.

The other lady is evidently not in the least affected by this exhibition of industry. She is lying back in her easy-chair, her hands crossed upon her lap. The flickering blaze every now and then throws an uncertain light across the room, and casts long shadows over the walls, giving fitful glimpses of the portrait of a young girl which hangs over the mantelpiece. The face represented here is a simple and pretty one ; the girl is dressed in white, with blue ribbons ; she has smiling happy eyes and rosy lips, yet she looks in her youthful freshness and sweetness so like an early edition of the lazier of the sisters, that we at once pronounce the two mother and daughter.

Into this peaceful dreamy atmosphere I enter.

"Well, good folks, are you going to sleep ?"

"No, we are only resting for awhile," says mother.

"We are like the old ladies in Cranford," says the knitter—Aunt Susan. "We think it is extravagant to have the lamps lighted too early, so we sit in the twilight."

"I am tired, and glad of an interval of rest," said mother.

"Have you heard from Molly ?"

"Oh, yes ! we have had two or three letters. She has thoroughly enjoyed her honeymoon trip. I have been thinking about her as I have been sitting here."

"When are you not thinking of her ?" said Aunt Susan.

"It is a loss, truly, for a mother when her girl goes away," said the visitor—Mrs. Browne. "But you believe that the change is for her happiness, you know."

The postman's knock interrupts the conversation.

"Perhaps that is a letter from Molly," says mother ; and in a moment the maid brings the welcome packet into the room, and hands it to her mistress.

"Yes, it is a thick packet. Now we shall hear all about Molly and her husband. Light the lamps and close the shutters, Jane ; then I will read what the dear child says."

"Am I to be favoured by hearing the letter ?" says Mrs. Browne.

"Indeed you are, for let me tell you what I have arranged to do. You know as well as I that Molly used to do a little housekeeping when she was at home, and that she was fairly domesticated."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Browne, who thought to herself that little Molly would find it very different living where there was abundance, and trying to make both ends of a not very ample income meet.

"Still I expect she will not find it quite easy work to manage a household." "So I told her that, if she would send an exact account of her experiences, Mrs. Browne, Aunt Susan, and I would lay our heads together, and give her the very best advice we could. You will not object to do this, Mrs. Browne ?"

"Not in the least. Molly is a sensible lassie, and I have no doubt that, in a little while, she will be able to teach us instead of our teaching her."

"Nonsense," said Aunt Susan. "Young people are very clever nowadays, but they cannot get the experience of five-and-twenty or thirty years in a few months."

"Of course they cannot," said mother, "and that is why I think Molly will be glad to have a few hints from us. But now listen to the letter.

"MY NEW HOME,
"*Friday Afternoon.*

"DEAR PEOPLE IN MY OLD HOME,

"This is my housekeeping letter, which I am going to write according to agreement. I wish some of the clever scientific people who have invented telephones, and other wonderful things, would invent a machine which would enable us to peep at each other just now. I think I know what you are doing when you receive this. You are sitting in the dining-room, waiting for Jane to bring in the tea. Mother is resting and looking every now and then at that flattering portrait of me which hangs over the mantelpiece ; and auntie is knitting as if she were compelled to supply all the parish with socks. (I hope you will knit Charlie a set, auntie ; his new socks are in holes already.) In a little while you will send across for Mrs. Browne, and then you will all three discuss this letter.

"The worst of it is, that though I can picture you, you cannot imagine me, so I think before I go any further I must make a pen-and-ink sketch of myself, my feelings, and my surroundings. First of all I must tell you that my marriage is a most happy one."

"Now, I do hope we are not going to be favoured with this sort of thing," interrupted Aunt Susan. "To me it seems ridiculous that a girl who has been married barely six weeks should dare to declare her

marriage happy. No marriage can be said to be happy until it is, at the very least, seven years old."

"Well, listen to the letter," said mother.

"I know at this point auntie is indignant; but never mind. Our house is very small (of course, it had to be, for we could not afford a large house), but it is very pretty. I am glad now that I did not see it before I came to it as its mistress, for it has been such a delight to be astonished with all its excellencies. Jennie, Charlie's sister, met us at the station. She it is who has helped Charlie with the house, and I really think she has done her work very cleverly. I told her so, and she seemed pleased. When Jennie came up to the wedding I thought her quite plain-looking; now I think her almost pretty; she is so bright and unselfish that, when you get to know her, her face borrows beauty from her character. I looked rather anxiously at our one maid as she opened the door. I was pleased with her, I think, but I am not quite sure about it. However, I am not going to make up my mind about her all at once. I asked Jennie whether she liked her, but something prevented her answering me, and I forgot to mention it again. Jennie did not engage her, you know; Charlie's old landlady recommended her, and Charlie said he supposed she was all right. She was very neat and smart, and the house was very clean and in good order."

"How could it help being so when everything was new?" interrupted Mrs. Browne, but mother took no notice of the remark, and continued—

"So I determined not to be suspicious. I know it is not an easy thing to get a good servant."

"I hope she won't allow herself to be imposed upon," said Aunt Susan, preparing to look indignant.

"Molly will have to learn by experience like the rest of us," said mother, and went on reading.

"After we had looked all round the house, and I had duly admired it, we had tea, then Jennie said good night and went away, and Charlie and I were left, he the master and I the mistress of this pretty nest, with everything new and bright around us, and life all before us, and somehow I felt quite solemn about it. He did not. He kissed me, then sat down in his own arm-chair, by his own fireside, with his own wife opposite him, as he expressed it, and looked, and evidently felt, like a king. My eyes, however, filled with tears.

"'Why, Molly, little wife, what is it?'

"'I'm wondering what we shall make of it, Charlie?'

"'Make of what, my dear?'

"'Of life, and all this. I wonder if we shall go on to grow happier, and love each other more and more, as father and mother did before father died, or whether we shall get tired of each other, and get into difficulties with money.'

"Charlie looked grave. 'Do you know, Molly,' he said, 'it seems a hard thing to say, but I believe that the growing happier and happier as the years roll on depends, not by any means altogether, but to a very great extent upon our making both ends meet.'

"'Mother says it does,' said I.

"And now, mother, I have something to tell you, specially. After I had said, 'Mother says so,' I suddenly remembered that in story-books it says that husbands do not like their wives to be constantly quoting their mothers, and have a great objection to mothers-in-law, and I determined to know if Charlie had any idea of that kind; so I said, 'Charlie, you don't mind my mentioning mother, and telling her things, do you?' He said, 'Not at all, dear; banish the thought from your mind. I love your mother dearly. Next to the feeling of joy and pride in having you for my wife, is the satisfaction I have in being certain that I shall never have any difficulties of that kind.'

"Now, mother, was not that good of Charlie? I thought I loved him with all my heart before, but he became positively priceless all in a minute when he spoke so nicely about you."

Of course, Aunt Susan and Mrs. Browne agreed with Molly that it was very "good" of Charlie to speak so kindly of mother. Mother herself was, however, entirely overcome by this remark; she wiped her eyes and tried to read on, and wiped her eyes again, and at length was obliged to stop and have the cry out.

Aunt Susan's eyes were red also, but, as usual, she felt it incumbent upon her to put down the company.

"You won't keep your girl, don't think it," she said. "That is what it is to be a parent; you love your daughter from infancy to womanhood, toil and are anxious for her all day, are glad when she rejoices and sorrow when she sorrows through long years, and then just when she is growing old enough to understand what it all means, she leaves you for a stranger."

By this time mother had recovered her composure, and continued to read the letter.

"Then Charlie and I had a long talk, and we made one another a promise that, no matter what people thought of us, no matter how difficult it was, no matter how little we spent on dress and food, we would live within our income, and save at least a little every year. He read to me something out of a very favourite book of his, 'Emerson's Essays,' in which the writer says that 'the secret of success lies never in the amount of money, but in the relation of income to outgoing,' and also that 'there must be system in the economies.' We resolved that we would both think the matter well over, and that I should draw up a list of our expenses, and Charlie should plan out a system, and then together we would work it out. We felt quite strong as we remembered that it would be working together. Now, dear people, I must conclude. I have written a long letter, but I wanted you quite to understand our position. I have drawn out my list, and when Charlie comes home from business we are going to decide upon the system. I will tell you what it is, and perhaps you can make some suggestions.

"Your loving

"Molly."

"I hope they won't try to save by living poorly. That would be false economy," said Mrs. Browne.

"And I hope they won't grow careless about dress," said Aunt Susan. "They cannot afford it."

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

"JILL."

FANCY costumes are particularly well adapted to little folks, a fact which of late years has come to be recognised, and at many juvenile parties character costumes are *de rigueur*. In case any of my readers should receive invitations to such parties for the young members of their family, and be puzzled how to dress them, I propose to give some details that I trust may be acceptable, and shall begin with those which are particularly easy to make at home. Boys' costumes, as a rule, not being so easy as girls', I will discuss the boys' first.

Geneviève de Brabant gave prominence to a cook's dress, and nothing is easier—and I was going to say quainter. It must be all white, even to shoes and cotton stockings; the breeches are made of white linen, and fastened with three buttons at the knee, and over this is either a frilled blouse, full, and ending at the waist, or a white double-breasted tail-coat; the white apron must, *de rigueur*, be tucked into the waist, and the flat cook's cap be worn on the head. If you want any further decoration, you may wear the *cordon bleu*, display a bill of fare, or a saucepan; and should you prefer to be a pastrycook, you carry a wooden tray of cakes; or a baker, you carry a long Vienna loaf.

FRENCH DRESS, 1787.

A clown — more especially the French one, Pierrot—is very easily concocted. He wears long, loose, white trousers and blouse, with a row of coloured rosettes down the front, and has his face painted, and occasionally has a half-mask, black. An æsthetic clown is a good notion, with sunflowers and blue china plates worked over the white dress, a peacock's feather in the conical cap, a sunflower and a feather-fan carried in the hand.

A wizard, or astrologer, is easily managed: a black conical cap, with cabalistic insignia pasted on in gold paper, and a long black robe with the same, a wand in the hand, large spectacles, a ruff at the throat, made of treble box-plaited muslin, and pointed shoes.

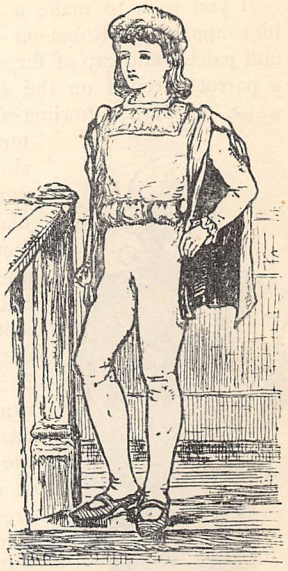
Mirliton is a pretty dress for a boy, and of much the same cut as the clown's, only that the blouse is more close-fitting, but pointed cap, blouse, and trousers should be covered with inch-wide stripes of blue cotton, stitched on diagonally, so that they appear to be wound round and round.

LADY OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

A Christy minstrel, in striped linen coat and trousers, preposterously large collar, a black face, and a battered hat, is capital for a big boy, as some little fun can be brought to bear on the character.

Small boys dressed as Napoleon the Great, Dr. Pangloss, a jockey, Dick Turpin, and other well-known characters are irresistibly charming. As I have mentioned these, and you might select them, I must tell you how to dress them. Napoleon I. has a black cocked hat, with tricolour rosette, a large lapelled coat, white leather breeches, silk stockings, and shoes. Dr. Pangloss, a large-skirted, large-sleeved black velvet coat, with steel buttons, a very long waistcoat, black velvet breeches, ruffles, shoes with buckles, white wig, and spectacles. A jockey appears in a parti-coloured jacket and breeches of satin, cap to match, top-boots, a whip in hand. Dick Turpin, in a scarlet coat and waistcoat trimmed with gold braid and buttons, lace ruffles and cravat, leather breeches, high boots, and three-cornered hat and fancy wig, with pistols at the belt. I consider that the most

FISHWIFE.



A PAGE.

favourite fancy costume for boys just now is the man-of-war's man, because everybody has a sailor suit; and the æsthetic costume, which is rendered by black pointed shoes, silk stockings, light velvet breeches, short jacket, and a large soft coat. An æsthetic green is really the colour that should be chosen, but a black velvet is as often as not adopted, and that can be worn afterwards in every-day life.

Any characters from the nursery rhymes and stories seem well adapted to children, and at one of the prettiest juvenile parties I have seen, no other costumes were admitted. Jack Horner in blue breeches and waistcoat, a red coat with gold buttons, a tricolour hat, and a plum hanging to his watch-chain, dragged by the hand the very smallest brother, who personated Jack the valiant Giant Killer. The little fellow in his blue trunk-hose, close-fitting red habit, helmet, shield, and sword, seemed to have come direct from the kingdom of Liliputia. Boy Blue as Gainsborough painted him; Blue Beard with a thick beard of blue wool; Beauty and the Beast devoted themselves to "My pretty Maid," in a quilted petticoat, bunched-up chintz tunic, muslin kerchief, straw hat, and milk-pails; and to "Mary, Mary, quite Contrary," who had "cockle shells, silver bells, and pretty girls, all of a row" on her pink and blue gown; a châtelaine formed of watering-pot, hoe, rake, and spade at her side. Red Riding Hood, in red cloak and blue frock, was there, as well as Chaperon Rouge, the French and more dainty rendering of the same, viz., a red satin petticoat, black velvet bodice, white muslin apron, and red silk hood, a basket in the hand; and also Cinderella, both as a princess and a serving-maid, but in both cases displaying her crystal shoe — by-the-by, best made by covering a discarded white satin shoe with talc cloth. There were several other characters.

FORESTER.

Kate Greenaway's heroines suit little people wonderfully well, and you can hardly do wrong in copying her illustrations faithfully. I have in my mind's eye a little damsel of eight years old, with auburn hair and sparkling eyes, who as Jennie won all hearts. She was not, as I have seen the character rendered, in black silk dress, muslin apron, kerchief and cap—captivating enough when a bright young face peeps from beneath—but in a short green skirt and pelisse, with poke bonnet and fur muff, a lace pelerine over her shoulders, and high-heeled shoes. Quaker's and quiet dresses, which elderly people might wear, are always piquant on a child, just as the garb of a baby or of a schoolboy is extremely amusing worn by a grown man. Vandyck's famous picture of Charles I.'s children may always serve as a guide to a family group. The close lace cap, the long skirt, the bibbed apron suit little girls to perfection, and there is hardly a picture which Vandyck, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, or De Largillière painted of children which would not show to advantage if reproduced at a juvenile fancy ball.

MOORISH SERVANT.

If you wish to make a boy thoroughly happy, let him appear as Robinson Crusoe in knickerbockers and paletot and cap of fur, with robins sewn about it, a parrot perched on the shoulder, a belt round the waist, carrying a fowling-piece, pistols, hatchet, and umbrella; and a little friend should be allowed to accompany him as Man Friday with blacked face and hands and feet, wearing a striped shirt and trousers. Lalla Rookh and other Eastern dresses suit dark girls well. If I describe Lalla Rookh I shall be describing the ordinary run of Oriental dresses. She has full red silk trousers to the ankle, a short petticoat to match, a green satin overdress with open sleeves trimmed with gold, a pink satin bodice over a gold-spangled chemisette. A few illustrations will make this paper of more practical use; they are as follows:—

BARRISTER.

No. 1. *Jill.*—In a flowered cotton frock and petticoat; soft silk kerchief, knotted at the throat. The large brim of the bonnet should be lined with a colour becoming to the wearer.

No. 2. *French Dress about* 1787.—Pale blue and yellow striped silk coat; yellow satin breeches; long blue waistcoat, fastening to the waist, then opening to disclose a blue under-vest trimmed with gold braid. Chain and seals hanging at the side. Large lace jabot in front, and lace ruffles at the wrists. White wig; tricornered black hat; gold-headed cane.

No. 3. *Lady of the Twelfth Century.*—Dark woollen dress, with three-inch border of contrasting colour; the long sleeves match the border, likewise the pointed fichu in front. Velvet collar. The pointed head-dress is white and gold; the veil is white; a velvet band borders the edge, and lace frills fall on the hair. Gold ornaments, pointed shoes.

No. 4. *Fishwife.*—Woollen dress, either dark blue or dark terra-cotta red; soft silk pink kerchief for the head. Stockings striped to match dress.

No. 5. *Forester.*—Dark woollen tights, hood, and hose. Boots, belt, jacket, and gauntlets of soft leather. Felt hat; staff in hand.

No. 6. *Page.*—Tights and vest joined by ribbons, and showing a soft shirt at the neck, waist, and wrists. Hanging sleeves lined with a contrasting colour falling over close ones. Long hair and round hat.

No. 7. *Moorish Servant.*—Striped silk trousers; embroidered satin jacket; Oriental scarf round hips; soft muslin turban. The hands and face should be stained.

No. 8. *Barrister.* — Black gown, either in black lustre or rich corded silk; scarf in either black or crimson silk; wig; brief in hand.

DUTCH WOMAN.

No. 9. *Dutch Woman.*—Short-waisted dress, with square velvet-trimmed bodice; gauntlet sleeves with a puff of cambric at the elbow; elaborately gathered chemisette; lawn apron with handsome lace border.

In fancy costumes everything depends on brightness of colour, freshness, and suitability. Nervous children should not be put into dresses which are associated with a marked bearing or the quiet self-possession of a woman of the world; they can hardly help looking well whatever they wear, so let them have all the enjoyment they can.

PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

THERE are certain things which people *must* have, and there are other things which people *will* have. Articles of clothing they must have; ornaments of various descriptions the majority of people will have. It comes within the province of gentlewomen to supply both these demands, not altogether in full, but if they will it so, certainly in the greater part. You may remember that when we last discussed the subject, I asserted that work well done would always find a customer; my further numerous inquiries leave me still impressed with the same belief; there is but one proviso, that the work does not exhibit a fashion which is decidedly on the wane, or altogether obsolete.

With regard to the first and really the most important of the two classes above named: it is now midwinter, and the chief demand is for articles of warm clothing, for the kinds made by crochet and knitting needles. There is a constant sale for petticoats of all sizes, for vests, bodices, cardigans, veils, hoods, shawls, for socks and stockings of every size, whether for every-day wear or for shooting, fishing, and football purposes. The principal new additions made to these ordinary articles, long in usual demand, are knitted gloves; for these the knitter

ordinarily receives eleven shillings per dozen pairs, when employed by a shopkeeper and provided with wool by him. Secondly, sleeping-gowns, which are knitted loosely with thin wool: these are now extensively recommended by the medical faculty for the use of children, invalids, and elderly people, as being more porous, and consequently less heating, than flannel. The price of these to the purchaser is from five to ten shillings, according to size. The third and latest idea is that of knitted hoods for gentlemen, to be worn when travelling by sea or on a night railway journey. Their appearance is that of a ribbed sock, the foot of which has stopped short a little distance past the heel; the stitches are there cast off singly, without being taken together. The sock is pulled over the head and neck of the wearer, the back of the head fits into the heel, and the face appears through the aperture left where the half of the foot ends. The price of these articles varies according to the quality of the wool used.

It may seem trivial and an unimportant matter to discuss here any details connected with this department of work; but my aim is to be helpful, and to be that one must be practical, and therefore it is essential that we bring common sense and intelligence of action with us into this, as into every field of labour into which we enter. Our object is to find a ready and a steady sale for our products; so to please and satisfy the purchaser that he or she will not decry and not regret their investments, but will wish to buy again, and will, moreover, recommend the wares to others. If you will examine the heaps of things remaining unsold at the depôts for the sale of ladies' work, you will see the chief reason why so very many remain unsold—they are unsatisfactory or comparatively useless.

Let me descend to particulars, and give hints which are, I am certain, worthy of attention.

Crochet is much more rapid and an easier method than knitting; it is for this reason, I suppose, that such numbers of articles of clothing are crocheted—petticoats and shawls, jackets, vests, hoods, gaiters and boots for babies, all of which present a pretty and attractive appearance, but are only bought by the inexperienced buyer.

The thrifty woman eschews crocheted garments for herself and her children, for she knows that the beauty, and to a great extent the utility of such, disappear in the wash-tub, whilst knitted garments can be washed many a time and oft, without perceptible deterioration, and also will wear for a much longer period. A word, too, with respect to shawls, for which there is always a large demand at this season, for the use of invalids, infants, and busy housewives. Rapidity of production appears to be the chief aim of the producers, rather than comfort and use for the purchaser. The greater number of shawls which are hand-made, whether knitted or crocheted, are considered useless by invalids, because the large apertures let cold air pass through them; they are considered undesirable for infants, because their tiny hands are perpetually entangled in the wide-meshed web, which entanglement vexes the infants, and causes many a scream and roar. And this same hastily manufactured shawl is disliked by the busy woman, because in her rapid flittings to and fro she is continually retarded and brought to a sudden standstill by door-handles, knobs, keys, and pegs falling through the said large holes, which make the open gaps yet larger. Shawls woven by machinery, and indeed all the articles mentioned in the list, so manufactured, are largely bought; but hand-made shawls and other garments, when sensibly made, will always meet with the preference, for the reasons that they are found to be considerably warmer, are lighter in weight in comparison to the warmth, and will wash very much more satisfactorily.

Before leaving this department I may as well mention that knitting consumes less wool than crochet, so that the first outlay for the workers is less, and also that the former commands a higher price than the latter.

Kendal is the place most famed for the superiority of its wool, and any kind, in any quantity, can be obtained from Waddington and Co., Duckett Mills, in that town.

The possession of a knitting machine might prove a source of income, and would doubtless do so if arrangements were made to supply some large buyer of this class of goods. Their cost ranges from ten to thirty guineas; the advantages gained by the greater cost are that these machines are adapted for any thickness of yarn or silks, and also possess the capabilities for making any size of stocking and other garments. The latest invention is that which knits stockings and other garments in round form—the earlier inventions knitted in flat form only, and required the stockings to be sewed afterwards. The machine patented by Harrison and Co., of Portland Street, Manchester, completes a pair of stockings in an hour, and a pair of socks in half that time. For the actual work of knitting the usual charge is one shilling per pair for ladies' stockings, fifteenpence for gentlemen's stockings, and fourpence per pair for re-footing. My own experience, which however has not been very wide as yet, leads me to place stockings so made, in front of those woven, but not on an equality with those knitted by hand. With respect to the different kinds of fancy work just now in fashion, the chief of them are the following:—

Russian Embroidery, particularly suited for all articles which require to be washed often, such as cloths for the tea-table, slips for sideboard, toilet-covers and towels. The work is small cross-stitch, worked with red or blue ingrained cotton, or with a combination of both, on the outline of the pattern into which the linen may have been woven.

Aviary-work is effective: representations of birds are painted on sateen, the pictures are cut out medallion form, and fastened by means of braid or embroidery on fine marcella for toilet-table garniture.

Trellis-work is a fashionable method for white chair-backs, as antimacassars are now named. A border is worked at one end only, but much work is put there; the ground is covered with a cobweb of small stitches

dotted over the surface in silk of one colour, and the actual pattern is of a running, trailing character, the flowers of which are worked in crewel-stitch, and the leaves in outline, all with the same-coloured silk as the cobweb.

Several other kinds of fashionable needlework I must defer mentioning until next month.

Your natural inquiry will be, "How and where are we to dispose of our work?" You will readily see that lists of addresses could not be given in a paper of this kind, but general help can be afforded to all who seek for information.

In London and in many of our large towns, there are shops opened for the sale of, and supplied entirely with, ladies' work. The Gentlewomen's Self-Help Institute, 15, Baker Street, Portman Square, has been in existence for some years. Any lady who wishes to offer work for sale is required first to make a statement showing that she is a necessitous gentlewoman, and then she has to procure a nomination from a subscriber of a guinea to the institute. Each lady puts a price on her own work, and when it is sold the whole amount is given to her. This plan is adopted at most of the depôts of this kind.

The "Ladies' Aid Society" is organised with the sole view of giving opportunities to gentlewomen to help themselves. A list of the ladies through whom an introduction can be obtained may be seen at 208, Piccadilly, London, W. I shall give further details next month as to the various ways of disposing of work in London and the country.

As yet I have only mentioned work which is done by needles; we will now turn to consider other employments.

The demand for Christmas, New Year, Easter, and birthday cards and valentines is still very great, and seems to be on the increase; on the other hand, those who try to supply the demand increase in number, and this field is very crowded with competitors. Originality of design, or taste and skill in execution of one which may not be particularly clever, are the chief aims on which to raise hopes of success. It should be remembered that the firms who publish these cards make their preparations many months before the Christmas season, and therefore designs for special seasons should be offered many months in advance. The firm of Hildesheimer and Faulkner, 41, Jewin Street, E.C., will receive designs or rough sketches of such at any time during the year. They prefer that artists should put a price on the designs sent to them. A few years ago the verses printed on cards of this class was not of very high order, and the poetry of unknown poets and poetesses appeared; but now the majority of card publishers affix the name of the writer, and consequently those of unknown fame have little chance of their poetical compositions being accepted.

For artists who ascend to the higher branches there are each year more opportunities for showing their pictures. Every year there are fine art exhibitions opened in different towns in the provinces. The best way to ascertain where and when these will be held is to get the "Artistic Almanac," published by George Rowney and Co., 52, Rathbone Place, and 29, Oxford Street, W. This helpful little book mentions the towns and the probable dates, also gives the dates when London exhibitions open their doors.

As the season for this is drawing on apace, when artists wishful to exhibit must make preparations, I will give a short summary of the galleries open to them in London. In each case it is necessary for the would-be exhibitor to write to the secretary, and ascertain the precise date when pictures are to be sent on approbation; particular and strict observance has to be given to the rules laid down with regard to time.

The Society of Lady Artists, 48, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street. Amateur artists wishing to exhibit are required to pay for the permission.

The Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East. No work previously exhibited in London, and no copy, is admitted. A rule has lately been made that no picture of less value than £5 will be accepted. A commission of ten per cent. is charged on pictures sold at this gallery.

Royal Albert Hall, South Kensington. Artists are not restricted as to numbers, but their works have to be submitted to a committee of selection. Copies are not admissible. Pictures when sold may be removed in three months' time. Seven and a half per cent. is charged for commission.

The Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 53, Pall Mall, S.W. This gallery is newly built, and will be open this year to the works of all artists, subject to selection.

The Dudley Gallery, in which heretofore so many ladies have exhibited their pictures, is not to be opened this year. Last spring, within the first fortnight, fifty pictures painted by lady artists were sold: this fact, and its well-known name, seem to make it a matter of regret that its doors are closed.

Of course there is no certainty of selling pictures at any of these exhibitions, but the opportunity is given and the chance is afforded of so doing. A gentlewoman of my acquaintance with no special talent, no advantages of instruction in early life, who exhibits no originality of design, and has no interest in the artist world, has realised between two and three hundred pounds during the last ten years, by exhibiting in the London and provincial galleries. This sum cannot be reckoned to be a yearly competency, its value was that it served to help a small regular income; but I cite this instance to show that ordinary mediocre talents can be made to pay if real, thorough, honest, painstaking work accompany them. The instructions given at schools of art include every style and branch in which pencil and brush may be used. These schools are to be found in almost every large town, and off-shoots of them in many of the smaller towns. The charge for instruction is exceedingly small, and there are classes arranged for day and evening hours, so that every one has the chance of attending them.

A. S. P.

HOW THE STORMY WAVES WERE CONQUERED.

BY C. F. GORDON-CUMMING. IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

AMONG the general notices of subjects proposed for consideration in the House of Lords on July 28th, 1882, was one calling attention to the effect said to be produced by pouring oil upon the sea in tempestuous weather, and to ascertain what measures the Board of Trade had adopted to test the value of recent experiments, and to encourage a discovery valuable to life and property at sea.

The question thus raised by Lord Carnarvon was followed up by Lord Aberdeen, Lord Cottesloe, Lord Sudeley, and Lord Northbrook, and a number of remarkable details, referring to a subject so old, and yet so little known, were discussed.

The chief interest of this conversation lay in the fact that this was probably the very first occasion on which "the rulers of the people" have formally recognised the existence of this most unobtrusive, but most valuable, ally of all those whose life-work involves many a hard struggle with stormy waves and tempests.

The strange thing is that its power should have been so widely known in remote ages, and in many far ends of the earth, and yet that no effort should have been made to apply it systematically, or to recognise it as a necessary item in the sea-going equipment of boats and vessels.

In its metaphorical sense we have all our lives been familiar with the wisdom of "throwing oil on the troubled waters"—an expression whose origin no one has yet been able to trace, though I have heard many persons confidently assert that it is a quotation from the Hebrew Scriptures! I am told that Plato refers to the subject, and we know that Pliny does so, for he tells us how "the divers of the Mediterranean carry water in their mouths and do spurt it abroad, because all seas are made calm and still with oil."

Just about a hundred years ago Dr. Franklin received a letter from a gentleman telling him how he had taken passage by a Dutch ship, and how a storm had arisen, and waves were beginning to break over the vessel, when the captain proceeded to take a small quantity of olive-oil, and poured it overboard (a little at a time, and not using more than four quarts altogether). So efficacious was the working of this simple charm that the waves were allayed, and the writer commended the matter to the scientific consideration of the wise doctor.

Having had his attention thus turned to the subject, Dr. Franklin did not fail soon to remark the strange glassy calm that invariably accompanied the presence of whaling ships in New Port Harbour (Massachusetts), and on examination he found that this was due to leakage of whale-oil and blubber. Thereupon he commenced a series of simple experiments, beginning by pouring a tea-spoonful of oil on a rough pond, when it immediately formed an oily film, covering a space of fully half an acre, smooth as glass. It appears that one drop of oil will instantly diffuse itself over a surface four feet in circumference, producing a perfect calm, without wrinkle or break.

Dr. Franklin next experimented on the surf off the coast of New Hampshire. The sea on every side was white with crested waves, but when he poured a moderate supply of oil on to these tossing waters, he immediately found himself floating on a smooth surface. The actual undulation of the great swelling waves was in nowise affected, but they were unable to form breakers, so that they were shorn of their danger.

One might naturally suppose that when this subject had been so far proven by so learned a man, it would have led to some practical result, but nothing further seems to have been done, and only occasional notes have reached us from whale ships off the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, or from vessels engaged in the palm-oil trade on the shores of Africa or the South Sea Isles, recording the strange calm which seems always to surround them, owing to the leakage of oil pumped up with the bilge-water, whereas the ships lying near them, carrying dry cargo, are tossing and pitching on a white-crested sea.

The value of oil in smoothing the surface of ruffled water is well known throughout the world. The fishers and divers in various parts of the Mediterranean continue its use at the present time, just as they did in the days of Pliny. The men of Gibraltar scatter oil that they may more plainly discern the largest oysters; those of Corsica and Syria carry it to smooth the water should they be overtaken in storms when far from land. The boatmen of the Persian Gulf habitually carry bladders filled with oil, and in rough weather tow them astern of their frail craft, having first pricked them so as to cause a moderate leakage as they run through the waves. The fishermen of Lisbon smooth the surf on the bar of the Tagus by emptying a bottle of oil at the moment when they are about to enter the breakers.

The fishers of Bermuda pour oil on the sea (just as poachers in Scotland do on the dark Highland rivers) to smooth the ripple, that they may strike their fish with greater accuracy. So do the men of Samoa, and other Pacific Isles where spearing is a favourite mode of fishing.

Well, too, do our own fishermen know the oily film that marks the spot beneath which sport the shoals

of fish that form their harvest. While they are yet a great way off, the smooth surface betrays their presence. On the coast of Cornwall the approach of the pilchards is thus revealed, and on our Northern shores the herrings are likewise betrayed.

Fishermen take note of how the sea falls to a gentle roll when they are hauling up their well-filled herring nets, though it had previously appeared ready to engulf them. At Fraserburgh, where there is a constant influx of boats laden with herring, the large amount of bilge-water from the boats calms down the sea to a gentle roll, and allows of the boats entering the harbour with the greatest safety, though the waves are breaking over the pier.

We need not go far for instances of the rough-and-ready application of fish-oil in its crude form. Mr. Anderson, writing from Edinburgh, tells how, some years ago, a number of fishermen in his employment were caught in a storm thirty miles east of the Isle of May, in the Firth of Forth. As their only hope of salvation, they had to cut open the skate, ling, and cod, mince up the livers and cast them all round the boats. Almost instantaneously they found themselves floating in gentle rolling waves, though on every side of them the crested billows continued to break furiously. The oil was not quickly dissipated, but floated in a compact body, and in this smooth water the boats so lately in dire peril lay for ten hours, till the tempest subsided, and they were enabled to return to port.

Thus we see that a well-laden fishing-boat carries her best protection in her cargo. As, however, she may chance to fall in with foul weather and empty nets, it is obviously more secure for every boat invariably to carry two or three gallons of coarse oil ready for use in any emergency. The dark oil extracted from the livers of various fish is probably the cheapest, costing from 1s. 9d. to 2s. per gallon. Indeed, this can be made by the fishers themselves from the refuse thrown aside in cleaning their fish.

A boat thus provided can smooth a path for herself across the stormiest bar at the most dangerous harbour-mouth. As one clear fact out-weighs many vague statements, I will quote the case of the Stonehaven boats, which were caught in a very severe gale on the 13th of April, 1882. The first to return experienced the utmost difficulty in crossing the bar, and as the storm increased, and the waves waxed more and more tumultuous, the gravest fears were entertained for the boat *Pioneer*, which was still missing. Happily, her skipper, Alexander Christie, bethought him of the experiments so recently tried at Peterhead, and though he had no oil on board save a little colza and a little paraffin for the boat's lamps, he determined to try whether so small a quantity could be of any use. There was so little of it that it really seemed childish to suppose that so infinitesimal a remedy could avail. Nevertheless, he stationed a man on either bow, and just as they approached the awful wall of raging surf, they slowly poured out the contents of their oil-flasks. The result was magical. The white waters were driven back, and the boat glided into harbour over great billows of glassy green.

It has been stated that oil is not always efficacious in quelling the short, jagged waves, which form what is called a "chopping sea." This, however, does not appear to be proven. There is also some diversity in the evidence as to the power possessed by oil in over-spreading the surface of the water in the teeth of the wind. The whalers appear to have decided that the surest solution of the question is to keep their whales to windward, so as to insure calm water while they are being cut up and shorn of their blubber. Ordinary cargo is generally discharged, or shipped, to leeward.

Of course if oil cannot spread to windward, its efficacy must be considerably diminished. Some very simple mechanical appliance might, however, be devised, with a force-pump and jet, whereby the oil might be mixed with sand and thrown from the boat or vessel, so as to sprinkle the water at a distance of a few feet ahead, thus gaining a considerable advantage.

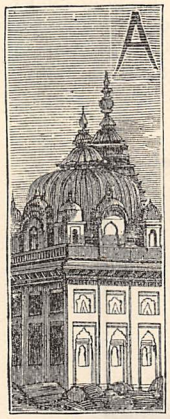
Instances, almost without number, can be brought forward of vessels which have undoubtedly been saved from destruction by means of this most simple and blessed safeguard, but in every case it is recorded as though some strange thing had happened to them, instead of being the natural result of a certain cause.

A very striking example was recorded in the year 1846, when the schooner *Arno*, commanded by Captain Higgins, was caught in a heavy gale off Sable Island. She had been engaged in the fisheries off the Quero Bank when the storm commenced. For some hours she rode at her anchor through a tremendous gale, but as the danger of foundering seemed imminent, the captain deemed it wiser to run her on shore than to face the almost certainty of foundering in deep water during the night. Lashing himself to the helm, he bade his men fill two large casks with fish-oil and blubber, and lash the casks near the fore-shrouds, and lash the two best men to the casks. He then bade all go below, while these two, armed with long wooden ladles, scooped up the blubber and oil, and threw it as high as they could in the air, that the wind might carry it before them.

The wind carried the oil far to leeward, scattered it over the water and made a broad shining strip of smooth water—billowy indeed, but quite glassy—and over this, the schooner flew, never shipping a sea. On either side the white crests were pitching and breaking, but the little vessel glided securely over her charmed pathway, and not a barrel of water fell on her deck till she ran right on to the sandy beach, and the crew with their clothing and provisions were safely landed ere the vessel went to pieces. She was so old and rotten that she would probably have broken up long before, had not her constantly renewed cargo of blubber kept her always floating in comparatively smooth waters.

DISCIPLINE MUST BE MAINTAINED.

A GROUP OF ANECDOTES.



A FEW days since, when reading a tale entitled "Let Nobody Pass," the incidents there related brought forcibly to my mind three different anecdotes of real life illustrating the same motto, and which, though they are not of a "thrilling" nature, may still be interesting to some readers from the mere fact of their being true.

One of these occurred in 1864 (I think) when Lord Lawrence was Governor-General of India. His Excellency had just returned from England to assume his onerous duties, and was spending a short time at (what might be called his country seat) the Government House at Barrackpore.

Any one who knew Lord Lawrence will remember his utter disregard of personal appearance. Excepting on public occasions he paid so little attention to his dress as to appear almost shabby, which seems strange in a man who so well understood the character of the natives, and who could not have lived so many years in India without knowing how much importance they attach to pomp and show; and who, moreover, as representative of the Queen-Empress, and Governor of such a vast territory, was expected to appear with suitable ceremony.

The day after his arrival at Barrackpore he took a walk, with some of his staff, in the beautiful park; and on their return to Government House they were refused admittance by the sentry, a Punjâbi soldier, who had not seen them go out. In vain the staff officers explained, reasoned, and insisted. The sentry would not listen to them. His orders were peremptory. No one must pass but those who had particular business with his Excellency, and could give a satisfactory account of themselves. And he wound up with what appeared to him an unanswerable argument—

"The Lord Sahib would not wear such shabby clothes, so it's no use to try to deceive me."

It was not until some official, known to the sentry, came out of Government House and assured him of his mistake, that the poor man, who had only wished to do his duty, realised what he had done. He was so terrified at having refused admittance to the "Lord Sahib" himself, that he fell down in a fit, and was carried away to the hospital. I believe he recovered, and, no doubt, his convalescence was hastened by Lord Lawrence's pardon, and the assurance of his Excellency's satisfaction at his having so faithfully carried out his orders.

II.

The second incident is of a totally different nature, though it, too, was consequent on the advent of a new Governor-General.

I think it was on the occasion of Lord Dalhousie's arrival that the troops in Calcutta were assembled to do him honour, lining the whole length of road from the landing-place to Government House. One part of this road leads directly to the Cathedral, the graceful spire of which is a conspicuous object for some distance round. The orders had been issued that the road was to be kept perfectly clear, no conveyance of any kind but the *cortége* of his Excellency being allowed to pass. All were in readiness, and full of expectation, for the guns from the fort had fired their salute, announcing that the Governor-General had set foot on Indian soil, when suddenly a closed carriage appeared on the piece of road mentioned above, the driver having very cleverly contrived to slip in from a by-way.

The young officer in charge of that particular spot immediately gave chase, but the coachman was driving fast, and he had to ride some distance before he overtook him. Shouting to him to stop, he repeated the order, and told him to turn his horse's head at once.

The man, a native, chattered and gesticulated as only a native can, but the officer was inexorable. The road *must* be kept clear, and already clouds of dust in the distance showed that his Excellency's cavalcade was fast approaching. At this critical moment a lady's tremulous voice was heard from within the conveyance, the blinds of which had hitherto been closely drawn, so that the occupants could not be seen.

"Oh! pray let us pass on. I am going to the Cathedral to be married, and if we are obliged to go the long way round I shall be too late!"

Here was a dilemma! The bridegroom was awaiting the bride, while she, poor lady, was letting "the tear doon fa'," though from quite a different motive to that of Jock o' Hazeldean's betrothed. Her evident distress moved the young officer to pity, and though he dared not himself disobey his orders, he did the best he could by representing the case to his commandant, who gallantly taking for his motto *Place aux Dames*, and considering that if all things are fair in war they are equally so in love, gave the required permission, having, no doubt, made a mental calculation as to the length of time that might elapse before that cloud of dust should develop itself into something more definite.

Let us hope that the lady, being married, "lived happily ever after" (as the story-books say), and that she never had reason to repent the hour when her tears were even more powerful than the stern sense of duty and discipline over the heart of a British soldier.

III.

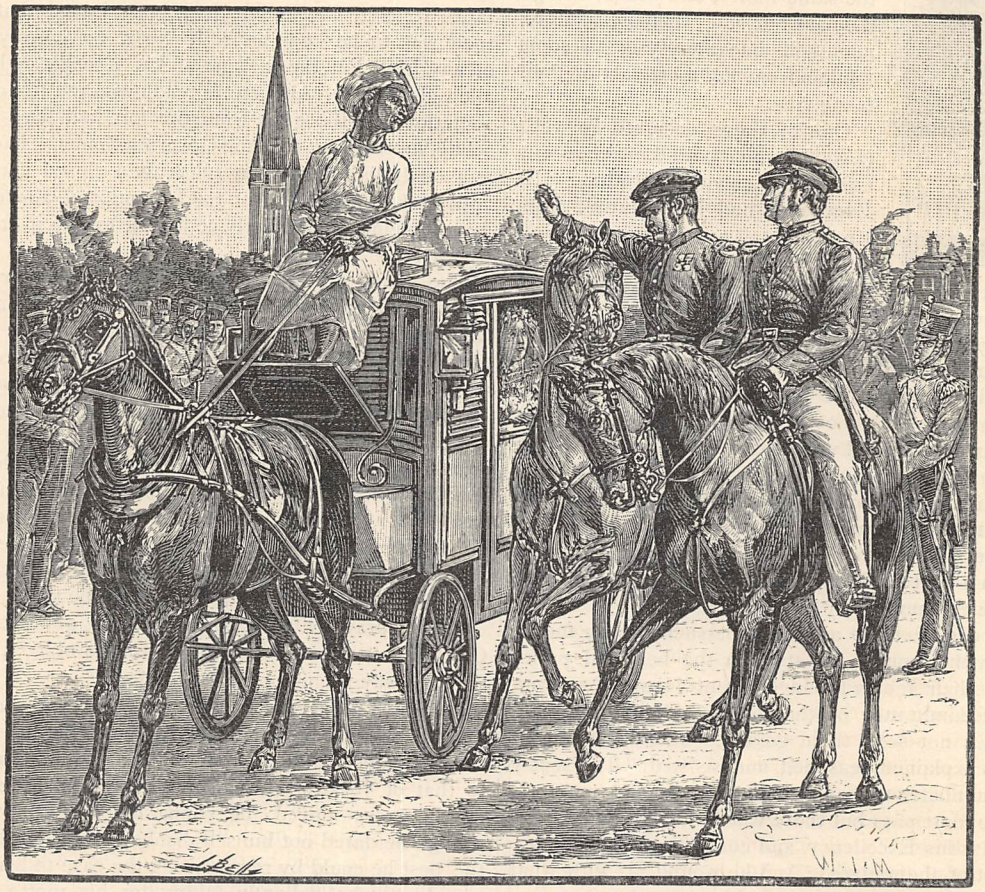
The third illustration of "Let nobody pass" occurred during a certain cold season in India, when a considerable force was collected at one of our large stations for a camp of exercise. The camp was

pitched just outside the cantonments, from which it was separated by a road, and surrounded by a ditch, communication being afforded by temporary bridges which were guarded at either end by a sentry.

One evening the colonel commanding one of the regiments (who was better known for his kindly disposition than for any special military qualities) had been dining with a friend in the station, and returning rather late, he made his way to the bridge which was nearest to his own tent. Unfortunately, he did not know either the "parole" or "countersign," but he trusted to the sentries knowing him (although they were not his own men) and allowing him to pass.

He was so far right that the first man, having recognised him, was satisfied with the answer "Friend" to his challenge, and let him get on the bridge; but the second sentry was more particular and demanded the countersign. Of course the colonel could not give it, and though he explained the situation and stated who he was, the sentry stood firm. Seeing no other alternative, the crest-fallen field-officer determined to beat a retreat and return to cantonments for the night.

But here a fresh difficulty arose, for the first sentry, who had previously allowed him to pass, had by this time awakened to a sense of his position, and—thinking, no doubt, with his companion at the other end of the bridge, that this opportunity, of keeping guard over a superior officer was too good to be lost, and a chance that might never occur to him again—refused to let him return without his giving the "parole."



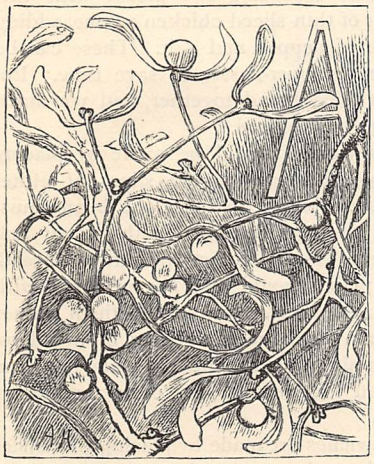
"A LADY'S TREMULOUS VOICE WAS HEARD FROM WITHIN THE CONVEYANCE" (*p.* 115).

The position was a dreadful one. Imagine an elderly field-officer of irreproachable character, and in command of a regiment, being thus kept under guard of two sentries at an hour of the night when all respectable people should be in bed! But there was no help for it, and for some little time the gallant colonel had to submit to his fate. And he might have remained there until the small hours of the morning had he not been rescued by the fortunate arrival of a friend, who was also returning to the camp from cantonments, and who, giving him the information he required, freed him from arrest.

Moral—A word in the mouth is worth two in the Order-book.

SANDWICH SUPPERS.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY," "CHOICE DISHES AT SMALL COST," &C.



AS the season of Christmas has from time immemorial been one of reunion of friends and of little social gatherings, let me endeavour to assist at one or two of these gatherings, by explaining how to give a pleasant little supper, that may be called a Sandwich Supper. Most housekeepers know the trouble of those heavy suppers in which more than half, especially of the sweets, is left till the next day. How, when all was over, the hospitable *paterfamilias* would gaze at the chaos of dirty plates, crackers, and crumbs, and, with a sigh, wonder after all whether it was worth the trouble it gave.

Now is it possible to give a supper, equally good, without all this trouble? Let me suggest the following dishes of sandwiches, which will require no spoons, no forks, and no change of plates. What trouble there is in their manufacture is all over by the time the guests arrive.

Lobster sandwiches, salmon sandwiches, anchovy sandwiches, beef sandwiches, tomato sandwiches, chicken or turkey sandwiches, and egg sandwiches! Before describing in detail how to make all these, let me explain what sort of appearance they make upon the supper-table or sideboard.

First, remember, these sandwiches are made with small thin slices of bread fried a delicate brown colour in some hot lard. They can be cut into small squares, say of two inches, or into small triangles half this size.

We will now suppose a table-cloth to be laid over a side-table, or a sideboard of respectable dimensions, and seven silver dishes placed on it, ornamented as follows. In the centre dish, some beef sandwiches are piled high up in the shape of a pyramid.

I would suggest that these beef sandwiches should be cut from a sirloin of beef. A few slices of the outside, that has been roasted a rich mahogany-brown colour, should be placed, brown side upwards, on some fresh green parsley, and a little pile of curly white horse-radish placed on each slice. This, in itself, would clearly denote the sandwiches to be beef. The beef sandwiches I will afterwards describe how to make; they should be cut from plain, and not fried bread.

We will next suppose two dishes, one on each side of the beef, containing lobster sandwiches and tomato sandwiches.

In the centre of each dish is a pyramid of light brown sandwiches. Round the base is plenty of dark green parsley, on which rest at intervals, to denote the contents of one dish, a row of small bright tomatoes, round ones (six would be enough), and some bright red little crayfish round the other.

The next two dishes should contain egg sandwiches, and chicken or cold turkey sandwiches. Place rings of egg, cut out of the centre of hard-boiled eggs, round the egg sandwiches, while the chicken sandwiches can be ornamented by the four wings of the chickens, which should be glazed. In cutting off these wings, cut through the wing-joint, and raise the brown skins. The wing-bone and skin attached can be glazed, and placed round the dish, not merely as an ornament, but as a label denoting what the dish is. The white meat of the chicken will be required for the inside of the sandwiches.

Next, the two outside dishes are anchovy and salmon. Round the base of the former, on the parsley, place a few whole anchovies in their bright shiny skins; of course they must be carefully washed, so as not to destroy this silver skin that looks so pretty.

The salmon sandwiches, which, as I shall explain after, are made from the tinned salmon, should be ornamented by a few slices of salmon. Pick a few of the largest and best flakes, which should be laid on the parsley, then get a little of the red coral out of one of the lobsters, and sprinkle a few little red specs over each slice.

These seven dishes will form an admirable supper. In addition, I would recommend some fruit, ice, cut flowers, in which there should be plenty of green, and some wax candles, instead of lamps or gas.

The advantage of a supper of this kind is, that persons can help themselves, and that you are almost independent of servants, spoons, forks, knives, &c. And yet, if you cut these sandwiches properly, each one on his way home will be bound to confess that he has not merely supped, but supped well.

We will now descend the kitchen stairs and go to work. We will suppose the sirloin of beef, and say four fowls, to be ready roasted the day before. We have a couple of lobsters in fresh that morning, one or two tins of salmon by us, plenty of eggs, some tinned loaves, a couple of bottles of anchovies, a whole skin of lard, plenty of parsley, and some mustard and cress.

First, I should begin by cutting all the meat off the fowls, cutting the meat in thin slices, and laying these slices on one another, slightly pressing them down to insure the meat not getting dry. Then I should put the bones into a saucepan with an onion, a little

parsley, pepper and salt, and some trimmings of celery, to boil gently to make some béchamel sauce for the chicken sandwiches, which to my mind is the *bonne-bouche* of the supper.

Next, I should get ready the meat for the lobster sandwiches as follows. First, I should remove all the coral, if there is any, and put a little by on a plate to sprinkle over the salmon. Then pound the coral in a pestle and mortar with some butter. First, however, rub the mortar with a slice of raw onion. Add, for two moderate-sized lobsters, a salt-spoonful of cayenne pepper, a tea-spoonful of black pepper, a good tea-spoonful of anchovy sauce, the whole of the meat of the lobster, and cut up this and pound it in the mortar with plenty of butter, till it becomes the consistency almost of butter. A layer the thickness of the bread itself, almost, should be spread between two slices of fried bread. These sandwiches can be made first, as they do not get dry.

Next take a tin of salmon, first pick out a few nice pieces to place round the dish, and pound the rest in a mortar with a tea-spoonful or more of anchovy sauce, some cayenne and black pepper, and a tea-spoonful of chopped parsley, and add just sufficient taragon vinegar to give the whole a very slight piquant taste. The tinned salmon is sufficiently rich, as a rule, not to require any butter; should the tin be dry—and tins vary very much—add a little butter till the whole mixture can be spread like a paste. This paste spread between two pieces of fried bread will form the salmon sandwiches.

Next, with regard to the anchovy sandwiches. Wash clean and fillet (*i.e.*, remove the bone) a dozen or more anchovies. Take a couple of hard-boiled eggs, remove the shell, and while they are hot cut them up into little pieces with rather more than an ounce of butter, chop up the anchovies, and add them to the chopped egg, moistened with butter; add also some cayenne pepper to taste. This mixture is now spread between two slices of thin fried bread. If the mixture is at all dry, it shows there is not quite enough butter. These make wonderful appetisers, and should form the first course in our sandwich supper.

We will next come to the chicken sandwiches. We will suppose the chicken bones to have been put on to boil, at say nine o'clock in the morning, and they boiled steadily till two o'clock, when they were strained off, and the liquor put on again to boil away. Next get a slice of raw ham or bacon, only lean must be used—the trimmings of a cushion rasher will do very well—and let this boil in the chicken stock for half an hour. Let this stock keep boiling till it is reduced in quantity to half a pint. Next boil separately a pint of milk, in which a bay-leaf has been put, and when the milk boils, add to it the chicken stock. This mixture ought to be a jelly when it is cold. To see if this is the case, take a tea-spoonful of the mixture and put it on a cold plate, and leave it in the cold for a few minutes; if it sets it is all right. If it does not set, you had better add a little gelatine to the sauce The bones of four fowls, however, are amply sufficient to set a quart, if they have boiled properly.

Next let this sauce get nearly cold, and use it like butter to spread over the fried bread. Then, after buttering, or rather spreading two pieces with this sauce, put a layer of thin sliced chicken on one, adding a slight sprinkle of pepper and salt. These can be mixed together in a pepper-castor to save time. Put the two pieces of fried bread together, and you have a sandwich not to be despised.

The egg sandwiches should be made by placing slices of hard-boiled eggs between slices of either fried or plain bread; but in any case the bread must be buttered, and the egg sprinkled with pepper and salt (white pepper is best); the slices of buttered bread, either fried or plain, should also be sprinkled with some mustard and cress, strewed on them rather plentifully. Then press the two pieces of bread together, the mustard and cress and egg being between them, and trim off the mustard and cress that hangs round the edges.

The beef sandwiches are made by placing thin slices of beef, which have been spread over with a little mustard and peppered and salted, between very thin slices of bread and butter. Press these slices together and then cut them into small triangles with a sharp knife. The thinner you cut the beef and the bread and butter, the better the sandwiches.

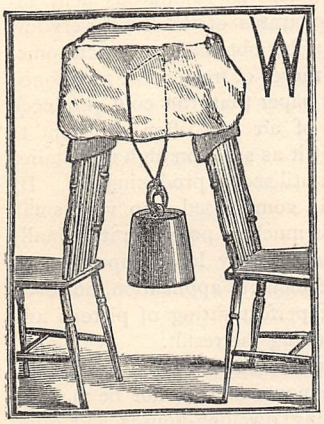
Tomato sandwiches are made by cutting thin slices of tomato parallel with the core (which should be thrown away) and placing them in a bowl with a little pepper and salt, oil and vinegar. The bowl can be rubbed with an onion. Place these slices between two thin slices of fried bread very lightly, and take care not to squeeze the slices of bread together.

The last point to be mentioned is frying the bread. What is wanted is, first, some square tinned loaves of "yesterday's baking." With a large sharp knife, cut off the crust on all six sides of the loaf. Then cut the bread into slices longways, about a quarter of an inch thick, pile these slices up and cut them right through into quarters. Get a small saucepan about five or six inches in diameter, and at least four inches deep. Fill this with lard three inches deep, and make this lard *smoking hot*. Get a frying basket to fit the saucepan, and fry these squares of bread in batches. When you take them out of the fat, turn them on to a cloth, and put them in rows on blotting paper to drain in the oven for five minutes. If the fat is hot, the bread not too new, two minutes will fry the bread, and a dozen pieces can be done at the same time. You will want a fierce fire.

One more suggestion. The crusts will make an excellent pudding. The trimmings of the beef sandwiches will make a dish of mince. The *débris* of the chicken and the remainder of the sauce will make some rissoles. The salmon and lobster, if any is left over, will make lobster cutlets. Indeed, if care be taken in making these delicious sandwiches, there need be no waste whatever.

MORE FACTS ABOUT FROST AND SNOW.

BY WILLIAM DURHAM, F.R.S. EDIN.



WEIGHT CUTTING THROUGH BLOCK OF ICE.

WE are in the habit of considering the temperature 32°, at which water freezes, as a settled fixed point in nature, and, indeed, it is generally used as a sort of standard. Further investigation, however, shows us that this is a mistake; the freezing point of water is not fixed at 32°: it is only in ordinary circumstances that water freezes at that temperature. If we apply pressure to water, it no longer freezes at 32°; we must lower the temperature still further if we wish it to freeze under pressure. Indeed, so great is the effect that water has been kept quite fluid even with 20° or more degrees of frost: that is, when our thermometers were as low as 12°. It is instructive to note that this fact was predicted from theory, much in the same way as astronomers tell us a new planet will be found in a certain part of the heavens. Professor James Thomson, in his study, thinking over certain laws of thermodynamics, came to the conclusion that water would not freeze at 32° if subjected to pressure. His brother, Sir William Thomson, put the idea to the test of experiment, and found it to be a correct one. This discovery explained many phenomena hitherto very obscure and imperfectly understood.

Referring again to those great rivers of ice, or "glaciers," observation showed that they actually flowed slowly down the mountain-side like half-melted wax. Now, it was very difficult to understand how ice, apparently so brittle, could flow; further, we can force ice into any mould we wish by applying sufficient force, and this without fracturing it. Again, if we take a piece of ice, and support it on two suitable props, such as two chairs, at the ends, as in the initial drawing, and put over the middle part a loop of wire to which a weight is attached, we shall find that the wire will gradually cut through the ice and drop to the ground, and yet the ice will remain unbroken. If we next take two pieces of ice and rub them together, we shall find the surfaces in contact will be slightly melted, and then the two pieces will cohere and become one in our hands. The same thing will take place if we only press the two pieces together. This was called the phenomenon of "Regelation," and was used to explain the flow of glaciers; the ice was supposed to melt by the pressure, and then freeze again. The question, however, remained, How did it melt? The answer to this, and the explanation of all those curious phenomena, lay in the law first announced by Professor James Thomson, that the freezing point of water was lowered by pressure. Applying this law to the movement of the glaciers, we see what occurs. Owing to the pressure of its own weight, the freezing point of the ice is lowered, and it melts slightly and slips downward a little: this relieves the pressure, and it immediately freezes again, when the process is repeated again and again, and thus the flow goes on from a series of meltings and freezings. The same law applies to the wire passing through ice, and to the combining of the two pieces of ice; the weight in the one case and the pressure in the other supplies the needful force to melt a thin layer of ice, which immediately freezes again on the withdrawal of the pressure. The hardening of snow into ice is another example of the same thing. Thus we see the same simple law by which the schoolboy hardens his ball of snow enables the everlasting snow to descend in rivers of ice to fructify the earth.

Having described in a general way the laws which regulate the action of frost in the formation of ice and snow, we shall now notice several points worthy of some consideration. We have seen that ice acts as a sort of protector to the water beneath from the effects of frost; now snow acts in an analogous manner towards the land. Snow, from its light texture and from the quantity of air it retains in its pores, prevents, in a great measure, heat from leaving the earth beneath; consequently the frost does not readily penetrate into the earth when it is covered with its white mantle. The farmer looks upon a good fall of snow in frosty weather as a great friend, protecting the life of the seed he has so laboriously sown. This thought may help us to bear with equanimity the little discomforts with which its presence is accompanied.

Then, again, were the great ocean composed of fresh water, we might suffer great inconvenience by its freezing all over the surface, impeding navigation. This is prevented by the salt it contains. Owing to this, sea-water does not freeze at 32°, but at a temperature several degrees lower; so that the ocean is rarely frozen except in the inhospitable polar regions, where the inconvenience is not much felt.

The artificial production of ice and of low temperatures generally has, of late years, assumed the dimensions of an extensive industry, yet in its infancy, but destined to play an important part in civilised life. A consideration therefore of the principles employed in this department may not be out of place.

When we cause any body to pass from the solid to the liquid form, or from the liquid to the gaseous, we must supply it with a certain amount of heat. When we melt iron or boil water, we do so by means of fire. Now, in these cases a certain amount of heat disappears, or, as it is termed, becomes *latent*. A simple

experiment will convince us of this. Take a lump of ice, or a handful of snow, put it into some convenient vessel, and apply heat by fire or otherwise. We shall find that the ice or snow will melt, but there will be no rise in temperature until the whole is melted; the heat passing into it is all used in producing the change from the solid to the liquid form, and therefore produces no effect in raising its temperature, which remains at 32°.

Now, it follows from this that if we can make a body pass into the liquid form without supplying it with heat, its temperature will be lowered, as some of the heat it naturally possesses will be used to change its state. We have the means of doing this in the affinity which certain substances have for each other. This method of producing cold is called the "method of freezing mixtures." If we take, for example, a long, narrow glass filled with cold water, and surround it with a mixture of snow or powdered ice and common salt, we shall find the mixture will be melted, and its temperature so lowered that it will freeze the water in the glass jar. This experiment will enable us to understand the evil effects most likely to follow from what we see often done—viz., melting the snow on our streets by sprinkling it with salt. No doubt the primary purpose of melting the snow is effectually carried out, but what must be the effects of the intense cold with which this is inevitably accompanied on delicate or ill-shod foot-passengers?

There are many other substances besides salt and snow by the mixing of which much more intense cold may be produced, but the method is only suitable for producing low temperatures on a small scale, and not well adapted for the purpose of trade.

We have noticed that liquid, in passing into vapour or gas, also absorbs and renders heat latent. Now, as we melted snow and ice without supplying heat, we may vaporise water in a similar way, and cause the vapour to absorb the necessary heat from the remainder of the water, and thus reduce its temperature. This principle is taken advantage of in India and other warm countries to produce ice.

Porous earthen vessels are filled with water and covered with wet cloths, and exposed to the air at night. As great evaporation goes on, the cloths quickly dry, and the vapour in leaving absorbs so much heat from the water in the earthen vessels as to freeze it. Sometimes another plan is adopted on the same principle. Shallow pits are dug about two feet deep or so, and filled to about three-quarters of the depth with loose straw, which is a bad conductor and prevents heat from readily coming upwards from the ground. On the straw are placed shallow basins of water, and during the night the evaporation of the surface of the water goes on so rapidily as to freeze what is beneath. On this principle a piece of apparatus has been constructed, called a cryophorus, or "ice-carrier." It is composed of two bulbs, connected by a narrow tube, one of them filled with water or other liquid, and the other empty and exhausted of air. On putting the empty bulb into snow or ice, the vapour rising from the other is quickly condensed, and causes such rapid vaporisation as to produce intense cold, which can be applied in various ways to freeze water or to cool air or other substance.

By using such substances as sulphurous acid instead of water in an apparatus of this kind, very low temperatures indeed can be obtained, as much sometimes as 100°, or even more, of frost. We mentioned in a former part of this paper that the cold produced by the mere expansion of air was often sufficient to freeze water and deposit it as snow on high mountains. This fact has also been utilised in producing ice. By means of pumps, air is compressed into very small bulk and then cooled as much as possible; it is finally allowed to expand, when a very low temperature is obtained. This plan is difficult of application, however, as it requires the most perfect fitting of pistons and pipes, the least leak spoiling the result.

By some of the various methods indicated there is no reason why arrangements should not be made in warm climates for cooling dwelling-houses and other places, and in future times this may be as regularly provided for as heating is in less temperate lands. Already the art of cooling and production of artificial ice has been of immense benefit, being specially useful in such places as breweries, curing-houses, and on board ship. Of late years it has developed an extraordinary trade in beef, mutton, and other produce of foreign lands, which without its aid would have remained for ever inaccessible to us. The trade in artificial ice itself is of considerable importance and extent. In America 2,000,000 tons are annually stored for New York and the Middle States. The United Kingdom consumes 150,000 tons, and its consumption is steadily increasing.

The natural supplies of ice, however, are so great that they are formidable rivals to the artificially produced article. In the cold regions of Norway, ice of very fine quality is annually exported to America and elsewhere in large quantities. It is easily carried in the holds of ships, cooled by some of the processes described. From natural caves also, in various parts of the world, ice is obtained in considerable quantities. In the island of Teneriffe, for instance, there is a cave in the Peak, about 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, which produces sufficient supply for the use of the inhabitants of the island.

Thus we see "Frost and Snow," like every other department of nature, are full of wonderful adaptations to the wants of man. The laws which regulate their action are admirably suited to the end in view. They shelter and protect the earth in its winter's sleep, when deprived of the genial rays of the sun. They give man power to moderate the tropical and summer heat, to preserve and transport the produce of his industry to distant lands, and thus knit the nations in the bonds of friendly trade and mutual helpfulness; and as we master their laws and reduce them to be our willing servants, we carry out the Divine command to subdue the earth, and add comfort, wealth, and happiness to ourselves.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found on page* 56. *The Editor's duty will be to act as "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

CAN FICTION BE MADE A POWER FOR GOOD?

(*Debate resumed.*)

TONY :—I should like to inquire of the hon. gentleman, the leader of the Opposition, if he is aware of the magnitude of the change he is proposing, for a social revolution would certainly ensue if we all adopted his views as to the hopelessness of getting good from fiction.

Has he considered that the term "fiction" includes not only the much-vituperated novel, but the child's fairy-tale, the rhymed romance, the vivid reproduction of the life of our ancestors, some of the most exquisite fancies of the poets, and the plays of Shakespere? Will the hon. gentleman but figure to himself a state of things in which he is deprived of his Shakespere, his Chaucer, his Scott, his Coleridge, and the greater part of his Tennyson? Can he in cold blood imagine his child-friends without their Hans Andersen, their "Arabian Nights," their beloved "Alice in Wonderland," forbidden to make the acquaintance of Cinderella, and Dick Whittington, and Red Riding Hood and her grandmother; not even allowed to sympathise with the sorrows of Rosamond, or to learn how Harry and Lucy made their beds; our boys ignorant of the history of Robinson Crusoe and the travels of Captain Gulliver? Even the "Pilgrim's Progress" must be swept away with the rest.

J. F. HESLOP :—"Fiction a moral force." Granted. But I contend, Sir, that the "force" predominates in favour of moral evil, increasingly so. "The mind is the standard of the man," the faculty of mind is man's noblest possession, by that faculty he ought to regulate the good or evil of his doings. His reasoning powers are the powers by which he must discern between right and wrong. By strength of mind we are enabled to cope successfully with the stern realities of life, therefore it must be clear, Sir, that anything which inclines to frustrate the purposes and endanger the proper fulfilment of the various functions of mind must, in the nature of things, be a grave moral and social evil. Then the question arises—What is the influence of fiction *in toto* on the mind? Why, Sir, it enervates the mind, it stultifies the reasoning faculties of its devotees, by offering them the light, weak food of second-hand imagination, founding moral discernment upon flimsy ideals of fancy instead of sound philosophy and the logic of facts. Feasting on the momentary pleasures of sensationalism, its participants are rendered mentally and morally unfit for the unavoidable realisms of practical life. All this is evidenced by numberless living proofs. Society is outstocked with glib-tongued mental nonentities, so victimised by fiction, effeminating the nation's noblest youth, obstructing the development and growth towards true manhood. Therefore I think, Sir, the honourable Member's three assertions are painfully in want of logical support.

J. BALLINGER :—I have had, Sir, as the librarian of a free public library, many opportunities of observing the habits and idiosyncracies of fiction-readers. I could point to many instances of the wives of men in the humbler ranks of life who come to the library for novels for their husbands, which they select with the greatest care, not because of any knowledge they possess to enable them to judge between good and evil books, but to obtain something attractive and interesting in appearance, and, in some cases, in order that they may tell their husbands how carefully they have selected it, that it looks nice, and so on. And why all this? It is a work of love! To keep the good man in at night, to provide entertainment for him at home, so that he may not hunger for the hollow friendship of low companions. When I think of how these women have said to me with tears in their eyes, "Ay, sir, but you know how to pick a book to please my husband," or "Will you find me another good one, if you please, sir—it keeps my husband in o' nights," I can have no doubt of the good influence of fiction on the lives of such.

JOHN BISHOP :—A universal affirmative or negative is hardly admissible in this case. To answer the question by Yes or No would be to miss the mark, but yet I incline to No. The Bible, Sir, makes use of parables, or little tales. If they are true, they furnish no excuse for novels; if false, they only excuse very short novels, and that to a very limited extent. I suppose that the space which the parables occupy in the Bible is about a hundredth part of the whole book. Are authors and readers content to limit themselves to that proportion of fiction as compared with all the books they read or write? If so, I have no disposition to find fault. The reading of novels with young and old consumes an exorbitant amount of time. A man so engaged shows that he has a very low estimate of the value of time, and a very poor notion of how to improve it. That is not the way to benefit his fellow-creatures, nor to forward his own temporal and eternal interests. Those who are trying to make the best use of their time are conscious of its rapid flight, but the aim of the novel-reader is rather to kill it. He has not been awakened to a laudable ambition to familiarise himself with arts, sciences, and religion. These cover too wide a field, they demand too much attention and labour to allow of wasting time and mental energy over novels, if one would make much out, and do them justice.

✶ C. A. PRITCHARD :—Sir,—On this question I feel bound to support our honourable Opener, for Mr. Opponent will never convince me "that fiction even of the best type generally does more harm than good," or that it can possibly be in all cases "a potent source of evil." Did Mr. Opponent limit his censure to bad, trashy, or even indifferent fiction, I could well understand his strong condemnation of the same. But he does not so; he puts his veto strongly, forcibly, and decisively upon fiction of the purest type; he attacks all novels, be they good or bad; and it is on this ground I would venture to take up the cudgels and say a few words in defence of pure fiction. Good fiction has, I believe, a very, very great influence on the minds of young people, an influence not perhaps at first perceptible, but surely enough there, manifesting itself in a hundred little unseen or unnoticed ways; for as a boy or girl is known by his or her friends, so I think are they both equally known by their books. The story of a noble deed or brave self-sacrifice will bring the ready tears to many a young girl's eyes, will cause a thrill of admiration to run through many a brave lad's frame, as, with a longing known only to themselves in its intensity, they wish they could even do likewise. And that longing is not always transient; it must not always be despised or sneered at as the excitable fancy of a sentimental child; those girlish tears are but the foreshadowing of the woman's tenderheartedness and love; those boyish thrills are but the prelude to the man's steadfastness and faith; they

✶ This speech is by a winner of the Honorarium in an earlier Debate.

exert an influence on his whole character, an influence which helps him to be nobler, truer, braver than he was before; which shows him there is a higher aim in life than the mere gratification of his own selfish pleasures and wants; which teaches him to think of others as well as of himself, and to be courteous, kind, and generous to all.

MRS. SULLIVAN:—It is only too true that most things which, in this world, are capable of being made powerful agents for good, are also capable of being turned to the worst uses; and thus it is recorded that the inventor of the printing-press was kept awake all night by troubled thoughts of all the harm that printing might do in unworthy hands. It almost seems as if it must be so, for light must cast shadow, and the pendulum must swing as far on one side as on the other. Fiction may be used in the service of evil, but those who think that it is in itself an evil thing, confound it with falsehood. Now, fiction is not falsehood, but is a *vehicle for conveying truth*. Every parable in the best Book of all is a fiction, and might be elaborated into a volume, but each one contains and clothes a truth. The fables of antiquity, fictions themselves, are keenly edged with truths that could not probably be so strongly enforced in any other way. And the very fact that fiction has existed and has been appreciated from ancient times, proves that human nature needs it.

MILLIE RUNDLE:—As I understand this question, Sir, fiction is to be taken as a whole, and therefore it seems to me that the honourable Member, the Opener, has not fairly grasped the subject with which we are dealing when he isolates a few cases from the vast bulk of readers, and tells us, to them fiction has caused great good. Things in this country are happily decided by a majority, and when against these few isolated ones we set the evidence of medical men, who affirm that the cause of many and many a girl's ill-health is the reading of fiction in the shape of novels; when other evidence shrieks at us from within the walls of our lunatic asylums—a very large proportion of the inhabitants of our mad-houses, so doctors say, owe their loss of mind to the excessive poring over trashy fiction—when we ourselves see the mistress of a home deep in the imaginary wrongs of some unreal heroes, while her own children, ay, even her husband, are buried up to their necks in real, true trouble; when we see the lives of, oh! such a vast number of undergraduates simply wasted through their excessive fondness for fiction; when we hear the lame excuse for their efforts being crowned with the "wooden spoon," that they "really—aw—have had no time—aw—for solid reading"—then, Sir, I think all of us will find it a hard matter to say fiction as a whole can be made a power for good.

J. EATON FEARN:—I think no one will deny the fact that trashy tales have a very injurious effect on the people who read them; and surely it is a logical inference to draw that if inferior literature has a power for evil, good literature must have a contrary effect. I believe, Sir, that many a one through reading fiction has imbibed a literary taste, and thus sown the seeds of future attainments. Why, if fiction must be removed from our shelves, just think of the precious, soul-inspiring, and delightful works which would have to be destroyed! It touched your heart, and stirred a good feeling in your soul, did it not, my reader, as you read of the heroic deeds related by Homer or Virgil in their immortal poems? Thousands of thirsty souls have drunk deep in all ages of the sparkling water in this well of great literary lore. Who, indeed, has not received comfort from the reading of such a book as the "Pilgrim's Progress"? Must our children henceforth be refused to read "Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," or such-like innocent stories? Surely not! But apart from the literary pleasure derived from a perusal of fiction, I contend, Sir, that no one can read a good author without profit in one way or another.

MARGARETTA MARSH:—To begin with, I must ask Mr. Opener the difference between a "good" lie and a "bad" one. You cannot have a good lie, and, in my opinion, fiction is the same. It is, according to Walker, an invention or lie; therefore, I say, how can any fiction be termed good? I place *all* fiction under one head—viz., bad—although I acknowledge that some is very bad. My reason for classing all as bad is because I have found that all fiction is hurtful to me. I have not been long in the world, but I should say no one has read more novels for their age than I have, both what Mr. Opener would call "good" and "bad." These books of lies have had great fascinating powers with me, and, though a forbidden pleasure (as I then thought), many have been the nights I have sat up in my room to finish reading the adventures of a hero or heroine. Indeed, once I dropped to sleep over the romantic nonsense, and set the bed on fire.

Many instances could I give of life ruined through novel-reading, but time will not allow, and, in conclusion, I unhesitatingly assert that no fiction or lie can be made a power for good until the fiction is taken out of it. I have much pleasure, Sir, in supporting Mr. Opponent.

A. D. G.:—I believe that fiction can be made a mighty power for good. A love of fiction seems inherent in human nature, and like every other feeling implanted in us, may be turned to good account. When our great Church poet said:—

> "A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
> And turn delight into a sacrifice,"

he was thinking, no doubt, of his own sacred calling, but the remark holds good for things secular as well.

FLORENCE RHODES:—The Opponent says that if fiction is realistic it must often show vice triumphant. True, but who envies the rich uncle the wealth which he gets from the murder of the Babes in the Wood? Who would be Lady Macbeth when she has attained the object of her ambition, but has lost all that makes life dear, and gained a "mind diseased," which gives her no rest till she is driven to self-murder? Even when the wicked are throughout victorious by means of their crimes, the novelist who is true to life must depict such remorse, followed by the searing of the conscience and deterioration of the moral character, as forces one to acknowledge that virtue in rags is preferable.

Other speeches, supporting Opener's argument that Fiction *can* be made a Power for Good, received from:—A. L. C., Mrs. S. (Leamington), L. K., J. N. Montgomery Campbell, W. T. Osborne, A. Harrison, J. Sutherland, Emmie Jeffrey, T. W., E. Q. V., M. Stobart, Rees Thos. Heins, W. King, E. Bollam, Annie White, A. M. M., Mrs. Nicolle, K. G., May Tarbolton, Alice D., Lucy Holmes, Marie Compston, M. Muir, F. Clements, Jessie Donisthorpe, Curio, W. A., A. W. S., W. Speakman, F. E. Sancto, Russell Bransby, C. Sargeant, Anon., Susie Welch, F. Moberly, James Young (Belfast), J. Cullen Sawtell, F. W. Brewer, James Pickhover (2), J. Holmes, F. Maitland, Frank Crouch, James Young (Edinburgh), J. Ture, Henry Maclean, W. H. T. (Neath), B. Gray, M. R. A., Redclyffe, E. E. M., J. R. T., J. Maxwell, E. Harwood, Lizzie Carter, F. W. Stuart, J. Routledge, Miss Roger, F. T., Aimée, J. J. M. Davis, W. T. Shannon, R. L. Fleming, Lilian Rose, Thomas P. Gordon, F. A. Wood, H. Dixon, J. Trewavas, H. L. G. (Abingdon), Annie M. Brunsdon, G. S. Selby, W. J. Ritchie, J. A. W. Oliver, Lucy Awdry, and others.

Other speeches, supporting Opponent's argument that Fiction can *not* be made a Power for Good, received from—G. D. Clark, Ash Grove, Felix Homo, F. Gibson, Milly Palmer, S. T. Twomly, M. E. Rangdale.

TOTAL NUMBER OF SPEECHES RECEIVED:—Supporting Opener, 83; supporting Opponent, 11.

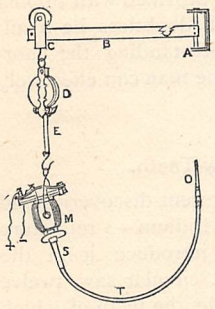
The Honorarium of One Guinea is awarded to Catherine D. Logan, 10, St. Stephen's Crescent, Bayswater, London, W., whose speech will be given in our next issue.

The Debate on the next question, "Should Early Closing be made Compulsory?" will be resumed in our next issue.

THE GATHERER.

An Electric Drill.

In a former GATHERER (Feb., 1882) we have described that useful little engine known as the Griscom electric motor, and now we have to chronicle its application in dentistry to a tooth-drill. The woodcut shows how this is carried out. A wall-bracket, A, carries a movable beam, B, along which a travelling roller, C, may be pushed to any position. The roller carries a circular case, D, similar to an ordinary spring tape measure. From a brass tape, E, is suspended the Griscom motor, M, which may be adjusted to any position. On the end of its axle is coppled a flexible shaft of steel wire, T, by means of a connecting-piece, S; and at the end of T is the drill, O. When the battery is connected to the terminals of the motor, this drill is made to revolve at the rate of 4,000 revolutions per minute. The flexible shaft is capable of transmitting power to the drill when held in any position, even when loosely knotted; and the whole apparatus may be readily moved so as to suit the needs of the operator. Although here employed to work a delicate tooth-drill, there is no doubt that the motor can be similarly used for other purposes.



New Mode of Storing Grain.

As a more economical and just as convenient plan of keeping grain as storing it in the ordinary way in granaries, it has been suggested that it might be preserved in air-tight sheet-iron cylinders, sealed after a partial exhaustion of the air. Wheat, flour, and bread have—so it is stated—been "canned" in this fashion for seven months, and have been found to be in excellent condition at the expiry of that period. Taking into consideration the security of the grain, when thus sealed in a partial vacuum, against the attacks of insects, large vermin, fire, dampness, fermentation, and other dangers, something might be said perhaps in favour of the plan here briefly alluded to. Doubtless, however, very strong evidence of its efficacy against damp and fermentation would be required before the tinning of grain could really become largely adopted. As regards the other risks mentioned, they do seem to be tolerably provided against.

The Heliograph and Cyclones.

The island of Reunion in the Indian Ocean is often visited by severe cyclones which travel from east to west, across Mauritius towards Reunion. As these two islands lie over 100 miles apart, there is ample time for a telegraphic warning to be sent from Mauritius to Reunion ere the storm-centre reaches the latter place. A recent proposal to lay a submarine cable between the two places for this purpose has, however, not been carried out by the French Government, and an enterprising colonist is about to establish a heliograph or sun-signal between Mauritius and Reunion, in order to flash the news of an approaching cyclone to the latter colony. The apparatus will be erected on two hills, one in Mauritius and one in Reunion; and from experience in Morocco there is no doubt that in clear weather communication will be feasible between the two places by means of flashed sunshine or electric light.

Bleaching Diamonds.

The yellow tinge of Cape diamonds reduces their price very considerably, and an attempt has been made recently to make them look white. This is done by immersing the stone in any solution of a blue tint, which is the complementary colour of its natural yellow tinge. The result is that a thin layer of blue adheres to the stone and quenches the yellow light, making the gem look as if it were of the first water. To bring back the native colour, however, it is only necessary to wash the stone. he apparent bleaching is only "skin-deep."

A Warning Lamp.

A lamp to warn the watchman on duty that a house has been forcibly entered has been invented by Mr. Diggins. It can be placed outside the premises, within view of the policeman on his beat, and when the house is safe it shows a white bull's-eye; but when a door or window has been opened by night, a red shade falls in front of the flame, and shows a red bull's-eye. The lamp is very simple in construction. An electro-magnet by the attraction of its armature when the current passes releases a detent, allowing a screen of red glass to fall down in front of the flame, thereby producing the red light. The current can be sent by the opening of a door, window, safe, or show-case, or by treading on a stair, and in other ways if necessary. This is done by an electric contact, which is arranged to close under any of these operations, and thus complete the circuit of a voltaic battery through the electro-magnet in the lamp. The lamp can also be used within a house to warn the inmates, and an electric bell can be rung by the current. Moreover, in case of fire, the red light and bell can be operated by the mercury column of a thermometer rising and closing the circuit.

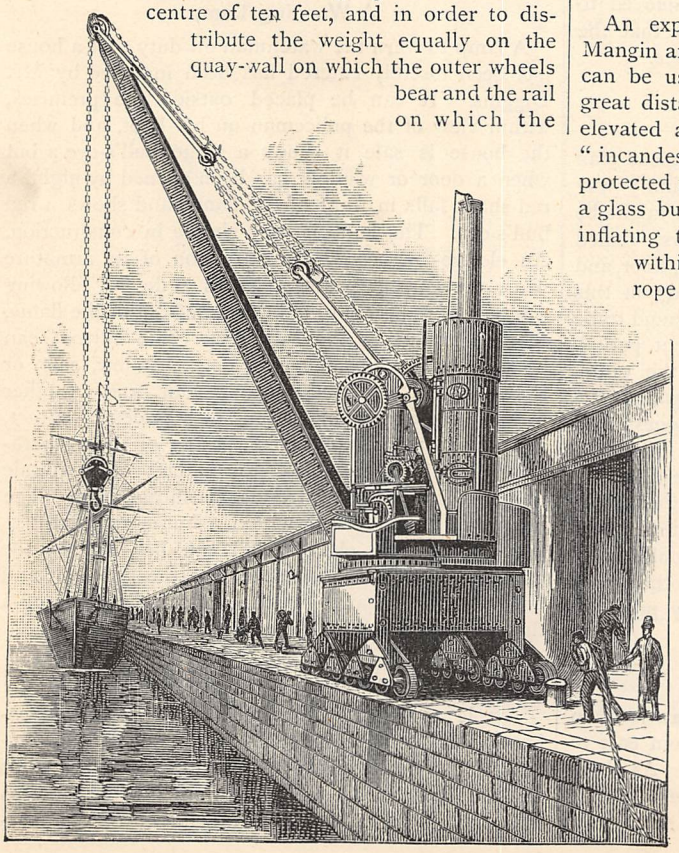
An Asbestos Fire-Shield.

Ample evidence of the fire-resisting power of asbestos was afforded in a recent trial made at Washington, under the conduct of members of the police and fire departments. A curtain or shield of asbestos millboard or sheathing covering fine wire was sus-

pended between two posts. On one side was piled up a heap of wood, and on the other, within six inches of the screen, a window-glass set in a frame. When the wood was fired, so intense was the heat that spectators were driven back a distance of fifty feet. The flames played upon the curtain, but in no way affected it, nor injured the glass frame behind. The shield was found at the end to be unchanged and undamaged, without even any trace of smoke adhering to it. The curtain can, of course, be constructed large enough to protect one side of a building from exposure to fire. This trial probably brought to light no new fact, but it was not held in vain if it showed somewhat conclusively the fireproof qualities of asbestos.

A Monster Movable Steam-Crane.

The annexed illustration represents the twenty-ton steam-crane constructed by Messrs. George Russell and Co. for loading and unloading the vessels of the Anchor Line. Four cranes were previously employed—of which two had a lifting power of five tons at a radius of thirty feet, and two of three tons—and were of course unequal to the raising of very heavy loads. In consequence of this the steamer had occasionally to be removed to the fixed public cranes of greater lifting capacity in another part of the harbour, thereby causing great inconvenience. The wheels of the carriage of the twenty-ton crane have a gauge from centre to centre of ten feet, and in order to distribute the weight equally on the quay-wall on which the outer wheels bear and the rail on which the inner ones run, the carriage is furnished on each side with eight supporting wheels. The jib is fifty feet long, the chain-barrel has a diameter of twenty-seven inches, and the malleable iron central post is two feet in diameter. The crane is moved along the quay by appliances fitted under the carriage. Its greatest working load is twenty tons at a radius of thirty feet, and sixteen tons at thirty-five feet. It is provided with tipping gear for lifting waggons, and will doubtless be available for coaling vessels. Notwithstanding the enormous capacity of this machine, one man can effectively superintend it.



Iridium-tipped Saw-Teeth.

Advantage has been taken of recent discoveries and improvements in the working of iridium—a refractory and extremely hard metal—to introduce it in the manufacture of cutting-tools. A circular saw, twelve inches in diameter, has been made, the teeth of which were tipped with iridium. As the saw in question has been devised specially for the purpose of sawing the hardest woods, it will be seen that the employment of iridium in this capacity will probably be attended with the best results, and lead to a more extended application of the metal in this direction. There is but one serious drawback to the use of iridium, however, and that is that it happens to be one of the rare metals.

A Signal Balloon.

An experiment recently made at Paris by MM. Mangin and Cloris-Baudet shows that the electric light can be used for signalling messages at night to a great distance, if enclosed in a translucent balloon elevated above the ground. For this purpose, the "incandescent" electric light is used, because it is protected from the surrounding gas of the balloon by a glass bulb; it cannot, therefore, set fire to the gas inflating the balloon. Wires from the lamps fixed within the balloon run to the ground along the rope used to hold the balloon captive in the air, and the current is cut off or let on by a key, in accordance with a pre-determined code of signals. The resulting flashes of the light illuminate the balloon, which can be seen as a kind of artificial moon at a great distance. When the current is cut off, of course the balloon is invisible. In this way, by long and short eclipses of the light, a message can be signalled.

The Spectrum of the Large Comet.

Sodium and carbon have been discovered by means of the spectroscope to be present in the large comet. The carbon rays resemble those given out by a hydro-carbon gas when excited by the electric discharge, and the theory that the cometary tail is a vast electric arc light gains in favour.

Peat Dressing for Wounds.

The healing virtue of peat litter applied to wounds has been made the subject of investigation in Germany by an eminent physician, and he reports very favourably upon it. He was led to the inquiry by a labourer who had cut his arm while at work on a moor, and had put a dressing of peat upon the fresh wound. The healing went on rapidly, owing to the clean, antiseptic nature of the peat. The best way to apply the mould is to moisten it with carbolic acid solution, and squeeze it till a pap is formed. This is put into a gauze bag also rinsed in the solution, and the poultice applied to the wound. The peat is highly absorbent, and keeps the flesh clean.

A Constant Thermometer.

The chief fault of the ordinary thermometer is that the zero varies in course of time, and hence it is satisfactory to know that Mr. S. G. Denton has succeeded in making a thermometer with a special bulb, which keeps the zero constant. Mr. Denton's thermometers have been tested and approved of by Lieutenant Whipple, Superintendent of the Kew Observatory.

A Grasping Tree.

A tree having the peculiar power of lifting stones and other objects from the ground has been discovered in New Guinea by Lieutenant Houghton. It is a species of *ficus*, like the well-known banyan, and throws out air-roots from its branches. These eventually reach the ground, and taking root become in turn new stems, so that a single tree will in time make a forest of itself. Other long flexible tendrils do not root in the ground, but coil round any article within reach, and ultimately contracting, lift the article up and suspend it in mid-air.

A Telegraph Exchange.

The telephone exchange system, by which a number of subscribers can communicate with one another through a central station, is about to be introduced into America by the Mutual Union Telegraph Company. Suppose that A in New York finds in the course of the day that he wishes to settle a certain matter with B of Chicago. He sends word to the Mutual Union office to send to B, asking if he can be in the Chicago office of the Mutual Union at, say, 4 o'clock, in order to talk with A. If the answer is "Yes," the two persons meet by wire at 4 o'clock, one in Chicago and the other in New York, and exchange their views without delay or misunderstanding. The new system is in reality an application of the city telephone exchange to a whole country.

An Artificial Moon.

A very good imitation of the blistered lunar surface is made by taking a soup-plate, and greasing the surface with lard or oil, and sprinkling it over with citrate of magnesia in varying thicknesses. Then take a basin with a little water in the bottom, and pour in some freshly-burnt plaster of Paris, which will at once sink. Pour off the superfluous water, stir with a spoon into a paste, and pour it on the powder in the soup-plate. The water in the plaster will cause the citrate of magnesia to effervesce, and carbonic acid bubbles will rise, causing craters in the plaster of Paris like the volcanoes of the moon.

An Electrical Valve-Closer.

This ingenious apparatus, by which a steam-engine of any kind may be quickly stopped from a distance, in case of accident to life or any other alarming circumstance, is the invention of Mr. Tate. The stop-valve of the engine is actuated by the piston-rod of a small steam-cylinder attached to the engine, and this piston is in turn actuated by steam admitted into the cylinder by the opening of a cock, which is effected by the passage of the electric current through an electro-magnet. Thus, when the electric current is closed by a press-button like that of an electric bell, the current traverses the electro-magnet, M (Fig. 1), and attracting a soft iron armature, A, releases a detent, which allows a pivoted weight, C, to fall, and this in falling strikes away the support, D, of a heavy suspension-rod, E, which in dropping opens a cock admitting steam into the cylinder (as shown in Fig. 2). The piston of the latter then ascends, and in so doing closes the stop-valve of the engine by means of a rack and pinion gearing. The steam admitted into the cylinder is of the same initial pressure as that of the engine cylinder, and can be drawn from any part between the stop-valve and the engine cylinder. The press-buttons are placed on the walls of the factory and protected from wanton tampering by glass shades, which have to be broken, as in the case of a railway carriage signal.

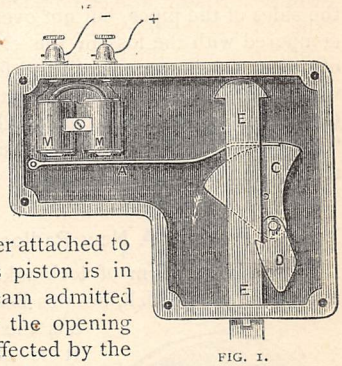


FIG. 1.

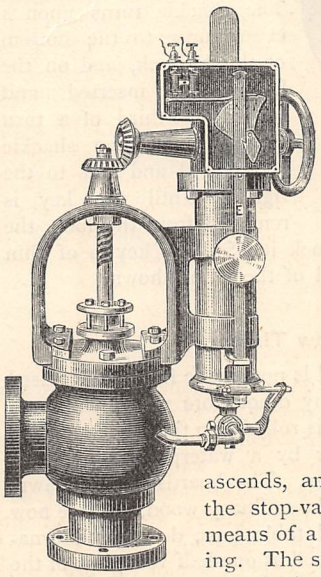


FIG. 2.

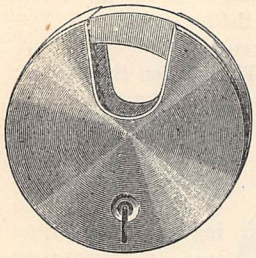
Pneumatic Power.

The Parisians have lately been enjoying a unique system of time through clocks regulated by pulses of

air sent along a system of pipes. A new plan of distributing motive-power in the same way is about to be tried. It consists in keeping a degree of vacuum in a system of pipes connected to the rarefied air-motor of M. Tatin. The sewers in the Boulevard Voltaire and the Avenue Parmentier are used for the pipes in a distance of 600 mètres. The power is to be sent a full kilomètre from the central station, where the pipes centre, and the exhaustion of the air is effected by special air-pumps worked by steam. The pipes are of iron in the sewers, and lead in the houses. There will be a trifling loss of power by friction of the air on the sides of the pipes, but not over 3 per cent. When compared with the loss in the electrical transmission of power this is very small, and for short distances air would seem to have the advantage over electricity. On the other hand, electricity will probably soon be "laid on" premises for electric lighting, and can readily be used for power too.

A New Padlock.

A well-known firm of lockmakers have introduced a new padlock, which, besides being neat and strong, has the merit of cheapness. It is shown in the illustration. There is no bolt, yet the lock is as securely fastened as with a bolt. The shackle turns upon a centre near to the bottom of the padlock, and on the key being inserted and turned one-third of a turn to the right, the shackle is released and falls to the right. Until the key is removed from the lock, the shackle-bolt will not lock itself. The key is of thin steel, nickel-plated, and of the shape shown.



Straw Timber.

A substitute for wood is now made from compressed straw, flax, hemp, or any other fibre which will work into a pulp. The pulp is rolled into thin sheets, which are cemented together by a waterproof glue, then pressed into a solid mass. The boards can be sawn, planed, and polished like ordinary wood, and are now made into counter and table tops, doors, and ornamental frames. They sell at one-half the price of the finer pines and walnuts. The artificial timber is practically fireproof and waterproof, having been manufactured under 500° of heat, and boiled without any apparent change of structure. Its tensile strength is greater than that of oak or walnut, and it weighs more than walnut when dry. A ton of straw produces about 1,000 square feet of boarding.

An Electrical "Iris."

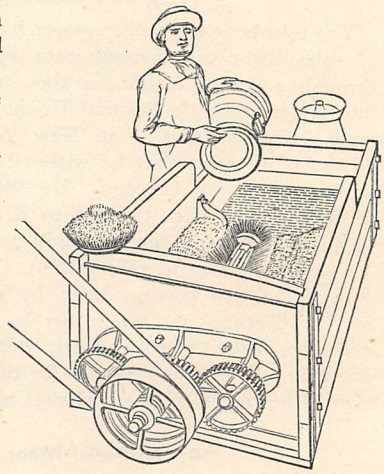
The recent Munich electrical exhibition was chiefly remarkable for the artistic development of the electric light. Munich is an artistic capital, and as the new incandescent lamps readily lend themselves to the production of artistic effects, the display there was very fine. One spectacle was a fine fountain of water on which the electric light was directed by lenses so as to produce an iris or rainbow in the spray. The varied hues of the light refracted through prisms and thrown upon the rising water were also very fascinating. While upon the subject we may mention that the bright berries of mistletoe and holly at one place of entertainment in London are in reality small incandescent globes of opal and ruby glass, illuminated inside by incandescent carbon filaments.

The Crumbling of Tin.

Leaves of tin-foil, when exposed for a long time to cold, are found to crumble into pieces. Indeed, there is a case on record in which good commercial tin was changed into a grey powder during its transit from Rotterdam to Moscow one cold winter. The process of change is not well known, but M. Wiedman, a well-known chemist, finds that the same result may be produced by a succession of small shocks, and suggests that variations of temperature may have the same effect. M. W. Markownikoff, of Moscow, gives an account of some tin pots left in a cold room in one of the Government buildings there, which broke into holes and gradually crumbled away. Heating the tin in warm water restores the crumbled powder to its original metallic lustre and condition; but it was found that the decay of the pots could only be stopped by removing the parts attacked.

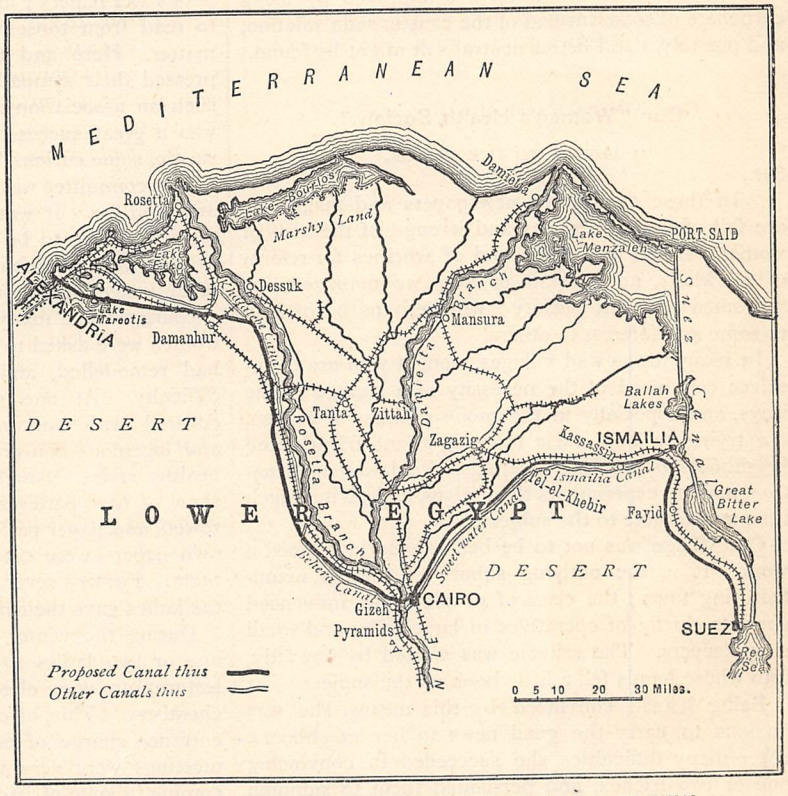
A Steam Milk-Can Cleaner.

A machine for rapidly cleaning milk-cans by steam has been devised by Mr. S. J. Pocock. The apparatus consists of a tank, six feet long by three feet wide, and filled with hot water when in use. At one end are three brushes revolving at the rate of 120 revolutions a minute. The brushes are shaped so as to fit the can both inside and out, and all that has to be done is to plunge the can into the water and slip it over the middle brush, holding it there for a few moments until it is thoroughly scrubbed inside and out. This operation takes about half a minute. The covers are cleaned by throwing the outer brushes out of gear, and fixing a head to the centre brush, which cleans the covers.



Mr. Fowler's Egyptian Ship Canal.

Messrs. Fowler and Baker have made a study of the portions of Lower Egypt through which they propose to construct a new ship canal from Alexandria to Suez, *viâ* Cairo. It will be a fresh-water canal bordering the desert, and taking advantage of Lake Mareotis, and the directions already followed by the Khâtatebe Canal to Cairo, thence joining the present Ismailia Canal, it will pass by Tel-el-Khebir and Kassassin to Suez by following the existing line of railways to that place. We annex a sketch showing roughly the route proposed by Mr. Fowler, and a short description will perhaps be interesting. The total distance followed by the new fresh-water canal is estimated at 240 miles, which is about ten miles shorter than the present route to Suez by water. No disturbance of existing water-ways or railways will ensue. The Nile is only crossed at one place. The canals—for they may be considered as two—originate in the Nile about three miles below Cairo, and then descend with a gentle slope averaging ten inches to the mile to the right and left towards Suez and Alexandria. The present Behera Canal towards the latter town will be followed after the first fifteen miles for about three miles, when an independent and more direct route will be entered upon until the Behera Channel is again struck. The old course of the Khâtatebe Canal will then be followed till at a distance of fifty miles or so from Cairo a turn to the left is taken, and the new course laid direct for Lake Mareotis and Alexandria. On the other hand, from Cairo to Suez the now well-known places Tel-el-Khebir and Kassassin are passed, Ramses is left upon the north of the new canal, and at eighty-four miles from Cairo the Sweet-water Canal and the railway to Suez are followed to Fayid, and thence along the railroad to the end. Ten millions sterling, it is estimated, will amply suffice for the cost. No great novelty nor unheard-of difficulty will be found in the work. The ships will be warped across the Nile near Cairo and pass into the second section of the new canal. The success of the canal as an undertaking is already considered certain. The traveller will henceforth have time and opportunities to visit many interesting places in Egypt while the vessel is making her way at no great distance towards Cairo. The ship can then be quickly rejoined at Suez, after the visit to the Pyramids has been paid. The time occupied may be a little longer by the new route than by the old, but the advantages in the saving of coal, and in the fresh-water cleansing of the vessels' bottoms, are justly considered to outweigh the few hours extra occupied in the transit. Such, briefly, are the advantages and objects of the new canal which skirts the desert and by its carefully directed course does not interfere in any way with cultivated lands. Cairo would also be opened up by it in a manner which could not fail to be beneficial to Egyptian and European trade.



MAP OF LOWER EGYPT, SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE PROPOSED NEW CANAL.

A Simple Accumulator.

Some short time ago, we described the cheap and useful voltaic cell of Mr. Alfred Bennett, which consists of a zinc plate and an iron plate, surrounded with iron filings; both being immersed in a solution of caustic soda. For convenience the iron plate is sometimes made into the containing vessel itself; and an empty iron meat-tin is found to answer very well. Quite recently Mr. Thomas Farrington has employed this cell with good results as a secondary battery or accumulator. He has altered the cell slightly by using rusty iron in preference to clean iron, in order that the oxide might be reduced to spongy iron by the hydrogen evolved. The result was that the cell gave

a very constant current for some time, zinc oxide and spongy iron being formed in its direct or primary action. When employing the cell as a secondary battery the reverse action takes place, and the zinc oxide is reduced to metallic zinc, whilst the spongy iron is oxidised. The cell is further improved by using carbonate of soda instead of the caustic soda solution, and possibly a still better neutral salt might be found.

Our "Women's Health Society."

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

In these days when newspapers and magazines are full of woman's rights and wrongs, of the evils of women's habits and dress, and of schemes for reform of all kinds, an account of how we managed our "Women's Health Society" will perhaps be of help to some and interest to others.

In many towns and villages, women who are themselves convinced of the necessity of a change in the ways, and especially in the mode of dress of women, are trying to help their more ignorant friends and neighbours by holding meetings, circulating information, making experiments themselves, and giving much time and trouble to the subject.

Our village was not to be behindhand in so good a work. It is the outlying suburb of a large manufacturing town; the class of people to be influenced consists chiefly of operatives in large mills and small shop-keepers. The scheme was started by one lady, into whose hands fell a little book on the subject.

Being herself convinced by this means, she was anxious to carry the good news to her neighbours. After many difficulties she succeeded in convincing one or two friends, and persuaded them to summon up their courage and help her to get up a meeting for women, in which they should talk in a friendly way to the people, state some of the facts of the case, tell what they themselves had done, and invite help in forming a society, to be called the "Women's Health Society," for the discussion and treatment of matters relating to woman's dress and health.

The use of a school-room was obtained; small bills stating the objects of the proposed meeting were circulated; those interested asked their friends from the town to come and show their sympathy with the movement, and the result was a gathering of nearly 200 women—over sixteen—of all grades, though principally of the working classes. It was no easy matter for the few ladies who had the management of the affair to "speak in public," but their belief in the good to be done helped them to say in simple words what they felt and thought, and most of them had some experience to give. One read a short paper on the aims of the society; another had collected various bits of information as to other societies of a similar nature from books and papers; another had some correspondence to read from those who had had experience in the matter. Here and there women stood up and expressed their sympathy, or their feeling of need for such an association as was proposed. The meeting was a great success. The women were some enthusiastic, some curious, nearly all ready to help.

So a committee was formed, and other meetings were arranged for. It was decided that dress reform was the first thing to be considered. The ladies agreed to take different subjects to talk about. This took up several meetings, as free comment and remark were encouraged, and many difficulties were discussed. The women were asked to bring any garments which they had remodelled, and any with which they found a difficulty. At one meeting two long tables were covered with specimen articles, some most clever and ingenious conversions of old into new and more healthy styles. Another evening was devoted to a show of new patterns. Every one begged and borrowed, and paper patterns—the people bringing their own paper—were taken by any one who wished for them. For this several tables were required, at which the ladies gave their help in cutting out, &c.

During the winter arrangements were made with one or two ladies to come from a distance to give lectures on very elementary physics, physiology, or chemistry. This, of course, entailed expense, and an entrance charge of 6d. and 3d. was made; and the meetings were very well attended, as many as 300 coming in spite of bad weather. The other meetings had been quite free, the ladies of the committee undertaking the small necessary expenses.

In the summer the meetings were discontinued for two or three months, but were begun again in the autumn with renewed interest. At some of the lectures the attendance of gentlemen was invited, and it was not found difficult to get an M.D. to take the chair, and give his hearty support to the movement.

The society is still in full work, and has made many converts, and the people take a real interest in the work.

I may add that a large blackboard should be freely used; very rough sketches are enough, and are more effective than diagrams, though they are of use too when very simple. I hope this account of our success will encourage many others to try a similar plan.

R. A. E.

THE NEW YEAR'S MESSENGER.

HOW would you picture her, she who should bring
Wishes for good when the New Year is born?
Gay as the birds who look upward and sing,
Fair as the sky on a bright summer morn,
Face full of laughter and sunny content,
Eyes of a child whom no troubles enthral:
She is the maid who should fitly be sent,
Wishing "a Happy New Year to you all!"

"WISHING A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL."

"*THE NEW YEAR'S MESSENGER*" (*p.* 128).

PARDONED.

By the Author of "In a Minor Key," "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

IN THE NORTH TURRET.

CONSTANCE was true to her word as to the matter of canvassing. An alliance, warm and fervid, had been formed over-night with Alice Champneys, and the two girls had vowed to meet the next morning as early after breakfast as possible, in order, with the eloquence of their eyes and tongues, to defeat the obnoxious Mr. Browne in his favourite strongholds. They had broken down, once for all, the fence of silence that had been suffered at Tranmere to grow up round the subjects of the coming election, and politics had raged long and wildly.

Winifred, sitting somewhat apart, had listened and wondered, learning much that was new to her, and growing every moment more conscious of her ignorance of the world, as matters of which she had had very little conception hitherto were discussed with what to her seemed a calculating worldliness.

That had all been last night, and yet, as she sat writing notes for Mrs. Everard this morning, she was thinking of it still: thinking of how Roger, wearied out with arguments, had separated himself from the two other gentlemen, and dropped into a seat close by Constance; of how Kate and Mrs. Frank had talked housekeeping; of the diversity of opinion of the two brothers, although they were on the same side in politics; and how, curiously enough, she had always caught herself agreeing with Colonel Everard.

These reflections interfered with her writing, as she leant her head on her hand, and gazed idly out of window. She could hear the sound of wheels on the gravel, and then the door opened, and Constance came in.

"Will you change your mind, Winny? be quick; I will give you five minutes to consider. Now do be a dear sensible girl, and come and help in the good cause. We three together should be perfectly irresistible. How could the most hardened Brownite resist such a trio? Uncle George has been giving me some awful warnings as to bribery and corruption, which have so frightened me that I have left my purse behind me, so you see our intentions are of the purest."

Winifred smiled admiringly at the pretty child, who had put her arms round her neck, and was gently tickling her long white throat.

"Colonel Everard gave me my character yesterday, Con; are you not afraid to try and corrupt an *esprit fort* who has the presumption to think differently to him? No," she continued, "I am like him in one respect; I am not fond of eating dirt, and if I canvassed for him, I should swallow some nasty mouthfuls."

"Do you know, Winifred, I shall not love you one bit. I think you are very disagreeable. Perhaps, however, when the election is over, and Uncle George comes in at the head of the poll, I may forgive you. At present, I—well, I dislike you. Good-bye," and Constance limped out of the room into the hall.

Winny was alone again.

"I hope he will not get in: I hope he won't," she exclaimed, out loud, and started, ashamed of the sound of her own deep tones. At the same moment a shadow fell across the window, and Mr. Champneys, with a face full of concern, came walking by. He did not see her, for he held a letter in his hand, with which he was evidently pre-occupied. Had anything befallen him? she wondered that he should look so grave. The thought seemed somehow to communicate itself to its object, for, just as he reached the corner of the bay-window, he looked up and saw her. A smile lit up his whole face for one short moment, flashed into his eyes, and disappeared as quickly as it had come. Once more grave, he lifted his hat and passed away out of sight to the front door.

The morning wore away with various little duties which devolved on Winifred, and which she executed as conscientiously as even Colonel Everard could wish. As, towards luncheon-time, she crossed the hall, she could hear the sound of voices in her uncle's business room, and at the same moment the door opened, and Roger came out.

"Won't you stay to luncheon?" Colonel Everard was asking, and Winny could just hear the prompt negative, as she passed up the staircase. She did not see the longing wistful glance that was sent in her direction, as Roger Champneys caught sight of her, and halted for one moment to feast his eyes on her graceful beauty ere she disappeared through a door to her left; nor could she hear the sighs that came from between his lips, as he walked down the drive into the lime avenue.

Luncheon-time came, but with it no Constance, and her father would have been seriously annoyed at her non-appearance, had it not been that Mrs. Frank had arrived at the safe conclusion that she must be

stopping at the Cottage. A message to that effect restored Major Everard's equanimity, and diverted Mrs. Everard from the lamentations in which she had been indulging as to the fatigues of entertaining visitors.

"With my bad health, it is so inconsiderate of George to ask all these people here," she reiterated; "if he only knew how I long for the rest which I never get!"

"I thought you had been by yourselves for nearly a month," said Mrs. Frank.

"That is not rest. I have all this large house on my shoulders to order and to arrange, and sometimes it seems too much for me, and I envy Mrs. Stevenson her little Vicarage and small establishment."

Mrs. Frank, who had seen her sister-in-law on the sofa with a novel the greater part of the morning, could hardly restrain a movement of impatience.

It did not escape Mrs. Everard, who, looking meek and aggrieved, murmured something about "health," and "people who were strong," and finally, with the arrival of Constance's message, proposed leaving the luncheon-table. The party quickly dispersed, the hostess for a siesta, Mrs. Frank for letter-writing, and Winifred to her room, to work at a new dress.

The guests were not to arrive till five o'clock, so she had a long afternoon before her for needlework and thought. She was always thinking now, and to very little purpose it seemed to her. When, with all deference to her father's wishes, might she hope to escape from Tranmere; and when she had escaped, what should she do to support herself? Her old dreams had been swept away by two rude shocks: the first, the sight of Roger's drawings, which she deemed so superior to her own; the second, and that the *coup de grâce*, the quiet patronage with which Colonel Everard had criticised the few strokes he had found on her paper. There was no alternative for it; she must turn governess to little boys, for she had been educated by a man, and brought up something like a boy herself.

As she fitted on herself the soft black dress before the looking-glass, pinning, snipping, and shaping, she thought, with a bitter smile, that perhaps after all her vocation was dressmaking, and laughed to think of Colonel Everard's niece a dressmaker. Her laugh was cut short by the sound of wheels, and she looked out of window to see the Tranmere break drive up to the door with its complement of guests.

Like Mrs. Everard she was averse to the fresh arrivals. Her father had only been dead six weeks, yet she must mingle among them as had he been dead six years. It was hard; but then it was the business of a poor relation to do as she was told. She waited, irresolute whether she should go down-stairs or not. Among many other matters, her aunt had handed over to her the duties of the tea-table, and no doubt she would be expected to preside over it this afternoon.

She had to pass the door of Constance's room; it stood ajar, and from within she fancied she could hear something that sounded very like a groan. Without hesitation, she pushed it open and entered.

There lay Constance on her sofa, with a white, drawn face, and bloodless lips that told their own tale of suffering. She smiled when she saw Winny, and put her fingers to her lips.

"It is nothing to be afraid of, Winny," she said; "only one of my spasms. I do not want mother to know of it, or I shall be scolded for having overdone myself. Will you be very kind, and find my maid for me? It is the worst of these big houses that one's maid is always a mile off where no bell can find her. I believe her room is somewhere in the north turret. Her name? Ah! Baker. Quick, dear."

Winny did not require any urging; she set off at once in the direction of the north turret, and soon found herself in a labyrinth of small, old-fashioned rooms, up-and-down passages, and tiny diamond-paned windows. But in vain she called Baker in her loudest tones; there came no answer; only the sound of her own voice echoing where reigned a sepulchral stillness.

At last she came to a landing where she found herself faced by three doors in a semicircle. Surely within one of them must the long-sought-for Baker be located. She knocked at the first, and fancying she heard a sound within, at length gently ventured to open it. It was empty. The sound she had heard was that of the blind idly flapping against the window-pane. She was just turning to leave, when her eye caught sight of the corner of a gilded frame hanging behind the door. One glance, and she knew that she was gazing at her mother's picture; that she had discovered that which she had been forbidden to seek.

Yes! there she hung, smiling down on her child with the sweet, half-parted lips, the laughing eyes—the incarnation of youth and beauty. For one short moment, Constance, Baker, everything was forgotten, as Winny, holding her breath, drank in every feature of the face she had idolised, condemned to smile down on a bare floor, on three blank walls, a window, and a box. The room was so low, with its sloping ceiling, that she found her face on a level with her mother's, and hot, passionate kisses were rained on the red, inanimate lips, that looked as though no tragic elements could ever have mingled with their life's history.

She had found her at last, and how? She could not stop to answer the question. Constance's urgent need recalled her to herself, and with one last yearning look at the sweet face, she left the room to renew her search for Baker. But it was in vain; and hopeless of finding her, she returned to her cousin to proffer what help she could give her.

She found her quite herself again, sitting in front of the looking-glass, with the missing maid standing behind her, busily engaged in adorning her mistress.

"Ah! thanks, dear Winny," she exclaimed, "I am so sorry to have troubled you. With the assistance of a housemaid, Baker has been conjured up from her tea, and very cross she is; aren't you, Baker?"

Baker smiled grimly. "I am only sorry, Miss Constance, that you should be so imprudent, and make yourself ill. I do not know what Mrs. Everard will say."

"She will say nothing, because she will know nothing. Now, Baker, be a dear old thing, and keep this quiet, and I promise to be good in future," and Constance turned her pretty sunny face to the maid, who had known her from her childhood, with a gesture of entreaty that quickly touched Baker's heart.

Triumphant in having accomplished her will, she rose from her chair and, passing her arm within Winny's, proposed that they should go down-stairs.

As they entered the library, Colonel Everard advanced from the hearth-rug, where he had been standing talking to his friends, and taking Constance by the arm, introduced her to Sir Benjamin and Lady Weekes, to Mr. and Mrs. Grey, and to Lord Carnford, whilst he placed an easy chair for her to sit in. Con looked behind to see if Winny had followed her, but, threading her way to Mrs. Everard in response to a querulous gesture, she had subsided noiselessly into a chair behind her aunt, where she could be but little seen, but from whence she could hear the fretful chidings that were being vented on her for not having appeared earlier.

From her point of vantage she could take in the whole roomful, could catch the scraps of conversation, and begin to learn the tone of good society. But she was not to be left to listen only, she was soon to take part herself in the buzz. Colonel Everard had not intended to pass her over in those introductions he had made to Constance; on the contrary, he had meant to include her in them; but finding that, as was her wont, she had disappeared, he had taken no further trouble about her.

But she had not entered the room unnoticed; she was not a girl who could be overlooked; her very shyness took the outward form of overweening pride, and more than one person had watched her progress from the door to her solitary little niche, and had turned inquiringly to their next-door neighbour to ask who she was. Poor little Constance's *amour-propre* was severely wounded when Lord Carnford, who had been talking to her in an absent, disjointed fashion, at last abruptly left her side, to ask Colonel Everard to introduce him to "the other young lady."

"Miss Smith, I suppose you mean," rejoined his host, and the young man started to find that that imperial-looking creature bore such an ordinary name. The introduction was soon effected, and Lord Carnford found himself at a loss how to open the conversation after that dumb, quiet bow, followed by no word. He could only think of the weather, but how could he talk anything so hackneyed to a girl with such eyes as those? His ear caught the words "polling day," and he wondered at his own stupidity in not having remembered that godsend in the way of small talk, the election.

Winny had considerably the advantage of him; all the time that he was deliberating what he should say, she was quietly picking up the dropped stitches of her aunt's knitting; she was sitting and he was standing; she was not thinking of him, but he was of her. His eye had taken in the blackness of her dress, had noted the crape, and had felt that no very frivolous topics, such as balls or parties, must be talked. The election was the very thing; in the most overwhelming grief, the newspapers, at any rate, were read.

"And have you too been canvassing to-day, Miss Smith?" he asked, recollecting that Constance had just given him a lively account of her morning's work, and feeling that his political faith might be severely tried had she asked him to vote contrary to his opinions.

"No."

"I think you are right. Disagreeable work for ladies, eh?"

"I have never tried it, and I do not think I ever shall." This time the grave eyes met his.

"Because you think it would be disagreeable?"

"No; because I think it wrong."

"Wrong?"

"Yes. Do you not think it wrong to try and make people act contrary to their opinions?"

"Yes, if they have opinions; but do you imagine that all those people"—with a comprehensive wave of his hand towards the window—"have opinions?"

"I suppose they have."

"Then I assure you that you are mistaken. It is the popular man who carries the day. In rural districts like this, personal popularity is the main thing."

"Is Mr. Browne popular?"

"Mr. Browne?" with some astonishment. "Yes," sinking his voice, "I fear he is. He has a long tongue, and plays the genial country squire among all classes. Of course he does not go down with the county, but he does with the farmers. But don't you fear. Colonel Everard will come in all right," and Lord Carnford, finding no chair vacant, sank down on a low stool by Winny's side.

From the fireplace came the sound of much laughing and talking. Constance was in her element, and her humorous description of her day's amusement was producing much mirth. Yet her eye kept turning to the door, as though expecting some one, and a smile of welcome broke over her face as it at last opened to admit Mr. Champneys.

She was a born flirt, and Roger could not but obey the little sign she made him, to come and occupy an overlooked chair in her neighbourhood. He was the more willing to do so that, on entering, he had taken in that there was no place for him by the tea-table. So the party broke up into little groups, and Winny found herself forced out of her self-imposed retirement, as one after another asked to be introduced to her.

Through it all Lord Carnford bravely maintained his lowly position, though the object of his admiration had silently pointed out to him a chair in the background and begged him to get up. He had made some, what was meant to be flattering, rejoinder about preferring to be at her feet, and had felt rebuked by the wondering glance of her large grave eyes. But then he had already discovered, by that rapid intuition which comes to those who have been about in the world, that this beautiful Miss Smith was altogether an original person whose ideas by no means ran in the

conventional grooves, whereas he, Percy, fourth Earl of Carnford, was a somewhat commonplace young man whose powers of conversation were chiefly limited to horses.

On this theme he had been entertaining Winny for about a quarter of an hour, when, raising her eyes, she encountered those of Roger Champneys fixed on her, and was startled to find herself the object of his earnest gaze. On being discovered, he came forward at once to greet her, under pretext of asking for a cup of tea, and, contrary to his wont, remained lingering near the table, joining in the conversation with Lord Carnford, till suddenly he abruptly turned away, set down his cup, and returned to Constance's side.

"You are very tiresome this evening, Mr. Champneys," was her greeting to him, as he resumed his chair, "not half so nice as you were at the Cottage at luncheon-time; you and Uncle George both look as though you were suffering from severe headache, and when you talk you have not a notion what you are saying. I hope your cup of tea may have restored you your conversational faculties."

Roger smiled. "I have been, as you say, very disagreeable," he said. "Now I will pay attention, and so must you, for I want your help."

"My help?"

"Yes. You have more influence with your uncle than most people; can you make him see that, unless he takes care, he has no chance at the election?"

"Oh, Mr. Champneys!"

"Hush! I am talking treason, but I have told him the same plainly, and to no purpose."

"Is he?"—in a whisper—"is he unpopular?"

"Very."

"Why?"

"Look at him now, and do not ask me why."

Colonel Everard was standing for the moment by himself on the hearth-rug. He was thinking of what Roger had been telling him that morning. There was a frown on his face, his lips were closed like a vice, his head thrown up in the air, his whole person the incarnation of haughtiness. Con looked at him, and then a loving smile broke out over her face.

"He does look rather as though the world were dust under his feet," she said, "but I rather agree with him. Most people are so infinitely his inferiors."

"You are a woman, and a favourite of his," said Roger, "but his tenants and farmers are men, and they do not like being the dust."

"But he is so just."

"Perfectly just, but neither merciful, sympathetic, nor genial. If you could get him to dispense a few hearty cheery words, a little innocent flattery, that might do a great deal, coming from him; but when I hear him say, with his teeth set, 'I never alter my conduct by one hair's breadth, whether there be an election coming on or no,' what chance has he against Browne, who is at it from morning to night?"

"And don't you think Uncle George right?"

"In one sense, yes; but I would have him alter his conduct altogether, whether there were an election coming on or no. Have I offended you?"

"No, because I feel sure you like Uncle George. You know he does do such kind things; he gives away—only he cannot bear it to be suspected—enormously. I have known him carry a poor old woman's basket miles for her; I have seen him pick up a dirty tired child, and take him home in his arms; and as for his kindness to me, it is endless."

"All that is perfectly true. I too have known him do many similar things to those you have just related to me. But had he caught that same old woman tripping ever so slightly, and had she been one of his tenants, he would have turned her out of her cottage, and nothing would have induced him to give her a reprieve; or had the tired child stolen so much as an apple from his orchard, he would have repented it with many tears. Do you see what I mean? I am the last person to wish Colonel Everard, or any one else, to depart from his principles, but in this case I would have the principles themselves altered. I would have him not only now, but always, put himself out of his way to do what is disagreeable to a man of his temperament, in order to afford a little innocent gratification to those about him, and further I should like to see his justice tempered by sympathy."

"Do not you think Miss Smith very like him?"

"What made you think of her?"

"I just caught sight of her, and was struck by the resemblance."

"Yes, she is very like him altogether in some points; but, from what I have heard, very unlike in others. It is wonderful how she has, in this short time, won hearts in the village. If she had assisted in the canvassing to-day, with all due deference to your charms, and those of my sister, I think you would have come home with even a larger promise of votes than you have already secured."

"Thank you, Mr. Champneys."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Everard; I forgot my manners. You must forgive a rustic, such as I am become. The fact is, I am talking to you now as I would to any sensible person I had known from a child, although perhaps I have said too much. My excuse is that I like Colonel Everard better almost than any man it has been my fortune to run against, and I know him well enough to understand that, although he will not put out his little finger to win his cause, yet if he loses it he will feel it deeply."

"He will never show it."

"Of course not; but he will feel it none the less for that. That is why I want you to use your influence, and make him see his danger."

"Why not ask Miss Smith? she is *so* fascinating."

"Was that a very dire offence?" he asked laughingly. "I will tell you the whole history of that remark of mine. Perhaps you are not aware that, since she has been here, Miss Smith has been the purveyor of Mrs. Everard's bounties to the village. In this character she has made acquaintance with a good many of the inhabitants of Tranmere, and has appeared in a totally new light to what she does

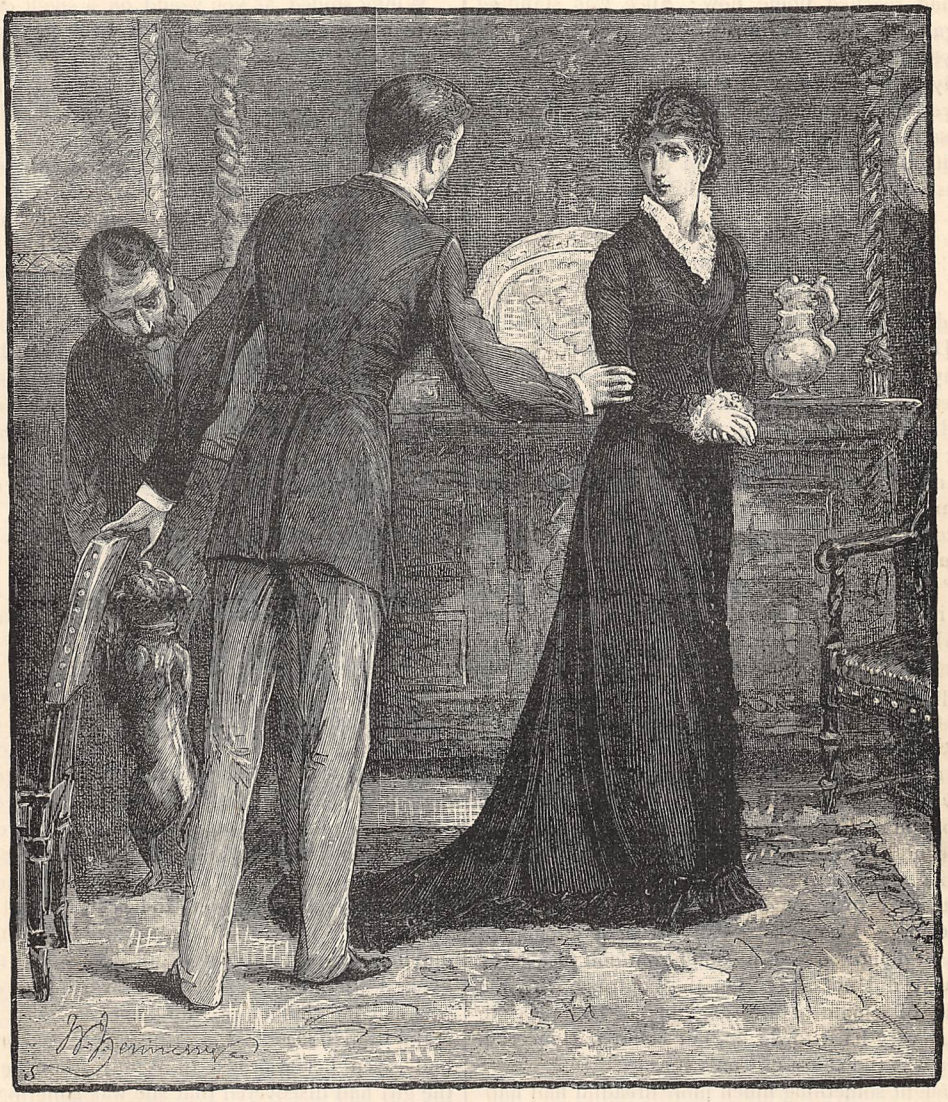
here. You would require a large stock of patience to listen to all the stories that have been poured into my ears about her doings, and her sayings, till I have been obliged to interrupt them, and go on to the matter in hand. And now good-bye; I must go. Remember our conversation is marked 'Private and confidential.'"

"I will remember. Next time I canvass I will *make* Miss Smith go."

"Try," he answered, and was about to make his adieus to Mrs. Everard, when he found himself confronted with Winifred. "Are you going?" she asked. "Will you give this parcel to your sister Alice?"

Her words were nothing, yet how they thrilled him! He took her hand, then let it drop again.

"Good-bye," he said, as though in haste to be gone. "I will be sure and deliver the parcel."



"'DO JOIN THE RIDING-PARTY TO-DAY'" (*p.* 136).

Winny looked after him for one minute. "I wonder," she thought wearily, "why he seems to avoid me. Has he quite forgotten Queen Vashti?"

Outside the house, Roger was racing down the drive as were he clad in the seven-leagued boots.

"It cannot go on," he muttered to himself. "Why did I go there? Why torture myself unnecessarily? Sometimes I feel I must leave the place, and turn my back upon her for ever. But there are Kate, Alice,

the children to be considered. It is a good berth; they are so happy here, and must I break it all up because I am such a weak fool that I cannot exercise any self-control? I cannot speak to her without betraying myself; I dare not look at her for fear of showing my admiration; and she is not for me—Queen Vashti."

He had reached home now; Alice was standing at the gate watching for him.

"Anything for me?" she asked.

"Only a parcel from Miss Smith," he said carelessly, yet casting one final loving glance on the little packet so neatly done up by *her* fingers, ere he placed it in Alice's possession; then he passed swiftly into the house, and disappeared into his own room.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

DEFEATED.

"CON, dear, what is the matter? Don't, don't cry like that. Do tell me what it is?".

Winny had just come in from the village, where she had been on an errand for her aunt. On her return she had looked into the library, to find it as she had thought untenanted, till at the further end she heard the sound of tears, and then caught sight of a blue dress, and a fair head buried in the cushions; the whole convulsed and heaving with heartrending sobs.

"Something very, very dreadful must have occurred," she argued to herself, "or Con would never be crying in this broken-hearted fashion, in a sitting-room, where she might be surprised at any moment." What could it be? For Con vouchsafed no answer to her questions, only put out her hand with a repelling gesture, as her cousin was about to sit down by her side; then raised herself suddenly, and, pushing back her hair from her face, looked at Winny fiercely.

"*You* will be glad," she said. "*You* won't cry. Oh! no, you will laugh, and have a jubilee on your own account. Your dear Mr. Browne—that odious, detestable Mr. Browne—has got in at the head of the poll; next to him comes Mr. Marjoribanks; and Uncle George"—sob, sob—"is out of it altogether. Aren't you delighted? Why don't you look pleased?"

Yes, why did not she? On the contrary, with the perversity of female nature, she did not feel pleased. She tried very hard to do so, but could not succeed. And this was the cause of Con's sobs.

"I thought something much more dreadful had happened, Con," she said contemptuously.

"It is quite dreadful enough, I think," retorted her cousin, "though of course you do not. He"—sob—"will feel it so much, I know he will," and the tears began to flow again.

Would he feel it so much? mused Winny. Could the owner of that cold face feel anything? Had he not a heart of adamant, or rather, no heart at all?

"If he has so much feeling to spare on such a trifle," she remarked loftily, "I wonder what he has done with it all these years?"

"Winny, I hate you. Go away and celebrate the triumph of Mr. Browne—*your* Mr. Browne. I should like to condemn you to live with the Browne family, and see how you would like it; to hear Mr. Browne laugh, as he held forth on his own importance; to sit opposite Mrs. Browne attired, as I saw her, in a bright green silk; to hold daily and hourly intercourse with all the Miss and Master Brownes, as a punishment for not appreciating Uncle George."

Winny smiled, as you would on a spoilt child. "I have never even seen *my* Mr. Browne, as you call him; but I dare say I should get on very well with him. You see my name is Smith; and Smiths and Brownes are always bracketed," and, as she spoke, she rose to leave the room.

No, she was not pleased at the triumph of her Mr. Browne, and she wondered why. On the contrary, her thoughts would revert to the uncle she hated, who would feel it so much. She turned the handle of the door and passed out into the hall. At the same moment Colonel Everard emerged from his den, and came walking swiftly towards the morning-room.

Winny felt a new shyness come over her. Her uncle was before her as a defeated, disappointed man. She stole a glance at him. There was no trace of defeat in his bearing; on the contrary, he looked more than ever an autocrat. He was addressing her now. The cold polished tones fell on her ears, and she forced herself to look him in the face. To her astonishment he was smiling, a bright amused smile.

"You have just come in," he was saying; "did you see anything of Jacob Wood when you were out?"

"Yes, he was down at the sawpit as I passed it a quarter of an hour ago."

"Ah! that is all right, thank you."

It was very strange; with every word he uttered, perfectly commonplace as they were, she felt sorry for him, the more so that he did not seem so for himself. She even lingered for half a minute, feeling certain, as she saw him enter the morning-room, that Constance's foolish, undignified tears would cause him much annoyance, and only when the door closed behind him did she take her way up-stairs. She had two hours to herself, which were to be consecrated to a task she had set herself of late—a task of mingled love and hatred, of tenderness and bitterness; a kind of general stirring up of her most vehement emotions. She had one confidante, who kept her secret faithfully—the head housemaid, a grim, severe personage, who had given her approval to Winny from the moment the girl had discovered that she was suffering agonies from neuralgia, and had insisted, much against her will, in administering an efficacious remedy.

To this important personage had Winny confided her wish to copy "the picture in the north turret." Jones was perfectly aware that there was some mystery connected with that picture. Had not Colonel Everard himself mentioned to her that she was to dust it every day and take care that the blind was always kept down, so that it should not be blistered by the sun? It was a pretty picture, even she, whose soul was wrapt up in such unæsthetic objects as blacklead and furniture polish, was fain to allow, and it did not surprise her much that Winny should wish to copy it.

So day after day the girl stole away to the garret, and with the few paints she possessed worked away to reproduce once more the face which was the one bright memory of her life. Her love seemed to inspire her poor little brushes, for they rose to an altitude of success they had never reached before, retracing with wonderful faithfulness the features which were impressed on her heart as truly as on the canvas. Her whole being seemed to be transformed when she was engaged on a task so congenial to her. Colonel Everard would hardly have recognised her had he seen her at work with a look on her face that Penruth had known well, but which Tranmere had rarely seen, and Mrs. Frank would have forgotten to compare her to the "uncomfortable women in history," and would probably only have been struck by a likeness to Constance.

But then her mood would change as she thought of her mother's wrongs; the paint-brush would work fiercely, the large eyes would flash, and the likeness to Constance disappear.

Two hours to herself! It was not often she enjoyed such a luxury, for Mrs. Everard had an admirable idea of how to employ those about her, and her niece's obedience was a strong temptation to her selfishness.

But this morning she was, as she expressed it, "off duty," and might do as she listed. It was very ridiculous of her, but her thoughts would revert to her uncle and to his disappointment. What was it to her? Why did Constance's words keep ringing in her ears? She would have given her right hand to possess her affection, and only two days ago she had fancied she had won it, but what was she to think now? True, she had really seen but very little of her. She was always with the Champneys, or with the guests staying in the house, whilst she, Winifred, tried to hold herself aloof, and live her own lonely life.

Occasionally people would make an effort to drag her out of this self-made solitude. Kind-hearted Lady Weekes would draw her chair next to hers, and talk of many little nothings, of which Winny had but small knowledge; Lord Carnford was most persistent in his attentions, and after dinner would plant himself at her side, and keep off every other intruder.

And Winny, being a woman, could not but enjoy all this, taking herself roundly to task afterwards for so doing, and remembering with shame how she had once laughed so merrily that Colonel Everard, attracted by the novel sound, had turned to see who it was, whilst a look—of disgust she was certain it was—had crossed his face. How could she guess that that laugh had awakened memories more than twenty years old, when his sister Winifred would laugh from sheer happiness a dozen times in the day, with just that same soft mellow tone?

Every day, too, during this latter end of the week, the horses had been brought round, and three or four had gone out riding; the tennis-nets had no longer swung idly in the breeze; balls and rackets had been produced, and Winny, who made a point, with a proud humility, of doing everything she was asked, had learnt the game, and enjoyed it. The Champneys girls would appear almost daily in their pretty dresses; people from the neighbourhood would drive over to tea; there would be great bowls of strawberries and cream on the lawn, and the summer sun would shine down on them all, tinging Winny's cheeks with a faint tint of pink, glinting in Con's bright auburn hair, and throwing out Alice Champneys' deep blue eyes, as it heightened the colour in her cheeks. Roger alone was missing, for, since his long conversation with Constance, he had never shown his face among them any more.

"He is so busy," or "He is playing cricket here or there," Kate would give the excuse, which was of course accepted; and no one noticed the look of disappointment that would sweep over Con's face, or the momentary pout of her pretty red lips.

Yes, she was obliged to own it, she had enjoyed this last week; and yet, had she not vowed that she would hate Tranmere to the last day of her life? To-day it was Saturday, and the party was to break up, with the exception of the Frank Everards, who were staying on a little while longer. Lord Carnford had looked very pathetic when talking about it to Winny, but had said he should ride over—he lived the other side of the county—when he returned from Norway, and see them very often.

Then too had she learnt, for the first time, that Colonel Everard was probably going to Scotland, and that meanwhile she and her aunt would repair to the seaside together. She had given a smile of veritable pleasure when her uncle had mentioned the plan, and Con had remarked that she believed she was more than half a mermaid.

Winny's two hours seemed to have been but two minutes, so busy had she been with her painting and her thoughts, when the gong sounded for lunch, and she had to put away her materials in hot haste, for she was a long way from the dining-room, and it would take some little time to get there.

They were all assembled when she entered the room, and, contrary to his usual habits, Colonel Everard was among them. At the head of the table sat his wife, with an air of resignation on her features, which almost made Winny laugh, from a new feeling of nervousness. Constance, who by some process had managed to obliterate all traces of her sobs, was apparently in the highest spirits, whilst Colonel Everard himself was more genial than Winny remembered to have seen him yet.

She found a vacant chair for herself by her Uncle Frank, who received her with a peculiarly disagreeable smile. From the first hour of her acquaintance with this second of her mother's brothers, she had ceased to pay him the compliment of regarding him with antipathy. She was perfectly indifferent to him, and his little sneers, his petty thrusts, his evident jealousy of his brother, all of which it took some time to discover, were lost upon her. Therefore she troubled herself but little as to the meaning of the smile with which he greeted her, till he ostentatiously turned round to her, and said, loudly enough for Colonel Everard to hear—

"I must congratulate you, Winifred."

The large eyes were turned on him interrogatively.

"I beg your pardon; I do not understand you."

This time he lowered his voice. "On the victory of Mr. Browne. I think you have the pleasurable distinction of being the only person on the winning side in the house."

"Is it pleasurable to be in a minority?"

"It is pleasurable to be on the successful side. There is Con, foolish child, has been crying her eyes out, whilst you have had the laugh to yourself. My poor brother"—involuntarily Winny winced at the tone of pity—"is cut to the heart about it all."

"He has had such a prosperous life that mole-hills look to him like mountains, I dare say," she answered musingly.

"You are severe," laughed her uncle. "It would be a novelty to my dignified brother to hear your comments on his conduct."

"My comments were on what you said of his feelings; his conduct, as far as I have seen it, seems much the same as usual."

At the head of the table, Mrs. Everard, with that want of tact which was one of her characteristics, was alternately lamenting her husband's defeat, and rejoicing that now she need not spend some months of the year in London. The subject once mentioned, it became the one topic of conversation; and could abuse of the successful candidate have been any consolation to Colonel Everard, he would have received plenty of it. He himself said little, except in defence of his rival; and Winny felt positively relieved when the meal came to an end, and her aunt's lamentations had died away behind her boudoir door.

"We all go away by the six o'clock train," Lord Carnford was saying. "Now, Miss Smith, do join the riding party to-day, my last day."

"I cannot ride, Lord Carnford," she answered. "I told you I had never sat upon a horse in my life."

"Then perhaps you are nervous?"

"Nervous? No; but incompetent. Besides, I have no habit, no hat, no horse."

Lord Carnford turned to his host, who was standing close by occupied in examining the paw of his dog, a large, powerful bull-terrier, who never quitted his master's side, and who had limped painfully at his heels into the dining-room.

"Cannot all that be managed, colonel?" he asked.

"I do not know what my niece's wishes on the subject may be," answered Colonel Everard, hardly raising his eyes from the wounded paw.

"You do wish to ride, don't you, Miss Smith? Do, do say yes."

"But I say no." The accent was determined, but the words were untrue. She would have given a great deal to ride. Fear, she knew none. But her uncle did not make her the offer, and ask she never would.

"That is conclusive, Carnford," he said, as he walked away, thinking to himself, "What a true woman the girl is! *elle aime à se faire prier;* but, unfortunately, I like it too."

"Miss Smith," the young man was still entreating, "you are too cruel. Let me go and tell Colonel Everard that you have altered your mind—that you are dying to ride. Which horse shall it be?"

"Not for the world," with a detaining gesture, for he was starting. "Not for the world. Why, I should break my valuable neck."

Lord Carnford was too much occupied with his own ideas to notice the bitter tones of her words; he only gazed on her with admiration, as, in order to avoid all further parley, she beat a rapid retreat up the staircase. With a half-smile on his face he sauntered out to the front door, meditatively staring at vacancy.

"When I come back from Norway," he murmured to himself, while he made his way to the stables—"When I come back from Norway, then we shall see."

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

TROUBLE AT THE COTTAGE.

WINIFRED had now been a dependent, as she still persisted in expressing it, upon her uncle for three months, and the luxury of her life was making itself felt in her appearance. Already she looked younger; the little vanity that lay dormant within her, as long as she came in contact with no one of her own class, had begun to assert itself, and show its presence in sundry adornments of her person, by no means incompatible with the severe simplicity with which she dressed, but adding to it a pretty gracefulness, suitable to a girl of her age. The newspapers and books she read to her aunt, the constant intercourse with other people, could not but leave their impress on her mind. She did not know herself that she had already lost some of her uncompromising intensity; that her smiles were more frequent, her sleep more regular, but so it was.

Perhaps her uncle's absence had something to do with this change. Colonel Everard had been in Scotland for the last six weeks, and was expected home in three weeks' time. Mrs. Everard and Winifred had meanwhile betaken themselves to a fashionable seaside, where the former subsided altogether into an invalid, and took daily airings in a bath-chair.

Winny had enjoyed it immensely. When she had seen her aunt comfortably surrounded by sympathising friends, she would gain permission to take a little stroll by herself, and would run down to the sea-shore and greet the dear old waves that, probably, at some period of their existence had dashed their white-foamed crests against the cliff at Penruth, and laugh and cry as she dipped her hands—become so white now—into the salt water.

Sure-footed as a fisher-boy, she would clamber among the rocks, and look into the little pools, and watching the shrimps darting hither and thither, stir up the poor waddling little crabs, all unmindful that this was not Penruth, and that there were many people here to observe the tall, graceful figure standing out against the summer sky, and wonder whose it could be.

Yes, she was happy during these few weeks; and then came a fresh experience. She and her aunt

were both invited for a week to Aldershot, with a slight apology for the merest morsel of a room for herself. And here quite a new world opened out before her, bewildering in its variety, inasmuch as, up to this date, she had never so much as seen a soldier.

But Constance was her friend and, although Winifred did not know it, her champion. She it was who had insisted that her cousin should be included in the invitation to Mrs. Everard, and who undertook to initiate her into the mysteries of the different uniforms and other novelties that met her eye at every turn of every road.

"I hope, at the end of this week, that I shall have succeeded in making you positively frivolous, dear Winny," she would say, in her pretty way. "You are growing younger already. I begin to have hopes that by the time you are five-and-twenty you will have attained the youthfulness of eighteen."

Winny would laugh heartily, and then sigh a little.

"By the time I am five-and-twenty?" she would answer. "Oh, yes, I think I shall have begun to grow younger then."

And Constance would nod her head wisely, with a significant smile, which Winny did not understand, unknowing that they were both at cross-purposes; for the one was remembering that when she was twenty-five she would be free, probably only a governess, but yet free; and the former was thinking of Lord Carnford and his very marked attentions.

The visit was at an end now, the land of heather left behind, and they were back at Tranmere.

Winny felt a strange thrill run through her as the train panted into the station, and she caught sight of a well-known figure and coat standing on the platform. She had just time to hear her aunt say, "Ah! there is Roger. I think he has grown to look decidedly a day or two older; he looked so very boyish at one time," when the guard opened the door, and Mr. Champneys was standing there to hand them out.

"Kate would have come up with me," he said, addressing himself to Mrs. Everard, as he gave his hand to Winny, holding hers for one second longer than was necessary, "but that she and Alice are both occupied in fussing over Jim, who has frightened them by refusing to eat his dinner, and by announcing that his head "aches dreffully."

"I hope it is nothing serious," said Mrs. Everard, edging away from Roger as had he just come from a small-pox hospital.

"I am not dangerous, I assure you, Mrs. Everard," he said, laughing, as he collected the innumerable shawls, cloaks, bags, &c. &c., with which Mrs. Everard delighted to encumber herself when travelling. "My belief is that Jim has eaten too much fruit; that is all."

"May I come down to the Cottage this evening and see him?" interposed Winny. "That is to say, if you can spare me," she continued, turning to her aunt.

Roger started, as he so often did when, after any long interval, her voice smote upon his ear again.

"Yes; oh! yes, certainly. Jim will be only too overjoyed to see his 'princess' again. He sent you a lot of messages, expressive of his devotion."

"Dear little boy!" she murmured smilingly to herself, and then followed her aunt to the carriage, whither she had flown to escape from Mr. Champneys' contaminating presence.

It was not until after she had seen Mrs. Everard safely established on the sofa, and falling into a gentle doze, that Winifred felt herself at liberty to fetch her hat, and walk down to the Cottage to see her favourite.

It was a glorious afternoon, warm and soft, and the whole place struck her with a new beauty, as she lightly ran across the path, straight through the herd of deer, which, startled, turned and fled in all directions. Panting, she arrived at the Cottage, and found the house-door standing wide open. She entered and, knocking at the drawing-room door, was requested to "come in."

There were only three people in the room: Alice, Kate, and Jim, the latter lying half-asleep, with heavy eyes and white face, in his sister's arms.

"Ah! we are so glad to see you," Kate exclaimed heartily. "Roger told you, did he not, that we are so worried about Jim? we cannot make out what is the matter with him. Does not he look ill? Jim, darling, here is Winifred, your princess, come to see you."

Jim opened his heavy eyes, and a smile broke out over his little pale face, as he stretched out his arms to go to Winny. The girl could have fallen down on her knees and thanked him for his simple act of affection; at any rate, here was some one who loved her.

She took the little fellow in her arms, listening patiently as Kate and Alice together detailed his symptoms, telling how they had sent to Meriton for the doctor, and how ignorant they were of childish diseases.

And while listening, Winny was bending over her little friend, relating to him all she had seen at the seaside and at Aldershot; telling him of the grand review and the big guns, till the child fairly sat up in her arms, in his interest, and began to ask questions. Once she fancied that a shadow fell across the window; but as she saw nothing she thought no more about it. Her time was very limited, and when she had sat for twenty minutes, and promised to come down as early as she could the next morning, she rose to go. At the same moment the drawing-room door opened, and Roger came in.

"Roggie," said the child, looking up with a smile, "me dot my pintheth."

"Happy Jim," responded his brother; and then a silence fell on the party, till broken by Winny putting Jim back into Alice's arms preparatory to really departing. Roger accompanied her to the door, but he did not go any farther with her; on the contrary, he returned at once to the drawing-room to look after Jim.

"Why did you not come in before, dear?" asked Alice. "I saw you standing between the windows all the time Winifred was here. Does she bore you?"

"You were all three messing over Jim, and I was smoking. No," with a curious smile, "no, Miss Smith does not bore me."

"Winifred may not bore him," thought Kate to herself, "but he does not like her; I can see that."

The next morning Miss Smith was down at the Cottage in good time to hear the doctor's report. She found nothing but grave faces awaiting her, and the worst fears realised. Jim was pronounced to be suffering from typhoid fever.

"And we are so ignorant," cried Alice at the conclusion of her narrative, "of anything like illness."

"I am going to be head nurse," said Roger, coming in amongst them; "and we will, I trust, pull the little lad through."

"I know something of nursing," said Winny. "May not I help? I am so strong that I can stand any fatigue, and Jim would not mind my being with him."

"No, no, Miss Smith," cried Roger, with a vehemence that startled his hearers. "We could not think of such a thing. You might catch the fever yourself, and what would Colonel Everard say? Surely, with three of us, we can nurse a little mite of a boy like that."

"I can easily tell you what Colonel Everard would say—nothing. Do let me be of use," she added almost imploringly, but Roger was inexorable.

"I forgot that—that he does not seem to like me," she suddenly remembered, and blushed to think that she had tried to force herself where she was not wanted. Instantly she withdrew, and bidding adieu, commenced retracing her steps homeward, her head sunk lower than usual, an aching sense of desolation upon her.

She had only got a few hundred yards, when she turned round to see Alice running after her.

"How fast you do walk, Winny!" she cried, "I ran after you to tell you that Roger spoke for himself just now, but not for all of us. Of course you must not do the nursing, but you could help us so much if you would take Molly and Charlie sometimes off our hands, for how we shall keep them away from Jim I do not know."

Winny looked at the fair, fragile girl before her, with such delicate perceptions, and did not wonder that "Ally," as he called her, was a great deal to Roger.

"I will come, if I can be spared, every day, take them for a walk, and keep them off your hands as long as possible," she answered humbly and gently. "I will not come in, or disturb you in any way, but just call for the children, and carry them off."

"Thank you, dear, so much; it will be a great help, I can assure you, and no sinecure, for Charlie is sure to be tiresome without Jim, and it would be so difficult to keep him and Molly quiet. Only you must not let them worry Mrs. Everard."

"I will take good care they do not do that. Now, good-bye; I must really be running back."

Winifred found her promise easier to keep than she had anticipated. Without seeking it, she had gained a certain ascendency over Mrs. Everard, which made that weak but capricious personage see things occasionally as her niece desired her to see them; so that, on hearing the history of Jim and his illness, she consented that Winny should help in the charge of the children, provided she never set foot inside the Cottage.

To this condition the girl very willingly agreed; her presence was distasteful, she told herself, to Mr. Champneys, and she could not force it upon him; but she could assist the two girls in this unobtrusive fashion, without in any way annoying their brother.

Day by day, therefore, always laden with some little delicacy for Jim, she would run down to the Cottage, where Alice would meet her at the door to give her the last report, and to hand over to her Molly and Charlie, with injunctions to them to be very good with Miss Smith.

And the two small children were not only, she noticed, a wholesome tonic for herself, they also helped to rouse a little of the unselfishness that lay slumbering, all forgotten, in Mrs. Everard's heart.

It gave Winifred some idea of what her aunt might have been had she had children of her own, when she saw her at luncheon, forgetful for the time of her own ailments, with a certain awkward motherliness—none the less touching for that—tying on the children's pinafores, cutting up their dinners, and trying to gain their affections by means of endless dainties.

And meanwhile Jim's illness ran its course. It was a long and weary time to the two girl watchers, with such ups and downs of hopes and fears, such anxiety as is trying where there is no affection in the case, but doubly so where love plays the strongest part.

But then, as Alice said, they had Roger. He it was who took the greater share of the night work, and Kate and Alice felt no shadow of jealousy that Jim should smile with extra sweetness when he saw him by his cribside.

In her daily pilgrimages to the Cottage, Winny would occasionally run against him, when he could not but stop, report on Jim, and now and then thank her for her goodness to the children. And whenever these meetings did occur, the girl would note that the nursing seemed to tell more upon the strong, broad-shouldered man before her than on fragile Alice or energetic Kate.

What else, she asked, could have driven the dancing light, which she had noticed at their first meeting, from his eyes, or set the curves of his lips so rigidly? Perhaps he was worried about money matters; she knew that worry only too well herself; the doctor's bill would be a long one, and they were poor. They were all very brave; but then did not he perhaps keep the anxiety to himself in order to shield his sisters? Unwittingly to herself, Roger was fast becoming a hero to her; the more so that she had never forgotten the little episode of Queen Vashti, and its unconscious flattery, the recollection of which would always conjure up a smile to her lips, none the less sweet that the hero of it had failed to discover her identity with the subject of his pencil, and that his manner to her seemed studiedly reserved.

It was that memory, perhaps, that lent an additional lustre to her eyes, an extra softness to her mouth, as she talked to him on the bright green grass, to the accompaniment of the waterfall; while afar the deer would stand, their antlered heads upraised, looking at these two, so near together and yet so far apart.

For true it was that, whenever he could, Mr. Champneys avoided Miss Smith, and the girl herself was perfectly unconscious of the interest he had awakened in her. All she knew was that Roger—kind to every one else—seemed to avoid her, and that it was her business to do the same by him; which avoidance, involving a good deal of thought and ingenuity, was by no means conducive to the indifference it was no doubt her duty to feel for him.

How could she tell that every evening he would seize a few spare minutes to devote to Molly and Charlie, when they would undergo a rigid examination as to what "Miss Smith had said to them?" Having indulged in this useless piece of self-torment, he would kiss the children and send them to bed.

And so the days wore on, and Jim was better one day, and worse another, and Winny saw but little of Kate and Alice, and meanwhile the Castle resounded with Molly's and Charlie's glad little voices, and between the two great elms on the lawn a swing was erected, and the exquisitely well-kept grass and paths would be littered by the daisies, recklessly gathered and thrown away again by tiny hands, and the gravel kicked up by the shuffle of small feet.

Colonel Everard was still away, but his letters were very regular. Mrs. Everard would hand them over to Winifred to read, and she was surprised at the almost genial, chatty tone of these epistles. Once or twice he expressed his regret at Jim's illness, and on both occasions did not fail to remind his wife "to send everything she could think of in the way of dainties or fruit, or anything the child might be ordered, to the Cottage." When he did come home, it was quite unexpectedly. It was a lovely afternoon at the beginning of October, and Winifred, with the two children, was sitting on the old bowling-green, just outside the courtyard, from which the whole panorama of the valley of the Tran was spread out before her. She was seated on her favourite stone bench under the wall, which overlooked the lower garden, where the golden sunflowers were all ablaze, and the pampas grass was just stirring in the soft autumnal breeze, and was as usual telling a story.

Colonel Everard had left his numerous traps at the station, and, tempted by the beauty of the day, had set off to walk the four miles to Tranmere. It was a practice of his, whenever he came home after a long absence. To begin with, it put off the evil moment of arriving—which who does not dread, when it is to an uncongenial home?—and secondly, for four long miles, he was enabled to gaze with pride on his own wide domains, and the building which was their crowning glory.

Thus it was that Winifred, absorbed in her occupation of story-telling, remained unaware of his approach, more especially as he had halted at some little distance from her, arrested by the pretty picture before him, and by the return of an old longing that he had thought dead years ago, but the appearance this afternoon of his niece, seated with Charlie on her lap, and Molly's little golden head pressed against her black dress, revived it, as he had never thought would be the case again.

Yet he was not so absorbed in the two babies as not to observe that Winifred had changed during his absence, and for the better. There was no defiance in her expression now; she had grown a shade fatter and younger-looking, and there was a smile on her face, as she turned to obey Charlie's oft-repeated "Go on." Then it was that she became aware that her uncle was approaching, and, hastily setting down the two children, she told Molly to run in and tell Mrs. Everard the news, and herself with Charlie awaited him without moving.

Coldly as ever the two greeted each other, as he asked after Jim, told Charlie he had some big stags' heads to show him, and greeted his wife, who came out to meet him, with all proper show of husband-like affection.

Naturally she had a grievance. Why had he not let her know he was coming home to-day? Then the children could have gone back to the Cottage in proper time, his rooms have been prepared, and so on. Hastily Winny summoned her two little *protégés*, and carried them back home, whilst Colonel Everard, after listening patiently for five minutes to his wife's jeremiad, took himself off to his shorthorns. As his niece wandered through the park, stopping every now and then for the children to gather flowers, she saw him going in the opposite direction, and did not wonder that he had been driven away. How often under the same infliction had she longed to escape, but had been compelled to hear it out to the end, and had perhaps been the gainer in—patience.

"Me tho tired, do pleath tarry me," Charlie was murmuring in his little cooing voice, and Winny stooped and caught him up, kissing his round baby-face.

"Tired, my man?" she asked. "You will soon be in bed now, darling." The sweet smile was still on her lips, the tender light in her eyes, when—she did not know how he came there—Roger was by her side. He looked weary and harassed, as he suddenly placed himself in front of her.

"Give me Charlie, Miss Smith," he said harshly. "You tire yourself to death with those children."

Winny's eyes were cast down, or surely she must have noted the tenderness of his expression, so at variance with his grating tones, as he put out his arms for the boy.

But Charlie was undecided; he loved Roggie very dearly, but so he did Winny; for a moment he hesitated, then "Me tay wif Winny," he said.

"He is very light, Mr. Champneys; indeed, he does not tire me in the least," she said; and thus the question was settled, for Roger did not gainsay

her, and they sauntered on, smitten by a sudden dumbness.

Not even about Jim did they converse, as they walked across the grass towards the Cottage, and the sun began to go down in the west, covering the sky with flame-coloured and heavy purple clouds fringed with purest pink. Afar there was a bar of transparent yellow-green, fading away to a pale primrose light, set in a sea of blood-red glory.

Alice strolled out to meet them and take the children, with such a bright face as Winny had not seen since the first day of Jim's illness.

"He is really better," she cried softly, "and seems inclined to sleep. He was talking about you to-day, Winny. I wonder when you may see him."

"Were I my own mistress, I would see him at once," she answered. "Meanwhile give him lots of kisses from me. Good-bye," and she turned to bid Roger adieu, but he was gone, disappeared into the house.

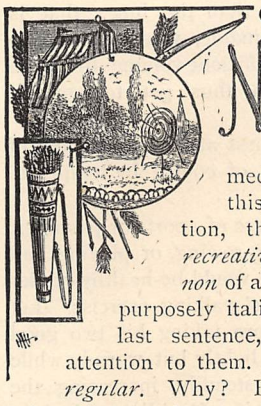
Swiftly she walked home, musing as she went. The sun was gone down, leaving the sky grey and colourless; the old Castle, no longer lighted up by the setting sun, looked absolutely grim in contrast to its late warm splendour; the bats were beginning to circle in the somewhat chilly air; the evening was come,

END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.

"WINIFRED . . . . REMAINED UNAWARE OF HIS APPROACH" (*p.* 139).

SPORTS AND PASTIMES, THEIR BENEFITS AND DANGERS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



NOBODY thinks of denying that exercise, in some form or other, is necessary in order to keep the system in a state of health and in good working order. But medical men go farther than this, and state, in axiomatic diction, that *regular* and *sufficient recreative* exercise is the *sine quâ non* of a healthful existence. I have purposely italicised my adjectives in the last sentence, in order to draw closer attention to them. Exercise, then, should be *regular*. Why? Because, in plain language, it is a tonic, and not only the best and safest tonic that any man or woman can take, but the only one that can be taken continuously with benefit. It is also far better than all other tonics, because it not only strengthens but regulates the system in every way. But desultory exercise, taken one day and omitted the next, may act as an occasional stimulant, but certainly not as a tonic or roborant. Medicinal roborants require to be used day after day for weeks, or even months, ere the patient obtains full benefit from them. And exercise, to do that amount of good which is desirable, must be unremitting. Exercise should be *sufficient*. Statistically speaking, a recent authority on this important subject gives it as his opinion that the amount of exercise which a healthy man should take without fatigue is, at the very least, that which is required to raise 150 foot-tons a day. This, if the exercise indulged in were walking, would be equivalent to about nine miles per diem along a level road. In quoting this learned opinion I do not wish any reader to infer that it would do him good to walk nine or ten miles a day on a stretch. Again I beg to remind him that exercise is a tonic, and that tonics only do good when taken in small doses frequently repeated. What would you think of a man who—his family physician having ordered him a dozen quinine and iron pills, the box being labelled "One twice a day"—should swallow the whole lot on Monday morning to save time, and keep him whole and strong for the six days to come? But as regards exercise, thousands of people are constantly making the same foolish and ridiculous mistake.

"I have a day off on Tuesday," says one, "I'll go in for a regular constitutional."

And accordingly on the Tuesday he starts, and walks until he is ready to drop, then perhaps takes a stimulant and goes on again.

He feels rather tired and sleepy, not to say stupid, on Wednesday morning; but he sincerely believes, for all that, that his long walk has done him good.

"Well, now," says another, "Saturday is a half-holiday. I shall mount my cycle, and do my little sixty; for the weather has been so queer of late that I haven't been astride for a month."

The very fact of his not having been astride for a month should warn him not to take violent exercise so recklessly, for from disuse the muscles get flabby and the tendons slack. The tendons, I may remark parenthetically, may be likened to the great leather belts that stretch from one broad wheel to another in the machinery of a mill and transmit the power. What would you think of an engine-driver who would attempt to do a big day's work with slackened belts?

"My liver wants stirring up a bit," says gentleman number three; "I have not been on horseback for weeks, but I'll do a glorious ride 'cross country to-morrow, and come home as fresh as a lark."

He does not come home as fresh as a lark though, nor anything like it, albeit he has "stirred his liver up."

Why, it is perfectly ridiculous the way some people talk about their livers, especially city men—I speak advisedly. That poor ill-used organ is used anyhow all the week, and shaken up for all the world as if it were a bundle of hay on Saturday or Sunday. It would be amusing to think of were it not so sad. It puts me in mind of a remark that an Irish woman, Biddy O'Flagherty, made to me the other day.

"You don't make your bed often enough, Biddy," I said.

"Troth indade, sorr," she replied, "I don't make it moren onct a month, but *I gives a rale shakin' up then*, sorr."

While exercise should be regular and sufficient, then, it should never be excessive, never reach the boundary line of positive fatigue, else instead of being tonic it becomes a depressant, and does positive injury to the blood, thus degenerating muscle. It is better also for the health that exercise should be as greatly varied as possible, so that the strain shall not be thrown constantly day after day upon the same groups of muscles.

"I have plenty of exercise during the day," is a remark often made by those who are advised to make use of this natural tonic for the benefit or regeneration of their health; "my duties keep me nearly all day on my legs."

"I," says another, "have a long walk to my work or office every morning and evening."

"My dear sir," I should reply to the latter, "I do not wish in the slightest degree to underrate the value of these to-and-fro walks. They, in a measure, do good, but they cannot be classed in the category of healthful exercises, because they are not recreative."

And this leads me to speak more particularly on the subject of sports and pastimes, and I cannot do so without touching shortly on what is usually called "training"—in other words, the process by which athletes, and amateur athletes, endeavour to bring

their bodies into the form and condition best suited for the performance of certain feats of agility or strength.

I have no wish to discountenance athletic training, but as a medical man I ought to be listened to when I say it is only free from danger to health and life when conducted with moderation, wisdom, and temperance. On the other hand, I do not advise any of my readers to go into training for the sake of scoring good records, but every one between the ages of sixteen and sixty should, by taking daily exercise and by adopting a judicious mode of life, be able at any time to indulge in sport and pastime not only without fatigue, but with positive pleasure.

To do so a man should neither be too fat nor too lean: obesity is far more objectionable than what is called spareness, for fat is apt to encroach upon and usurp the place of healthy muscular tissue, and constitute itself a burden both to body and mind.

Sports and pastimes in this country are happily both numerous and varied in character, and moderate and regular indulgence in them is of incalculable benefit to the health. They constitute a medical man's *beau ideal* of proper exercise because, while engaged in them, not only are muscles exercised, and every organ in the body regenerated by the pure life-giving blood sent in greater quantities through it, but the mind is exhilarated at the same time, care and worry and business are for the time being entirely forgotten, so that the brain is really rested and receives as much benefit by the pleasant respite as it would from hours of healthy sleep.

Now whatever amount of good is capable of being derived from sports and pastimes, the man who is not in tolerably good form is very unlikely to benefit therefrom. Before, therefore, making up his mind to enter upon a course of exercise of this kind, one ought to "train" so far as to bring himself into good, or at least fair condition.

I will briefly state how this may be done safely, but let me explain first the state a man's tissues are in, nine times out of ten, who is not in the habit of taking proper exercise. I do care whether he be fat or lean, feeling healthy and comfortable, or quite the reverse; I say this, that he has no stay in him, and if put to the test this would soon be found to be true. His liver cannot be in good working order, it must be incapable of eliminating the bile from the blood—I wish to steer clear of all physiological considerations for the nonce, and it is no matter to me whether the bile is secreted in the liver wholly or partially—if it be *not* secreted and excreted, the process of digestion is weakened, and the blood poisoned, and this, too, quite independent of the entire work that the kidneys and skin may willingly perform. If the digestion be weakened, the blood, which is composed from the products of the food we eat, will not be pure; and for this reason, as well as from want of continuous action, every muscle in the body will get soft and flabby. The heart itself, being a muscle, partakes of the general slackness, and this accounts for men who are out of condition puffing and blowing on slight exertion.

This state of being "easily blown" is put down by trainers to a want of "stamina" in the lung tissue itself. Well, to be sure, when a man is not in form the lungs partake of the general weakness, but it is nevertheless more the heart than the lungs that is at fault, that organ being unable, when excited, to receive the blood back in sufficient volume from the organs of respiration, which thus get temporarily congested.

Walking is probably the best and safest means of getting into condition, aided of course by temperate living.

Before commencing a course of sports or pastimes, then, whether that be cycling, rowing, or playing ball in any way whatever, let the would-be-healthy reader indulge in two or three weeks' walking exercise. Let no weather prevent him from taking his two good walks a day; let him dress lightly but warmly while doing so, and do his walk steadily, increasing the distance daily as he can bear it. His diet and sleep must be studied during this preliminary training, but he must never walk on a full stomach. He must eat only what he knows agrees with him, and not partake of too much at any one time.

He must endeavour in every way in his power to obtain good sleep at night, but never use narcotics or what are called nightcaps. The last hour or two of the day should always be spent in reading. It is a most pernicious and most slumber-banishing habit, that of talking—probably earnestly or excitedly—till it is time to light the bed-room candle and retire. He should never go to bed hungry, nor allow himself to remain long hungry at any hour of the day, and it is best to order himself what he thinks will best suit him for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and not trust to chance, for in the latter case, if the only dish he could have partaken of with pleasure be not on the table, he will be constrained to eat, to his detriment, that which seldom agrees. The bath—a cold sponge in the morning—should never be neglected.

Now as to what sports or pastimes he had better engage in, he must suit himself, for much will depend upon his tastes, his age, and his agility. In summer, boating and cricket are glorious recreations, so too is lawn tennis; then in winter there are racquets and American bowls, and out of doors in good weather what better pastime than tricycling, or what more healthful to a man in good condition? The game of American bowls is a favourite wherever known. It keeps the mind well employed and exercises every muscle in the body. I should like to see alleys at every coffee palace.

I trust, then, I have made myself thoroughly understood; at all events, on this one point there can be no mistake: sports and pastimes form the most healthful kinds of exercise that any one can indulge in.

The dangers attached to them are few, and easily avoided. Apart from accidents, they are those that arise from catching cold when heated, from injury to the brain through over-excitement, or from reaction after too great exertion.

SOME THOUGHTS ON DOMESTIC TRAINING FOR GIRLS.*

I SIT down to my proposed task with much of anxious perplexity mingled with the strong interest one feels in the subject. It is one so pregnant with important results, so fraught with feelings of home and all its subtle influences for good or evil on the future, that how to handle it in the truest and best way may well make the former feeling an almost painful one. I was listening, not long ago, to a sermon from a famous preacher. He had got well into his subject, and was in the full tide of his eloquence, when he became aware that a very large proportion of his congregation consisted of young people. I shall not soon forget the look of intense interest with which—breaking off from the main topic of his text—he addressed a few words to them specially. He said he yielded to an irresistible desire to do this, for he never could look upon a number of young men and women without the thought of their future almost overpowering him. That fair blank page—what would they inscribe thereon? Would they be the cause of happiness or misery to the thousands they in their time would influence? Many eyes glistened, and I feel sure many hearts beat responsively, as he adjured them in a few touching words to grow up to be their country's blessing—godly, truthful, loving men and women.

Our girls then—the daughters, sisters, wives, and mothers of the coming years—how shall we best train them to be in each or all of these characters the sunshine and the help of home? Surely by helping them to obtain, together with a healthy body, a sound mind, a "temperate will," a calm judgment, and a sunny temper. For these alone can enable a woman to go truthfully, happily, and helpfully through the daily round of often but small duties, to pass safely and patiently over the numberless *little* trials and difficulties that make up her domestic life. I need have no doubt as to which of these thoughts upon our Girls' Domestic Training should come first. For has not the Highest of all authority told us that there is one only beginning for all wisdom? Can we doubt that it must be in "the fear of the Lord"—the simple reverent recognition of this in the household—not so much by words as by the more effectual teaching of the daily life of the parents—that must prepare the way for all other lessons?

I had the happiness, many years since, of being an inmate for a short time of a family circle where this principle was so interwoven with the daily life, that I was forcibly reminded of the quaint saying of one of the old divines. All religion, he declared, might be summed up in one short phrase, "Serve God and be cheerful." The house-mother said—and, I felt, truly—that their short, hearty, united worship of a morning seemed to strengthen, encourage, and cheer them all for the busy day that followed. They were truly a hive of bees, busy from morning to night, yet each made time for that needful relaxation and amusement of body and mind, which were needed to keep both healthful and active. I would say, then, let each head of a household make this a primary rule. Before a short simple service of prayer and praise, let *each* member of the family—who is old enough to read intelligently at all—read in a circle a verse from Holy Scripture. This seems to me better than mere listening to the reading, for all *take part*. If possible let a hymn or psalm be sung with musical accompaniment. The morning service should be a cheerful one. Does not everything rejoice, in "earth and sky and sea," in renewed light and life?

Then begins the working morning for mother and daughters. I am sure that it is well that girls should know the practical part of *housekeeping*—and in this word I include all that a German matron would understand by it. Theory is all very well, and necessary, but what should we think of a watchmaker, for instance, who had read and studied all the best authorities on mechanism, but had never himself put together the component parts of a clock or watch?

We have had, of late years, many most excellent books on household management, household cookery, household adornment, and so forth. Read them by all means, and make use of some of the admirable advice they contain. But, mothers, let your girls go through their apprenticeship in house matters. If there is more than one, let each in her turn take every week her part in certain divisions of home-work, ay, and help with her own hands and thoughts in it. Thus, while one sister looks after the making of beds, the dusting and arrangement of bed-rooms, let another in like manner attend to reception and general rooms, while a third takes upon herself the ordering and preparation and, if need be, assists in the cooking of the principal meal. If mistresses knew practically how all household work should be done, they would not only have better servants, but would also be better served. For no class is more shrewd, as a rule, than that of domestic servants. They respect thoroughly a mistress who *knows*, and for that reason will have her work well done, and also will understand what amount of strength and energy of mind and body is required to do it. Such a mistress will not only be firm in requiring duty to be done, but will also be reasonable and thoughtful

* To this Essay was awarded the Prize of Five Pounds for the Best Paper on the Domestic Training of Girls.—Ed. C.M.

in her requirements, and patient and forbearing when ignorance or weakness is the cause of failure or neglect. I need not say how the mother should enforce upon her girls—as each takes her turn in the daily routine—the great principle of *thoroughness*. If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. Let the most perfect cleanliness, neatness, and order be the lesson of each day. If the good and healthful practice of early rising prevail, few indeed will be the occasions that can excuse even hurry, much less slip-shod performance. The younger girls may each learn to take a pleasure in helping before their studies begin. In the happy family I have before alluded to, a merry little maiden of six trotted off each morning to fulfil some small, understood duty, and thus early learned that most needful of all lessons, to think of others first.

We have had a great movement lately in a very important branch of household management. I allude to the cookery lessons which became so general, and I may add so fashionable. All honour to the promoters of this needful instruction, for who shall tell the amount of discomfort, nay, of positive wretchedness that bad cookery entails upon a household? All suffer from it, from the poor hard-working man of business who can ill afford to have his digestive organs trifled with, to the children, rendered cross and miserable from the same cause.

But are we not in danger of forgetting a very useful rule—that it is *not* the most expensive or the most elaborate dishes that are the most successful? I think, from what I have observed in many of the "demonstration lessons," that there is a tendency to spend too much both of time and money in the preparation of food. Make cookery a science if you will, but do not give it undue prominence, nor sacrifice too much to its pursuit. And in connection with this subject occurs the inestimable value of training girls in habits of thrift. A clever, kindly, and very practical woman—Miss Emily Faithfull—has spoken honest, fearless words on this virtue, and shown how, in all its branches, it is sadly wanting in all classes in the present. It is an old saying that the Creator of the world wastes nothing. But how much do His creatures waste? If I were to tell how many families in the lower ranks (to quote from my own experience as a district visitor) I have seen inadequately fed or half clothed, when the materials in both cases might by a little more carefulness and trouble have been quite sufficient, I should scarcely know where to end. To go a little higher—do we not all know of houses, every room of which testifies to the want of thrift; of dinners ill-managed, costing twice the sum of a more frugal and far more comfortable meal; of children in expensive yet ill-fitting and unsuitable clothing—all from the absence of this needful virtue? I remember, in my early days, a lady (in every sense of the word) who contrived, on a very limited income, to have her house and its inmates and belongings always pleasant to the eye, comfortable, and healthy. On being once asked by an intimate friend how she did it, her answer was, "My dear, I have to be thrifty." Many a tempting and nourishing dinner have I partaken of, in her always hospitable house, mainly consisting of what less thrifty and clever housewives would have thought useless. Her bag of household odds and ends—cuttings-out, bits of braid, &c. &c. (often relegated to the rags)—saved both time and money, in preventing a journey to the draper's shop when only a trifle was wanted. These may seem little things, but they were instances in detail of the spirit of thrift which her household was taught to practise.

I spoke, at the outset of my remarks, of the training which aims at healthiness of body with soundness of mind. I need not say *how* necessary to these is relaxation and innocent amusement, in as much out-door exercise as possible. Every good mother will see that her girls have these, and will herself direct, and sympathise with, their enjoyment.

I have had in my mind—as is self-evident—more especially the domestic training of girls of the middle class. I concluded that such were principally meant, for does not the middle class to a very great extent influence both the higher and lower? Let us have good wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters there, in the next generation, as I am thankful to say we have so many now, and I will answer for it the leaven will work throughout. What is the "conclusion of the whole matter" then? Let piety begin at home in loving service to God, and those among whom He sets the earthly life. Happy the household where "love shall still be lord of all"—the true unselfish love which recognises in all the God-given tie of human fellowship, which covers with its beautiful mantle the mistakes and shortcomings of the weak, and bears with strong heart and thoughtful mind the burdens of others. A girl breathing this moral atmosphere must grow up into a gentle, loving, yet wise and helpful woman.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

DEAR, dost thou mark the children run
Where sunlit flowers are spread?
Dear, canst thou hear the laugh of fun
That greets the postman's tread?
All hail to sweet St. Valentine,
That, when we both were young,
In the glad spring-time made me thine,
Where new-blown garlands hung.

Still in my dreams I see the glen—
The violets clustered o'er;
No heart had cared for me till then,
And burden deep I bore:
Then didst thou come, oh, truest, best!
Then sought thy soul for mine,
Then did I enter into rest,
Amid the warm spring-shine.

Sometimes the clouds came, dark and chill—
Oh, hold me forth thine hand!
God hath had mercy on us still,
For side by side we stand;
The little child we held so dear
Sank wearily to rest,
But orphan children, year by year,
Dwell round and make us blest.

And when the old home seems to shake
And echo with their joy,
We whisper softly, "*For his sake*,"
And seem to see our boy:
He waits amid the flowers above,
And we shall soon go Home—
God grant, my husband, in His love,
That side by side we come!

M. S. MACRITCHIE.

AID FOR THE WOUNDED.

THE St. John Ambulance Association owes its origin to the Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, founded in the year 1092, to provide a hospital at Jerusalem, and to afford protection to the poor pilgrims who visited the Holy Sepulchre there.

In later times the knights of the order ministered to the sick and wounded in battle. To render aid to the distressed, to minister to the dying, and to bury the dead, such were the noble objects of the order.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," sang the old Latin poet, in the true spirit of self-sacrifice, and it is that same spirit of self-sacrifice which is exemplified in a soldier's life and in a soldier's death—which prompts him to deeds of tenderness and self-devotion to the wounded and the dying after the battle is over.

The object of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England is to render aid to the sick and injured in time of peace as well as to the wounded in time of war. Amongst its objects are the organisation of a relief fund in time of war; and the maintenance of cottage hospitals and convalescent homes in time of peace. It also provides nourishing food for convalescents of hospitals, and, under the name of the "St. John Ambulance Association," has instituted a system of instruction carried on by lecturers on its staff, in order to disseminate useful knowledge. In many cases—such, for example, as in the case of dock men, navvies, policemen, and others, and at nearly all the country "centres"—this instruction is rendered gratuitously by members of the medical profession. Such knowledge is particularly useful to men employed on the railway, in dockyards, and mines, but it is also very useful to the general public. Most people have at least heard, if they have not had it brought under their personal observation, of a sudden emergency arising and no one knowing what to do. Not very long ago a guide cut his leg with some glass bottles on the top of one of the Swiss mountains, and bled to death, simply because no one knew what to do; and only a few months ago a little boy was shot in the leg, and instead of any steps being taken to stop the bleeding, he was placed in a cart, in a sitting position with his leg hanging down, and driven at a furious pace to the nearest hospital; the consequence was that on his arrival he was nearly dead, from loss of blood.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," we were told when we thought of getting up a class of the St. John Ambulance Association, but *elementary* knowledge is not a dangerous thing, and if it is elementary, it may be sound as far as it goes. The preliminaries of getting up a class are the same as those of classes of a similar nature, and circulars giving full particulars may be obtained from the chief secretary, Captain Perrott, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. The next step is to obtain a sufficient number of paying members, so that if possible the more intelligent of the poorer classes may be admitted free of expense. The *matériel* sent by the Director of Stores consisted of charts, diagrams, Esmarch and roller bandages, splints, tourniquets, and handbooks. For male classes a stretcher is also required.

The long-looked-for day had at last arrived, and the two large charts were hung up in a conspicuous place. The lecturer opened his remarks by showing the need and object of the instruction, and proceeded to explain the functions of the human body, and to describe the muscles, arteries, veins, the nervous system, the circulation of the blood, &c. After fully describing the physiological chart, he turned to the other, comprising the bony framework of the human body. An instruction in the art of applying the roller and triangular bandages followed, which, being of practical utility, was not the least interesting part of the lecture.

"Tea and bandaging" became the order of the day, and great was the rivalry as to who should accomplish the neatest bandage. The Esmarch bandage, according to the picture, can be applied in thirty-two different ways, and being always at hand in the form of an ordinary pocket handkerchief, it is the most generally useful.

The next lecture described the points at which pressure is to be applied in order to stop arterial bleeding, how to use the tourniquet or to extemporise one on an emergency. We were also taught the difference between arterial and venous bleeding, how in the former case the blood is of a bright red colour, and jerks out suddenly, whereas in venous bleeding it wells out slowly from the contused part, and is of a purplish-red colour. In the former case pressure should be applied above the wound, and in the latter case below. The third lecture treated of broken bones, and of one very common accident in the hunting-field, a broken collar-bone; we learnt how to pad the armpit and to put the arm in a sling, also to distinguish between dislocation and fracture of the collar-bone. Of dislocations themselves we learnt nothing, as they have to be left to a surgeon. Broken legs, broken ribs, a broken collar-bone, sprain of the knee, how to treat wounds, formed a part of the instruction of the third lecture, and we were warned against the common error of giving too much brandy in the case of broken bones, bleeding, &c. We were told that enough is often given to cause intoxication on the part of the sufferer.

The fourth lecture was perhaps the most valuable of all, treating of the apparently drowned or suffocated by noxious gases. We were taught the usual method

of artificial respiration, as sanctioned by the Royal National Life-boat Institution, the lecturer demonstrating it on the little boy we had engaged for that purpose. The patient's mouth having supposed to have been cleaned from weeds and dirt, and the tongue secured, he was turned over on his back and his arms were gently raised over his head, and pressed down into his sides at the rate of fifteen times a minute. This means of artificial respiration should be continued until the doctor pronounces life to be extinct, people having been known to come to life again after these means have been proceeded with for two hours, and sometimes longer. We were also taught to distinguish an epileptic fit from hysteria, and what to do in case of intoxication, fainting, and apoplexy; and the immediate treatment of burns and scalds, poisons, bites of mad dogs, and of venomous snakes, formed a valuable part of the fourth lecture.

The last lecture was on nursing, and is for women only, the corresponding one for men being on lifting and carrying the sick. The course of lectures had come to an end, and preparations were made for the examination. We were given four or five questions to answer, and an hour to write them in, and then followed the practical part, when each candidate was taken separately and examined *vivâ voce*, and told to put in practice what she had learnt.

One was told to treat a broken collar-bone, another to stop the brachial artery, and a third to bandage a scalded hand. Each candidate was given three different things to do of practical utility. To know what you are going to do, and to "keep your head cool," are golden rules at all times, and if a candidate loses her head on a feigned emergency at an examination, she would, in all probability, lose it completely in a case of real danger.

Calmness of mind, combined with decision and energy in case of accident, is the object of the course of lectures given by the St. John's Ambulance Association. The certificates at length arrived, signed by the Deputy-Chairman, Lieut.-Colonel F. Duncan, R.A., and also by the examiner, the lecturer, and the local secretary.

The second, or nursing course, is only open to those who have passed the first course; it also consists of five lectures, followed by an examination. To those who intend taking up nursing as a profession these lectures are invaluable; but as at any time every woman may be called on to act as nurse in her own home, their practical use is in no way limited. The details of the sick-room, of the nurse herself, of the treatment of fevers, &c., are fully entered into.

To women nursing comes intuitively, but knowledge combined with intuition can alone render them competent nurses. Upon all who are able to do so, I would strongly urge attendance on the courses of instruction put forward by the Committee, and not to be content with a simple certificate, but to present themselves for re-examination, in order that they may receive the medallion of the Association. Such re-examination is necessary in order that the knowledge once acquired may not be forgotten.

I think few if any who have gone through a course of lectures can fail to be interested in the subject, and I doubt if they will grudge the trouble of learning, when they reflect that the knowledge thus gained may be the means of saving life, and will in all human probability lessen a fellow-creature's suffering.

SIGNORINA LESSIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SO BLUE: THE STORY OF A GIRTON GIRL," ETC.

THE old-fashioned red-brick house known as Mulgrave Lodge, with its green lawns and wooded plantations sloping down to the banks of one of the prettiest backwaters on the Thames, was taken, so it was said in Mulgrave, not only for the summer but for good, by a widowed lady with two daughters. In one important respect, however, this report was inaccurate; for the two girls proved to be neither Mrs. Ingram's daughters nor sisters to one another. The curiosity aroused in the neighbourhood by the singular discovery that all three ladies bore different names was soon gratified, as the new-comers were frank, friendly people, with nothing in their history to conceal or make a mystery of. The youngest of the girls was the daughter of Mrs. Ingram's sister, who had married an Italian gentleman, and died soon after the birth of her only child. Little Alessandra Veglio had spent her early childhood in Italy, but had passed on her father's death, when she was only fourteen, into the guardianship of her aunt, then residing in Dresden. Mrs. Ingram was the kindest of women, and Lessie, or the Signorina, as she was often called, was happy enough, studying diligently under various foreign masters, and thoroughly enjoying the summer months, during which it was her aunt's habit to travel about the Continent. The second winter, in Dresden, a singing-mistress was engaged for her in the person of a young English girl, one of a large and poor family, and the possessor of an exquisite voice, which had undergone training for the profession at a first-rate Conservatoire. There was no trace of poor birth or poor upbringing about Marion Ellis; her face and figure were those of a delicately-nurtured aristocrat;

her manners self-possessed, graceful, and exceedingly fascinating; her voice was low and musical, her speech refined. Mrs. Ingram literally fell in love with her, and it was not long before her infatuation reached such a pitch, that nothing would content her short of having the girl to live with her always. Poor Lessie found herself suddenly of no account, for Marion became to all intents and purposes the mistress of the establishment. She might invite friends, order the carriage, dismiss servants just as she chose; and though her manner lent a charm to everything she did, Lessie was not happy under the new administration.

Marion was never reluctant to tell her story, and she had a pretty way of alluding to her own absolute poverty as compared with Lessie's easy means, and to the vast debt of gratitude she owed Mrs. Ingram. Only one thing about herself she was careful to keep secret from her Mulgrave acquaintance, and this was her engagement to a Mr. Austin Longworth, whom she had met at Dresden. He was a man of good family, and already devoting himself with so much energy and success to political life, that his parents had refused their consent to his marriage with the penniless Marion, whom they deemed unworthy of the position to which their son would raise her. While the matter remained thus in abeyance, it was only natural that the girl should not care to make it public.

To outsiders it seemed as if Marion and Lessie must be the greatest of friends, yet such was very far from being the case. Attractive as Marion was, she lacked the real warmth of heart, the unselfishness, and especially the sincerity, which a nature like Lessie's demanded. The sensitive Italian girl, embarrassed in company by the shyness of her temperament and by the consciousness of an incurable though slight foreign accent, formed the greatest possible contrast to the beautiful Marion, who felt and used her power with a skill worthy of better aims. We have seen how blindly Mrs. Ingram gave way to her. Mulgrave was not slow to follow suit, and Marion queened it here, as she had in Dresden society, by the mere force of a strong selfish will, acting behind a person and manner of most exceptional charm.

Yet one man in Mulgrave seemed proof against the spell she exercised so widely. Mark Watson, the young and able doctor of the place, had the perversity to pay the most marked attentions to the dark-eyed Signorina, while he almost ignored the brilliant Miss Ellis. Marion was piqued. Dr. Watson was the finest and cleverest man in Mulgrave, and his indifference was an insufferable slight. She exerted herself to please him, and against his will Dr. Watson found himself brought continually into contact with her—called upon to take her down to dinner, to accompany her on her rides, to turn over the leaves of her songs. He was no awkward youth, but a man who had seen much of the world; and while he never really swerved from his first allegiance, he responded to Marion's advances with a grace that seemed to the inexperienced Lessie like the humble submission of a lover. The poor child saw, wondered, distrusted, and grew sick at heart.

"Does Dr. Watson know you are engaged, Marion?" she asked one day.

"Certainly not," replied Marion hastily, "and I do beg of you to keep that secret from him and every one else in England. Supposing Austin's parents are obstinate, do you think I should want it known that I had been thrown over?"

"Of course not," answered Lessie, "but I *cannot* understand the way in which you flirt with every man you meet just as if Mr. Longworth never existed."

It was the first time Lessie had ever so addressed Marion, for they were not on terms to make friendly remonstrance possible.

Marion smiled softly to herself, and, laying her hand lightly on Lessie's shoulder, looked penetratingly into the young girl's face. "Poor little Signorina!" she said in a significantly compassionate tone—"poor jealous little Signorina!"

Lessie shook herself free, and for a moment her eyes flashed dangerously. Then, restraining herself, she said coldly—

"Remember, Marion, that if I were jealous, I could satisfy my jealousy at any moment by telling Dr. Watson of your engagement."

Marion laughed sweetly. "I know you better, Lessie; you are not capable of acting so meanly."

Lessie made no reply, and Marion left the room, not without a faint sense of compunction. Nevertheless, when Dr. Watson made his appearance that evening, she monopolised him in just her usual gracefully selfish way, and the proud pale Signorina stole out into the garden to suffer in lonely silence. Marion's wonderful voice was borne out to her on the quiet, fragrant evening air, and she pictured the group inside—Marion at the piano, Dr. Watson at her side, and Mrs. Ingram in an easy chair by the window, listening contentedly.

"Signorina!"

She looked up with a start of surprise at Dr. Watson, who had come out to her in the middle of Marion's song. He sat down beside her and tried to talk, but Lessie was ill at ease and only saved herself from betraying disquiet by responding with curt, chilly dignity. Mark rose at last, gave a sort of sigh, and returned to Marion.

Next day Lessie was in the plantation by the water-side, when the soft plashing of oars fell upon her ear, and a boat containing only Dr. Watson and Marion passed up the backwater. The young man was just dipping his sculls lazily into the water, evidently absorbed in what he was saying to Marion, who listened with down-bent head.

Lessie leant against a tree, and watched them with a sore heart. As soon as the boat had passed, and she could move without fear of being seen, she hurried to her room. No tear fell from her hot eyes, no sob eased the aching of her breast, for the girl was on her mettle and resolved to maintain self-control.

"I will *not* give way—I will *not* give way," she repeated over and over again, clasping her hands and

moving restlessly about. Strength came, and presently, after bathing her feverish face, she went and helped her aunt, who was arranging some flowers.

"LESSIE LEANT AGAINST A TREE, AND WATCHED THEM WITH A SORE HEART" (*p.* 148).

"Marion has gone up the backwater to get some water-lilies," observed Mrs. Ingram.

"Has she? I think it is a pity to pick them; they never look well off the water," said Lessie.

"Marion is sure to manage so that they do, though," returned Mrs. Ingram, whose faith in her favourite's power was unbounded. "There is a pleasant surprise for her when she comes in—a letter from Mr. Longworth; I wonder what is in it."

Soon Marion appeared, and Mrs. Ingram gave her the letter. "I must just run up-stairs and wash my hands," said the girl, taking it eagerly. "I'll be down and arrange those lilies in a moment."

Mrs. Ingram laughed. "Go along, darling, and read your precious letter in private."

A few minutes later Marion called softly from her room, "Mrs. Ingram!"—a summons immediately responded to; and soon after she came down, and with a flush of triumph on her beautiful face, asked Lessie to congratulate her.

"Austin's parents are relenting, and I'm to go and stay with them—on trial for a month, like a sewing machine."

Lessie looked up quietly. "What will Dr. Watson say?"

"Dr. Watson!" exclaimed Marion, breaking out into her most charming laugh. "Why, you dear, foolish little thing! he has known of my engagement all along."

"I don't believe you."

Marion shrugged her shoulders. "Ask him yourself, then."

At this point Mrs. Ingram entered the room, and the subject of Dr. Watson was dropped. Lessie remained convinced that he would be broken-hearted, and she resolved proudly not to pity him in the least, or take any notice of him. Nothing would induce her to console a man for the loss of another woman.

Nevertheless, before a fortnight was over her resolution was hopelessly broken, and eight or nine months later a double wedding took place from Mulgrave Lodge.

Mrs. Austin Longworth was a very much more important member of society than Mrs. Mark Watson; but Lessie made far the sweeter, truer wife. Marion lived in the constant whirl of activity for which she was so eminently well fitted by nature, while Mark and Lessie rarely left the quiet village where they first met.

"What were you saying to Marion in the backwater that day?" asked Lessie one evening, as she and her husband wandered by the river-side.

"Did you see us, Signora? I was telling her that, fortunately for me, I knew, through a friend in Dresden, of her engagement."

"She didn't tell you about it herself, then?"

"Oh, no," said Mark, with a peculiar smile, "it wouldn't do to let the second string know there is a first."

"And you are quite, quite sure you never did care for her at all?"

"Listen, Lessie," said Mark, standing still and speaking earnestly, "you see this broad, swift stream—do you think it could ever flow backwards? No more could the current of my love, once set towards you, ever recede—ever alter its course for a moment."

H. L.

HOW THE STORMY WAVES WERE CONQUERED.

BY C. F. GORDON-CUMMING. IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER striking illustration of the use of oil as a safeguard in tempest was furnished by the evidence of Captain Betts, of the *King Cenric*, running coal from Liverpool to Bombay. He encountered a furious gale, which raged continuously for nearly five days. Tremendous seas poured over the quarter and stern of the vessel, which was in imminent risk, when happily the chief officer, Mr. Bowyer, bethought him of an expedient which he had seen successfully resorted to on various occasions in Atlantic storms.

He proposed to the captain that the plan should be tried, and his suggestion was followed. Mr. Bowyer got out two canvas clothes-bags, and into each poured two gallons of pine-oil. He punctured the bags slightly, and flung one over each quarter, towing them along. The effect was magical. The waves no longer broke against the poop and sides of the ship, but at a distance of many yards.

Around the poop, in the wake of the vessel, was a large circuit of calm water, where the oil had overspread the surface. The crew were thus able to repair damages, the ship being relieved from those tremendous shocks received from the mass of waters which had previously poured over the vessel, and the danger was considerably lessened. The two bags lasted two days, after which, the worst fury of the gale having expended itself, it was unnecessary to renew the supply. Four gallons of oil, scarcely worth 30s. perhaps, saved the *King Cenric*, its cargo, and the lives and property of its crew.

In the New York shipping list for 1867 the evidence of an experienced skipper is given, to the effect that on two occasions he had saved his ship by the timely use of oil. As the result of his own experience, he recommended that every large vessel should be fitted with a couple of iron tanks, one on each side, each to contain forty gallons of oil, which might readily be drawn off into small casks, as required. He also strongly advocated that every boat should be furnished with a five-gallon oil-tank, to be kept always full, in case of need. It is sad that a suggestion made so many years ago by a competent authority should still be received with so much distrust, as though it were but a vain dream—in truth, many persons even now receive all such testimony with something of the polite incredulity usually bestowed on stories of the great sea-serpent.

The principle has been practically applied, with the happiest results, in the case of the screw steamer *Diamond*, of Dundee, which was wrecked off the island of Anholt. Her mate recollected having heard of a whaler which had encountered heavy gales in the South Seas, and whose crew had altogether abandoned hope, when happily some oil-casks were accidentally crushed. To their amazement, not another wave broke over her, and she escaped the fate which had appeared so imminent.

He resolved to try the experiment in his own case, and though neither he nor his comrades really believed that their frail boats could possibly live in such a wild raging sea, still, as no life-boat seemed likely to come to the rescue, it was their only hope. So each boat was provided with a five-gallon can of oil, and from the moment she was lowered, one man was told off to pour it very slowly over the stern. The effect was instantaneous, and each boat passed safely through the awful breakers, and actually reached the shore without taking in so much as a bucketful.

Is it not strange that, in the face of evidence such as this, no systematic application of this principle should hitherto have been adopted?

Isolated instances are, however, numerous, and are reported from time to time. Thus Captain Champion records having encountered so severe a hurricane off the coast of New Zealand, that he would assuredly have lost his schooner but for the use of oil. He prepared five small canvas bags, each to contain about three pints of fish-oil. He fastened to these, cords about twenty-five yards in length, and threw them overboard. Immediately an oily film overspread the surface of the water, and lasted for about forty-eight hours, during which his vessel rode in smooth water, not a wave breaking near her.

A very similar account was given me by the Danish captain of a small vessel in which I crossed the Yellow Sea. He told me he had frequently carried a long wicker basket containing oil-bags suspended from the stern of his ship, and by their gentle dripping he was saved from all dangers of breakers astern.

Some men carry oil-bladders merely pricked with a needle, and suspended from the sides of the ship, so as to drip slowly. They consider that several small bladders answer better than only one of larger size.

Captain Atkinson, of the ship *British Peer*, states that he carries leather bags punctured with small holes, and in stormy weather he fills them with oil, and hangs them astern of the vessel. He says it is marvellous to see the angry billows subside, and ride under the oily track which lies in her wake. He attributes the safety of his vessel in several perilous gales to the use of this simple precaution.

The captain of the *Gem*, New Brunswick, states that in April, 1879, he also saved his vessel by the use of a pricked bag of oil.

Captain Thomas F. Adams, of the ship *Ralston*, belonging to Messrs. Richardson and Co., of Greenock, in a letter intimating the arrival of that ship at Mauritius, from the Clyde, reports having experienced very severe weather on Saturday, 3rd December, 1881. On the Monday and Tuesday following, while proceeding down the North Channel, a terrific gale with a terrible sea was encountered, the ship being unable to carry any canvas, and being nearly driven ashore.

While lying to, a fearful sea was shipped over the poop, which did considerable damage on board. The cargo broke adrift, and Mr. Rennie, the second officer, was very badly injured. The waves were running so high, that Captain Adams says he was "compelled to resort to keeping bags of oil over the side, also swabs dipped in oil, to try and break the heavy seas. This," he says, "had a wonderful effect, and I had to continue it for twenty hours. You can judge by this," he continues, "of the terrible weather, remembering that the ship was very light, at least eighteen inches from her load-line."

Here we have the case of an experienced mariner, who, in the hour of danger, hangs out his oil-bags as a matter of course, as being a safeguard of whose efficacy he was already well assured.

Various other nautical men have sent us similar testimony, to the effect that they are well aware of the value of this simple remedy, and occasionally resort to it, but only when in actual danger, as they do not care to waste a few shillings' worth of oil unless it becomes positively necessary. Surely the old saying of "penny wise, pound foolish" was never more strikingly illustrated!

Amongst the most remarkable evidence recorded within the last few months is that of the captain of a steamer which ran into a wild gale in the Bay of Biscay. Heavy breakers were pouring over her, and she was in imminent risk of foundering, when it occurred to the captain to get a couple of canvas bags, into each of which he poured a quart of common lamp-oil, and having punctured them freely, he dropped one over each bow, suspended by a strong rope of sufficient length to tow freely. From that moment his vessel floated in unbroken water, for each wave ceased to curl as it reached the influence of the soothing oil, and rolled by in glassy undulations. The bags continued to ooze for eight hours, by which time the storm had abated, and so two quarts of oil were literally all that was expended to bring about this result. During the same tempest several steamers foundered, and there was no reason to doubt that the safety of the vessel in question was solely due to the magic of the oil-bags.

Very noteworthy, too, is the case of a small sailing-boat, the *Leone di Caprera*, in which two rash Italians last year crossed the Atlantic from Buenos Ayres to the Mediterranean. They had had the forethought to lay in as much oil as their tiny craft would carry, and this they used freely each time that the waves were dangerously high, with the happy result of reaching their destination in safety.

The most systematic application of the oil question which has yet been attempted, is that made by Mr. Shields of Perth, at Peterhead in Aberdeenshire, a spot selected as being the most exposed to every gale that sweeps the eastern shores of Scotland, and one, moreover, where a dangerous bar makes the entrance

to the harbour a matter of exceeding difficulty and risk in stormy weather. Mr. Shields determined to try a series of experiments to prove in what manner oil might most certainly be made available to enable ships and boats to enter the harbour at all seasons.

One of the preliminary tests was of the simplest nature. Captain David Gray, having heard that one drop of oil would smooth four feet of water, determined to try its effect on the heavy surf which breaks over the harbour bar. Selecting a rough wintry day, he lowered an uncorked bottle full of oil into the raging waters. In a few moments the oil floated upward from the bottle, and overspread a large area of the surface, which became smooth and glassy, not reduced in height, but transformed from angry surf into long undulating rollers, over which any boat or ship might glide in safety.

Mr. Shields' tests have been made on a very large scale. He carried 1,200 feet of lead and iron piping from the shore to some distance beyond the mouth of the harbour, where they terminated in deep water. In a shed on the beach stands a 100-gallon cask of oil; a force-pump carries the oil through the pipe, and ejects it through three conical valves at the further end. Thence it rises to the surface, and straightway forms a thin film, which overspreads the tempestuous waters above the bar, and subdues the white crests which are the source of so much danger. Huge billows still swell, but they are transformed into smooth rollers.

Of course, the chief objection to this plan is the very large amount of oil which must be expended every time that a ship or boat approaches in stormy weather, and which would certainly result in making the harbour authorities chary of its use, except in cases of extreme danger. It would appear simpler, and more certain, to devise means for applying the remedy to each several ship at the moment of need. It has been suggested that oil-canisters might be attached to rockets, or shells containing oil might be fired from mortars, so as to discharge their contents on the water close to the ship in distress, or at the moment she is about to cross the bar.

Still more practical does it appear that every vessel should, as a matter of course, carry her own oil supply with which to make a smooth pathway for herself in the hour of danger. It might be so applied that *the man at the wheel could reach a handle, by which to open a valve or elbow in an oil-tank in the stern of the ship.* In the event of a person falling overboard, the drip of oil thus produced would instantly form a smooth track, and *enable a boat to go straight back to the rescue of the drowning man.* So, too, the life-boat, fitted with a self-acting oil-tank, would find her approach to a ship in distress vastly facilitated were the breaking of the crested waves hindered for even a little while.

Another most desirable application of oil would be *to attach two copper pipes containing oil round every life-buoy*—one on the inner, the other on the outer edge—closed by a cork attached to the string by which the buoy is hung up. A printed notice should be appended, *bidding the person who throws it overboard, jerk the string, and so pull out the cork.* Everyone who has been much at sea must have been struck with the small chance that a drowning man has of even *seeing* the buoy flung to him, as he and it rise and fall amid the mountainous waves. But *this simple addition would at once create a large space of glassy water, visible for perhaps a mile, in which, moreover, he could float securely,* till the vessel, probably running before the wind, was able to lower her boat and send him succour. At present, we all know *how rarely such seekers are able even to find their life-buoy.*

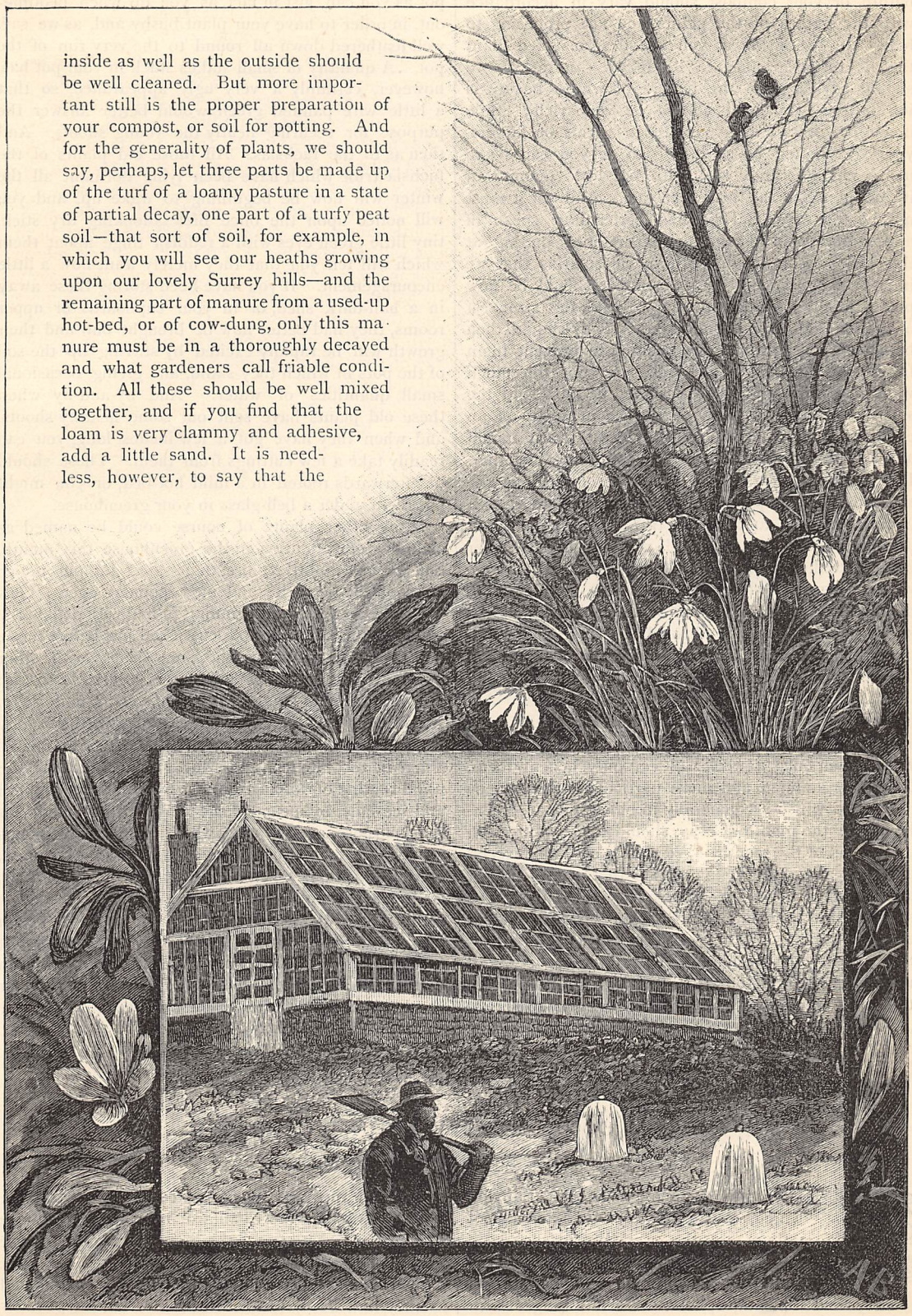
But all these points are matters of detail that will assuredly be wisely worked out by competent persons, if they can once be truly convinced of how great a power for good lies ready to their hand, hitherto neglected only because it has seemed too simple to be true.

OUR GARDEN IN FEBRUARY.

THE dark winter months, to which we gardeners are always so willing to bid farewell, are once again rapidly being left behind, and we find ourselves mayhap, on this still doubtful morning of an early spring, taking a general and eager survey around, full of hope and full of plans for the coming summer. And our little greenhouse operations are still engrossing us, and will very likely occupy much of our time before we settle down to any regular and prolonged outside work, more especially too in our suburban gardens, where the space at our command limits our ambition very provokingly.

In the greenhouse then we are, of course, during this month occupied by the annual re-potting; those plants more particularly which we have been watching through the winter in their dwarf state and in small pots, and which we want to acquire their full, or at all events a very considerable perfection in the approaching summer. In an ungenial spring, or where winter is disposed to hang on, as we say, the re-potting operation should be postponed. In a fairly mild season we should recommend beginning the re-potting with the most vigorous and healthy flowers, and then continue our work with the more delicate ones when the season is two or three weeks more advanced. The early part of February, however, when the weather is still disposed to be severe, may well be occupied by the preparation of such things as material for drainage of your flower-pots, or the thorough washing and arranging of the pots themselves, and more particularly when pots have been previously used, the

inside as well as the outside should be well cleaned. But more important still is the proper preparation of your compost, or soil for potting. And for the generality of plants, we should say, perhaps, let three parts be made up of the turf of a loamy pasture in a state of partial decay, one part of a turfy peat soil—that sort of soil, for example, in which you will see our heaths growing upon our lovely Surrey hills—and the remaining part of manure from a used-up hot-bed, or of cow-dung, only this manure must be in a thoroughly decayed and what gardeners call friable condition. All these should be well mixed together, and if you find that the loam is very clammy and adhesive, add a little sand. It is needless, however, to say that the



nature of your compost should vary in accordance with the nature of the plants you are proposing to rear. If, for instance, you are desirous of a plant that is to be profuse in its foliage—or rather, we should say, a plant the feature of whose beauty is its foliage—your soil should be very rich; while if, on the other hand, your object is fruit or flowers, your soil should be as little rich as you can make it. A chalky, sandy soil, with but little manure in it, would make the least rich soil. And yet it must not be too dry. But we had better now speak of a few plants in particular that require potting at this time. For instance, those calceolarias that we intend to bloom early in the summer should be now potted finally off, selecting, as we said, the strongest ones first of all for our operations. They should then be placed in a light and airy position to prevent them from growing weakly and tall, and not too much water should be given to them first of all. And the soil most suited to them should be made up of an equal proportion of sandy loam and heath mould and a good sort of white sand, all well mixed together. It has been thought, too, that calceolarias like the soil somewhat lumpy, or not *too* much powdered, and it is quite possible to combine this quality with a soil that has nevertheless been well mixed together. After being potted, your calceolarias may be set in a frame where they need have but little sun. Indeed, we think we have on a former occasion advocated the keeping of calceolarias through a whole winter, all planted in the ground itself, under the protection of a frame, a little additional protection being now and then thrown over the glass during a severe frost. Air, however, may freely be given on most days. As soon as they show evident signs of growth, a little manure-water given once a week will certainly benefit them. The pelargoniums, and more particularly those fancy geraniums which are generally in bloom in our greenhouses by the month of May, should all be potted off by the end of the month. We should certainly except, however, any quite young plants that we intend for late summer flowering; these may conveniently be shifted some time later on. Where you are potting off your fancy or other geraniums for blooming as they are, in your greenhouse, for exhibition there, and not for any bedding-out purpose, it is a good plan to tie down carefully—so as not, however, to break them—all the small branches as near to the rim of the pot as you can, just in fact as you do when bedding-out, in order to have your plant bushy and, as we say, well feathered down all round to the very rim of the pot. A quantity of small stakes stuck in your pot has, however, certainly a very ugly appearance, so that a little wire painted green would better answer the purpose for securing neatly the young shoots. And then as to the fuchsias. All those old plants of the fuchsia tribe which have been lying dormant all the winter will now be beginning to wake up, and you will notice upon the once lifeless-looking dry stick, tiny little green eyes with a reddish tinge about them which will tell you that they merely want now a little encouragement. If you have been storing these away in a half-dark shed, or in your cupboards or upper rooms, they had better now be brought out, and their growth will be rapidly excited by stirring up the soil of the pots in which they stand, and giving occasional small quantities of water. And by-and-by when these old plants have sent out some healthy shoots, and when they have got a few inches long, you can readily take a few cuttings from them. These should be afterwards rooted in a mild hot-bed, or you might put them under a bell-glass in your greenhouse.

Many other plants of course could be named as claiming our attention in the greenhouse this month, but we can do little more than select for our notice a few of the favourite and most popular ones. Outside, however, we are beginning to hail with delight the yellow petals of the first crocus. And just before these, and their companions the snow-drops, with other kindred bulbs, come in flower, it is advisable to fork up very carefully and gently the soil around them. Attention of this kind very much increases the beauty of your spring bulbs when they burst into flower. Then in the kitchen and fruit garden there is the usual routine of forcing on, for instance, the rhubarb and sea-kale, by means of the ordinary pots made for that purpose, or by boxes, which we afterwards surround with fermenting leaves or manure in a hot state. Our wall-fruit, peaches and nectarines in particular, we prefer not nailing too soon to the wall, as doing so rather accelerates the early swelling of the buds. Peach blossom is very beautiful to look at, but we enjoy it more in March than in February, for this gives us a better hope of gathering in the following September the luscious fruit, that should then have a face far "ruddier than the cherry."

HOW A CONSUMPTIVE FOUND HEALTH.

BY THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF DENVER.

THERE was a square in ancient Babylon which, as far as I know, was a spot unique on the world's surface. No painter has ventured to depict that square; no poet has described its scenery and its atmosphere. To a stranger with aught of a scientific turn of mind this square must have been the first place visited in the great city. It was here that the Chaldæan law required all the sick to congregate; and the same law required those who had been sick, but were now well, to walk round the square, and finding those who were afflicted as they had been, to give them the benefit of their experience.

And what is a doctor but a walking cyclopædia of the experience of the sick? For the nonce let me assume the *rôle* of the doctor, and detail the experience of a very experienced consumptive.

We are sitting on the verandah of what ought to be called a ranch—ought to be called—for there are no human habitations but ranches for scores of miles. The peaks around us are fantastic rocks. Well christened were these "Rocky" Mountains. Enclosed everywhere within these ranges are valleys, clothed now with such verdure as the deer and elk have seldom seen, for this last year's spring was extraordinarily wet. Here knolls capped with big timber, there a blue lake with curious lumps of rocks for islets, the dark and loamy shore marked with the trail of the elk. You can hardly persuade yourself that this is "no man's land," so cared for does it seem to be.

No wonder that years ago two Bostonians travelling this way conceived the idea of building an hotel in one of these valleys. The lumber they hauled for wellnigh 150 miles, and at a great expense finished this house. But the world is a curious creature, and few can predict which way it will take when it receives a disinterested invitation. The two Boston young gentlemen furnished their hotel, and flung open its doors to their fellow-mortals panting on the heated plains, and gave them a welcome to come and be cooled, but the world for unspoken reasons did not come. And now, after various fortunes, an English physician, fond of nature and of sport, has bought the Elkhorn house, and he gives an invitation to "consumptives" to come hither and "cough no more." Two are here: one, a young lady, is doing the last style of Persian work, which she procured only a little more than a fortnight ago in Oxford Street; the other—whose experience is to be given for the benefit of the square—is painting the valley, with no meanly-trained brush.

His is the old story. Some six years ago, out riding in wind and rain, a cold was caught. What a cold exactly is, who can scientifically say? And what a cold will eventually lead to, who can prophetically say? With our friend the cold laid fell hand upon his lungs, and after long doubting the family doctor looked grave and uttered the dreaded word "consumption."

His home is in the fumy atmosphere of Manchester. The obvious movement in the first place was to breathe as fresh and soothing air as the British Isles could offer, so down he went to Torquay. Having a well-lined purse, whatever Torquay could do for the invalid, it certainly had the fairest chance of accomplishing. It is true the roughness was eliminated out of the air, and, from causes perhaps not wholly explained, a modicum of gentle warmth enwrapped the favoured place, whilst Boreas was piercing with unfeeling vigour the North of England. But the moisture in the air counteracted what good the warmth may have effected, and down the hill he gently—almost imperceptibly—but certainly and surely went. In spring he again re-visited the scenes of his boyhood, and listened to the chimes of his great-grandfather's clock. The change of air appeared to have had a beneficial effect, but the ruinous cause was still there, and in time it became evident that the disease was catching up the progress the general health had made.

A tonic was recommended, and our adviser found himself at Blackpool to be blown up by the breezes of St. George's Channel. So passed the summer. But the experienced eye and ear could detect no positive improvement, and it was clear that a more determined practice must be pursued. The physicians—and their names are legion—counselled a sea-voyage. The Antipodes rejoice in summer while the Englanders are braving winter; therefore Australia was decided on. Moreover, that no possible chance should be left ungoverned, it was deemed inexpedient to trust our invalid to the tender mercies of the captain of a sailing ship, so with every possible want anticipated by his own doctor, who was experienced in the New Zealand climate, he sailed from London in October.

All went well up to the Tropics, he improved rapidly and the traces of disease very much diminished; but now as the Line was neared the heat increased, the air became drenched with vapour, the ship ceased to be wafted and appeared only to drift. Whether the generally relaxing conditions reduced the strength of the lung fabric, or whether the blood became thinned so as more easily to pass through the containing membrane, it matters little, but one evening after a sudden effort a hæmorrhage warned him of the seriousness of his condition and laid him prostrate. After a week of perfect quiet, fed on cold diet and skilfully attended, he again was convalescent, and no great harm appeared to be done, indeed the system seemed rather relieved than otherwise, and the progress towards health went on even more rapidly than at the commencement of the voyage.

So things remained until Australia was reached, and the patient landed, after an ocean-voyage of ninety days, apparently cured. But the feeling was fallacious, although the lungs seemed to have assumed their normal condition; in other parts of his system the disease appeared; and soon after leaving Sydney and landing in New Zealand, so critical became his state that his physician advised an immediate return home. So, *viâ* San Francisco and New York, he hurried to England, and arrived too early. The dangerous symptoms had entirely disappeared before reaching San Francisco, but the cold and damp of the early spring in America renewed the mischief in his lungs, and when he was welcomed by his family they found him but little, if any, better than when they had wished him God speed the year before.

April and May are the worst months England possesses for her consumptives. To escape their damaging consequences he retreated from the North, patiently to abide the summer in his old haunts at Torquay.

Having often written in his copy-book that "experience is the best teacher," he determined again to sail for New Zealand with the same doctor. Once more, without another tropical hæmorrhage, he arrived at the Antipodes a hale man, with practically no symptom of disease, at least none such as a casual observer would have noticed. Travelling about New

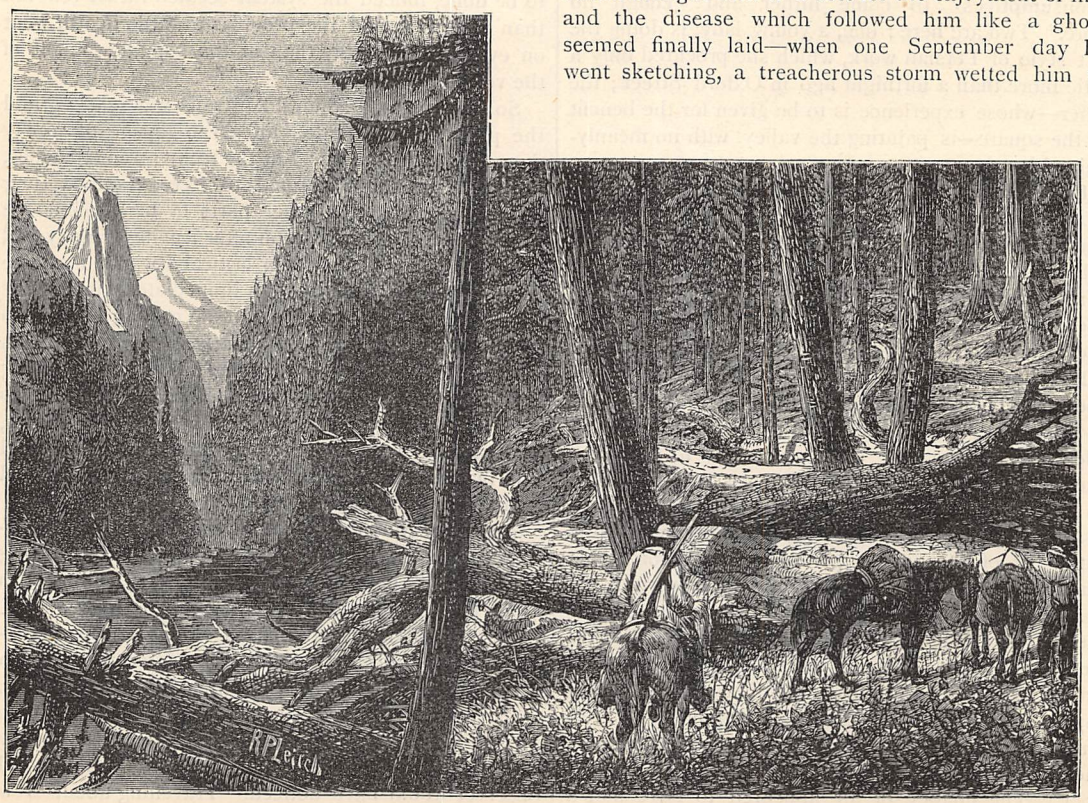
Zealand, he found the climate suited him admirably—that is the summer climate, be it remembered—but as spring returned the home-longing rose up in his breast and compelled him, as it does the swallows, to return to the house of his father. This time he had a stormy voyage round Cape Horn, and despite once more saw the chimneys of Manchester in a condition seemingly quite capable of breathing that material there called air. All went right; he enjoyed himself with his family at Beaumaris, and played rackets daily in the Castle. One day, after an exceptionally vigorous game, a shower drove the players to take shelter in one of the dungeons where King Edward had often cooled the ardour of his Welsh subjects, and, alas! hæmoptysis was the price he paid. For six weeks his lung bled continuously. Every variety of astringent had an opportunity of proving its value. They gave him sixteen doses a day, and at the end of some weeks the doctors took advantage of a slight improvement to ship him off to Mentone. Here he enjoyed the sea, the flowers, the surpassing scenery, the Italian sky, the brilliant sun, and the expensive luxury of a villa. All put together was certainly an improvement on Torquay, but yet "of the same sort." To vary the procedure he moved about on the Riviera, spending the early spring at San Remo, passing home once more a mended individual, *viâ* the Italian lakes and the Mont Cénis.

Up to this point the old plan had been adhered to. Soft and gentle airs had been courted—made soft and gentle by sheltered positions, warm latitudes, and the near presence of water, filling the air with moisture almost to saturation—and the plan had failed.

The opposite of this was to find places enjoying dry cold air and bracing, not at the sea-level, but as high above that position as could be attained with surroundings sufficiently comfortable for an invalid. Inquiry for these conditions brought Davos into favour, and thither our consumptive was hurried. Davos is a Swiss village nestled in the Grison Alps; it lies in the direction of the Engadine, but, leaving Chur, you turn to the left, and after ascending all day you arrive at Davos, which boasts an altitude of 5,000 feet.

Here our friend spent two seasons; the first season proved exceptionally fine. The company at the Belvedere was choice; for weeks together the sun shone brilliantly, whilst the dry cold air gave keen appetites and tinted cheeks with a better colour than the hectic flush. But now March arrived, and the exodus from Davos began. At their wit's end for a refuge from the treachery of April and May the corps of invalids spread themselves over Europe, most of them to contract more mischief during the two fatal months, and often completely undoing the benefit of the winter's residence. To escape with the least possible risk our convalescent consumptive turned his steps to Baden-Baden, thence to Glion—perched picturesquely 1,000 feet above Lake Geneva—and as soon as May was expiring again he found himself comparing the sky of Manchester with that of Italy.

Now "all went well as a marriage bell;" renewed health brought with it a zest for the enjoyment of life, and the disease which followed him like a ghost seemed finally laid—when one September day he went sketching, a treacherous storm wetted him to



the skin, pneumonia set in, and recalled into vigorous activity all the worst symptoms he had combated for years, and once more he became a wanderer on the edge of the grave. Active medical treatment, the most careful nursing, and the blessing of God, once more renewed his strength sufficiently for journeying, and again he reached Davos, and again the light dry air, the possibility of complete out-door life, with opportunities of exercise, abated and finally removed the lingering symptoms of his relapse.

Experiment had now decided that the atmospheric conditions found at Davos were those most conducive to the healing of damaged lungs. The next question to solve was, Where is there a place where similar conditions exist, but where it is possible to remain all the year round?—the pernicious drawback of Davos being the necessity of leaving the valley at the very time it is most necessary to escape the variableness of April and May.

Colorado was suggested and examined, and being approved, our consumptive arrived in Denver in the autumn of last year. Denver is a marvellous city. Little more than twenty years ago the buffaloes were grazing in quiet security on the plains where now there is a splendid city. Yes, a city, not a mushroom town of frame-houses dignified with the name of a city, but a city in every sense of the word. Here is a bishop and a cathedral, not a small church dubbed "cathedral," but the most cathedral-like building in America, with splendid organ, beautiful windows, reverend services.

Although the nearest city to Denver is as far off as Naples is from London, still Denver is reached by four great trunk railways, and many lines branch out of the city into the mountains. Wellnigh 2,000 miles from the oceans, and exactly a mile above their level, within fifteen miles of the Rocky Mountains, whose ever-changing grandeur skirts the western horizon, the air of Denver perforce is rare and dry; no dew falls here; the wind seldom blows, and then in gusts which have expended themselves in a couple of hours; the sun ever shines; and all combines to produce a climate difficult to match on the earth. Many and many an inhabitant of Denver came apparently to die, so far gone in consumption as to be unable to walk; ladies, who are now the "joyful mothers of children," have been carried out of the railway carriage. These, however, are the exceptions, still they exist to prove that this class of hygienic condition is singularly favourable for arresting the fatal course of phthisis. Yet our invalid, although revelling in the climate, and quite as well as when at Davos, found that the inducements for ever living in the open air and taking exercise were not sufficiently strong. Moreover, the dust inseparable from a busy city and a dry climate, and despite sprinklers, would occasionally blow and prove peculiarly irritating to sensitive bronchial apparatus. He therefore determined to try ranch life, and here we are in the mountains. He has purchased the "improvements" of a squatter for £100; this gives him 160 acres and a vast range whereon to graze his cattle. And now what is the result?—Every adverse symptom has all but vanished, and although myself no slow walker, he can easily keep pace as we cross the Divide to tempt the trout in the *Cache la poudre.* He fishes with zest all day long, and bears the real fatigue of hard rock-climbing as well, nay, better than most men who have not been in search of health for six years.

Probably an element to which the success of the cure is largely attributable has not received that notice at the hand of scientists it deserves. Every one admits the vitalising power of fresh air. The air which comes to Denver meets nothing to contaminate it for literally hundreds of miles; as that on the ocean, it must be almost absolutely free from organic germs and those gaseous ingredients which are supposed to be noxious. But is this visiting air that which alone is breathed? The earth on which we tread is saturated with air; no depth has been reached where the presence of air is not evident. This air, perfectly still, and in constant contact with the materials of the crust, not only suffers from the changes which any organic matter that may be present is ever undergoing, but materially contributes to hasten and produce these changes. Now the barometric pressure lessens, and in obedience to the rise of the aërial wave this earth-air comes above the surface, and is the very air breathed by animals and men. If, as is the case in the country, there is no animal matter in the soil, there is nothing present to contaminate the air—nay, dry earth has great antiseptic properties and purifies what is corrupted, so that the earth-air which is away from the habitations of man is probably purer than any other. This no doubt explains the reason why the "country" is so refreshing to the invalid, and this is why "camping out"—sleeping on the very ground—has a wondrous effect. Koch's discovery that consumption, like typhoid fever, small-pox, and other such diseases, is due to animalcule life infesting and breeding in the blood and producing tubercle, points to many considerations. Perhaps it is one of the conditions of the life of these minute organisms that the air breathed should contain certain organic pabulum, mixed too with moisture; deny them this and gradually they are starved out of the system. Then again, the lung fabric becomes flaccid and loses its stamina, but the high altitude requires that the organ should expand fully in order to supply the blood with the necessary amount of oxygen, and this forced expansion tends largely to restore the lung to its normal size and condition, hence the higher the location, the further from the sea, and the more distant from the haunts of men seem to be the best conditions for restoring the frame dilapidated by phthisis, and for eradicating the cause which produces that scourge of England—consumption; and these conditions are to be found in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains.

Love Never Dies.

Words by George Weatherly. *Music by* Charles Bassett.

♩=80. *Moderato.* *mf*

Voice.

Will not Love re - turn? Will not Love re - turn?

Piano.

Marcato. *mf* *p*

p

Love came to me in sum - mer, With low - ly tread And

espressivo.

hum - bled head, And I but scorned the com - er! Then Love fled fast a - way, And

mf piu mosso.

mf piu mosso.

cres.

mf

e - ver in his track I fol - low wild-ly day by

cres. *poco cres.* *mf*

doloroso. *tempo.*

day: Oh! will he ne'er come back?

sf *cres.* *dim.*

mf

Think you Love is dead? Think you Love is dead?

espressivo.

mf *p*

p

'Twas but a mo - ment's mad - ness, But oh! the cost If I have lost All

doloroso. *sf*

peace and hope and glad - ness! Oh! will not Love a - rise? Will..... not Love a - rise?.....

sf

accel. e cres. *sostenuto.* *f*

..... Joy! joy! 'Tis Love him - self who cries: "Love ne - ver

3

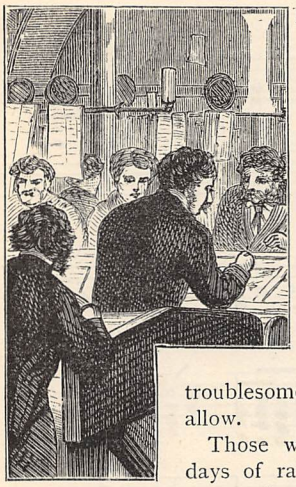
accel. e cres. *f*

rall e cres.

dies! Love ne - ver dies!"

colla voce. *tempo.*

A DAY IN THE RAILWAY CLEARING HOUSE.



IT is probable that out of the many thousands who daily pass from one part of the country to another, or forward consignments of merchandise to distant towns, comparatively few have any definite ideas respecting the means used to make the long journey as free from changes as possible, and as little troublesome as circumstances will allow.

Those who remember the early days of railway travelling, the frequent changes from one train to another, the booking and re-booking consequent upon changing from one company's system to another, so that a traveller from London to the North of England was compelled to take at least three tickets, will readily admit that a great improvement has taken place during the last forty years.

This improvement is the result of the operations of the Railway Clearing House. All dealings between two or more companies are (with a few trifling exceptions) finally settled by this important establishment. Within its walls meetings are held almost daily, at which great officials and distinguished railway magnates decide questions concerning traffic arrangements and other matters.

In the present paper I propose to show (1) what the functions of the Railway Clearing House are, and (2) how those functions are performed. In order to make the subject as interesting as I can, I will not attempt an exhaustive dissertation, but invite my reader to spend "a day in the Railway Clearing House" with me.

The office is a vast block of brick buildings (without the slightest pretension to architectural beauty) situated in Seymour Street, Euston Square. The hours of business are from nine a.m. to five p.m. Accordingly we meet in front of the main building punctually at nine, and watch the clerks as they pour into the office. Presently the hurried step breaks into a sharp trot, for only two minutes' grace is allowed. Just as the inner doors are about to be closed, a hansom cab dashes up, and, ere the driver can stop his over-heated horse, the "fare" has leaped from the vehicle and passed the barrier. Late attendance is a very serious offence in this establishment, affecting not only the annual holidays but also promotion.

Within we find the great building divided into rooms, capable of accommodating from forty to one hundred men. The long desks are covered with formidable piles of documents; all is activity, but not confusion. Each man has his own allotment of work, for which he is responsible. If the day's work be not completed by five o'clock, the backward clerk is permitted to work after that hour until he has finished.

The Clearing House is divided into three great departments, viz., "Merchandise," "Mileage," and "Coaching;" each department being subdivided into divisions consisting of about thirty-five to fifty men.

As the Merchandise is the chief department we will take that first. Here the monthly receipts earned by the conveyance of goods, mineral products, and cattle, from one company's line to another, are divided among the companies interested. The data upon which such division is made are supplied by the companies forwarding and receiving the goods. To make this point quite clear, let us inspect this packet of papers neatly docketed "From Great Northern to Scotch Companies." Our eye falls upon the monthly account rendered by Boston, from which we learn that two tons of manufactured goods were sent to Dunkeld on the Highland Railway, for which the sum of £5 was prepaid. But we must not assume that the Boston agent has correctly certified this business, so we refer to the Dunkeld statement of traffic received. A comparison of the two documents shows that the Boston clerk is right in his figures. Now for the division of the money among the four companies interested in the carriage of the goods. First, the terminal stations are credited with what are called "terminal allowances" for services performed at Boston and Dunkeld. This allowance is calculated at 4s. per ton in the case before us. (On grain, manufactured iron, and timber, the allowance for terminal services is generally 1s. 6d. per ton; on mineral products, 9d.) Subtracting the 16s. from the amount paid, we have £4 4s. to divide between the Great Northern, North-Eastern, North British, and Highland Railways. This division is based upon the distance, each company receiving a proportion in the ratio of the number of miles travelled over its system. The Great Northern Company, having received the total money, is debited with the proportions received by the remaining three companies. Finally, each company's accounts must be carefully tabulated and summarised, showing the result of the month's traffic between every pair of stations, and these statements forwarded to the audit offices of the companies in question.

Now in the case we have taken by way of illustration, we have supposed that the goods travelled *viâ* York, Berwick, and Perth, but they might possibly have been sent *viâ* the Midland and Caledonian route, not to mention several other courses that were open. How shall we determine beyond doubt the precise route? In answer to this question we are directed to the Mileage department, situated in a distant part of the office. Here we find some 300

clerks actively employed, and we are informed that 500 agents belonging to this department are scattered over the kingdom, discharging the duties of "number-takers." We quickly discover the clerk who deals with the route pursued by Great Northern trains on their way to the far North. To him we state our business. A consignment of goods left Boston for Dunkeld on a certain date; the number of the waggon in which the goods were packed at Boston is 00214. (The waggon-number is entered by the Boston clerk on his return of traffic.) The "mileage" clerk, without hesitation, seizes a great manuscript volume literally black with figures; in a moment his practised eye has caught the number we have mentioned, and the answer to our query comes promptly, "*Viâ* York, Berwick, and Perth."

There is no doubt about the matter, no "thinking," our clerk is *sure*. But we are inquisitive, and the clerk is courteous, so we learn that the great volume to which he has just referred is compiled from information supplied by the number-takers and the clerks at the junctions of the various lines.

Each waggon has a number and the initials of the owning company painted on its sides; these must be taken down, with the date, the forwarding station, route, and destination, with description of the traffic. This information is forwarded to the Clearing House. A similar statement is also sent from the receiving station. From these data the mileage clerk has compiled his formidable volumes; and so admirably are these volumes prepared, that the exact route travelled by any waggon is easily determined. But now another question suggests itself, viz., how is the Great Northern Company compensated for the use of the waggon, the engine, and the tarpaulings; for the number-takers at York, Berwick, and Perth have certified that the goods passed their respective stations by means of Great Northern rolling stock? This important business, we find, is dealt with by the mileage clerk, in accordance with the regulations drawn up and agreed to by the various companies.

Sometimes it happens that companies detain the waggons, &c., belonging to other companies, beyond the time agreed upon. Such detention entitles the owning company to a certain compensation. This compensation is known, technically, as a "demurrage account."

But whilst we have been going round the Merchandise and Mileage departments, the morning has slipped away. It is nearly half-past twelve, the hour at which the 700 or 800 merchandise clerks dine, and as we are curious to know how so large a body of men are provided for, we adjourn to the great dining-hall, and take up a position in a quiet corner. About twenty great tables are ranged in two rows; at each table a president is carving the joint provided for his company, and, with the exception of the servants and ourselves, these gentlemen are the only occupants of the room, for it wants a few minutes yet to the half-hour. Presently a tall, heavy-looking youth appears at the entrance-door; he is the precursor of the coming army. A minute more and they pour into the hall, in a long and almost interminable stream. The time allowed for dinner is only half an hour, so conversation for the most part is brief and disconnected. At 1.45 the smaller departments dine in the same room.

Leaving the dining-hall we turn to the "Coaching" department. Here all traffic conveyed by passenger trains is dealt with. Parcels are treated differently to heavy goods in the matter of terminal allowances. In the latter case (as we have already seen) the weight decides the amount; whereas, with parcels, the number of packages is the chief factor in the calculation of these allowances.

The "Passenger" section of this department is one of great importance, dealing with the receipts arising upon the vast passenger traffic of this travelling age.

With comparatively few exceptions the cash for passengers is paid at the starting-point, on receipt of the ticket. The exceptions are voters travelling to record their votes, and persons travelling at the cost of the Government (such as police officers, soldiers, &c.). This general practice of pre-payment, of course, facilitates the Clearing House operations.

To each booking-clerk is issued a certain number of printed tickets, arranged in numerical order. Every month the booking-clerk makes a return to the Clearing House, showing the stations to which he has booked the number of tickets of each class sold, with the "progressive" numbers carefully stated. If he has had occasion to cut a ticket in half for a child, he must send the unsold portion to the Railway Clearing House, in order to avoid being debited with the full value of the ticket. In addition to the above details, the station return must show the amounts due to other companies interested in the traffic.

The Clearing House then proceeds to deal with the amounts due to companies other than the one booking the passengers.

After registration, these station returns are compared with those of the previous month, in order to check the continuity of the ticket numbers, for the first ticket sold on the 1st of November must follow the last sold on the 31st of October. Then the calculations of the proportions due to intermediate and final companies are checked. When the station accounts are balanced, the Clearing House statement of receipts and earnings is made out and forwarded to the company for whom it has been compiled. This return shows the progressive numbers of tickets sold, halved, or spoilt, and the amount due on each class of tickets separately. In this department the tickets that have been used by passengers are examined, and used as a check upon the booking-clerks. If tickets are found to have been issued, but not accounted for, or accounted for to the wrong station, the matter is set right and the station clerk advised.

The route of passengers is decided by the "nipping" at the junctions. The nippers have dies to impress the number corresponding to the junction and route.

The "Lost Luggage" department is one that possesses great attractions for us, owing to our tendency to lose umbrellas and other portable property. This

department receives daily from each station a list of luggage found, with full description. With this return is also sent from the company a statement of inquiries made by passengers. The Clearing House is thus able to insure the return to its rightful owner of nearly every article found in trains or stations, and the importance and usefulness of the Lost Luggage department may be estimated by the fact that between 300,000 and 400,000 articles are reported as lost in a single year.

We find that there are various societies and clubs in connection with the office, of which time will not permit us to speak at length, as the hour of five is at hand. But before taking leave of this great hive of industry, we cannot forbear expressing our admiration of the wonderful order that prevails in all the departments. The exactness with which the vast receipts are divided is marvellous, upwards of £15,000,000 being annually dealt with, and balanced to a penny.

Outside we pause for a few minutes to gaze at the crowds of men who pour from the three great vomitories of the building; then we turn our steps towards home, with the reflection that the effectiveness of our railway system is owing in no small measure to the Railway Clearing House.

Some Literary Queries for Spare Moments.

1. Who called himself the first man of his century, and why?
2. What was the badge of the city of Athens?
3. Who wrote "The world knows nothing of its greatest men"?
4. Who was the first English writer of blank verse?
5. On what superstition is the "Ancient Mariner" founded, and what Christian lesson does it teach?
6. Which of Dickens' books is supposed to contain most of the history of his own life?
7. Who was Outalissi?

ANSWERS TO QUERIES ON PAGE 58.

1. Because it originally sat in the vestry of the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, famous for its Norman pillars with arches above.
2. The Mohammedan equivalent for a Crusade—*i.e.*, a Holy War *against* Christianity.
3. Sir Philip Sidney. It was a poetical version of his name, used by him and of him.
4. Fashion (*Much Ado*, Act iii., Sc. 3).
5. Toussaint l'Ouverture.
6. In Gray's "Ode on the Death of a favourite Cat, drowned in a Bowl of Gold-fishes."

DOWN IN THE WORLD.

By the Author of "But for Ilion," "How Vickerscroft was Redeemed," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

A DOUBLE CALAMITY.

THE Brands had been more than three months at Clematis Villa, blazing, scorching summer months, which seemed to parch and wither poor Mrs. Brand, just as the heat parched and withered the flowers in Captain Laffin's front garden. The sun beat down fiercely all day on the little grey house, and there was no corner of it that was not penetrated by the fierce oppressive heat. Nell and Doris made all the shade they could, and courted every stray breath of air for their mother, but she seemed to grow weaker every day. She never complained, and was always cheerful and hopeful, but for all that they saw that the anxiety and the dreadful heat were telling on her. For though nearly four months had elapsed since Mr. Brand sailed for China, they had not yet received a letter from him, and he had promised to write on every possible occasion. It was well that they had entrusted the management of the auction to Davy, and the selection of the furniture, for what remained, owing to his judicious arrangement, fetched a considerable sum of money, and Nell was able to supply her mother with many little comforts which would have been otherwise impossible. She was fortunate enough, too, to secure two music pupils, and what they paid her, though little enough, was a help. They were Captain Laffin's nieces, and lived at Brompton, a long way from Maitland Street, still Nell went cheerfully three mornings a week, walking home when the weather was not too hot to save the fare. She enjoyed the walk too, and an occasional peep into the shop-windows, and liked to watch the busy hurrying tide of life that ebbed and flowed past her. They were all utter strangers, those restless mortals that passed unceasingly to and fro, and more than once she wondered if she would ever recognise a face, or see any single creature she knew in any of the busy streets and thoroughfares. Almost while the thought was in her mind she found herself one day face to face with Alec Fraser. She could not help the quick glad flush, the sudden light in her

eye, and earnest upward glance, any more than he could help the sudden throbbing of his heart and quickening of all his pulses.

Nell forgot that she used to be very cold and haughty, forgot that he was specially reserved and set aside for a member of the aristocracy, in the pleasure of meeting an old friend who seemed genuinely glad to see her, and was as courteous and deferential as in the old times, though she was but a musical governess, with the insignia of her office in her hand, hastening down Piccadilly afoot and alone.

They talked for a few minutes eagerly, and exchanged mutual inquiries for mutual friends; then Nell came to a standstill, as if she meant to say good morning.

"Let me walk with you a little way, please, Miss Brand," Alec said humbly. "I seem to want to tell you lots of things. You know I called at the Chestnuts just after you left, and I could not find your address. It was very unkind of Mrs. Brand not to let us know. We thought we were old enough friends to be taken into your confidence."

"I don't think it was mamma's fault, quite. We—that is, I—thought people wouldn't care to visit us when we were poor and in trouble."

"Some people would, Miss Brand."

"Very few; I don't think Mrs. Fraser would," Nell replied gravely, looking straight before her. She had a dreadful habit, some people said, of saying just what she thought, regardless of consequences.

"You might have given us the chance," Alec replied, in no way disconcerted. "Considering what friends your grandfather and my father were, considering that we owe our success in life to your family, you might not have shaken us off as mere casual acquaintances; you might have written at least, and told us your address."

"Perhaps I should have done that," Nell replied thoughtfully.

"It's not too late to repair the omission."

"That's an insinuating remark," and she laughed merrily. "We live in a very fine-sounding place—Clematis Villa, Maitland Street; but you mustn't take the house by the name, any more than the book by the cover. It's a tiny cottage in the most dreary out-of-the-way locality, without a single tree or shelter of any kind, and the sun shines down on our front windows quite savagely all day, warping, blistering, and frizzling everything and everybody."

"I know the neighbourhood," Alec replied. "We lived for many years in Kentish Town. Now let me put you in this bus; it's really too hot for walking. I'm awfully glad to have met you and found your address. Mother will call in the course of a few days."

"It will be very kind of her, and we shall be very pleased to see her," Nell replied gravely. "But, Mr. Fraser, in our altered circumstances we do not expect visitors."

"You will have some, nevertheless—except, indeed, you absolutely prohibit it."

"We shall be very pleased to see Mrs. Fraser," Nell repeated, and Alec bowed and took himself off, feeling somehow that he had been snubbed without deserving it, for he had no intention whatever of intruding on the ladies at Clematis Villa. But he wished his mother to go. It seemed so ungracious and ungrateful, so positively heartless to cut those poor ladies altogether; and yet no one was more painfully conscious than her son of what a "blister" Mrs. Fraser could be. Still, it would be a wholesome sort of irritation, and might possibly lead up to his own calling on some pretext or another; then Mrs. Fraser might take Mrs. Brand for an occasional drive out into the country, or invite the girls to a party now and again, and send them home in the carriage. In fact she might do much to cheer and enliven them if she chose. But after leading up to the subject most diplomatically, on the day his mother called on him at Palsgrave Place, and using all his art and eloquence to persuade her that it was the proper thing to do, Mrs. Fraser refused point-blank to have anything whatever to do with the Brands, refused even to call and leave a card, and Alec was angry and indignant. For the first time in his life he felt as if he could not make allowance, and that if he spoke another word it would be one for which he would be afterwards sorry, so he hurried out of his room, and out of the house, leaving his mother to find her way to her carriage by herself, lost in wonder at his extraordinary behaviour, for Alec was usually polite and courteous to everybody, and to his parents in particular, even under the most trying circumstances. From Palsgrave Place he went straight to Tollman's Wharf, where he found his father in the counting-house poring over a ledger.

"Anything wrong, boy?" he asked, glancing up for a moment in surprise as his son entered. "I thought you had gone West."

"Nothing particularly wrong, father. Did you see anything about the *Europa?*" Alec replied.

"Yes; she's been reported missing for weeks."

"Now she's believed to be lost, and all hands."

"Oh! Fortunately we have nothing in her," and Mr. Fraser went on with his adding up.

"Don't you remember, father, Mr. Brand sailed for China in her?"

"Oh, dear me! yes, of course. I quite forgot that. How very unfortunate!"

"I met Miss Brand the other day, and found out her address, and I fancied mother might call on them, but she refused. Even when I told her of the loss of the *Europa* and what it meant, she wouldn't go. I do think it's awfully unkind. Heaven help those poor children! what will become of them?"

"It's really very sad. But you know they can't be badly off, or they would have applied to me long since. If I was in ignorance of their address, they knew mine, and surely they wouldn't be above applying to their father's old friend!"

"Couldn't you persuade mother to call on them?" Alec said earnestly; "it would be the greatest kindness you could do them, father."

Mr. Fraser swung himself off his high stool, and

thrusting both his hands into his pockets, contemplated his reflection in the dingy little mirror that hung over the fireplace for a few seconds.

"Alec, I've managed tan-yards, and I've managed timber-yards, I've managed insurance companies, and boards of directors, I've managed business of all sorts with tolerable success for thirty years, but I can't manage your mother, since she took it into her head to play the fine lady, and forget her friends and slight her betters. She has just sense and discretion enough not to want the Brands to see her in her altered character, and I don't blame her. Go and see them yourself."

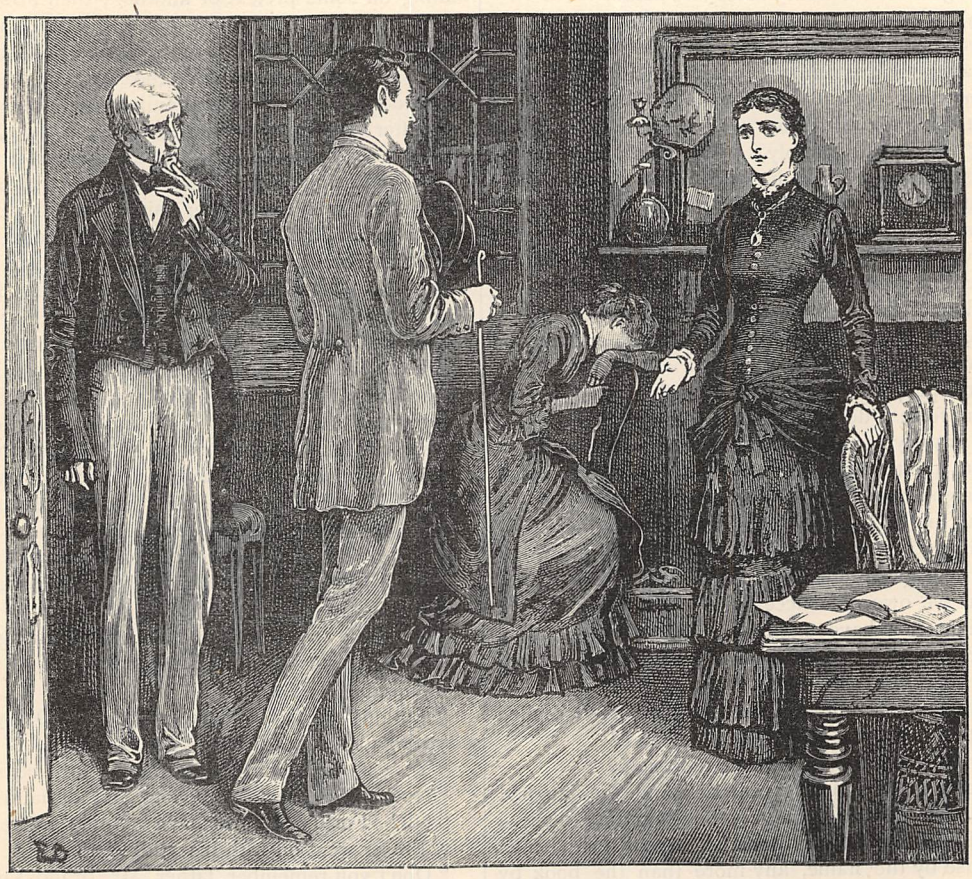
"I can't; it looks so badly; besides, in all probability they wouldn't see me, and how can I be of use in this new trouble?"

"Find out if they want money, learn whether they know any particulars of their father's affairs, and what their prospects are. Of course his life was insured."

Alec swung out of the counting-house in a rage, and banged the door after him, much to his father's astonishment, for the young fellow was not given to bursts of temper of that sort. "I'm sure I didn't say anything that could rub him the wrong way, and I'll be delighted to do what I can for the girls; I always said so, and I can't imagine what more the boy wants!" Mr. Fraser grumbled. He was not a proud or sensitive man himself, and he couldn't understand the Brands wanting anything and not asking for it.

Alec meanwhile was on his way to Clematis Villa, as fast as a hansom could take him, with a newspaper thrust into his pocket as an excuse. He would just call and ask if they had heard from Mr. Brand, or received any intelligence of the *Europa*. "If they haven't heard of it, I'll try and prepare them for the worst. If they have, I'll take myself off for the present. The idea of thinking one thousand or five thousand pounds could make up to those poor girls for the loss of their father!" he said to himself, but even while saying so, he couldn't help feeling a hope that Mr. Brand's life was insured.

As he drove up to the house he noticed that all the blinds were down; but remembering Nellie's remarks about the "savage" sunshine, that was not alarming; still he felt a curious sensation of



"NELL ROSE UP, CALM AND SELF-POSSESSED, AND GREETED HIM" (*p.* 165).

uneasiness, as his ring echoed with alarming clearness through the house.

The door was opened by old Davy, who recognised him in a moment; he had worked beside his father in Hugh Garfield's office. Without a word he led him into the little sitting-room where Nell and Doris were sitting, pale, wild, dry-eyed, in stony silence. "They've heard," was Alec's mental comment. "Now what shall I say?"

Before he had time to utter a word, Doris burst into a passion of tears, while Nell rose up, calm and self-possessed, and greeted him with a cold metallic ring in her voice.

"It's good of you to come, Mr. Fraser; but we are in sore trouble, Doris and I—we are not fit to see any one. You will, I hope, excuse us?"

"But there's hope still, Miss Brand; there's nothing certain known, and the *Europa* may be telegraphed all right any minute. Don't give way to despair; for your dear mother's sake, keep up."

For a moment Nell looked at him with wide-open unfocussed eyes; then she swayed helplessly from side to side, and without a cry or moan sank fainting into his arms. Very gently he placed her on the sofa, and chafed her hands, while Doris bathed her temples with water; and when at length she opened her eyes, tears came to her relief, and with her arms round her sister's neck she sobbed wildly, while Alec at a sign followed old Davy from the room. Mechanically the old man went up-stairs, Alec behind him, and both paused on the landing.

"I carried her in my arms as a babby a many times; I saw her married, and now she's lying cold, while I'm hale and hearty," he said, with his hand on the door-lock. "Will you like to look at her, sir?"

"In the name of goodness what do you mean?" Alec gasped. "Mrs. Brand isn't ill?"

"No, she's dead!" and Davy shook his head mournfully. "Dead and cold, and those two poor children are doubly orphaned."

"This is awful! when—how did it happen? I did not even know she was ill!" he said, fairly staggered, and leaning against the wall for support.

"Neither did we, but the doctor says she must have been ailing a long time."

It was Doris who spoke. She had come up softly and stood by Alec's side. "This morning there were two letters, and I brought them up, and after breakfast Nell brought the paper. Captain Laffin always lends it to us, and mamma generally reads it in the morning. She has not been able to get down-stairs till dinner-time lately, the heat has been so great. About noon Nell came up with a cup of arrowroot, and found mamma lying on the sofa with the newspaper in one hand, the other pressed to her heart. At first Nell thought she was asleep, then that she was overcome by the heat, and had fainted. At last we guessed the worst, and fetched a surgeon. He said she was dead—quite dead," with a little dry sob; "and then we looked in the paper and saw we had lost our father too. It was that killed our mother, and now we are quite alone, Nellie and I."

"Not quite, Doris; you have a friend, a brother, if you will, in me," Alec whispered, gently laying his hand for a moment on her arm. "You will let me help you, will you not?"

"No one can help us, I think, in the world," she replied sadly; still she clung to him feebly and felt the better for his support and weak attempts at consolation, for all words seemed cold and hollow in the presence of such sorrow as theirs; no earthly consolation, he felt, could avail them at all, and he hardly knew how to attempt offering any other. For a moment he stood beside the couch on which Mrs. Brand lay still, beautiful in her perfect repose, with a smile on her sweet worn face, and he mentally promised to be a true friend, Heaven helping him, to the girls so terribly afflicted, and then he led Doris away and joined Nellie, who still wept silently by herself in the sitting-room, and was already feeling better for the blessed relief of tears. That they would rather be alone he knew, so he quietly departed without troubling them with farewells; and during the dark dreadful days that followed, he proved himself a true and valuable friend. It was he stood with Davy as chief mourner beside Mrs. Brand's grave; it was he laid the snow-white fragrant wreath on her coffin; and when all was over, he returned to Clematis Villa and made brave efforts to cheer and console the sisters in their solitude. Already he was plotting and planning how he could help them without their suspecting his designs, for he knew now that they were entirely destitute—Ernest Brand had never even dreamed of insuring his life—and Nell and Doris were utterly alone in the world, and penniless too.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

A WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY.

"IT'S time we made up our minds what we are to do with ourselves, Dory. We may as well look our position fairly in the face, for we can't ignore it any longer," Nell said to her sister one evening, about a month after their mother's funeral. They had just returned from Highgate, where they had spent the afternoon in placing a few fresh flowers on their mother's grave, and watering the old ones with their tears. Now they were seated alone in the starlit parlour, weary and dusty after their long walk, sad-eyed and pale, both of them, full of doubts and fears, and harassing anxiety, for the future was hopeless and gloomy enough. "What are we to do, dear?" Nell repeated. "Of course we can't go on staying here: that's out of the question; besides, what do we want of a house now? there's no one to come back to us ever again. We must work, Doris, or starve; and wretched as life is, we seem to cling to it strangely, just as if it wouldn't be better for us to lie down quietly and die. What have we to live for?"

"Each other, dear," Doris said quietly.

"True, darling. Forgive me if I forgot that for a moment. But this utter stagnation is worse to bear than anything, so we must make a beginning. You

must try to get a situation in a family, Doris, as companion to a lady or nursery governess."

"Oh, no, Nell; we can't be separated."

"I'm afraid we must, dear."

"But we've never been divided in our lives," Doris urged. "Do let us try to keep together, no matter what we suffer. You know, Nell, a good general never divides his forces," with a feeble attempt at a smile; "and union is strength."

Nell shook her head sadly. "I'm not a good general, dear. All my plans have failed and fallen through. Much as I should like it, I don't really see my way to our keeping together. You're not fit to go out to give lessons, even supposing you succeeded in getting pupils."

"I'm very stupid, I know, dear, but I think I could teach very little children French and music, and would try so hard," Doris said humbly. "Nell! Nell! don't send me away from you. I can't bear it! anything in the world will be better than that."

Nell was silent for a few minutes. "I was not thinking of your powers of teaching, dear; there are other things;" and then she sighed deeply, with a half proud, half regretful glance at her sister. Nell had learned many strange things since she had come to London, and she fully realised that Doris was not the sort of girl to go about alone as a daily governess: she was much too young, and far too beautiful. Even now, under Nell's grave guardianship, and further protected by old Davy, she was stared at rudely, and often followed; if she went about alone she could scarcely escape insult and annoyance. In a family she might have much to endure; her spirit might be broken, her pride humbled, but she would be comparatively safe. Presently Nell returned to the subject. "I must find you a situation first of all, dear, then I'll go into very cheap lodgings, and when I get more pupils, and succeed a little, I'll have you back again. Darling, can't you see the necessity of our being apart for a time? How can I work and look after you too?"

"I'm nearly as old as you, dear, only one little year between us. Why can't I look after myself?"

"Because—you can't," with a protecting little smile. "Never mind reasons, but just listen. How could I work all day thinking of you alone in some dismal lodging, moped to death, wanting all the comforts and perhaps many of the necessities of life? How much more comfortable I should feel if I knew you were quite safe and happy."

"Happy away from you! Oh, Nell! is there no other way? Couldn't Alec help us?"

"He has done far too much already," Nell replied, with a sudden rush of colour to her pale face. "We have been a great trouble to Mr. Fraser, Dory."

"I don't think he looked at it in that way. I think it has been a real pleasure to Alec to help us; he told me so."

"Still, that's no reason why we should continue to trouble him, dear. Besides, it doesn't seem quite right his coming here so often, does it, Dory?"

"Why not, Nell? He's a very old friend, the only one of all our old friends who has found us out and remained faithful, in spite of our poverty. He has been very, very kind; why shouldn't he come?"

"His mother doesn't come," Nell, replied in a very low voice, and with still flaming cheeks; "and I have told Davy that he must not admit him any more."

"Oh, Nell! how could you? Our only friend. Whatever shall we do without him?" Doris exclaimed in a tone of genuine dismay.

"What we did before he came, dear, I suppose."

Doris stood up and walked to the window, leaned her forehead against the sash, and drummed with her fingers on the pane. She was thinking how very dull it would be without Alec, for she did not realise yet how very soon Nell had determined they should leave Clematis Villa. He was the only friend they had: his coming made the only break in the monotony of their existence; and it did seem needlessly cruel of Nell to deprive them of their solitary gleam of sunshine, and Doris glanced round at the flowers, books, music, magazines, that usually accompanied Alec, and made their room so much brighter and cheerier. It was so pleasant to have some one to bring those trifling things: it couldn't possibly be any harm; and yet, Doris reflected, Nell was always right, and had some good reason for everything she did. The mother always trusted implicitly to her sense of the fitness of things; even the father had often deferred to her opinion on matters of taste. Nell was doubtless quite right, but it did seem a little hard, all the same. But not for Doris only; it was hard for Nell too, but in another way. Forbidding Alec to come was like shutting out the air and sunshine from her life, and going into thick utter darkness; still, it had to be done, and might as well be done bravely and at once. Even while thinking of it she was seized with a thought which made her grow white to the lips and cold all over. Supposing Doris—and she glanced towards the slender figure at the window drumming so disconsolately on the pane—supposing *she* was learning to care about Alec: supposing she had already learned to love him? Nell forced herself to look at the worst; and he—for one moment her heart seemed to cease beating, and then she shook herself, as if out of a dream—what more likely than that he should love her? Doris was very beautiful. Alec had been kind and thoughtful; but, when she began to think about it, Nell remembered that she herself had come in for but a very small share of his attentions. He never said much more than "How are you?" to her. It was Doris he sat by, talked to, brought books and flowers to. "I must have been blind," she said to herself, rising wearily, "not to have seen it before."

When the light was brought in, and Nell had taken up her work, Doris looked at her attentively for a few moments.

"Darling, put it down. You look wearied to death;" and she took the work gently away. "Nell, are you ill? is there anything wrong I don't know of? There must be no secrets between us, sis. We have no one in the whole wide world but each other; you must not

keep anything, good or bad, from me, Nellie, so tell me the present trouble, for there is something troubling you, I know." And she laid her fair soft face on her sister's shoulder.

"Are you keeping nothing from me, Dory?" Nell said in a very low voice, turning her face away to hide its mute misery; "have you nothing to tell me, darling?"

"I? No, dearest. What could I possibly have to conceal?" Doris replied, opening her violet eyes very wide. "I have no plans, no projects, no ideas at all. I'm not a bit of use or help to you, only an expense, a trouble, an anxiety. It has all fallen on you, my poor, brave Nelly; and you have some fresh grief now. Please, please let me share it;" and she slipped to her knees beside her sister, and raised her moist loving eyes with irresistible pleading.

"It's nothing, dear—at least, not anything very serious. I was only wondering whether you would miss Mr. Fraser very much," Nell said slowly, in a low, almost indistinct voice—"whether, Doris, it would be a grief, a real grief, to you if you never saw him again."

"A real grief, dear? No. Why should it? I like Alec very much; he's been kind and thoughtful; I shall be sorry not to see him, it is so utterly dull—but that's all."

"I'm very glad, dear. I thought perhaps you—you—" Nell stopped in confusion, unable to meet her sister's fearless, questioning gaze. Doris was looking a little surprised as well as curious.

"You did not think I was going to fall in love with him, Nell, did you?"

"I didn't know, dear; and, you see, I must take care of you."

"I'm afraid even all your care won't prevent that calamity when it is to come to pass," was the laughing reply. "But about Alec Fraser: he likes me as a sister, and he loves somebody else, or I'm much mistaken; and I like him—selfish wretch that I am!—just because he's very kind and useful. And that's his knock at the door, Nell. Am I to ask him to come in as usual, or shall I tell him that Miss Brand is 'not at home' or engaged?"

"I think perhaps we had better see him, dear, and tell him of our plans," Nell said, without looking up from her work; and presently Slack, with a great flourish, announced—

"Mr. Alexander Fraser."

"Well, girls, how are you?" he said, disencumbering himself of his usual impedimenta—the evening paper, a three-volume novel, a pot of heliotrope, smelling deliciously, two small bouquets and a large one, a box of chocolate creams, and some pencils, Doris's commissions. "What have you been doing all day?" he continued cheerily. "Tell me all the news."

"Make your report, Nell, while I go and supplement Slack's efforts with tea," Doris said, vanishing with a rather mischievous smile, and leaving Nelly in a state of very unusual confusion.

"What's the matter, Miss Brand?" Alec asked, laying both his hands on the table, and looking at her steadily. "You don't seem quite yourself. Have you any fresh trouble? can I do anything for you?"

"No, thanks; you're very kind, but it's nothing. Doris and I were talking about our future in the dark hour, and it made us a little sad, that's all."

"Your future?" he said thoughtfully. "What do you mean by that?"

"What we are to do. Of course we can't go on living here, and I want Doris to take a situation as governess or companion in a family. She's not fit to knock about," Nellie said gravely.

"And you?" Alec interrupted.

"Oh! it doesn't matter about me. I shall do very well. I'm promised some more music pupils; but I can't do anything till Dory is settled and safe," Nell replied.

"Pardon me, but I think it does matter about you—a little," he said, ignoring the latter part of her sentence. "I don't like the programme at all, Miss Brand; and what's more," standing up, and drawing a few steps nearer to her, "I don't mean to have it!"

"I think it's the best thing for both of us. Doris doesn't want to leave me, but she's far too pretty to go about alone."

"Far; and so are you, Nelly, and neither of you is strong enough. You didn't think I could let you go on working like that, did you, dear?"

"I don't see how you can help it, Mr. Fraser," Nell replied gravely, without lifting her eyes. "Doris and I must work; it's the only thing life has left us."

"Not the only thing. It has left you love, if you will only accept it," Alec said, laying his hand on her arm, for she too had risen, and was standing by his side. "Nelly, you know, you must know, that I love you with all my heart, that my one aim and end is to make you happy, darling. Will you be my wife?"

Just for one moment Nell hesitated, then she looked at him proudly and resolutely.

"I thank you much, Alec, but I cannot accept your very generous offer. I cannot be your wife."

"Nelly!" At the sudden absolute despair in his face and voice as he uttered her name, she grew very white, and her resolution for a moment wavered. He could be in earnest then, and she had thought him a trifler; he could be loyal, and she had thought him changeable; and he loved her. All that was pleasant; in her forlorn and friendless state it seemed like a glimpse of heaven; but still, in her altered circumstances she was no fit wife for Alec Fraser. She remembered his mother's words: "Alec had riches enough and to spare, he would only have to look for rank and beauty in his wife."

Something of her thoughts he read in her face—Nell's was a more transparent countenance then she fancied; something of the doubts and fears which troubled her he understood, too; but whether she cared anything at all about him personally he could not determine.

"Nelly, I have loved you a long time," he said, after a few minutes' silence. "I always hoped the time would come when I might tell you of my affection, and ask you to be my wife; I shall never cease to

love you while I live; but I will say no more, since you cannot care about me."

"I never said so," she whispered very faintly.

"What other reason could you possibly have for refusing me so resolutely? Nelly—you do—like me; you do care," and he caught both her hands. "Dear, I'll take no refusal now."

"But you must;" and she gently disengaged herself, and looked at him steadily, though her eyes were bright with tears. "I cannot be your wife, Alec. I—we are very poor, and down in the world now. Your father and mother would never consent."

"Is that the only reason? Tell me, darling. If everything was the same as it used to be in the old times, would you be so cold and hard? would you treat me so—haughtily, Nelly?"

"What's the use of speaking of the old time? it's gone for ever," and she forced back her quickly gathering tears.

"But would you have sent me away—then?" he persisted.

"I don't know; perhaps—not."

"Then I will take no dismissal now. Don't be angry, Nelly. I know I'm not worthy of you; but look me in the face squarely, and say, 'I do not love you, Alec,' and I'll never trouble you again."

"I can't say that truthfully; and you shouldn't press me so hard," Nelly stammered.

"Nay, it's you who press me," he cried, sitting down beside her with a bright smile. He had conquered, and he knew it; but he didn't want to show signs of his victory and elation, lest Nell should feel she had weakly capitulated—as, indeed, she had. "Now I'm going to talk seriously, dear, so please listen. You mustn't think about going out to teach any more, and you must prepare for a very important ceremony as quickly as possibly. I can't have you worried and bothered any more. I am my own master, Nelly, a recognised partner in my father's business. I draw a tolerable income, and I might draw a larger one if I wished; therefore I think I have a perfect right to marry when and whom I like. And I mean to marry you just as soon as I can get a house ready for you. Doris shall live with us, of course, and we'll all be jolly comfortable together. This is an unromantic sort of wooing, but I'm only a commonplace sort of fellow, you know, in no way worthy of you, Nell, except that I love you, and you care a little about me, dear. Tell me that you do care, just a little. I have taken your silence for consent so far."

"I do care, Alec, just a—great deal," she whispered. "I think I have cared always; but I cannot become your wife without your father's and mother's consent; and I *will* not."

"Don't make obstacles, darling; you know the mother is just a little difficult. However, I think she is really very fond of me, and cares about my happiness more than anything else, 'provided I am happy her way'"—but that was added mentally. "The father will be delighted, Nell," he continued; "he always liked you all, and yourself in particular. We'll have a very quiet little wedding and a very tiny honeymoon trip, and then—— Oh, Nell! if you knew how solitary it is in my lodgings, you could perhaps form some idea of how I look forward to having a home of my own—with you!"

So he chatted on in a careless easy fashion, scarcely noticing Nell's silence and sorely troubled countenance. He was content to know that he had won her: a thing he had been by no means sure of; and success of any kind was very gratifying to Alec Fraser. Presently Doris came in with the tea; she had remained away as long as possible, for she knew there would be an explanation, if not an understanding, between them when Nell spoke of giving up Clematis Villa and going into bondage, and sending her sister into slavery. "Alec would never consent to it," Doris assured herself; and the moment she entered the room she made herself a complimentary bow on her penetration.

"Congratulate me, Doris," Alec said jumping up. "I've won! Nell, after a brave resistance, has surrendered at discretion!"

"I thought she would," Doris replied, putting her arm round her sister's neck. "Dear, I'm so glad. I've seen it ever so long; and, Nell, it will be much nicer living with you, darling, than being a nursery governess in some horrid house."

Nell smiled, and her whole face brightened. For Doris it certainly would be much happier; for herself, she didn't seem to expect much real pleasure in her life again. Even her love was tinged with melancholy: it came too suddenly after her great affliction, and found her amid too many painful associations; and yet she loved Alec dearly, more dearly than she knew then. But hers was a quiet, self-contained nature: she could feel intensely, but could not say much about it.

After an hour's pleasant chat, Alec stood up to go. "I'll see you to-morrow, darling," he whispered, one arm round Nell, the other on Dory's shoulder. "I must see you every day now till I take you all to myself, and that will be very, very soon."

"Dear Alec, how can I think of such things so soon—after—her loss?" Nell protested. "We must wait a long, long time before I can even think of being happy."

"I don't think she would wish that, Nelly," he replied very gravely. "I don't think it would be a pleasure to her to know her loved ones were sad and sorrowful."

"But I cannot forget, Alec."

"Darling, I would not have you forget; I only want to help you to remember. And if she knows, Nelly, if she sees—and I think she does—she will want you to be happy."

"She always did," Doris whispered, her tears falling fast. "She would not have us mourn for her; and indeed why should we, Nell, since she is at rest? Our grief is selfish; we only grieve for our own loss."

"I must take you very soon, Nell," Alec repeated.

"Tell your parents first, dear," she answered; "and till I hear what your mother says, you must not come again."

"My darling——"

"'I HAVE OTHER PLANS AND PROSPECTS FOR MY SON'" (*p.* 170).

"You must not, Alec; on that point I am resolute! And now, good night," as a suggestive little cough from Doris reminded them that Slack was waiting to show Mr. Fraser out.

"Good night, dearest. Since you wish it, I'll tell mother at once, and you will probably see or hear from her some time to-morrow; and, Nelly, try and be a little patient with the mother, for my sake."

"I'll try, Alec," and she went with him to the door. For a moment they stood in the shadow, both her hands in his, and he bent down and kissed her forehead reverently. "God bless you, darling, always!" and then he was gone, swinging lightly down the little path, with the moonlight shining full on him. For a minute Nell watched him, and then turned away with a deep sigh. In spite of her new-found happiness, her heart was full of strange forebodings. She could not look into the future with Alec's eyes.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

INTO A DEEPER SHADOW.

ABOUT three o'clock the next day an open carriage, drawn by a pair of showy horses, stopped at the grey gate of Clematis Villa, and Mrs. Fraser alighted, and marched up the walk with a very stately step. Slack, who opened the door, bowed profoundly; so much majestic grandeur awed him, and he seemed to have lost quite half his flourishes as he threw open the parlour door, and proposed to acquaint his young ladies.

"I only wish to see Miss Brand—the eldest," the lady said, as she drew herself up on the hearth-rug; "and bid her be quick, as I have no time to waste."

Nelly entered at that moment, and Slack withdrew, with a decidedly lowered opinion of the grand visitor. How any one could speak in such a tone of an angel in human form like Miss Nelly amazed him.

"I presume you know why I have called, Miss Brand?" Mrs. Fraser began, without deigning to return Nell's greeting or take the seat she indicated. "I desire to have some conversation with you regarding my son."

Nell bowed slightly, and stood erect, facing her visitor, very calm and self-possessed. She had promised Alec to be patient, and she would do her best; but there was something terribly aggressive in Mrs. Fraser's manner as she stood on the rug, glaring defiantly.

"Yes, I've called about my son. He told me this morning, in his father's presence, that he had asked you to be his wife, and that you had consented. It's preposterous!"

"I consented conditionally," Nell replied, very quickly. "I accepted your son's proposal on the understanding that his parents approved."

"Approved! How could you expect us to approve? As I said before, it's preposterous, monstrous! It can't be allowed for a moment," and Mrs. Fraser beat her tightly-gloved hands imperiously. "I have other plans and prospects for my son."

"I shall be the very last person to interfere with them, madam," Nell said, with icy politeness. "I do not think we need prolong this interview;" and she moved towards the bell, with her head well up and her face perfectly calm, though very pale.

"But I have much more to say," Mrs. Fraser cried, losing her temper in exact proportion as Nell kept hers. "I think it's shameful of you to entrap a young gentleman——"

"Mrs. Fraser, you forget yourself!" Nell interrupted very quietly.

"Entrap, I say! But mind, if you persist in your designs, and marry him, you may take the consequences. His father and I will never forgive him; he shall never touch a penny of our money, never! So, now, marry him if you like!"

Nell looked for a moment simply and unboundedly astonished, then she smiled ever so slightly, but it did not escape Mrs. Fraser's keen, jealous eyes.

"Oh! you may sneer, but I mean every word I say. From the day he marries you Alexander Fraser is no longer son of ours, so you can make him a pauper like yourself, if you please."

Nell's face expressed nothing but supreme wonder. To be angry with an ill-bred, violent, passionate woman would be absurd, to bandy words with her was simply impossible, so she was silent while her visitor gathered strength for a fresh attack. But at that moment a fresh ally appeared on the scene. Mrs. Fraser had spoken in a clear, shrill voice, and her words were distinctly heard over the whole house. They reached old Davy in the kitchen, and he sprang up the steep little stairs like a tiger.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but *are* you aware who you're talking to? or are you mad, or the worse for drink?" he cried, bursting into the room, breathless and indignant. "It's a pretty time of day when you dare to talk to one of my young ladies like that."

"Man! who are you?—how dare you?" Mrs. Fraser gasped, staring at the intruder.

"I'm David Dunderdale, ma'am, at your service, for forty year head and confidential clerk to the late lamented and esteemed Mr. Hugh Garfield, whose grand-daughters I have the honour of serving. And pray, ma'am, who are you? to come here and insult a lady in her own house!" The old man's voice quivered with rage, and his eyes gleamed like coals under his shaggy brows. "You're James Fraser's wife, maybe," he continued ferociously. "Oh, yes, I know all about you and him! Why, woman, if it weren't for Mr. Garfield and Mr. Brand, where would you be now? In the poverty and obscurity in which they found you. Go, woman, Jezebel, painted and decked out in your finery and fashions, go! and don't so far forget yourself again as to presume to intrude upon Miss Brand;" and the old man drew himself up proudly, and pointed to the door. "I won't say insult her, because a person like you couldn't insult a lady! Go, woman, and try to recollect who and what you were and are!"

For a single moment Mrs. Fraser glanced at Nelly, standing by the bell transfixed with amazement, for Davy's outburst was totally unexpected; then, too utterly infuriated to speak a word, she beat a hasty and undignified retreat, accompanied as far as the door by David, a perfect picture of righteous wrath and indignation, muttering the most awful denunciations against the whole Fraser family.

Left alone in the little sitting-room, Nelly Brand began dimly to comprehend what had taken place. Mrs. Fraser had called, as Alec said, but in what a different spirit! She had been cruelly unkind and insulting; in fact, her behaviour was almost incomprehensible; but one thing Nell clearly and fully realised—all was over between herself and Alec; and in the first moments of her sore anger she felt almost glad. It would be fearful to be connected in any way, or owe any respect, love, or obedience, directly or indirectly, to such a woman.

Then Doris came in, pale and frightened, but full of eager curiosity, and as she recounted the strange interview Nell realised more and more what it all meant. "I shall never see him again, darling," she

cried, throwing her arms round her sister's neck, "never hear the sound of his voice, never feel the warm clasp of his hand. Dory! Dory! it's more than I can bear! what have I ever done that people should be so unutterably cruel to me?" And Nell wept long and passionately, hiding her shamefaced blushes on her sister's shoulder. It did her good, that outburst of weakness: she could look at the future more bravely after, and talk of Alec without reserve; and when they lay down at night in each other's arms, Nell said, with a feeble attempt at pleasantry, "The poet made a mistake, sis, when he said—

"'It's better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all,'

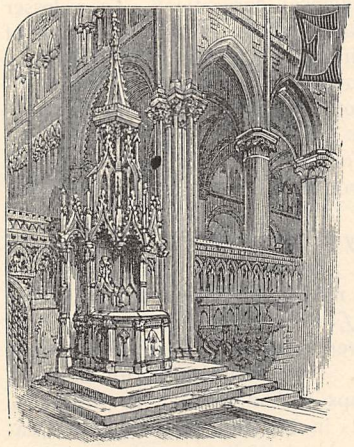
I think it better never to have loved than to feel as I do now."

"But, darling, you haven't lost," Doris whispered. "Alec loves you, and he's as true as steel. Wait and hope, Nell. Things look very dreary now, but the darkest cloud has a silver lining, and the very darkest hour is that before the dawn. I have a presentiment that everything will come right in the end." But Nell, with the memory of Mrs. Fraser's stinging words so fresh and green, felt as if "not poppy, nor mandrogora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world," could cause her to forget the dreadful scene she had that day gone through, or hope for any happiness in her life again. The future was all so dreary, and they seemed to have fallen into a deeper shadow than ever.

As for Davy Dunderdale, his rage and indignation knew no bounds. For hours after Mrs. Fraser's departure he sat in the garden, repeating over and over again the things he might have said, and wishing fervently that he might have an opportunity some day of avenging the indignity put upon his old master's grand-daughters by James Fraser's wife.

END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THE POWERS THAT BE: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.



ARCHBISHOP'S THRONE AT CANTERBURY.

EDWARD WHITE, by Divine Providence Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England and Metropolitan:" such is the style of the chief pastor of the Church of England. "By Divine *Providence*" as Primate, all other prelates exercising their functions "by Divine *Permission*." "*Lord*-Archbishop" he is, not, according to the popular error, as one of the Lords Spiritual having seats in Parliament, but because in old times the prefix of "Lord" was added to nearly all official titles: *e.g.*, Lord-Pope, Lord-Admiral, Lord-General. Suffragan bishops, though never, as such, Lords of Parliament, are yet Lord-Bishops. The Archbishop is also a Privy Councillor, not by right, but by long custom. The same honour—for it is no more than an honour—is accorded to the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London. It is long, indeed, since an Archbishop of Canterbury has sat at the Council Board for the transaction of real business. During a portion of James II.'s reign Sancroft was as really a Minister of State as were Rochester and Sunderland. Tillotson was frequently consulted by William III., but unofficially: one would say rather as a friend than an ecclesiastical dignitary. The gentle Primate used his influence with the King in a manner highly creditable to him, having the courage to protest against the bribing of members of Parliament. He may be described as the last of the statesmen-Primates.

Without disparagement—rather in praise of them, be it said—our latter-day Primates are clergymen, and nothing more. To borrow a useful term from beyond the Tweed, the Archbishop of Canterbury is Moderator of the general body of the established clergy; nor are there many positions of greater dignity and influence. The moral authority of the See of Canterbury is recognised far beyond the limits of England or the United Kingdom: in fact, by Protestant Episcopalians throughout the world. These have been recently computed at twenty millions and a half of English-speaking men.

What are the duties of this venerable functionary—the ninety-second successor of St. Augustine? In the first place, he is a kind of Chaplain-General to the State, or, if you will, to the Sovereign and Royal Family. He christens princes, confirms them, marries them, crowns them. In the Coronation Service the two most significant acts of the ceremony are the especial business of the Archbishop. He it is who asks the people whether they will have the new Sovereign as their ruler and governor, and he places the diadem on the royal brow. This last duty falls to his lot partly from the sacred nature of his office, and partly because he is the first subject in the realm after the princes of the blood. At that moment he represents the nation as its chief citizen.

If it be possible the Primate will be at the bedside of a dying King, and will announce to the new Monarch his accession to the throne. In the small hours of a certain June morning in the year 1837, Dr. Howley,

accompanied by the Lord-Steward of the Household, had no small difficulty in obtaining admission to Kensington Palace, to inform the Princess Victoria of her uncle's death, and to salute Her Majesty as Queen. When they were admitted, one of the princess's attendants declined to awake her—"she was in such a sweet sleep." "We are come," replied the Archbishop, "on business of State; and even Her Royal Highness's slumbers must give way to that." The dignified Howley was the last of his line who wore the short and far from dignified periwig.

To define the limits of the Archbishop's authority over the clergy of his province would be next to impossible. A priest or deacon promises at his ordination reverently to obey his Ordinary, "and other chief ministers," whilst a bishop, at his consecration, "professes and promises all due reverence and obedience to the Archbishop;" but in both cases only canonical obedience is to be understood.

The Primate can certainly "do a good deal," whether in his capacity as Bishop of the Diocese of Canterbury, or as Archbishop of the Province of that name. In the Diocese he has the peculiar advantage of being, so to say, his own Metropolitan. But the most distinct mark of his power, in a general way, is to be found in the fact of his being patron of 169 livings.

A few years ago, Mr. Gladstone, under the signature of "Etonensis," wrote an article on the present position of the Sovereign, politically considered. The prerogative, he justly observed, had changed into an influence (of quite appreciable force). So it is with the Archbishops of Canterbury. Much of the old power—strong and legally defined—has passed away; but the influence remains.

The Primate is, if he chooses to be, the leader of religious society in this country. The Salvation Army was jubilant on receiving a cheque and a few words of encouragement from Dr. Tait. There would be joy in the City Temple and in the Metropolitan Tabernacle if his present Grace were to ask for the use of the pulpit in either place of worship, because both Independents and Baptists cheerfully recognise the historical position of an Archbishop of Canterbury. Now that he has ceased to interfere with them, they are willing to accord him all ceremonial honours.

Hospitality is an especial duty of the Primate, and it has sometimes been exercised under trying circumstances. Parker once entertained Elizabeth, when Mrs. Parker very naturally presided at the festive board. The Queen, as it happened, entertained the strongest aversion to the marriage of clergymen, and was at no pains to conceal her opinion. After dinner she thus addressed the Archbishop's lady:—"Madam I cannot call you, Mistress [the sixteenth-century equivalent of Miss] I do not like to call you, but I thank you for your good cheer." The Queen seemed to have wished not to be too rude, and to have contrived to be very rude. It may be added that she was technically and legally right. The children of clergymen were not held to be legitimate till the reign of James I.

One guesses that the genial Abbot, Primate from 1611 to 1633, shone as a host: at all events, till that luckless day when a bolt from his cross-bow killed the gamekeeper instead of the destined buck. Abbot's successors have been shy of sport, though his late Grace of Canterbury was understood to have contributed to the making of bags.

Cornwallis, Archbishop from 1768 to 1783, carried the practice of hospitality to its extreme limit, having gone so far as to give a "rout" at Lambeth Palace, for which he was severely taken to task by the King. It must be confessed that George III.'s letter on the occasion is a model of grave and temperate rebuke.

Now-a-days the Primate is expected to give dinners and garden-parties, but not routs. It is also a tradition of Lambeth that bachelor bishops coming up to town for the Parliamentary session shall have free quarters at the Palace. During the time of the Pan-Anglican Synod (1867), the same privilege was extended to such American prelates as cared to avail themselves of it.

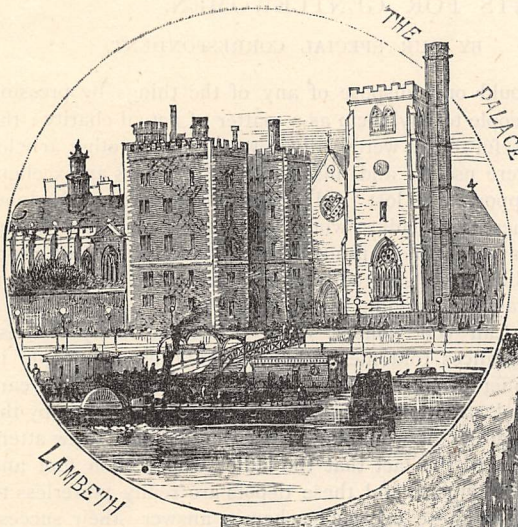
Dean Stanley once described the Pope as "a museum of archæological curiosities." To a lesser extent the phrase would be true of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Nominally, the Primate still possesses some strange attributes. For instance, he is a member of the Board of Trade—one easily divines why. When that Board was originally constituted, the principal magnates of the realm were appointed to it, and no statesman would have thought of leaving out the Primate.

He had formerly "the probate of all wills, and granting letters of administration where the party deceased had £5 in money or value out of the Diocese wherein he died, or £10 within the Diocese of London, or if the deceased were a bishop" (*Clergyman's Vade-Mecum*, Ed. 1709). The same authority observes that the Archbishops of Canterbury may "dispense with young students in Divinity, to enter into Deacons' Orders before they be full twenty-three years of age . . . . . ;" and adds a fact not generally known: "'Tis to be observ'd that he grants these dispensations not only within his own Province, but also in the other of York, so that in this respect he is justly stiled [*sic*] Primate of All England."

The Archbishop's power in the matter of granting special marriage licences is still a perfectly real one. The fees on a luxury of this sort amount to twenty-eight guineas.

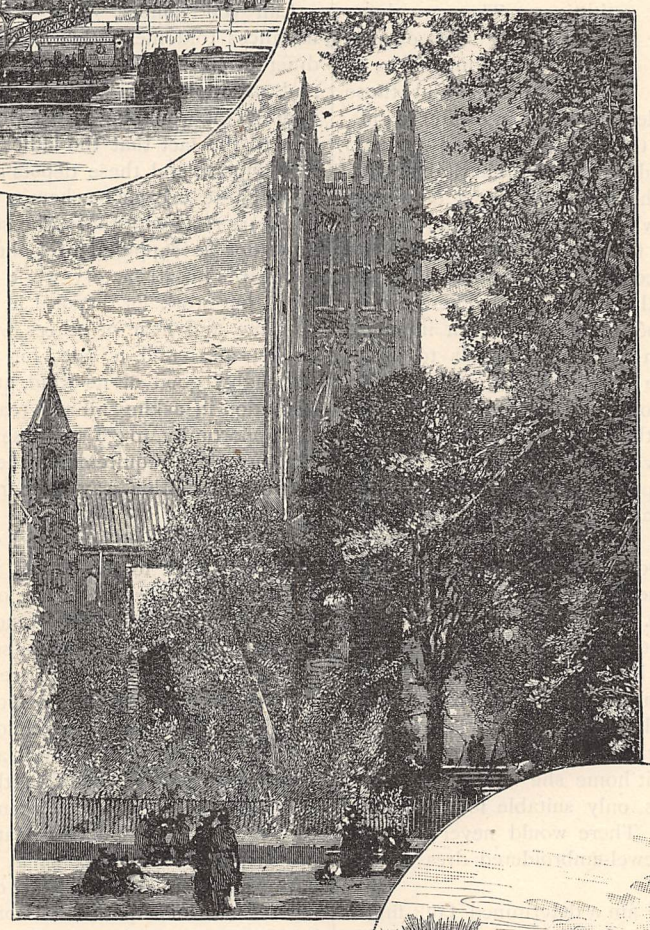
He has also the right, which he still occasionally exercises, of granting degrees in Law, Medicine, Music, and Theology.

It is a trite saying that the highest and the lowest touch one another. The first subject in the realm, next to Royalty, is at once a peer and a commoner: to speak more correctly, he is not a peer at all, but a commoner, who during his incumbency of the See of Canterbury has the right to be summoned to the Upper House. The distinction between a peer and a "Lord

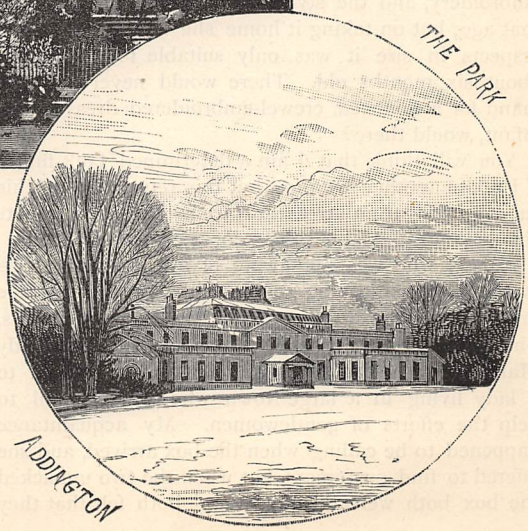


ARMS OF THE SEE OF CANTERBURY.

THE CATHEDRAL



CANTERBURY.



of Parliament" (which the Archbishop is) chiefly consists in this: that the peer must, in cases of felony or treason, be tried by his peers, whereas the Archbishop or any of his suffragans would be tried by an ordinary jury. The point is of purely antiquarian interest, for one may be pretty sure that in these days an Archbishop who did anything very dreadful would be advised to resign and get out of the way. Bishops, however, have been tried in ruder ages, and summarily dealt with.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

HOW SHALL WE DISPOSE OF OUR WORK? BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

I WILL now speak more fully upon the subject of depôts which have been opened for the disposal of work done by gentlewomen.

These Self-Help Institutions, or Aid Societies, need not be regarded by sensitive spirits as charitable institutions. They are doors set open for the express purpose of giving ladies of limited means, and those who are entirely dependent upon their own exertions, an opportunity to earn their own livelihood—to help them, in fact, to be independent of charitable gifts. The object for which the depôts were set on foot is to enable gentlewomen who are thus silently struggling, to sell their work with a fair share of profit, one which will give them a chance of subsistence, and at the same time to do so without publicity. There can be no doubt that these depôts might prove an immense boon to all of us whom necessity compels to "fend for ourselves," as the North Country folk say. Whether there is custom sufficient to enable the managers to keep open these doors depends mainly, if not entirely, upon us who supply these stores with their contents. I am speaking from knowledge when I say that there is a large class of ladies who would gladly give their custom if they found that satisfactory work was to be obtained. Numbers give a trial and, finding badly-cut garments or inferior sewing, they do not go a second time.

A friend of mine, who can afford to buy expensive and pretty things for her children, bought, a few weeks ago, a dress made by a gentlewoman for a child of two years old. The material, the crewel embroidery, and the style were suitable for a girl of that age, but on taking it home she found that in all respects in size it was only suitable for a baby of about six months old. There would never be a demand for a flounced, crewel-embroidered dress for an infant, would there?

You will think that I am a determined fault-finder if I relate another instance, but this reiteration on this subject arises from my earnest wish that these depôts should continue to hold their doors open to us.

A lady who was not aware of my interest in this matter was bemoaning to me but a month ago the inferiority of the work generally sent to these depôts. She told me that a short time before the Lady Manager of a depôt sent a box full of things to a lady living in a large town who was wishful to help the efforts of gentlewomen. My acquaintance happened to be calling when the box arrived, and she offered to find customers, but when the two unpacked the box both were dismayed, and both felt that they could only dispose of any of the things by pressing people to buy them as a matter of actual charity: the useful things were badly sewed, and the other articles were useless and unsaleable. Here was an excellent opportunity lost. Had the work been well done, these two ladies would, my informant assured me, have sold most if not all of it, and would most probably have secured purchasers for the future; as it was, that opening was closed.

Can you wonder, when I hear so many of these instances told me without solicitation by people in different parts of the country, that I urge greater care and attention being paid to work of all kinds by the majority of would-be earners, and that I draw attention to the fact that the ladies who set on foot and who superintend these depôts are really powerless to make these excellent schemes answer—their success or failure rests with those who supply the contents? I must not be supposed to make a sweeping assertion as regards unsatisfactory work against every one who sends her work for disposal at these depôts. I know of some and hear of others who can always obtain orders, and find a sale for their work, it being thoroughly good of its kind, and therefore I have no hesitation in asking all my readers, when they have the opportunity, to go to these depôts and see if they can buy their requirements there before going elsewhere, and in this way encourage and help forward "Self-help."

Before leaving this subject I would suggest to those who send work to the depôts that the chief demand is for useful articles and those of an artistic character. There is not much sale for "fancy work" articles when entirely complete; designs for such work and patterns commenced have more chance of finding customers. With respect to useful work, such as under-linen, and clothing of all kinds for children, good, well-fitting patterns are essential as well as neat sewing. From experience I can say that the patterns sold by Butterick and Co., 171, Regent Street, London, are very dependable, and the relative sizes are in exact proportion, which is a great advantage to those persons not skilled in the art of increasing or lessening the size of a pattern; if one garment requires to be larger than another, it does not follow that every part of that garment is to be cut larger, in equal proportions: one part here and another part there is enlarged, and as some of us have not learnt the secret it is well to own our ignorance in this particular, and to depend upon those who have the key; then we shall not waste material and time, and we shall not aggravate our customers by sleeves inches too long, or as many too short, or waists close under their armpits, or otherwise torture their children by tight, ill-fitting drawers and shirts.

Now let me mention some of the depôts in various parts of the United Kingdom. In all instances,

requests for information will be attended to by application to the Hon. Secretary.

In addition to those in London mentioned last month, there is one at 31, Sloane Street, S.W.; another at the Crystal Palace; an Association of the same kind may be heard of at St. Mark's Vicarage, Surbiton.

There is a "School of Technical Needlework and Dressmaking" at 15, Dorset Street, Baker Street, W. Lessons in ecclesiastical and other embroidery are given at that address, also class instructions in plain needlework and darning, the terms for which are a guinea for six lessons; the same sum is charged for six lessons in cutting out dresses. At this school free instruction is given in dressmaking to any young lady who will give her time for twelve months, with the option of remaining afterwards as a salaried worker.

There is a "Decorative Needlework Society," which is located at 45, Baker Street, W. This is not a depôt to which work may be sent. It is a business in private hands; the work is done on the premises; lessons of an hour's length are given there, for which half-a-guinea is charged for instruction in church-work, and seven-and-sixpence for embroidery.

There is a "Society for Promoting the Employment of Women," 22, Berners Street, W. This association does not undertake the sale of work of any sort, nor does it offer much hope of assistance to women of middle age, or to those who wish to work in their own homes. Its main object is to help young women of all classes who wish to fit themselves to earn their living, and in this particular way it renders real and valuable service. It is the opinion of its managers that for those who wish to gain a livelihood two or three years' training is necessary in many branches of work, and as this application for so long a period without remuneration is in very many cases an insuperable obstacle to the attainment of their desire, this society in this way helps those who wish to help themselves, by procuring them instructions, and finding remunerative work afterwards.

A "Needlework Guild" has lately been formed in London. The object of this has been widely misunderstood by so very many people that it is well I should here explain it. In no way is this association intended to help necessitous gentlewomen. Its purpose is to induce women of all classes and ages, who have time and money at their disposal, to work for a definite object, and to send articles of clothing to the members of the guild for distribution amongst hospitals, homes, prisons, &c., in London.

There are depôts and associations for the disposal of work done by gentlewomen at the following places:

Clifton, Bristol.—18, Regent Street.
Bath.—2, Edgar Street.
Reading.—3, Castle Street.
Brighton.—55, Waterloo Street.
Southport.—207, Lord Street.
St. Leonards-on-Sea.—60, Church Road.
Leeds.—9, Oxford Place.
Newcastle.—24, Market Street.
Exeter.—101, Queen Street.
Leamington.—The Parade.
Kingstown, Co. Dublin.—6, Marine Terrace.
Manchester.—16, King Street.

Liverpool.—83, Bold Street. In this town there is also a "Decorative Needlework Society," 16, Church Street, which has been formed to promote a high class of needlework similar in character to that produced at the School of Art, South Kensington. Classes for instruction in design and embroidery are held: the terms for six lessons in each are a guinea and twelve shillings and sixpence respectively.

Cardiff, South Wales.—16, Angel Street. Work of any description, whether done by brush or needle, can be placed for disposal. A commission is charged.

Bradford, Yorkshire.—Chester House, St. Paul's Road, an "Art Needlework Society." This is in private hands; the work, which is of high order and excellence, is executed on the premises, and therefore the mention of this is of use to those only who live in that neighbourhood.

Some ladies possessing ample private incomes sell their handiwork, and in this way realise considerable sums. I know many instances of this kind. There are ladies who have much leisure and have talents, and wish to employ both; they are not actuated by the love of gain, but the fact of being able to sell their productions is a proof of their excellence. Some of these ladies give all the money made in this way to charities of one sort or another.

I would suggest that gentlewomen who in this way work for pleasure, and do not need profit, should devote these profits to the benefit of others less favoured by fortune than themselves; that they should subscribe towards the expenses of rent until the depôts become self-supporting, or to a fund for the payment of lessons or instruction to those who need help to set them afloat.

There are two kinds of fancy work now in fashion; one, which looks particularly rich and handsome, is that called *arrasene work*. Whether on canvas, satin, velvet, or plush, the effect is excellent. Arrasene is made of crewels; it is of the character and appearance of chenille; this comparatively new kind of thread is particularly effective for all floral designs, whether conventional or otherwise; it is also a work which shows great results in a short time. I would suggest to those who intend to work for sale that they spend their labour only on a certain class of things. Friction does not agree with arrasenes; there will soon cease to be a demand for chair-covers, cushions, chair-backs, or in fact anything the beauty of which will be soon rubbed away; but for curtains for either doors or windows, borders for brackets, work-stands, and mantelpieces, screens, frames for plaques, and small mirrors—for the ornamentation of these and numerous other small devices, arrasene work is likely to be in great request. From three to six shillings may be charged for the actual work bestowed on chair-backs and cushions.

I saw the other day a most beautiful design and execution in arrasene work; it was a standing screen

of light brick-red canvas; bricks were marked out in shaded arrasene; against this wall rose up a blackthorn in full bloom, reminding one of the line, "When the thorn is white with blossom;" perhaps my description does not picture loveliness, but the reality did set it forth undoubtedly. The idea was a novel one, and perfectly carried out.

I am now going to turn to a very different mode of earning money. I fully believe—a belief grounded on actual knowledge—that an income can be increased by keeping poultry. I throw out the idea of this remunerative employment as a hint worthy of attention, and it is proposed to deal with the subject in a separate paper.

PARTED.

WHEN down the dusky valleys
The sun at eve shines low,
And through the woodland alleys
The wild deer dreamily go;
My inmost spirit listens,
Though vain the listening be,
Knowing that in the distance
Thou breath'st a prayer for me.

When, wrapt in quiet sleeping,
The dim white lands at morn
Wait the first red ray creeping
Athwart the golden corn;
From restless dreams awaking,
A memory faint and fair,
Flight through my bosom taking,
Leaves subtle fragrance there.

Ah, love! and dost thou wonder
That I should thus repine?
That, parted so asunder,
My every thought is thine?
Upon my heart, deep-yearning,
O love expected long!
The thought of thy returning
Falls like an old sweet song.

M. C. GILLINGTON.

FELICIA: A SHORT STORY.

OUNG Mrs. Hardon felt it incumbent upon her to speak to her brother. On the strength of six months of married life, she arrogated to herself the function of keeping a watchful eye on all his dealings with her own sex, and this afternoon, when she had met him at Brighton Station, the fact that he had carefully deposited a fellow-traveller in a fly before even turning to shake hands with her, had naturally aroused her suspicions.

"Who was your companion down, Frank?" she inquired, as soon as they had reached her pleasant rooms, and were sitting over the five o'clock tea-table.

Frank Neville, a tall, finely-built young man of about seven-and-twenty, rose from his seat and leant against the mantelpiece as he answered with a laugh—

"I must say, Loo, you don't beat about the bush when you are inquisitively inclined. Suppose I say I don't know?"

"But I see you do," persisted Mrs. Hardon.

"Not exactly," he replied. "She is a Miss Dale, and after travelling all the way from Victoria with her, I made her acquaintance at Preston Park, where she discovered that she had either lost or accidentally come without her purse. Some one or other had taken her ticket for her and apparently forgotten to give her either that or the purse. The guard began to be rather insolent, and I couldn't well avoid paying for her to shut him up. I also heard that she had come to Brighton to nurse a sister just recovering from a long illness at school, and that is all I know about her. I should think now, Loo, it would be an excellent thing if you would call and take her out for a drive occasionally: a girl of that age is sure to get out of sorts if she is left to mope in a sick-room all day."

Mrs. Hardon's face had all along expressed a prudent disapproval of his conduct, but at his last suggestion swift alarm and amazement raised her eyebrows, and opened her lips wide.

"My dear boy, where *do* you get your extraordinary notions from?" she exclaimed, dropping her hand-screen and throwing herself back in her chair. "Will you kindly make clear to me what possible business it is of mine to look after the health and spirits of a girl who is a complete stranger to me, and practically to you, merely because it has fallen to her share to nurse an invalid sister?"

"Oh, pooh, Loo!" returned her brother, more euphoniously than courteously. "Don't excite yourself. I can answer for her being a lady; you couldn't do better than make her acquaintance."

Mrs. Hardon puckered up her pretty face wisely.

"I dare say you are right, dear; but I confess that I prefer to make my friends in a rather less casual fashion."

"Very well," observed Neville, shrugging his shoulders, "I put it in your way to do a kindly action, and you turn Pharisee and decline. I have no more to say."

Mrs. Hardon deftly turned the conversation, but she had noted with real concern his unusual resentment, his curt words, and impatient gesture. A few days passed without any further reference being made to his fellow-traveller; then, one morning on the pier, he drew her attention to a girl in a bath-chair, accompanied by her sister.

"That is the Miss Dale I came down with," he said, with a shade of pride in his voice, as though that fact alone conferred distinction on him.

The sisters were at some little distance, and Mrs. Hardon, while only replying to his remark by a careless "Indeed!" was able, without rudeness, to take careful stock of them both. The invalid was a pretty, mischievous-looking child of fourteen or fifteen, but there certainly was a singularly charming air about the elder one. She was simply yet gracefully dressed, and the clear-tinted, delicately chiselled face, spoilt by no painful adjacency of unbecoming colour, seemed stamped by candour, sweetness, and refinement. Mrs. Hardon was seized by a desire to make the acquaintance she had so recently scouted, and the discovery that the lady in charge of the girls was her own old schoolmistress rendered it easy for her to obtain an introduction. She crossed over to the quiet little group, and soon Neville was blissfully occupied in making small talk to Miss Dale, and noting fresh ways in which she was different and superior to any girl he had ever met before. Everything about her was exquisite—her face, her voice, her dress, and, above all, her manner, which, for all its ease and unconsciousness, was just appreciably distant, as became a lady to his thinking.

After this meeting the acquaintance made rapid progress, and was watched over by two sisters with eager curiosity and interest.

"Felicia, what do you think of Mr. Neville?" inquired Lily Dale of her sister one evening, taking an invalid's liberty of speech.

Felicia hesitated a moment, then answered without embarrassment—

"I like him. He is not clever, I dare say; but there is something very English and straightforward about him."

"You *like* him," repeated Lily, screwing up her eyes and looking intensely knowing; "anything more, Fay?"

"If you were not still a bit of an invalid, I should answer that very impertinent question by a good scolding," said Felicia, laying her hand lightly over the child's lips. "As it is, I will pass it over, on condition that you do not transgress again."

Lily sighed. Confidences were so delicious, she wished her sister would not be so chary of them.

In truth, Felicia could not have given the question any very definite answer had she wished to. The daughter of an eminent Q.C., whose delight it was to gather in his drawing-room men of note in every

calling, she had been accustomed from her childhood to society of exceptionally high intellectual level, and Neville could not fail to compare unfavourably with many rising men in her father's circle of friends. On the other hand, the chords of her woman's admiration for manly physique and vigour, and of her woman's responsiveness to sincere, honestly manifested love, were both struck by Neville, whose best qualities were his simplicity, pluck, and power of devotion.

If he had only waited he might have been spared many troubled hours, but he was not sagacious enough to bide his time, and when the last day of his stay at Brighton arrived, he blurted out a declaration of love, which was met by a gentle rebuke and refusal.

However, he was not so cast down as the circumstances might have warranted, for he saw that his error had been chiefly one of over-precipitation, and determined to try again later on. He crossed over to Ireland to pay a promised visit to a Mr. Stedall, and soon afterwards both the Dales and the Hardons returned to town for Christmas.

Felicia did not forget her love-episode at Brighton, for doubt is as persistent as hope, and it was constantly borne in upon her that she had made a mistake.

One quiet Sunday the terrible report spread like wildfire over London of an assassination in Ireland. "Murder of Mr. Neville!" roared the newspaper criers up and down the reverberating streets. "Gallant struggle of Mr. Frank Stedall with the murderer!"

Felicia Dale was sitting with her mother and Lily when she heard the horrible words. A cry of sudden anguish burst from her blanched lips, and she fell forward in her chair, covering her face with her hands.

Mrs. Dale looked at her daughter in astonishment, but Lily understood in a moment, and hastily whispered an explanation to her mother, who, in great anxiety, led Felicia up-stairs to her own room.

The shock had been a terrible one, and all night long the girl lay, not restless or sobbing, but in a deathly stupor, conscious of nothing but that she loved Neville, and that for some indistinct, awful reason, nothing but pain could ever come of her love.

Next morning Lily came rushing into the darkened room with a morning paper in her hand, and then, as Felicia neither spoke nor moved, the quick-hearted child flung her arms round her sister's neck, and cried, with happy tears in her eyes—

"Fay, darling, don't be miserable, it is all right; the first telegrams jumbled up the names. It is Mr. Stedall who is killed, and Mr. Neville who struggled with the murderer. He is only badly hurt, not killed."

Life and colour returned rapidly to Felicia's face, and she sat up to read for herself the corrected account, in which Neville was praised to the skies for his capture of the murderer at the imminent risk of his own life. The girl gave open vent to her happiness, too thankful at this moment to show any false shame at the remembrance of her betrayal of feeling before her mother and Lily, with whom she knew her secret would be safe.

"Lily, if he had been killed, I could not have borne it," she whispered, breaking into a sob of relief.

It was about a fortnight after this that Neville, with his arm in a sling, and a great scar on his forehead, entered his sister's pretty drawing-room in Kensington. She welcomed him with a great demonstration of pride in his prowess, and delight in his safety, and then began nervously—

"Frank, you know I hadn't asked you to my musical party next Tuesday, because I expected the Dales, and—and I thought you would rather not meet Miss Dale. But now that you are the hero of the hour, your absence would be so commented on that I hope you will come. Would you find it very awkward?"

"My dear Loo," replied her brother, "I was coming anyhow; don't flatter yourself I should have stayed away merely because I wasn't invited. Besides, you are quite out of it in supposing I have the least reluctance to meet Miss Dale; there is nothing I am more anxious to do."

"Really, dear boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardon, delighted; "that is an immense relief to me. You see I couldn't well put off Miss Dale, because she has promised to sing; and I didn't know what to do."

Neville assured her it was all right, and waited impatiently for Tuesday evening. At last it arrived, and at last Mr. and Mrs. Dale and the Misses Dale were announced. Frank saw only one of the group—Felicia, far more beautiful than he had ever dreamt her, in her evening dress, with a brilliant light in her dark eyes, and a flush upon her cheek, occasioned, had he only known it, by his presence. For the moment he had no chance of exchanging more than a hasty greeting with her, for every one who arrived was anxious to congratulate him on his recent exploit, and he could not, without *brusquerie*, fail to respond cordially to the many expressions of good-will.

Presently Felicia was called upon to sing, and there was a general hush, for such a voice as hers was not to be heard every day. Never in her life had she felt so nervous, so incapable of steadying the coming and going of her breath, yet never had she sung with more effect, for the just perceptible tremor in the pure contralto voice lent it even more sweetness and pathos than it always possessed, and made exquisitely perfect her rendering of the simple old English ballad she had chosen.

Immediately the song was over, Neville seized his opportunity and led her out of the room, on the pretext of procuring her an ice. But when they reached the hall he suggested that it was pleasantly cool there—should they wait and listen to the next song? Felicia inclined her head in assent, and then, as she leant back in a convenient recess, Neville had his say. I need not repeat either his words, or hers in answer; but when, later on in the evening, after an unconscionably long absence, they returned to the drawing-room, Lily's remonstrances and inquisitive glances were met by a triumphant whisper from Neville—

"Don't you interfere with Felicia any more; she has put herself into my hands for good and always."

"IT WAS PLEASANTLY COOL THERE."

See "*FELICIA*" (*p.* 178).

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

HAPPILY for the country, public attention has of late been turned towards home manufactures, and we are learning, not only that they are of intrinsic value, but that they have a beauty and fitness all their own, which it is very much to the advantage of English people to recognise.

I am going in this article to dwell particularly upon serge, because there is scarcely any material of home manufacture employed in dress which is of more general usefulness. Of serge there are many kinds, from thick, useful navy serge, calculated to withstand any amount of wind and weather, to the finest make, which in cream and light tints make appropriate and elegant dinner-gowns.

The Royal Devonshire serge, made of long-staple selected elastic wool, is the best kind for yachting and the seaside, for sea-water does not injure the indigo-blue dye, which produces the navy blue, and it does not cockle, and is warm without being heavy. Like most serges, too, it washes well. Somerset serge illustrates by its good wearing that an admirable fabric is one made of all-wool. There are summer as well as winter serges, woven in light-weighted yarns of soft and even quality and perfect finish; and for travelling, and any purpose entailing hard wear, this fabric has no equal.

Having thus dwelt on its merits, I will proceed to describe some of the uses to which it is turned. For yachting and seaside wear I have noted as particularly becoming a plain blue serge made with three box-plaited flounces in front, and a double drapery of kilt-plaitings from the waist to the hem of the skirt; and round the hips a wide sash of red silk; a red silk handkerchief about the neck, merely loosely knotted, over a loose sailor-shirt bodice, made of serge, the fulness tucked into the belt. The cap was of the serge, having a projecting peak over the eyes, and a twist of red silk round the crown.

Serge specially meets the requirements of a travelling dress, which should be of strong material, neither light nor showy in colour, and a soft capote of the same stuff will make the whole suit equally serviceable. There are many new shapes for these capotes; some are slightly peaked over the face, and arranged in a series of upstanding folds over the crown; others are like a Basque cap, soft, very full, and gathered under a rosette, with a fulling next the face. Some have this soft crown with a stiff brim of a contrasting colour. To wear with a dark blue serge dress the crown would be red, the brim blue. Jockey caps made in serge of one or two colours are also worn. Many of the newest serge dresses this winter are made up with bright-coloured silk, introduced as a waistcoat or plastron in front, and bordering the short jockey basque, where as often as not it is covered by close-set rows of gold braid, or braid the same tone as the dress; a similar style of trimming bordering the tunic, which as a rule is short in front, and at the back takes the form of two kilt-plaitings, a comfortable, durable arrangement, for these do not crush like puffings. Dark blue is the colour *par excellence* in serge, but brown and green and ruby, except for sea-wear, are equally in favour, and the artistic colourings have found their way to serge, and are extensively patronised.

White piqué waistcoats with dark serge dresses are new, and really stylish, and the braiding is most elaborate, often in two colours. Those who wish to be very smart when coasting in a yacht should take a white serge, a light-coloured one, a braided dark one, and an old one for positive sea-wear.

For garden party dresses, plain white serge petticoats with treble box-plaits to the knees, and then either blue and white or red and white tunics above, drawn short in front, and falling straight, undraped and long, at the back, are stylish and new. The bodice would be white, of the habit form, with a waistcoat of the striped serge.

White serge ulsters, lined with a colour, are a fashionable wrap for leaving garden parties, after tennis or archery. Dark blue serge ulsters piped with white are more useful, but are principally worn for yachting and sea-work.

Light blue and light pink serges with braided bodices, tunics, and short skirts are most pretty dresses.

Silk and wool embroidery shows off to advantage on this material, and some of the best kind now in keeping with the fashion are solidly embroidered leaves of raw golden-brown silk, or they may be red or blue. The natural-toned crewel embroidery, the barberry, Virginia creeper, and other flowers and leaves which have been the pride of industrious fingers are out of date.

Serge among its other merits is lighter than almost any other woollen material, and looks better at the

end of a long cruise or many months' travelling than any other fabric.

In Devonshire serges there are some stout grey, brown, and fancy mixtures most admirably suited for gentlemen's wear. They are the proper width for trousers and coat-cutting, and look more like cloth than serge; and the heavy navy serges, too, from the West make good suits for boys and men.

A word as to the restoration of colour in black serges: there is nothing that does this so effectually as Panama wood, boiled, and the material sponged with the liquid. If it is only a little dusty and shabby, and not rusty, bran-water is effectual, but be careful to well strain it. After this treatment it should be rolled in a cloth, and then ironed.

Navy serge suits for boys are about as durable as any garment in which an active healthy lad can be clothed. They are suitable from about five to nine years, and are often reproductions in miniature of the garments worn by sailors on board men-of-war, and consist of a white under-vest, which buttons at the back, blue over-shirt with deep square collar, a black satin handkerchief beneath, tied ready to be put on, and blue trousers. The sleeves are set in wristbands, and a badge with good conduct stripes is embroidered on the left arm, and the hat has the name of a ship. Of course there is a knife and lanyard, or the young sailor would not be satisfied. Knickerbocker suits with waistcoat, jacket, and loose trousers are as often as not made of serge. Very little boys at evening parties appear in Princesse frocks of white serge, with front breadths of watered silk of some bright tone.

The so-called fishwife serge costumes for little girls run their brothers very closely. The skirts are made short, and have eight rows of narrow braid in two sets of four, a laveuse tunic trimmed to match, and a belt with rows of braid. A full sailor bodice with sailor collar is cut open in front, showing a jersey beneath, and is embroidered on the arm with the wearer's monogram and cipher; they are quaint, stylish, and pretty suits. Gold buttons seem a necessary accompaniment to them. These sailor blouses are cut in six pieces—front, back, collar, cuffs, and sleeves. The fishwife tunic is almost certain to remain in fashion for such dresses for years to come.

A word as to braids. Grecian and Circassian are most lasting, but the width of Russian braid has established itself as the right thing, or a coarsely plaited half-inch braid. Among other varieties of serge which hail from Wales is the Barawr, which shows such a long gamut of fashionable shades; it is a fair rival to the far-famed Chuddah cloth. Windsor Castle and Terry Royal serges originate in the Principality, and have great merits.

Cashmere serge is the finest make, and white serge dyes so well, that in selecting it you may almost count upon securing two costumes—a white for the time being, and a dark-coloured one in the future. If you want a cool and comfortable habit to wear in a hot climate, select a thin serge, which will be nearly as light as brown holland. Do not choose black, but grey or dust-colour; and, of course, do not have it lined, except in the bodice.

Artistic dresses find more and more favour as years roll on, and I will tell you of a few I have seen in serge. For example, a dark blue serge made up with yellow; the petticoat cut in points round the edge, each point turned up with yellow; the tunic draped across the front, one side over the other; the bodice with a full stomacher, laced across with yellow cord, and yellow introduced in the slashings of the sleeves. A brown serge, the skirt quite plain, but very full, and gathered to the waist with some seven or eight runnings, one below another; puffed sleeves, scarf tunic;

the sleeve slashings, collar at throat, and cuffs all of brilliant red serge.

A light blue serge might be made *en sacque*, the full plain skirt set into small plaits at the waist, the bodice square-cut and full, having modified gigot sleeves, and just a touch of orange in the shape of a flower or ribbon. Olive or pale blue would also blend well with it.

There is, however, one other use to which serge may be turned which I must not pass by, and that is, bathing dresses. People who are expert swimmers may prefer bunting, but for comfortable wear in the water serge has no equal. The best way of making is as shirt and drawers all cut in one, with a distinct short skirt to be buttoned round the waist if preferred. They should be low at the throat, the sleeve terminating above the elbow. Sailor collars are often added, but, for my own part, I consider this is a mistake, for if the collar is at all large it starts away from the dress, and is a mere water-trap; but it has been the fashion to embroider the monogram on one corner of the sailor collar. Broad white braid, or sometimes red braid, is used for trimming, and where there is no sailor collar the monogram is worked on the sleeves in white or red worsted. White serge, trimmed with blue, is also occasionally used; and if any of you are going to bathe in foreign watering-places, let me recommend you to a cloak of serge, for it often happens you have to walk long distances in your bathing dress. For young children, trousers of navy blue serge and shirts of white serge are often made for bathing.

Babies' caped cloaks and out-door frocks are made as much in fancy serge as in any other material, and trimmed with fur or braiding. Some pretty specimens I have seen were bordered with a fabric known as Russian bear, an excellent woolly imitation of fur.

There is nothing prettier, cleaner, or more economical than white serge for pelisses. Bands of red or blue velvet form good trimmings, or rows of watered ribbon. The skirt should be longer than the frock; the bodice is box-plaited and piped, and finished off with collar and cuffs; the cape is lined. A soft baby bonnet or hood may be made to match of the same material. Happily now, however, whatever the shape may be, there are always plaited lace caps with loops of narrow satin ribbon, and nothing is so soft and becoming to the little face.

The first of our illustrations shows a dark blue serge jacket braided in front in the fashionable brandebourg style; such trimmings being sold ready made, and only requiring stitching in place.

The engraving with the two figures shows a white, or rather cream serge costume, likewise braided, and a dark green serge with a satin merveilleux plastron.

In the single standing figure shown below the costume is prune serge with black braid and gilt buttons; the muff and hat correspond in colour. The former is lined with satin, and so is the brim of the hat.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found on page* 56. *The Editor's duty will be to act as "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

CAN FICTION BE MADE A POWER FOR GOOD?

(*Debate concluded.*)

G. S. SELBY :—I dare venture to assert from observation that fifty per cent. of the readers of our land have had the germ of a taste for *good* reading first implanted by the reading of works of fiction. Dr. Adam Clarke, the commentator, had his interest aroused and his attention first turned to the study of Eastern matters by the perusal of the "Arabian Nights." Jules Michelet, the French historian, like many another lad, had his youthful imagination fired by the reading of "Robinson Crusoe." And who, Sir, amongst the members of the Family Parliament has not to thank the perusal of some work of fiction at an "impressionable age" for many a pure and noble resolve, the benefits of which were felt in after-years?

The insidious query of Opponent as to whether people are not as liable to choose the bad as the good may, with equal justice, be asked of any book in creation.

H. G. L. (Abingdon) :—The Opponent in his remarks denies that fiction, with its evil and good, can be made a power for good. I think it can. It is, I know, difficult to draw the line between harmful fiction and that which is pure and healthy in tone, but in all things bad and good are mixed, and novels as a class should not be condemned because they are in keeping with this rule. It is useless to try to bolster up the morals of our youth by the exclusion, for instance, of such a widespread and, it might be said, subtle influence as that of fiction, which portrays, and itself is made up of, good and bad, pure and evil. Let youth see both, and in nine cases out of ten the good—speaking strictly of that found in books—will be most powerful, and will leave its mark on the character. All who have the power to do so should strive to make fiction, whilst not less interesting, still worthier of the place it occupies in nineteenth-century literature; and, if this is conscientiously aimed at, then it can be a vast influence for good. Finally, Sir, let no honourable member of the Family Parliament veto fiction before reading "John Halifax, Gentleman."

W. J. RITCHIE :—Works of fiction can be made a power for good by acting as an antidote to the theatre, the gaming-house, the dram-shop, and the allurements of evil companions; and the love of retirement acquired by reading works of fiction has been the means of making many a man reflective, and a useful member of society, whose influence would otherwise have been baneful.

M. E. RANGDALE :—I am rather young, but would like to say a few words on this subject. For some time it has been one of great interest to me, having observed the difference between my friends, those who read fiction and those who do not. The former take little, if any, interest in any pursuit; they are absorbed for a few hours in a novel, the rest of the day is spent in dreamy idleness. They have a craving for some excitement, and their present life to them seems a mistake. Sir, to me fiction seems something the same as intemperance. People get a liking for it, and they go on from a little reading to more, until it is with difficulty they lay down their books, no matter how important the duty is that calls them away—unkind and hasty words are too often spoken. Poison is good in some cases, deadens pain, so fiction deadens the good and noble traits in a man's character.

✶ CATHERINE D. LOGAN :—On first glancing at the above title, I thought there could be few who would venture to deny that fiction has been, and is, a mighty power of good; but after a careful search for actual results hitherto obtained by *individuals*, I must confess they are few. Nevertheless, I still hold that it could be made a great means of good amongst all classes of readers.

The question is a difficult one, for no one can determine how much of the story he has been reading is "make-up," nor which of its characters are fictitious. For my own part, were I able to write a good story, a considerable part of the plot, and certainly most of the personages figuring in it, would be taken from life, and would likely be the people with whom I in my small groove had come in contact. My novel would be classed under the head of "fiction," yet little of it might have been due to imagination, and very much might have been simply the narrative of real lives and actual events somewhat coloured. We know how the story of some *actual* wrong inflicted—some *real* hardship endured—some noble life spent—fires us with indignation, moves us to pity and sympathy, or inspires us with a great ambition to make *our* lives pure, true, and brave, and why should not fiction do the same? It seems to me to rest very much with the readers themselves as to whether what they read is working in and through them for good. I am convinced that, as a rule, the lives that are ruined through the reading of fiction are those whose principles are weak or bad, and whose characters are ill-regulated and uncontrolled. One person may read a book and be none the worse, ay, and will even gain strength, courage, faith, or any other virtue from the reading, whilst another reading the same work may be affected in the contrary way.

While, doubtless, much rests with the reader, still fiction might be made a very much mightier power for good, if authors would write with a distinct aim in view beyond the mere fame and gold they hope to get. There are plenty of evils to be redressed in all classes of society, and writers have the greatest chance of making them known, which is one step towards the remedy.

It is a broad question, but if the greatest Teacher the world has ever known—He who came to work the good of all men—did not disdain the use of metaphors, but adapted His teaching to the capabilities of His scholars, we shall, I think, be quite safe while we follow His example. He knew that few would care to listen to long discourses, so He took a better way, He told them many things in parables, because He had much to say to them, and because He knew that the nearest way to the hearts of men was then—as, indeed, it is now—to tell them stories of their own times and countrymen.

Do not think me irreverent if I say that all the parables given by the Great Master are but a sort of fiction. Yet what Christian ever would dare to question the good they have worked? Who would ever try to calculate the number of lost ones found by hearing or reading the simple story of the Prodigal Son, who, when he came to himself, arose and went on his way home to his father, and who, when yet a long way off, saw that father seeking him, and ready to welcome his sinning son home again?

Therefore, I maintain that fiction can be made a very great power for good, if each of its writers would only write when he has something to say, some lesson—be it great or small—to teach, or some grievance or wrong to be redressed,

✶ To this speech the Honorarium of One Guinea has been awarded by the Editor.

Should Early Closing be made Compulsory?

(*Debate resumed.*)

James F. Millar (Liverpool):—Mr. Speaker,—The proposal to close shops by legislation seems to me the only feasible method of righting a great wrong, nor are there such inherent difficulties in the way as to preclude the passing of a satisfactory enactment. It is true that combined action on the part of employers would obviate the necessity for State interference; but, Sir, experience has shown that the attainment of such a combination is chimerical in the highest degree. Whilst the great bulk of employers are right-minded in this matter, and are willing to concede earlier hours, there is a contemptible minority which, influenced by greed of gain, refuses to implement agreements for closing to which it has become a party. The men composing this minority are men whose god is money, wealth their creed, and honest poverty their hell—men who seek to increase their gains by dishonestly entrapping their trade opponents into earlier closing, that they may pick up the crumbs of traffic which may fall in their way when others are closed. All legislation of a restrictive character is levelled at a minority such as this. The majority of the nation does not require the intervention of the Legislature otherwise than to protect it against the encroachments of the minority.

The only objections urged against legislation are the inconvenience which the lower classes would suffer from earlier closing, and that restrictive law is an interference with the liberty of the subject. That the lower classes do shop late I admit, but such late shopping arises not from necessity but from habit. When the lower classes had themselves late hours of labour there was some justification for their late shopping; but now that the short-time movement has reached every grade of the community save the shop-keepers, it is unjust that shop-keeping should longer be permitted to suffer from what is at the best but the thoughtlessness of the people. Is it right, Sir, that men, women, and young persons should suffer the pangs of exhaustion and disease, and be hurried to an early tomb, because of the indolence and carelessness of their more favoured fellow-citizens? To prevent the ravages of small-pox, we insist on compulsory vaccination; to reduce the danger of pestilence, we order the isolation of the infected; and shall we permit social murder to stalk in our midst because, forsooth, late shoppers persist in a bad habit?

That legislation to regulate the hours of labour in shops is an interference with the liberty of the subject is undeniable; but, Sir, it is an interference with the liberty to do wrong, and for this very purpose it was that law was instituted. I ask, Sir, if there is a single law in our Statute Book which does not interfere with the liberty of the subject. I know of none. Magna Charta itself, the palladium of our political rights, became so because it forbade oppression and injustice. In our journey through life law steps in at every point to direct our way. Law demands to know when we are born and who and what our parents are. It will not permit our marriage until informed of our intention to wed, nor afford us the rites of sepulture until made acquainted with the fact of our death. It punishes us if we kindle our fires without seeing that our chimneys have been cleaned; it supervises the meat with which we satisfy our hunger, and the drink with which we quench our thirst; it controls our conduct in the streets and at our homes; and surely, therefore, we do not ask too much when we require that it shall regulate our hours of employment so as to conserve health and energy, and supply fitting leisure for study and recreation to those who must become the progenitors of the future generation. Factory legislation uplifted the operatives from physical and social degeneracy; therefore we are warranted in concluding that legislation for shop-keepers and their assistants will be productive of similar good results.

J. A. Stacey (Secretary of the Early Closing Association):—Mr. Speaker,—The gentleman who has introduced this motion is entitled to our warmest thanks for the clear and temperate manner in which he has placed the question before us. While recognising this commendable feature of his speech, I fail, however, to gather from his statement that the cause so many of us have at heart would be benefited by recourse to the powers of law. I notice that many persons who share the opinions of the honourable gentleman, like himself, avoid stating the direction in which legislation should apply to the closing of shops. It is true that a bill emanating from Liverpool found its way into the hands of Earl Stanhope, and by that noble lord was brought under the notice of his fellow-peers; but it can hardly be pretended that this was a serious attempt to deal with the question. The attention attracted to it may be measured by the fact of the bill being withdrawn after a debate of thirty-five minutes.

What does legislation for shop-assistants, if it is to confer upon them any real benefit, mean? It means nothing less than a universal compulsory cessation of shop labour at a given hour. It will not do to say the shop shall be closed; *work behind the shutters must cease.* An extension of the Factory Acts will no more put an end to late closing than it will abolish intemperance. There are few shop-keepers in London who are absolutely dependent on female labour. In a factory such labour is indispensable to profit; in a shop, so great is the surplus of male labour just over the statutory age, that it can be had as cheaply and utilised as profitably as female labour. No hard and fast law which included even adult male labour, supposing it could be carried, would put an end to late closing. It would add vastly to the number of tradesmen who do not employ labour. Already in the late-closing districts these tradesmen form a very large percentage, and compete almost on equal terms with the employer of labour. It would be difficult to conceive that an Act limiting the hours in certain trades would effect its purpose. In these days of complex trading, who is to define where one trade ends and another begins? Any Act, to have a chance of life, must have a considerable support amongst shop-keepers. Their voting power vastly outweighs that of factory owners. The only proposal at present favoured by those of them who tolerate the idea of legislation is in favour of putting all shops, irrespective of trade and labour, on the same footing. Let the Opener of this debate reflect on what this means, and then tell us if he thinks a British Parliament will pass such a measure. The proposed extension of the Factory Acts has been condemned by the Royal Commission of 1876. The proposal last mentioned has been spoken of by a high authority as not likely to be introduced "till the curfew and its obligations are reinstated."

The Opener has greatly underrated the reforms effected by the voluntary system, as represented by the Early Closing Association. By the Association's efforts, as recently stated in the *Times*, forty to fifty per cent. of shop-assistants are well off in regard to their hours of labour.

Further speeches, supporting Opener's view that Early Closing *should* be made Compulsory, received from—George B. Burgin, A. W. Saturley, No. 2, Walter Haddon, Arthur C. Langham, E. Oppenheim, E. J. Green, F. W. Brewer, E. T. Beard, J. Taylor, N. H. Boyns, A. H. Smith, A. E. G., James Whyte, S. Porte, A Subscriber, R.N., A. H. Franklin, William Simpson, F. Dolman, A. Dullman, E. Penny, K., "Mr. Wylie," F. S., J. C., O. Jones, F. T. Hoskins, J. S. Devine, W. Speakman, A. W. Ayers, R. B. Guider, S. H. Davies, A. Lemay, M. S. Parkinson, R. Bransby, and others.

Further speeches, supporting Opponent's argument that Early Closing should *not* be made Compulsory, received from—A. A. A., T. Burdett, Arthur Denton, Robert Arundel, M. M. Campbell, H. E., Benedict, George Holmes, W. King, H. A. Highley, J. S. Clarke, J. H. E., John M'Ewan, Post Tenebras Lux, M. R., and others.

The Honorarium of One Guinea is divided between Charles H. Boyce, 96, Stocks Road, Southwark Park, London, S.E., and John Carson, College House, Southgate, N., whose speeches will be given in a future number.

CLOTH FROM NETTLES.

THOUGH not in these days generally cultivated, at least in Europe, the despised nettle was at one time, and that for several centuries, held in high honour and esteem throughout the world. In an old medical book of the fifteenth century, many pages are devoted to a description of its healing virtues. During the Irish famine, it is said that hundreds of poor people subsisted entirely upon it; while in Russia, Sweden, and Holland, it is still mown several times a year as fodder for the cows, whose milk it is found greatly to improve both in quality and quantity, though they will not touch it in its green state. In Kamschatka the fibres have long been used for fishing-lines; in France they have been made into paper; in Hindustan and China, woven into so-called "grass-cloth;" and in Scotland and some parts of England the stalks have been dressed, spun, and woven into linen as good as that made from flax; while the old German name for muslin, "nettle-cloth," shows that it must have been at one time extensively used for weaving purposes on the Continent.

The change in the estimation in which the nettle was held began when cotton was introduced from America, now a century or more ago; and in a few years the home-grown plant was entirely superseded by the foreigner, and sank into the state of utter neglect and oblivion in which it has remained till within the last few years, when efforts have been made in Germany to draw attention once more to its capabilities and good qualities. After the Exhibition in Philadelphia, when it became evident to the German manufacturers that they must bestir themselves in real earnest if they hoped to compete successfully with their neighbours in the future, Professor Reuleaux, their representative in America, seriously advised them to turn their attention to their own native industrial products, with a view to becoming less dependent on foreign countries. He reminded them amongst other things of the stinging-nettle, and then people suddenly remembered that it had once been as highly esteemed as flax and hemp, and scientific men began to talk and write about the proper methods of cultivating it. For the most part, however, it was the foreign species which found favour in their eyes, and above all the snow-white, stingless Chinese nettle, which yields a glossy fibre, like the finest silk or spun-glass.

An enterprising lady, however, Madame Roeszler-Lade, had already determined to try what could be done with the common stinging-nettle, the

Urtica dioica, and made her first experiment on her own estates in 1873. It failed, simply and solely, as it would appear, because the peasants could not be induced to do as they were told, and were absolutely contemptuous when directed to treat the nettle-stalks as they did their hemp. But now, when Professor Reuleaux came forward as the champion of the native nettle, Madame Roeszler-Lade applied to him for advice, and then planted her nettles on a piece of poor, rocky ground, having but a thin layer of soil; and this time she succeeded so well that, at an agricultural exhibition held in the autumn of 1877, she was able to exhibit specimens of nettle-fibre in all stages of preparation, ending with the spun yarn. This was a triumph, and the unbelievers who had turned up their noses in derision were now convinced, and hundreds determined to begin growing nettles without delay, and this not only in Germany, but in Switzerland, Belgium, Hungary, Poland, Sweden, Austria, and North America.

Two years later the first German "China-grass" manufactory was established by Herr F. C. Seidel in Dresden, and after many failures and much expense he has succeeded in spinning the nettle-fibre in a manner which is perfectly satisfactory. He uses the common nettle, but prefers the Chinese nettle as yielding, at present, a better-looking and much stronger fibre. This plant, called Tchou Ma by the Chinese, and formerly *Urtica nivea*, now *Boehmeria nivea*, by the botanists, yields three crops in the year, and was strongly recommended to the Directors of the East India Company by Dr. Roxburgh, early in the present century, as possessing a fibre stronger than that of the best Russian hemp, and better adapted than the best European materials for the making of Brussels lace. Herr Seidel imports it from China in considerable quantities, but the expense of freight prevents the grass-cloth from competing on equal terms with other fabrics. This drawback will, it is hoped, soon be removed by the acclimatisation of the Chinese nettle, which might, there is no doubt, be improved like other plants by cultivation.

In Herr Seidel's manufactory different varieties of the nettle are used, the stalks being first steamed or soaked, according to their quality, to free them from the glutinous matter which holds the fibres together; after which they are treated with chlorides and sulphurous vapours, which render the fibre snowy white and impart to it a beautiful silky gloss. By this treatment, also, the finest possible division of the fibre is attained, which is a matter of the first importance to the spinner and weaver. So fine is the finest thread obtained (it is called in the trade No. 100) that 100,000 mètres of it (rather more than *sixty miles*) weigh only $2\frac{1}{3}$ lbs.

After these preparatory processes, the spinning begins, and the matter of chief importance is to see that the fibre is left as far as may be in its natural length without being broken. The raw material has to pass through no fewer than twelve different apparatuses and machines before it is ready for weaving.

The extremely adaptable character of the nettle fibre is well known, there being no branch of textile industry in which it might not be used with the most satisfactory results. From the ship's rope and the fishing-net, up to the most delicate pillow-lace, there is nothing in the whole long series of fabrics in which the fibre may not be used with advantage. Its strength has been sufficiently proved in the English arsenals; and, among its other valuable qualities, it possesses that of readily taking any dye that may be desired, whether of the most delicate or the most brilliant tint; so that, since the difficulty of spinning has been overcome, the future of this newly-revived industry ought to be assured.

The growing of nettles might, it seems, be profitably undertaken by many a small farmer, or even by those who own but a field or garden; for the crop never fails, no weather seems to affect it, it requires planting only once every ten or fifteen years, the labour of cultivation is small; and, since it requires but three or four inches of earth, many a piece of unprofitable waste ground, even old quarries and gravel-pits, might be made fit for nettle-growing at very small expense.

The large common stinging-nettle, *Urtica dioica*. is the only native variety suitable for weaving purposes; and of this, that having a green stem yields the softer and finer fibre. As soon as it makes its first appearance in the spring in its wild state, the roots should be dug up and divided into pieces having four or five shoots each, which should be planted in furrows six inches deep, and carefully pressed or trodden in and watered.

Present experience shows that the crop should be cut shortly before the seed ripens, that is to say, at the end of August or beginning of September, when the plant has done growing and the fibre has attained its maximum of strength. It is best cut with the scythe, and may soon afterwards be touched without any danger, as it ceases to sting as it begins to wither.

Seeds of the Chinese nettle may be obtained of Herr Seidel, Lärchen Strasse, Dresden; but, though fine plants have been grown in Germany, its cultivation is much more troublesome than that of the common nettle, and there has not yet been time to tell by experiment what soil and treatment are best suited to it.

The difficulty of disposing of the nettle-crop has hitherto no doubt deterred many people, at least in Germany, from devoting their attention to it; but matters are much improved in this respect, the industry is flourishing, and the demand for nettle-yarn is rapidly on the increase.

The German nettle may, then, fairly be said to have entered the lists against the American cotton-plant; and some people are sanguine enough to hope that, before long, some of the gold which annually flows out of the Fatherland may remain at home and help to relieve the necessities of the hardly-pressed agriculturist.

SELINA GAYE.

THOUGHT-READING AS AN AMUSEMENT.

BY F. CORDER.

THE statement that this extraordinary power is attainable to some degree by almost every individual will probably be received with surprise and incredulity, yet such is the fact. Incomprehensible as this mysterious phenomenon is, it is so easily produced that it is singular that it has only so recently attracted notice. The marvels of mesmerism and clairvoyance (which seem to be in some sort related to this) are best left in the hands of scientific and duly qualified men, being dangerous things for the ignorant to meddle with; but thought-reading is a simple matter which can hurt no one, but may afford to many some hours of interesting and novel recreation. It is as a novel amusement for social evenings that we here intend to describe some of its simpler phenomena.

First, to enlighten such of our readers as have never seen any thought-reading, or heard it described, we will give an example. Two persons are *equally* concerned in the result; one of these fixes his mind wholly and absorbingly upon some object, say, which he either sees actually, or in his mind's eye. The success of the experiment depends much upon the Thinker's power—a power sometimes to be acquired, and enormously to be developed by practice—of concentrating his mind upon the *one* idea.

The other person—the Reader—who has his eyes usually bandaged, so that no external objects may distract his attention, grasps the Thinker's hands (the two sitting face to face, and as closely as possible), and holds his own mind as blank as possible. If he have any gift of receptivity he will soon, sometimes instantly, see in his mind's eye the form of the object, more or less vaguely, and then perhaps all its details. The appearance of an object, written words, figures, colours, may all be discerned with marvellous accuracy after a little practice, the chief condition being that two people who by experiment find that they suit one another well, should develop their powers by practice, and not try much with others.

But now to clear the ground by some very simple preliminary experiments, which conclusively prove that one mind may affect another by the simple exercise of the will. Let one person, as subject, stand passively, with closed eyes and relaxed ancle-muscles, ready to fall in any direction. Let two others stand, one before and the other behind the subject, with outstretched arms, and rest the palms of their hands as lightly as possible against his sides, neither supporting nor pressing him. Now, if these two firmly and simultaneously *will* the subject to fall in a certain direction when he lets himself go, ten to one he will fall as they wish. The direction is best determined by a fourth person, who should stand in such a position as to be invisible to the subject, even if his eyes were open, and should indicate "forwards," "backwards," "right," or "left" by a silent gesture. Of course the sceptic will say that the subject is unconsciously pressed over on that side. Well, then let the sceptic try.

The second experiment is of the same nature, but brings us nearer to thought-reading proper. The subject is blindfolded and taken out of the room. The rest of the company then decide upon some act for him to perform—to touch or move a certain article of furniture, or the like. Two steady-minded persons then fetch him in, and place each a hand on his shoulder, taking care neither to impede nor direct his movements. They keep their minds firmly fixed on wishing him to perform the appointed act. The success of the experiment will then be more or less complete according as those concerned are fitted for the business of Reading or Thinking. These two experiments form a fund of amusement for a family party which is not too juvenile or noisy; for we cannot too strongly impress upon would-be experimentalists that all matters of this kind require to be undertaken in a sober and unexcited frame of mind, levity and laughter being fatal to success.

In early experiments in actual thought-reading, the Thinker, who will probably find unexpected difficulty in concentrating his mind on one thing, had better think of actual and simple objects, placing them on a small table close to him, so that he sees nothing else. The Reader, too, will find a difficulty in allowing his mind to become blank at will, and may scarcely be able to refrain from guessing, or wondering, what the object may be. The slightest exercise of the brain in this way is probably fatal to success. A sheet of bright-coloured paper is said to be the easiest thing to guess, and a row of figures the most difficult, though our own experience does not quite corroborate this. When a good Reader and Thinker have been found, many astounding experiments may be successfully undertaken, a few of which we will here enumerate.

1. Completely unknown objects may be described, written words and even sentences discerned, the position of a hidden article indicated, or any desired act performed by the experienced Reader.

2. Some person may pinch or otherwise hurt the Thinker in any part, and the Reader will experience a feeling of pain in a corresponding place.

3. Any flavour, however delicate or peculiar, tasted by the Thinker can be detected by the Reader.

4. The preceding experiments, as well as many others, are rendered far more marvellous when accomplished *without contact.* In fact, after a little practice a good Reader can succeed equally well when the Thinker is at a distance of some yards.

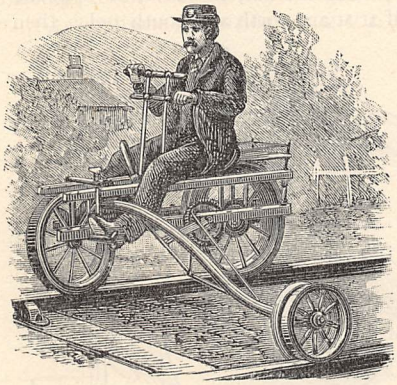
We must here particularly impress upon our readers one thing. *Thought-reading* is a misnomer. *Mental picture-reading* is the real name for this power. When, for instance, the Thinker has fixed upon a word or a number he must not keep the mere *idea* of it in his head, or repeat it perpetually to himself, he must *see* it in his mind's eye, as if written up in chalk letters, for it is only by the faculty of *inner sight*—if there is such a thing—that the Reader reads. Thought-reading is very fatiguing to both parties concerned, but especially to the Reader, who should beware of too long-continued exercise of his powers. We have spoken of both in the masculine gender for convenience, but according to our own experience, men make the best Thinkers and women the best Readers. This may not be an universal rule however.

There remains but one thing more to say. Every one who sees these phenomena will ask—does ask—"What explanation do you—does science—offer for these marvels?" The answer is very simple, and may be given in one word—None.

THE GATHERER.

A Railway Velocipede.

The accompanying woodcut illustrates a velocipede designed to transport the *employés* of a railway company along the lines. It is now used on most of the railways round Lake Michigan. The machine is propelled by the rider working the hand-lever, as shown; but the feet can also be called into play in order to insure great speed. As the friction on the rails is very slight, the driver can readily attain a speed of twelve miles an hour; and if a train should be seen approaching, he can dismount very quickly and cant it off the rails.



Cable Tramways.

In Chicago tramcars are now drawn by cables instead of horses, and with an advantage in cheapness and speed in going uphill. The cable which draws the carriages passes in a tube under the roadway to drums at both ends of the course, driven by stationary engines, and the winding and unwinding of the cable draws the carriage along. It is intended to introduce the plan at Highgate Hill, London, and if successful there we may expect to see it adopted at other places in this country. Experiments of a similar kind have recently been made on the canal from Liège to Antwerp, in which the boats were hauled by an endless cable of Bessemer steel, supported on pulleys along the banks, and kept in continuous motion by stationary engines. The length of the cable was five miles, and the whole canal can be divided into five-mile lengths worked on this plan. The engines act on the cable through a clip-pulley, and the boats are connected to it by cheek-nippers which slip past the supporting pulleys without releasing their hold of the cable.

Steel from the Ore.

By the new process of Mr. Bull, iron and steel can be produced in the blast furnace direct from the ore. No solid carbon is employed to reduce the ore, and nothing but iron ore and flux is put into the blast furnace. The fuel is gas delivered in a hot state, and hot air is blown in to burn about ten per cent. of the gas and keep the slag fluid. The gases rise through the ore and flux in the form of carbonic oxide, hydrogen, and nitrogen, while the ore is being fused, reduced, and carbonised into steel. By the "Bull process," the mildest sorts of ingot iron and steel, suitable for rails, tools, and cutlery, can be produced from inferior ores direct and tapped from the blast furnace, like the ordinary pig-iron in the old process.

A New Power Meter.

Mr. C. V. Boys has invented a very ingenious device for automatically recording the work done on the piston of an engine in any given time. In the ordinary meters of this kind the work is recorded on an "indicator diagram," whose area measures the amount of work done, but to obtain these it is necessary to multiply the motion of the piston, and this introduces error. In the new apparatus there is no such multiplication of motion. It consists of a piston controlled by a spring,

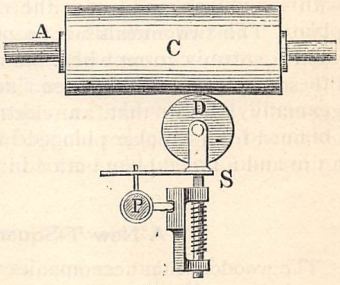


FIG. 1.

whose displacement is a measure of the steam-pressure of the cylinder at every moment, and this is caused to turn a light and delicate disc, D, Fig. 1, on a swivel axis, more or less, according to the movement of the piston. The disc or wheel runs along the surface of a barrel or cylinder, C, and when it moves parallel to the axis this cylinder does not move; but when the disc is turned however slightly by the spring piston, the barrel moves round the axle, A, on which it is mounted. The more the disc is turned the more the barrel rotates, and as the displacement of the disc is a measure of the steam pressure, the number of turns made by the barrel is a measure of the work done. A dial is added to indicate these turns of the barrel, and they may also be recorded on paper. The action on the disc is effected by the piston-rod, P, carrying two pins, one of which enters a slot as a guide, and the other gives inclination to the swivel frame, S, and thus to the disc, D. This disc is kept by means of the spring, S, in contact with the integrating cylinder, C. Fig. 2 is an engraving of the meter as actually made.

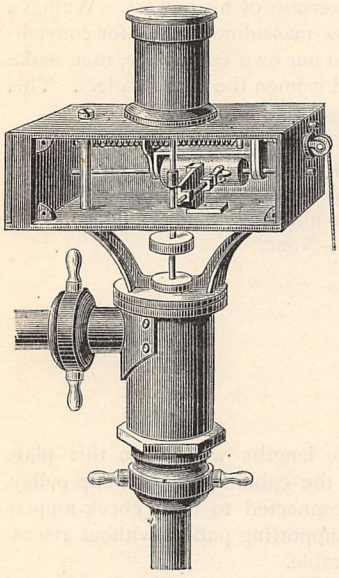


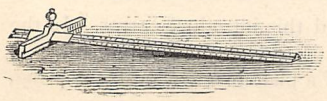
FIG. 2.

A Fire Battery.

Dr. Brard, whose electro-generative fuel we have already noticed in the GATHERER, has devised another heat battery which is worthy of attention. He takes a metal dish and puts some fused nitrate of potash into it. He then covers the bottom of the dish with asbestos cloth, which he afterwards coats with lampblack, and under the cloth places a metal plate. The two metals act as poles of the cell, and yield a steady current when the whole is placed over the smoky part of a Bunsen flame. It may not be generally known that an electric current can be obtained from a poker plunged into the upper part of a fire and a metal plate buried in the lower part.

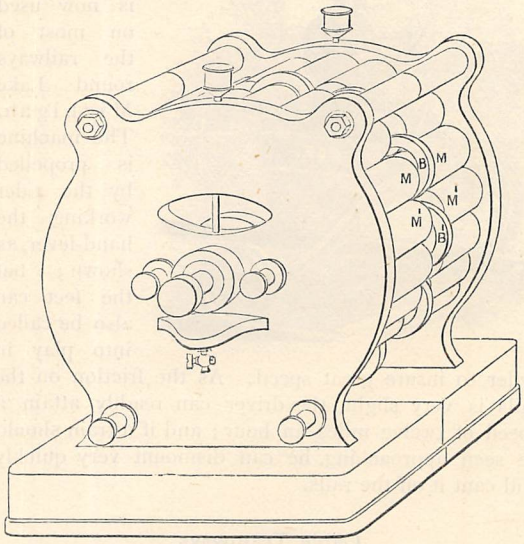
A New T-Square.

The woodcut that accompanies this note represents a novel modification of the T-square, whereby its usefulness is largely extended. The shaft, as will be seen, is triangular, the sides being equal and each impressed with a different scale of measurement. The head of the square is pierced with an equilateral opening, to admit of the entrance or withdrawal of the shaft, which is held in position by means of the binding screw fitted at the back of the stock. The under portion of the head is cut away in order to allow of the square being accurately adjusted to the surface upon which it is to be applied, thus keeping it both level and upright. The scales on the different sides may be brought into use by withdrawing the shaft from the stock, and then screwing it up again with the particular scale required. In this way the draughtsman may set his points directly from the square without employing his dividers.



The Ferranti Dynamo.

A new dynamo-electric machine of more than usual power, considering its size, has been brought out under the above name. It consists of two sets of electro-magnets, M M, M′ M′, arranged in rings, and presenting opposite poles to each other. Alternate magnets of each set are, however, of opposite polarity: thus, if M M are north and south poles, then

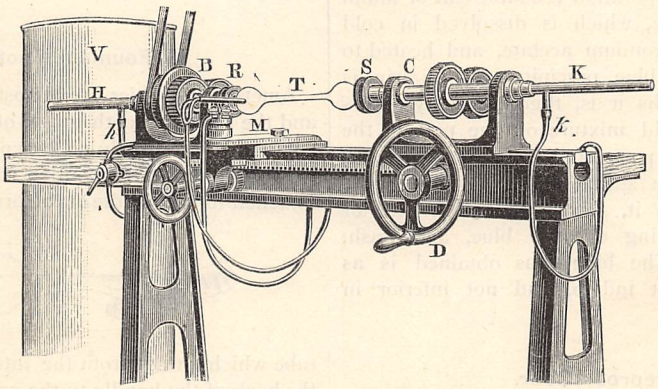


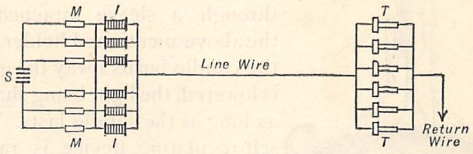
M′ M′ are south and north poles respectively. The poles are brought very close together, and, in the magnetic space between them, a ring or circle of copper coils, B B′, is passed at a high velocity. These copper coils are the special feature of the Ferranti machine: each is composed of a ribbon of copper about three-quarters of an inch wide, varnished to insulate it, and simply rolled up on itself in a coil, as ribbon is usually wound. They are mounted on an axle passing through the heart of the machine, and so connected together that the currents excited in them all unite into one. By reason of the alternating poles of the magnets, the current changes rapidly from positive to negative, negative to positive, and so on; hence it cannot be used to charge an "accumulator," or to excite the magnets of the machine. These

require to be excited by a separate small machine giving a continuous current in the same direction. A small Siemens machine, weighing 2 cwt., is at present used by Mr. Ferranti for this purpose. The Ferranti dynamo stands 25 inches high, and measures 24 × 22 inches. Yet this small machine, which only weighs 11¾ cwt., will feed 300 Swan incandescent lamps at the nominal brightness of 20 candles each. Nominal luminosity is, however, usually higher than actual luminosity in displays of this kind, and the lighting power of incandescent lamps is generally taken on trust at present. The Ferranti machine, however, is an advance on foregoing dynamos for incandescence lighting on a medium scale. Whether it will prove as economical when made on a larger scale remains to be seen. The power absorbed for the 300 lamps was stated to be 27 horse-power, and this would give about 11 lamps to the horse-power. The usual allowance is only 10 lamps per horse-power utilised.

Glass-Blowing by Machinery.

The growing demand for glass bulbs, such as are used in making electric incandescence lamps, and the mercurial pumps employed to exhaust these lamps of air, has called into existence a very ingenious apparatus for shaping heated glass much more quickly and effectively than can be done by the hand and mouth of the ordinary skilled glass-blower. The new machine is the joint invention of Mr. F. Wright and Mr. M. W. W. Mackie, Electrical Engineers, and is likely to greatly reduce the price of incandescent lamps. It is so simple in its action, and does its work so well, that we are forced to wonder why a similar machine has not been invented before. The action will be understood from the illustration, where B and C are two headstocks, one of which, B, is fixed while the other is capable of being slid to and fro by a rack and pinion worked by a handle, D. Each headstock is fitted with tubular mandrils, which are revolved at the same speed by a belt from a motor. At the end of each headstock is fixed a tube, H and K, closed at their outer ends, but communicating freely with the tubular mandrils; and to each of the tubes, H and K, there is a communication by flexible tubes, *h* and *k*, to a reservoir of compressed air, each pipe being fitted with a valve and stopcock to control the supply of air. Between the two headstocks is mounted a blow-pipe on a slide, M, and this pipe is supplied with gas and air by flexible pipes, as shown. The blow-pipe is so mounted that the flame can be turned on the glass at any angle, and its temperature can be regulated by stopcocks controlling the supply of air and gas. Each of the mandrils is fitted with a chuck, R S, at its inner end, to grasp the glass tubes to be drawn. To work the machine a glass tube, T, is inserted into these clutches, and caused to revolve by starting the mandrils. The flame is then directed on it, and the heated part drawn out by moving the headstock, C, away from B. By admitting air under pressure into either or both of the pipes, H K, the tube can be blown out into a bulb of the desired size and shape. The air is supplied by a bellows feeding a reservoir, V, which keeps the pressure equable. Glass tubes or rods can in the same way be jointed together, ,and candlesticks or other simple objects turned out of glass as in a lathe. Small machines are, we believe, to be made for the use of chemists, and sold at a low price.





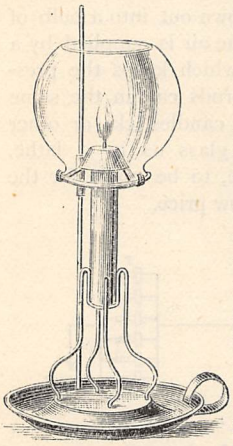
Telephoning Music.

A new method of transmitting the music of a band or opera to a large number of listeners by means of a single telegraph wire has been devised by Dr. James Moser, of the Compagnie Internationale des Téléphones, Paris, and was recently tried with great success between the Hippodrome and the Place Vendôme, Paris. The figure is a sketch of the electrical arrangement. Here, M M are a series of microphone transmitters, which are fitted up on the stage where the music is produced, and the current from a charged secondary battery or accumulator is sent through them, and also through the primary circuits of a series of induction coils, I I. The musical undulations in this current set up by the microphones induce corresponding undulations of a sharper kind in the secondary circuits of the coils, and these being connected to the line wire, the undulatory current traverses the line to the distant station, where a number of telephones are connected in the line circuit in the way shown. As many as a hundred persons, each having a separate telephone, can be listening to the same music transmitted over a single wire in this manner. Dr. Moser also claims that the "induction noises,"

so often heard in telephones to the confusion of the speech, are subdivided by this plan among the different telephones, and thus reduced in loudness.

A Globe-holding Candlestick.

The accompanying woodcut represents a simple and ingenious contrivance whereby a candle-flame may be protected by a globe. The candle is supported by four stout wires rising out of the stand, and the shade, or globe, rests upon a metal holder placed on the head of the candle, the wick projecting through a hole in the ring. Ring and globe are steadied by a rod (fastened to the stand) that passes upwards through a sleeve attached to the above-mentioned holder. As the candle burns away the globe is lowered, the light being shaded as long as the candle lasts. This self-regulating device is rather a novel and decidedly a useful feature. By using a candle the flame of which is protected in this way, the risk of accident from fire is greatly lessened.



Soluble Alizarin.

The beautiful alizarin blue has at last been obtained in a soluble condition. Until now it had to be employed in the form of a paste or an alcoholic solution; but Herren Brunck and Graebe, two German chemists, have reduced it to a soluble state, and it is now manufactured by the Badische Alizarin and Soda Fabrik. The new blue is made by mixing common anilin blue with 25 per cent. of a strong solution of sodium bisulphite of 1·25 specific gravity. From this is obtained by evaporation a double salt of anilin and sodium bisulphite, which is dissolved in cold water, mixed with chromium acetate, and heated to 140° Fahr., when a blue precipitate of alizarin is formed. To dye cloths it is, therefore, only necessary to prepare a cold mixture of one part of the anilin double salt, two parts of chromium acetate, and six to eight parts of a starch paste of 10 per cent., and dip the cloth in it, then steam it for ten or twenty minutes to bring out the blue, and wash, soap, and dry it. The blue thus obtained is as beautiful as the finest indigo, and not inferior in durability.

A Fireproof Door.

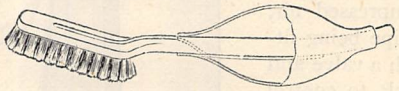
According to numerous experiments that have been made in America on the best kind of door to stop fires, the best yet tested is one of wood covered with tinned sheet-iron. The planks of the door should cross it at an angle of 45°, or at right angles, and there should be at the least two thicknesses of wood. The tinned iron is then put on, all the joints being soldered as in making tin roofs. Thus formed, the door should be supported by hangers moving on an inclined rail over the doorway, so that when free to move it will close by its own weight. On the jamb opposite the door when it is open should be a wooden casing covered on every side with tin, and into which the door will fit tightly when it closes by moving on its track, the inside of the casing being wedge-shaped. The casing on the opposite side should fit the door closely, so as to leave no cracks at the sides of the door. The door is kept open by a bolt on the inside of the door-jamb, the pressure of the door keeping the bolt in position. On the under side of the arch should be a wire having a joint or link in its centre, soldered with a metal fusible at 160° Fahr.; and above the bolt of the door should be a weight supported by a wire connected with the wire holding the fusible link. This weight moves in guides, and is wedge-shaped below. The threshold should be of brick or stone to resist fire, and high enough to keep out water in case the room is flooded. Doors and window-shutters of this pattern are reported to stand the test of fires which warp and destroy iron doors, while the automatic closing device shuts it even when the fire is in a house opposite. The device is recommended by the leading American insurance companies.

Preserving Honey.

Honey contains on an average about 1 per cent. of formic acid; and a German chemist, Herr Mylins, observing that crude honey keeps better than that which has been clarified, inferred this to be due to the presence of this acid in the crude sort. His conclusion was just, for on adding some formic acid to clarified honey he found the acid prevent fermentation without impairing the flavour.

A Fountain Tooth-Brush.

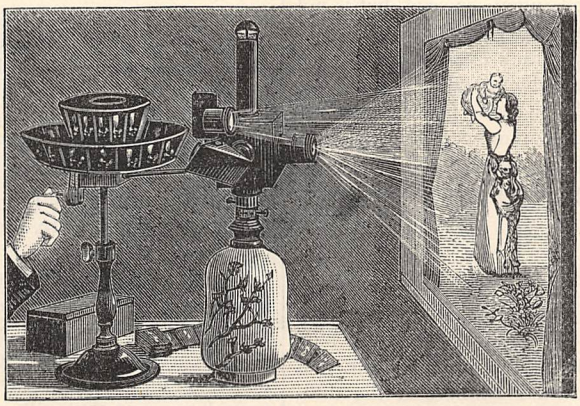
American novelties are almost proverbially ingenious and the fountain tooth-brush, of which we append an engraving, is certainly no exception to the rule. The chief feature of this invention consists of a rubber bulb attached to the handle of the brush, and a metal "feed"



tube which passes from the interior of the bulb along the back of the handle to the centre of the brush-head, where it enters an aperture for leading the water from the bulb to the bristles of the brush while in use. It need hardly be said that the bulb may be supplied with other liquids besides water.

A Projecting Praxinoscope.

The new praxinoscope, invented by M. Reynaud, for showing images to a large assembly, is illustrated in the engraving. In the praxinoscope a series of pictures, representing different attitudes of the figure, are painted on glass and set round in a circular frame, so that when the frame is rapidly rotated the images of the different pictures coalesce, and produce a semblance of animation in the figure. In the new praxinoscope, as shown, the postures or phases forming a subject are painted on glass plates connected in a continuous flexible ring. One of these flexible rings is placed in the open crown of the instrument. The background forms a separate picture, and the projection of the subject and background is effected by two separate object-glasses, the latter by the glass seen in front of the lantern, and the former by the glass seen at the side. The light of the lantern, after passing through a condensing lens, is reflected from a plane mirror through the painted glasses of the ring, and falls on a conical prism of mirrors within the ring, as shown. From this the rays are reflected through the object-glass and thrown upon the screen as a magnified image, as shown. The figure thus produced appears endowed with life, and is seen in the middle of the background. The beauty of M. Reynaud's apparatus is that it can be used with an ordinary moderator or other household lamp, and is thus adapted for drawing-room use.



Transmitting Power by Air.

A plan for distributing energy from a central station by means of air is about to be tried in Paris. There is a central station where the air is kept exhausted in a system of pipes radiating from the station to the houses of the district around. The main pipes are of iron, and the service pipes entering the houses are of lead. In the premises connected to the system are stationed Tatin "rarefied air-motors," which operate by means of exhausted air, and these drive the machinery as required. The experiment in Paris will extend over a circle of 600 mètres' radius from the central station. The Parisians have already enjoyed the unification of their time, a pneumatic system somewhat similar to this. We may add that a proposal to work the signals and point-levers of railways by means of compressed air has been put forward by Mr. Stroudley, an English engineer. His object is to relieve the overworked signalmen of the heavier part of their duties.

Self-acting Railway Signals.

The French railway company, the Chemin de Fer de Lyons, is at present testing the merits of a water-power apparatus for working the fixed and detonating signals of their line. It consists of two pedals placed beside the rails, and supported by solid springs on the top of two piston-rods, which work in cylinders containing glycerine and communicate with each other by halves. When a train passes it produces on these pedals at the side of the rails a swaying movement like that of a balance. When the last wheel of the train presses on the second pedal it drives the liquid into the other cylinder, and the piston in that is connected by a jointed rod with a disc or detonating signal which it operates. The detonating signals are supplied by a wheel, which carries sixty of them, and brings a fresh one forward after each discharge.

A New Spectrum Giver.

Professor Rowland, of Baltimore, a very promising American physicist, has devised an apparatus for giving more distinct and detailed spectra of the sun and other lights. His "concave diffraction gratings" are slabs of speculum metal, slightly concave, polished on the surface, and ruled in parallel lines very close together by a diamond graving point actuated by a special machine. These lines are so fine that as many as 42,000 of them have been engraved by Professor Rowland in the space of an inch; but many more could be ruled in this space if desired. When a beam of solar or electric light is reflected from the ruled surface on a screen, a beautiful series of spectra are obtained, succeeding one another along the screen. The advantages of the new instrument are that it gives finer spectra than have hitherto been attainable, and greatly shortens the time of photographing these. Professor Rowland and Captain Abney are preparing a map of the whole solar spectrum by their aid.

Dugong Oil.

However unpleasant cod-liver oil may be to "take," it may be safely asserted that it will always hold its own against any proposed substitute in respect of its wholesome and invigorating properties. That it is nauseous is undoubted, and this fact probably explains the reason for pressing from time to time the claims of new rivals upon the notice of the profession. The oil derived from the dugong is said to be viewed with

some degree of favour, inasmuch as it is free from the disagreeable odour and taste of cod-liver oil, while possessing the valuable qualities of the latter, and being also much less liable to change in keeping. When slightly warmed it becomes clear and colourless, but at ordinary temperatures, owing to the separation of its more crystalline constituents, it is opaque. The dose is the same as of cod-liver oil. The dugong, it should be added, is an animal belonging to the class *Sirenia*, and was long thought to be an herb-eating cetacean. It certainly feeds upon seaweed, but is not a whale. It is found off the western coast of Australia, in the Eastern Archipelago, and even off the East African coast. There is no likelihood of its beating the cod-liver oil out of the market, for whereas the fish is as plentiful as ever, the numbers of the dugong are considered to be diminishing, and the promotion of the oil industry would probably lead to the extinction of the animal.

A Tuning-Fork Piano.

Musical instruments in which the notes are produced by the strokes of the hammer on metal bars instead of wires are called tuning-fork pianos, but they have never come into use because of the difficulties of construction. Mr. W. Fischer, of Dresden, has, however, recently brought out one which gives purity of tone and considerable power of modulating the note after it has been struck. This good result is simply due to details of construction, which we need not particularise. We may mention, however, that he takes care to eliminate the beat of the hammer itself, and damps the harmonics of the forks by special means.

Cutting Glass by Electricity.

Electricity has been called in to aid in cutting glass. The ordinary way of severing large cylindrical vessels of glass is to surround them with a thin thread drawn from the molten glass, and cool them suddenly by contact with a cold body. A surer method is that of Herr Fahdt, of Dresden, who surrounds the vessel with a copper wire, through which he sends an electric current sufficient to heat it to whiteness, and thus the glass is broken along the line of the wire. The rough edges are then rounded off by turning the object in a blow-pipe flame.

An Iron Man.

Mr. Hornburg, a clever mechanical engineer of Launceston, Tasmania, has invented an iron man who can walk about automatically. The figure, which is dressed like a footman, is 5 ft. 10 ins. in height, and weighs 160 lbs. Its action arises from the power of a coiled spring concealed inside, and it can not only walk, but grip and drive a perambulator with great ease. While upon this subject we may also mention that a very exquisite watch, constructed entirely of iron, was recently exhibited by Messrs. Crowther of Kidderminster.

Why all this Smoke?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I read with great pleasure the letter from "Ex Fumo Dare Lucem" which appeared recently in your pages, as it undoubtedly raises a question of the utmost importance to dwellers in towns and cities. I myself am not a sanitary engineer, neither am I a member of the Smoke Abatement Committee, so that I do not at present see my way to propose an infallible specific for the nuisance from which so many of us suffer; nevertheless, there is one aspect of the subject which I should like to bring before your readers.

All large towns—and especially our great metropolis—are intersected by several lines of railway, over each of which from 100 to 1,000 trains may pass daily; and from the engine of every train, as it passes along its route, proceeds a nauseous column of smoke, poisoning the air and adding greatly to the discomfort caused by the combustion of coal for cooking, heating, and other purposes. Now, why should not legislation be brought to bear on these locomotive smoke-carriers? Why should not the railway companies be forced either to burn smokeless coal, or to provide engines that will consume their own smoke?

This is but a suggestion; still, if it should chance to provoke others of more value, I shall feel that I have not written in vain.

I am, &c.,

A DWELLER NEAR A RAILWAY.

SIR,

It seems to me that the reason why there is all this smoke is not far to seek. The general public are not sufficiently interested in the subject, and have not enough of the self-sacrificing spirit to try and improve matters. Patents and schemes without number are brought before us, and many of them would achieve to a large extent the desired result, if only they were universally adopted. But they are not given a fair trial even.

Just look at my own case. I have had my kitchens fitted with the new smokeless stoves; my drawing-room and dining-room, my library and study are heated with gas or asbestos—I don't know what it is to see the good roaring blaze of a coal fire; and all my upper rooms are warmed by hot-water pipes. And what is the result? While smoke is never seen to leave *my* chimneys, all my neighbours go on as before, as though no smoke appliances had ever been invented; my garden—if such a miserable place can claim the name even—is black with soot; I am thanked by nobody, and am daily expecting the fire insurance companies to pounce upon me for increased premiums for "extra risk" appertaining to my "improvements." Is it surprising that I am disheartened, and am seriously thinking of returning to the old ways?

I am, Sir,

A SCIENTIFIC HOUSEHOLDER.

PARDONED.

By the Author of "In a Minor Key," "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," &c.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

COALS OF FIRE.

MEANWHILE, how did the portrait get on?

I fear it was a case of too many irons in the fire; for not content with copying her mother's sweet face, Winifred had seized the opportunity of Molly's and Charlie's constant society at the Castle to transfer their golden curls, blue eyes, and little snub noses likewise to paper. This was done openly, even occasionally in Mrs. Everard's boudoir, whenever the children could be induced to sit still, or her aunt was in a sufficiently placid state of mind to allow of such a proceeding.

So the visits to the garret became few and far between, to be renewed more frequently when there was leisure; and meanwhile the house filled with guests, the guns were popping all day in the coverts, and game was plentiful at every meal.

Things had fallen into their old order. Winny was always with her aunt, and was treated by her uncle with the same cold politeness as ever. The gulf that lay between them was widening past all hope of bridging over.

There were not many young people staying at Tranmere, and those few men, who thought of little else but their shooting and hunting; yet their presence gave Winny an opportunity of noticing how her uncle stood out among them by his culture, his varied knowledge, his, perhaps old-fashioned, courtesy and politeness. There were few subjects on which he could not talk, and talk well, she found; and at dinner, when not herself engaged in conversation, she would catch herself listening to his end of the table. Certainly life at the Castle was less dull since his return. Her very dislike to him gave her an interest in his movements, so that she always knew when he came in or went out, and was conscious of his presence.

Now and then they had to come into direct contact with each other over little matters of business connected with the parish or the village, such as he would formerly have transacted with his wife, but which had been transferred by her to her niece, and sometimes it seemed as though the barrier between them were about to crumble away, as the girl grew eager in the new scheme or plan, and would wax warm in its discussion, till, all of a sudden, she would remember herself, and relapse into the tone of cold deference she had tutored herself to adopt towards her uncle.

But these interviews, nevertheless, gave her a good deal of insight into his character, and it began to dawn on her, ever so faintly, that he might have behaved as he had to her mother, and yet not be the Herod or Nero she had loved to depict him in her imagination.

For these schemes were all for the benefit of his fellow-creatures—certainly regarded from his own point of view, which held that vice must be suppressed, no matter at what expense to the innocent, no matter at what loss of independence to the vicious. Sometimes Winny would find herself arguing with him from her standpoint, and it did not seem to displease him; it was apparently a pleasant novelty to him to find one of his womankind holding an intelligent opinion on any subject that required thought. But this was very seldom, and never went beyond a few words. As a rule, strange to say, they were agreed; and if she had pondered over it at all, Winny would have wondered at this curious unison of their ideas.

At the cottage life had returned to its old grooves; Jem had recovered, and was gone away to the seaside for change of air; Molly and Charlie had bidden adieu to the Castle, with many promises of soon coming again, and had gone back to their sisters, both for instruction and amusement; and the daily intercourse between the two houses had come to an end.

Winifred missed it—missed the run across the park in the fresh morning hours, the piping baby voices about the house and garden, the wealth of loving kisses showered upon her; and yet she seldom, in spite of their frequent invitations, paid Kate and Alice and her two little favourites a visit. Roger she never saw, unless he dined at the Manor, and every time that occurred he seemed to have less and less to say to her. She used to smile to herself over it; but it hurt her, nevertheless, more than anything else in her new life, and she would lie awake at night, speculating as to how she could have offended him.

She was indulging in this delectable amusement one evening after she had retired to rest, as she sat, still dressed, in the easy-chair in her bed-room, dreaming, as was her practice—one result of her lonely life.

A bright fire burnt on the hearth, for it was a cold, stormy night. The wind was blowing great guns rattling the panes of glass in their sockets, and howling in fitful gusts around the house, but she hardly heeded it. She had been so used to these sounds when living in her eyrie at Penruth, that they only, as it were,

brushed her senses, but did not take possession of them; only she felt a dreamy satisfaction in the long, low, melancholy sighs that came down the chimney, in contrast to the cosy warmth and luxury that surrounded her.

Roger had been dining at the Castle, and she was engaged in piecing together the few words he had said to her at intervals during the evening. It was an unsatisfactory task, for the conversations they had held were so meagre that the food they afforded for thought was poor indeed; nevertheless, the occupation fascinated her, for it conjured up a face that was beginning to take an undue hold of her imagination.

She kept on reproaching herself for being too lazy to go to bed, yet never stirred from her comfortable nest-like chair, till, lulled by the warmth and the wind soughing in the yew-trees, she fell asleep.

How long she slept she knew not, but she was awakened at last, with a start, by a stifling sense of airlessness and heat, an inability to breathe freely, and sprang to her feet, striving to draw a deep breath.

The room was just as it had been when she fell asleep; only the candle had burnt down in its socket, and the air was full of a dense, thick smoke. No wonder her lungs were unable to work.

"What is it?" she asked herself, and opened her door, only to be encountered by a volley of more choking smoke than that she sought to free. In one moment the truth flashed upon her: the house was on fire!

Yet her presence of mind did not forsake her. Often and often she had amused herself by picturing what she should do if ever in danger of fire, drowning, and so on; and now the occasion had arisen when her speculations might be put to the test. The house was all astir: that she could tell from the confusion of sounds that reached her ears, of feet hurrying hither and thither, of heavy weights being carried, of Colonel Everard's voice, giving his orders.

Hastily she gathered her few poor little valuables together: a bad photograph of her father, the trifles of jewellery she inherited from her mother, and some dozen books and pictures; and carefully wrapping them up in her blanket, she opened her window, and lowered them as far as she could, by means of a few yards of string she had found, down to the gravel below. This done, she was free to pursue a plan that had been forming in her head ever since she became aware of the state of things; and, reflecting that the whole house was roused, and that there was no woman in it without a male relative, she was resolved to make an effort to save what no one else would think of. For the second time she opened her door. Footsteps were hurrying along the corridor as she gallantly faced the smoke, and resolutely turned in the opposite direction from that where lay safety.

Past open doors, where the floors were strewn with articles cast on one side, down corridors, up stairs, everywhere pursued by the same blinding smoke, mixed here and there with little curling tongues of flame, she struggled, half-blinded, choked, but always on, gradually leaving the sound of voices, the noise, the bustle behind her.

Once it crossed her mind that she was very foolish; she was mounting higher and higher; the flames might gain on her, and then? The very danger fired her courage, and she continued to pursue her way, for now she had reached a region free from smoke and flames, where all the doors stood doubly wide open, and the evidences of panic were visible in the passages literally strewn with articles of clothing. There was no doubt the servants had made good their retreat. Had any of them remembered the banished picture?

She was close to it now; one step, and the door was opened, and once more her mother's sweet face, undimmed by smoke or flame, smiled down on her. There was a strange joy in her heart as she hastily loosed it from the nail, to bear it away from all harm and danger. Surely, if she saved it, by all the laws of right it would become her possession. She shuddered as, just as she was in the act of fleeing with her prize, a strong gust of wind burst the window open behind her. But the picture was safe, at any rate.

Back again, down the passages and stairs once more, making for the garden door—her nearest point of egress; back into the fiery heat, the suffocating smoke; back—and it came upon her with an awful horror all of a sudden—back, perhaps, to death! Should she stay in the north turret, or try and escape from the house?

The smoke had advanced a good way even since she came; there were fearful sounds of fizzing and cracking of falling beams and loosened plaster, mingled with the voices which she could hear through it all.

Once she fancied she could distinguish the cry, "For pity's sake, tell me where she is!" but whose voice it was who uttered it she knew not. She tried to shout, but the smoke had crept down her throat, and the sound that she emitted was miserably feeble against the weird noises of the burning house.

Still she struggled on; and a struggle it was indeed, with the heavy picture not only to carry but to shield, and now it had come to a battle with the flames. Through little fissures and cracks they shot their cruel heads; the floor trembled and burnt under her feet—surely the whole house must be on fire.

Yet her courage did not fail her for one moment. She fought desperately to keep the consciousness the smoke was momentarily impairing, and with every step she took a prayer went up to God that He would give her the strength to accomplish the next.

When her father had died, she had told herself she did not wish to live; but now, face to face with a terrible death, she knew that life—even a dependent life—was sweet. And something else there was that mingled with her prayers, and turned the supplication for help into a cry for pardon—even the thought that, should she die now, through her own rashness, her uncle would never know. What would he never know? that she did not hate him? The bright flames had brought out the truth: with the possibility of death staring her in the face she could not go on

deceiving herself any longer. No, she did not hate him; far from it. If he only knew it!

There was no retreat now; flames behind and flames in front, and with the turn of the staircase such a sight as made her heart stand still and her head dizzy. The old black oak was falling all around into what looked like a huge cauldron, where the smoke and flames strove for the mastery; the latter shooting up their spiral heads higher and higher, to lick up all that had not yet fallen into their cruel jaws.

And now at last she felt desperate. Another two or three minutes, she knew, and she should be choked; the flames were gaining on her behind, they barred her passage in front. Where could she turn? She seemed to have lost her knowledge of the house; she felt so bewildered, she did not know where she was.

Turning like an animal at bay, still clasping tightly her precious picture, with one agonised prayer for help she espied an opening on her left hand, and staggered—for she could hardly walk—into it, mechanically murmuring to herself, with a dim recollection of something she had read somewhere of the influence of mind over matter, "I *will* keep my consciousness." There were great rents in the floor she was crossing as she swayed heavily from side to side, hardly able to keep her footing, coming into contact now with a chair, now with a table, or some other article of furniture; but she went on blindly, nevertheless, till stopped by a wall. She was in a room, then: her aunt's boudoir, she imagined; and if it were a room, then it must have a window. Somehow, she knew not how, she managed to gain the latter; and then her strength, her will, all failed her: she fell down, remembering nothing more, except some one taking her in his arms; a sense of satisfaction as a pair of blue eyes flashed across her fast-failing gaze, and a voice, so altered by emotion she could not recognise it, exclaimed—

"Thank God, I have found you, my darling, my queen, my Vashti!" Then everything became dark around her; relief, joy, pain, all was merged in unconsciousness.

* * * * *

When she came to herself, she could not, at first, at all make out where she was. On a plain deal table in front of her rested her mother's picture; and with that sight there rushed back on her memory the recollection of all that had occurred. With difficulty she raised herself slightly from the recumbent position she was occupying, and looked around her. Where could she be? Gradually, but very slowly, it dawned upon her that she was lying in old Jacob Wood's cottage. She recognised the diamond-shaped panes of glass, the coloured almanac on the wall, the china ornaments on the mantel-piece, the chrysanthemums in the window, the ticking of the old upright clock, the clatter in the distance of Mrs. Wood's pattens.

Her head was aching to desperation; there was a horrible pain at her back and in her arm, which seemed swollen to treble its ordinary size; and she could hardly open her eyes, they smarted so intensely. Hitherto she had been alone, but now she could dimly discern that some one was coming through the doorway which led to the back part of the house: some one carrying a tray, and on it an old-fashioned tea-pot. Surely that was not good old Mrs. Wood?

"I thought you were beginning to recover consciousness, dear," said Alice Champneys' soft, soothing voice, "so I have brought you a cup of strong coffee. When you have drunk it, you will feel better."

"But why am I here? or why are you? Oh!" as she once more strove to rise, "oh! my arm!"

"Roger brought you here, because Mrs. Wood is such a good nurse; and also because our cottage is crammed as full as it can hold. Yes, your arm is burnt; it is very painful, but it really is not much hurt, and Mrs. Wood has dressed it beautifully."

"How good you all are! Is every one safe?"

"Every one was well out of the house but you. Now, dear, I must not talk to you any longer. You have had a terrible shock, and must keep quiet, quite quiet."

Winny closed her smarting eyes once more with ready acquiescence. What were those words that Alice had just said?

Roger brought her here. That was Roger's arm, then, which had lifted her into safety; those were Roger's eyes which had met her dimmed gaze; that was Roger's voice which had said those words that even now seemed sounding in her ears. And every one was safe!

Ah! the house, the dear old house, her mother's home, her uncle's pride, was it destroyed? When was it—she could not remember—some one had said it would not burn easily, it was so massive? Ah, yes! it was Mr. Champneys said it; he must know; but she would ask Alice.

"The house, Alice? Have they saved everything? Is the fire put out?"

"It is still burning," replied Alice. "It is such a fearfully windy night; and the one fire-engine at Meriton is out of order. Is it not too sad? That beautiful old house that Colonel Everard loves so much!"

Winny felt strangely apathetic; there were no tears in her eyes; it was as though all her springs had been dried up, she told Alice afterwards; but their conversation, which was doing her more harm than good, was interrupted by a noise outside, and within Mrs. Wood came clattering down the staircase. At the same moment the door was burst open, and old Jacob came rushing in.

His face and hands were begrimed with smoke, his clothes were torn and smelt of fire, and he was in a wild state of excitement.

"They 'ave found 'im at last!" he shouted to the astonished trio, making Winny tremble all over, "but he be terrible bad."

"Found whom?" cried the two girls simultaneously, both with an awful dread at their hearts.

"The Colonel, in course. We 'ave been looking for him everywhere. Mr. Champneys, he it was as found him, fallen down, 'alf dead, they says."

"But I saw him myself," cried Alice, "safe and well outside the house."

"Ay, miss, but he went back. There was some young leddy as was missing, and the maister, he went for to look for her. I heerd him say, 'I would not have one hair of her head singed.' We were all working with all our might, and I thought nowt more about it. But look ye sharp, wife; they are bringing 'im in here for ye to look after. Get the young leddies up-stairs as quick as ye can, for sure enough here they be."

There was a tramp as of many feet gradually drawing nearer, that sent a sickening horror to Winny's heart. This was the uncle whom she had treated with uniform impertinence, the uncle she had hated and detested; and how had he repaid her?

"I would not have one hair of her head singed." The words kept circling round and round in her brain, till she felt them like coals of fire on her head: as, indeed, they were; for had he not almost—perhaps altogether—given his life for hers?

But there was no time for remorse just now; she had to get out of the way, to make room for one before whose injuries her own paled into insignificance. With the necessity for action her strength seemed to return, and she rose to her feet with a vigour that argued well for the elasticity of her nervous system.

She and Alice had just had time to withdraw into the shadow of the staircase when the door was opened, and the little procession came in. Alice could hardly smother a scream as she caught sight of a motionless burden that was being borne into the room, but Winny seemed turned to stone. With wide-open, distended eyes riveted on that rigidly still countenance, that seemed as though carved in black marble, so entirely was it covered with the visible tokens of fire, with parted lips and strained face, she gazed, and never uttered. If she might have fallen down then and there on her knees, and implored forgiveness of the silent figure that lay stretched out between Roger and Mr. Stevenson, perhaps a cry for pardon might have escaped her lips; but as it was, her tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth, her blood to stand still in her veins. Old Jacob Wood had drawn out the little shabby half sofa, half settle, so lately occupied by Winifred, and had placed it in a convenient position. There were tears in the old man's eyes as, with the gentleness of a woman, he helped to lay his master down.

The quiet figure, grander than ever in its perfect stillness, seemed a world too big for the cottage; but Roger and Jacob were full of ingenuity, and had soon devised a plan to meet all requirements. Then it was for the first time that Mr. Champneys looked up, and beheld the two girls. He beckoned to Alice, told her hastily to take Winny at once up-stairs, and then run to the cottage, and bring back all manner of necessaries that were wanted. Alice lost not a minute. Taking Winny's arm, who offered no resistance, she led her up to Mrs. Wood's room, and having settled her there, she flew rather than ran to the cottage for what was required; and Winny was left alone.

Pain without and pain within; yet what was the physical suffering to the mental torture she was enduring? Below, her uncle lay dying, she told herself, a slow, painful, lingering death; and through her—her wilfulness, her folly, her rashness. And she might not do anything for him: might not wait on him, tend him, nurse him, tell him how she loved him, nor ask his pardon.

It served her right, she cried, well right; it was meet that she should have nothing to do with the man she had injured in thought so deeply, to whom she had shown such black ingratitude. Her imagination, weakened and distorted by all she had gone and was going through, made her believe the worst, and she kept fancying that every moment would be his last.

At length she could bear it no longer. Rising from the bed where Alice had placed her, she crept to the head of the staircase, and listened. She could hear nothing but a confused sound of voices, but those voices bore no death-tidings in their tones. Reassured, she stole back to the bed, fearful lest Alice should scold her for disobeying orders, and waited.

The only consolation she had during these long—what seemed to her—hours was that from time to time Roger's voice penetrated to her ears, when a smile sad indeed, but soft and sweet as that of any one who has lighted upon an unexpected treasure, would steal over the face otherwise contracted with pain.

Alice had come back for a few hurried minutes with food, that she had insisted that Winifred should eat, and had gone again, and the voices down-stairs had increased in number and volume. The doctor had arrived, and Winny listened with an intensity which was absolute suffering, as to whether she could catch if it were but one syllable of his verdict. How she longed to go and call to some one to implore for news! but the least she could do, she reflected sadly, was to put herself on one side, and let every nerve, every faculty, in the cottage be concentrated on her uncle.

By-and-by there came a sound which made her heart beat with hope: the sound of a voice she would have known anywhere, deep and full, to her ears the sweetest music. He was conscious, then.

Next came Alice, looking wan and tired in the dawning morning light, but with a subdued smile on her lips and in her eyes.

"Mr. Collier says he thinks he will do, dear," she whispered. "He is terribly burnt, but he has a splendid constitution. The first thing he said when he became conscious was to ask if you were safe, and then how the picture came there. By the way, Winny, what have you and the picture to do with one another? I have not had time to ask that yet."

But there came no answer to her question. Winny's face was buried in her hands; tears of joy and sorrow were trickling through the long slender fingers; convulsive sobs were shaking her from head to foot, seeming as though they must tear her to pieces. Alice was in alarm; in vain she knelt down by her friend's side, and, whilst supporting her with her arm, implored her to keep calm and quiet. The girl had no control over herself; she would have stopped if she could, but she had not the power. The reaction was too great for her.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

RECONCILIATION.

THREE days had passed away since that terrible night that had seen the old Castle at Tranmere a prey to the raging flames; and now it stood a charred and blackened ruin, grander almost in its desolation than in its palmiest days of well-preserved old age.

To the night of wind and bluster had succeeded a day smiling and calm, and with the sunset—but not till then—had the last flame been extinguished, the last spark been smothered into darkness.

Colonel Everard, literally wrapped from head to foot in cotton-wool, had been moved from old Jacob Wood's cottage to the Champneys' more luxurious abode; and here, too, had Winifred and Mrs. Everard found a refuge. The latter, who had suffered the least of all the party, was the loudest in her lamentations, and all the vials of her wrath were poured upon her niece's head, regardless of the fact that the girl was both ill and suffering. For, although Winifred's injuries were comparatively slight, they were yet sufficiently painful to keep her awake at night, even had the memory of the flames and her share in their result not been enough to banish sleep from her eyelids. Her agony of self-reproach could not be conducive to her restoration to health, and she would

"SHE WAS BY HIS SIDE IN A SECOND, DROPPED DOWN ON HER KNEES BY HIS CHAIR" (*p.* 200).

appear day after day, with a face so changed, from suffering, that had Mrs. Everard been less wrapped up in herself she must have perceived it, and pitied her.

The house, the beautiful old house, that Winny and Alice cried over so bitterly, was very little to its mistress. "Dreadfully old-fashioned and inconvenient" she called it, and hoped that the whole thing would be pulled down, and a nice modern building erected, with all new appliances for warmth and comfort.

Winny was too dejected to show the horror she felt at such a suggestion; she bore her aunt's acrimonious speeches with a meekness which fairly astonished Kate: her one object being to keep Mrs. Everard as much as possible from her husband, whom, spite of his prostrated condition, she would not have spared.

Meanwhile, she herself had not seen her uncle at all. A nurse from London had been sent for; perfect quiet had been enjoined, and no agitating sights or sounds were to be permitted. They might as well have tried to exclude the very air from the room where lay the invalid as imagine that he could be kept free from agitation or excitement. Perfectly patient and uncomplaining as he was, he had ever before his eyes the picture of his burning home; night and day the flames were present to his imagination; and with that picture would arise one of the charred and blackened ruin it must now be.

Roger understood him the best. Every day he would come with the news, to be transmitted through the nurse, of how the work of clearing was going on: always with the account of something saved: always hopeful, but not too aggravatingly cheerful.

And there was a good deal that was cheering, after all. The inside of the house had suffered the most; that was almost completely destroyed; and the outside had not escaped, but the greater part of the shell was left standing; the old keep stood up grand and stately as ever against the blue sky, that looked as though it had never been blood-red with the cruel flames; and the gateway still gave entrance to the courtyard. The servants' offices, where the fire had first commenced, were totally destroyed; and of the valuable contents of the house, much was irretrievably lost. Every one had worked well and bravely to rescue what they could, but among that accumulation of generations it was difficult to know what to lay hands on first. Poor Winifred's banished picture would no longer be the only gap in those rows of proud Everard portraits; many a haughty face had gone down in the conflagration, many a canvas been reduced to ashes. Colonel Everard, condemned to enforced quietude, would go over them all in his mind—the pictures, the dearly-beloved books, the rare bits of old plate and china, the armour, furniture, tapestry, with all their historical and family associations—till his cherished ancestral possessions became absolute nightmares to him, and he would have given much to have been able to banish them for a time from his over-keen memory.

Meanwhile, there were two other people who were suffering almost equally with himself. One was Winny, a prey to a yet crueller remorse since she had heard from Roger's lips the whole story of that dreadful night. It seemed, by comparing hours and facts, that Colonel Everard must have gone to her room the very moment after she had left it, to bear her away in safety. Not finding her there, he had returned to the rest of the party, fancying she must be with them; and afterwards he and Roger, discovering she was still missing, had plunged back into the burning house by different entrances to seek her. Roger had been driven back by the flames, and had just returned to the garden to look for another and safer place of entry, when he had espied her at the window. To bring a ladder had been the work of a few seconds, and the rest she knew. Colonel Everard had pushed forward in his search, and had been found at the foot of the staircase, half suffocated, burnt, and unconscious, with beams and rafters falling all around him. The wonder was that he had not been crushed to death.

Winifred's dejection was so evident that the whole Champneys family forbore to ask her the reason of her mad conduct; but Mrs. Everard knew no such scruples. The girl made no secret of her motive; on the contrary, it seemed a relief to her mind to confess it; but she had to bear a great many hard words in consequence from her aunt, who, unable to contain her indignation, poured out the whole history to Kate and Alice, with a very exaggerated account of Mrs. Smith's original misdemeanour.

It was perhaps felt to be a relief to all parties when Mrs. Gosset drove over, and offered an asylum to the Everard family, in order to relieve the Champneys' small house. Colonel Everard could not, at present, be moved, and Winifred was also in the nurse's hands; so Mrs. Everard alone was in a position to accept the invitation. It was with many apologies for leaving her husband, but with his full sanction, that, after hours of indecision, she consented to exchange her abode at the Cottage for the larger one at Lipcombe.

The atmosphere seemed lighter and clearer when she was gone, and Winny began to have a little hope of being allowed now to see her uncle. In the midst of all her grief and remorse there ran one bright golden thread. Those words of Roger's, as he took her in his arms on that memorable night, were ever present to her mind; she heard them by night, she heard them by day, and she would repeat them softly and blushingly to herself, as a set-off to the pain she was feeling on every other subject.

Perhaps the hero of all this sentiment was, on the whole, the most miserable of all the three during these days spent among the burnt-out remains at Tranmere. That passionate words of love had escaped his lips on the occasion of his rescue of Miss Smith he knew, but he was under the impression that they had been addressed to a perfectly unconscious person; he had no idea that any one of them had reached the ears or brain of their object; and he thought that everything was to go on just as it had been before the fire: that is to say, that he was to endure daily and hourly torment, and give no sign.

But he found he had reckoned without his host.

With Winny under his own roof, in daily contact with him, it was simply impossible to keep up that appearance of exaggerated carelessness and indifference he had hitherto assumed. Besides, she was suffering, she was wretched, in need of help and sympathy, and a change had come over her which made her infinitely more charming than she had been before. It was almost as if they had reversed their parts, for she it was who seemed now to avoid him, uneasily conscious of the secret he had so unwittingly revealed. But their conversations, which where many, spite of these obstructions, were marked on her side by a sweet, soft shyness, an almost childlike trustfulness, that would drive the poor man sometimes from the room in a very agony of love and grief.

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, he had another worry on hand to distract him, one which he was at pains to conceal from Colonel Everard.

Naturally, after the first excitement of the fire was over, the question that had been in every one's mouth was, "How had it arisen?" and hitherto no satisfactory answer had been elicited. It had commenced, some said, down-stairs; some, in the hall; but no one was able to give a lucid account of its origin. Roger alone had his suspicions, but as they were merely suspicions, he kept them to himself. But they were, none the less, very troublesome. He had a good memory, and a small circumstance that had occurred about ten days ago would recur again and again to him, with annoying persistency.

It was only the case of the dismissal of a servant from the stables at Tranmere—an excellent groom, who had been there three years, and had always given great satisfaction, as being a first-rate stableman—though possessed of an exceedingly bad temper.

About ten days before the fire, this man, James Macdonald by name, had been found hopelessly drunk at the "Everard Arms." The circumstance had been brought to Colonel Everard's ears, and, in Roger's presence, without a word of pity or of sorrow for so doing, he had dismissed Macdonald from his stables.

In vain the man had cited his three years' faithful service, innocent of even the smallest delinquency; in vain he had mentioned that it was his first offence of the kind, and should surely be his last; Colonel Everard had persisted in discharging him, and that, before Roger, with words of stinging contempt for the fault of which he had been guilty. Then the man's temper had broken out, and he had gone away, after expressing his opinion of his master in short but expressive terms, which had elicited no response beyond "I shall certainly not be able to give you a character."

Roger had watched him to the stables, had seen him turn round and shake his fist at the house, and had noted the evil expression that had gathered on his countenance. He himself had ventured to remonstrate with Colonel Everard, mentioning that the man had a delicate wife, and a little daughter who was lying desperately ill; but in vain.

Colonel Everard was willing enough, even anxious, that all that was possible should be done for the child; depart from his resolution that the man must go he would not. Roger knew of old that any further remonstrances would be in vain, and held his peace, contenting himself with sending Alice the next day to see the little girl. It did not in the least surprise him to learn that everything that had been sent for her benefit from the Castle had been returned untouched.

A week later, the child had died, and the father had gone about his work with a look in his eyes that had effectually frightened away any expressions of sympathy. He had always been in the habit, when the Castle was full of guests, of going up there of an evening and assisting the men-servants, and this he had continued to do regularly after he had been given warning, except on the one night that his child had died. The next day he came as usual, and when the fire broke out, was one of the most active in striving to extinguish it. Roger remembered well, in the midst of all the confusion, asking this man if he had seen Colonel Everard, and the expression of mingled terror and triumph that had swept over his face, rendered doubly sinister in the lurid glare of the flames.

Here, then, was the foundation for Mr. Champneys' suspicions, little enough in themselves, but strengthened by his subsequent observation of James Macdonald. That the man was wrapped in a despairing gloom was accounted for, by other people, by the death of his child; and amidst all the wild conjectures as to the original cause of the fire, not one voice or whisper had been raised against the servant universally respected as, except on that one occasion, a model of steadiness. That he haunted the Cottage with offers of assistance, that he worked day and night at clearing the ruins at the Castle, was taken as a matter of course by all but Roger, who could not help seeing in it fresh proofs of guilt. That he was deeply and truly penitent, in a state of abject remorse, he also divined, and forbore to ask any questions beyond what he intended to do when he left Colonel Everard's service. The answer, "To emigrate," was only what he expected; and when the eyes with the strange shifty light in them, that they had worn since the night of the fire, sank in confusion before his honest gaze, he felt sure he was correct in his surmises. But he had no proofs. The accounts of the rise of the fire were so confused, inaccurate, and unreliable, that nothing could be made of them. Colonel Everard was too ill to be worried about anything of the kind, and Roger, besides being unwilling to do so, could not proceed on a mere suspicion. And so the days crept on, and Colonel Everard's magnificent constitution began to assert itself in rapid healing of his injuries, and there was even a talk on his part of moving back to those rooms left standing at the Castle, and no longer intruding on the Champneys' hospitality.

And yet Winny had not seen him.

Mrs. Everard had insisted to the nurse so much on the fact of her niece being the cause of all the trouble, that the woman had resolutely forbidden such an agitating presence in the sick-room. Day after day, with despondent humility, Winifred would come, and ask if she might have access to her uncle, would be answered in the negative, and would go away without

attempting to get the sentence reversed, saying to herself it was only what she merited.

One day, however, when she came as usual to make her inquiry, to her surprise and delight the nurse answered in the affirmative. She could hardly believe her ears, so accustomed were they to the never-failing "No." She did not ask to what good luck she owed the permission; she was filled with a strange fear, with an overwhelming shyness, now that her wishes were about to be fulfilled. There was, however, no withdrawal, nor did she for one moment wish it.

Swiftly, hardly heeding the injunction to be quiet, she passed into the room—not a large one—and stood face to face with her uncle. It was an intense relief to see at the first glance that, beyond looking white, thin, and worn, he was not altered. The handsome face was unblemished and unscarred as ever, and the one hand he held out to her but slightly bandaged: the other, alas! all muffled and wrapped up.

She took it silently, not knowing what to say, her faculties of speech suspended before the old, quiet, cynical smile. He it was who first broke the ice.

"So they would not admit you," he said. "I did not know you had turned into a dangerous character."

She was by his side in a second, dropped down on her knees by his chair.

"Uncle George," she murmured—the first time she had called him by that name—"will you, can you ever, ever forgive me?"

"Your disobedience?" he asked.

"My disobedience!"

"Did I not forbid you to look for that picture?"

"Oh! I did not mean that. I was thinking of my having caused you to return to the house in search of me. Ah! if I had guessed the consequences, you may be sure I would not have gone to the north turret."

"Then you thought we should all leave you to your fate, was that it?"

"No; I hoped I should get out in time. I forgot how far off it was, and how quickly fire spreads."

"That brings me back to your original fault, your disobedience."

"I did not search for it, Uncle George; I found it by accident one day, when I went to look for Constance's maid for her."

"Ah!"

"Am I tiring you?"—both voice and manner were strangely gentle. "I could not rest until I had asked your forgiveness, though I know I do not deserve it."

"You are like your mother, after all!" The exclamation seemed to come out involuntarily, but nevertheless his tone was softer.

"Oh, I am so glad!" There were tears in the proud eyes, and it required all her self-control to prevent them from spilling over. "I would rather be like mother than like any one in the world."

"Not altogether," he answered, with his habitual expression of countenance. "God forbid! Your mother was untrue—was treacherous. I do not expect much of men, still less of women, but all I trust, for your sake, is that you do not take after your parents. You look honest, but so did she." The words died away in a faint sigh.

Winny had risen to her feet with flashing eyes, but her voice betrayed no anger.

"Dear Uncle George," she said quietly, "I cannot bear to hear my mother and father spoken of in that way. My most earnest wish is to be like them in every respect."

"*Chacun à son gout*," he answered, with a shrug of his shoulders, and motioning her at the same time to sit down. Winny obeyed, remembering the nurse's admonitions, and for a minute there reigned absolute silence in the room. Then she spoke again.

"As long as I live with you," she said quietly and sadly, "you shall never have cause to complain of disobedience on my part again. It is the only thing I can do to show my gratitude and my penitence for—for—all my former rudeness to you, to fulfil your wishes; and never, never again shall you, I trust, have occasion to find fault with me."

There was not a shadow of defiance, a suspicion of pride, this time in the lovely face. With her eyes fixed on the mufflings and the bandages, she made her speech, and the quiet despair of her tone seemed to touch Colonel Everard. Besides, all he asked was absolute submission, and that his niece seemed ready enough to yield him now; and how terribly ill she looked!

The clear creamy skin was white and waxy, the large grave eyes had dark purple shadows under them, the sometime scornful mouth expressed nothing but despondency. He held out his hand.

"I am desperately ashamed of myself," he said, with that somewhat old-fashioned politeness that made him seem older than he was, "that I have never inquired after your injuries. I am afraid you have been suffering a good deal."

Winny had placed her hand in his outstretched one; the two, so similar, lay locked in one another, and on both countenances there dawned a smile, the harbinger of a better state of things between them.

"Oh, very little indeed!" she responded, "very little. I only wish your burns were as trifling."

"That is all right," he answered. "I was afraid from your looks that you had been really ill. You are sure you are telling me the truth?" with a quick suspicious glance.

"Yes, indeed. And now, Uncle George, ought I to stay any longer? I am so afraid of tiring you, and after all the suffering I have caused you I must not retard your recovery. One thing only: can I be of any use in reading to you, writing for you, and so on?"

"You will be of more use if you stay where you are now. I want to talk to you."

Gladly Winny re-seated herself, though not altogether without trepidation, wondering what he could have to say to her.

But he seemed to have forgotten his own words, for after she had resumed her chair he remained silently lost in thought. At last he spoke, but more as though he were talking to himself than to her.

"I buried her memory nineteen years ago," he murmured, "and yet," almost fiercely, "it is always cropping up!"

Winny had drawn quite close to him again, and was looking at him with soft, supplicating eyes.

"May I talk to you of her some day, when you are better?" she said gently.

"Now, child," he responded; "now, or not at all. To-day I can speak of her; who knows how it will be to-morrow?"

"But what will nurse say to my staying so long, and talking so much?"

"Leave that to me. Perhaps you do not know, and the nurse seems still to ignore it, but I have passed out of the stage when conversation might do me harm. So if you have anything to say, do not put it off."

"She loved you so," said Winifred, under her breath.

"Ay," he answered bitterly; "she showed it, did she not?"

"You do not know how she longed to see you before she died," she continued, speaking half to herself; "and when her last letter received no answer—" She broke off abruptly, arrested by the flash of pain that shot across her uncle's face as he looked up at her.

"When did she write that letter?" he asked hoarsely.

"A fortnight before she died."

"I did not receive it. I was abroad at the time, and it never reached me."

"Then," with a sudden illumination of her countenance, "you would have come, if you had only known?"

"I cannot say what I should have done."

"She thought that letter had fared the same as all her others to her home. Poor, poor mother!"

"It was but just," said Colonel Everard, his voice grown hard and stern, "that, as she broke her mother's heart, she herself should suffer."

This was a new light to Winny. She had been accustomed to look on her mother's wrongs entirely from her own point of view; now she found herself asked to regard it from the other side, and she began to understand that that other side had some little excuse for its conduct.

Bit by bit, therefore, the buried story was dug up again. Winny had to listen to the tale of her mother's elopement, told in all its naked ugliness; and Colonel Everard, in his turn, was compelled to hear how his once idolised sister had lived a life of poverty that he would not have condemned an old servant to.

But it did them both good. Both were drawn nearer to each other, both suffered equally in the telling of their wrongs, and both knew they would be better friends when those wrongs had been ventilated. The nurse looked in, only to be motioned away again —and when Roger Champneys arrived to give his morning's report, he found the two still sitting together, and a look of serenity on Winny's countenance that he never remembered to have seen there before.

She rose to go as he came in, all unconscious that it was to his good offices alone that she owed this interview with her uncle. But before leaving she turned once more to Colonel Everard. "May I come again, Uncle George?" she asked.

"Yes, if it gives you any pleasure," he answered, and then she had brushed past Roger and was gone.

Ah! how happy she was! She knew now that from the first she had longed to love her uncle, and that the very tenacity with which she had told herself she hated him had been an evidence of her weakness. And now, at last, all the barriers were broken down between them, and by the light of her own pride, her own intensity, she could understand how he must have suffered from his sister's misconduct.

"No wonder mother loved him," she said softly to herself, as she gazed out of window on the fair wintry landscape spread out before her. A little robin came and perched on a tree just in front of her, and opening its tiny bill, poured forth a song that harmonised just now perfectly with her feelings. She, too, felt that voice, that had been dumb since her arrival at Tranmere, stirring within her, and the rich full notes that had so often echoed among the rocks at Penruth swelled into a flood of melody, that arrested Alice's attention as she was making her way into the garden.

"Winny, what a voice!" she exclaimed, as she stole quietly upon her friend. "Why have you never let us hear it before? Something must have happened, I am sure, to make you very happy, and that has unloosed your vocal powers." Winny turned to her a face radiant with a sweet tremulous joy, that struck Alice by its likeness to the rescued portrait of Mrs. Smith.

"I am very happy, Alice," she said, "very happy. I have seen my uncle at last."

Not far off, Roger, having finished his interview with Colonel Everard, was standing in the garden, talking to James Macdonald. He had come upon him suddenly, as he had come upon him before now, either prowling restlessly about the house or standing motionlessly staring up at Colonel Everard's window. He was thus employed when Mr. Champneys found him to-day and touched him on the shoulder. He turned round eagerly.

"How is the Colonel, sir?" he asked.

"Better, James," answered Roger, sincerely compassionating the unhappy man before him.

"Then, sir, I will say good-bye, and many, many thanks to you and the young lady for all your goodness. My wife and I, we go to London this afternoon, and we sail for Melbourne on Thursday."

The man's face, which was livid, twitched as with ague as he spoke; his eyes seemed bursting out of his head, and he trembled from head to foot.

"Good-bye, James," answered Roger. "I wish both you and Mrs. Macdonald good luck in the new world. You may be sure," he continued in a lowered voice, "that the little grave shall always be carefully looked after as long as I or Miss Alice is here;" and mechanically he held out his hand.

But Macdonald did not take it. Muttering something incoherent about "Not for such as the likes of me," he turned away abruptly, and had disappeared through the yard-gate, and out of earshot, before Roger had recovered from his momentary astonishment.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

GILBERT CRAVEN, artist, stood painting in his studio. The murky London light, waning fast now—for it was very nearly four o'clock on a January afternoon—fell on the canvas before him, faintly lifting out of the surrounding gloom the few figures not much more than outlined upon it, and the burly frame of the painter, as he waited for a moment with his brush in his hand, struck by some pleasant fancy. It was a cheery, genial smile that lingered round the somewhat broad, good-tempered lips, and it was a sigh of contentment that followed upon the smile, as he slowly prepared to put away his painting apparatus.

But it seemed that he was not equal to this task by himself, for a minute afterwards he was standing at the head of the staircase, shouting "Nell!" in a stentorian voice, calculated to penetrate even to the cellar.

The answer to the call appeared very shortly in the shape of a small, fairy-like woman, who tripped up the stairs as if she had been a girl, instead of the wife of his bygone youth, and the mother of his eight children.

"Alone, Gilbert?" she asked. "What a wonder! and what a blessing! Now, if you will make haste we will go out together."

"One moment, my dear. Come and sit with me whilst I tidy up. Do you know, Nell, I have seen my Marie at last to-day, but, alas! I know not where to find her."

"You mean that you passed her in the street?"

"Exactly; that is to say, I was walking down Piccadilly, staring into the shop-windows, when two people came by, a lady and a gentleman. I should not have noticed them, or anything about them, being quite taken up by the contents of Forsyth's window, had I not been attracted by the girl's voice: one of those soft deep voices you so seldom hear. I looked up then; they were just about to enter the shop, and there stood I, thunderstruck, staring with all my might at a lady. Are you not ashamed of me?"

"Very much ashamed; but then genius has no manners. Go on."

"She was the most beautiful creature I have ever seen, with the bearing of an empress and the eyes of a Minerva, such a deep blue, so grave and luminous, as she turned them on me for one moment, and then disappeared behind the door. I waited about till she and her companion came out again, and then I went in to ask who they were. The man did not know. They had bought colours and paint-brushes, paid for them, and carried them off, without giving either name or address. So there was I floored, having caught a glimpse of the very incarnation of what Marie ought to be, and lost her again by my own folly."

"It does seem a pity," answered his wife; "but who knows if this divinity would have sat to you? I am tired of telling you that Nora would make a sweet Marie. You are so obstinate."

Gilbert burst into a big, hearty laugh.

"No, no," he cried. "I have set my heart on my blue-eyed Athene; she, and no one else. If you had but seen her, Nell!"

"Hush!" responded his wife; "here is some one coming. It is Mr. Lawson: I hear his voice; and he has some people with him. How tiresome! Now we shall not get out;" and Mrs. Craven glanced round the studio, fancying that to-day it looked commonplace, and Mr. Lawson, their patron of many years' standing, had a horror of anything commonplace.

Dolly Lawson, as his friends called him, was one of those men who are among the products of this age in which we live, who allow their minds to run into feminine moulds, and exhaust their life's energies in raving about the beauty of a woman, the tone of colour of a blue jar—who are more artistic than any artist, more sickly than any love-sick girl. Mr. Lawson had, however, his better qualities, although he sedulously strove to conceal them under an affectation of mild cynicism and feeble laxity of principle. In truth, he was a kind-hearted man, who had so long and so successfully pretended to be what he was not, that it had become his second nature, although never altogether extinguishing his real self. To-day there was certainly nothing startling about the studio, nothing even fantastic, though many would have found it infinitely charming.

It was a room which reflected the character of its inmate. There was nothing finnikin about it; all was subdued and rich both in colouring and material, and just a little heavy and ponderous. Heavy Persian tapestries, black oak bookcase and chairs, a dark bronze paper, relieved by some excellent copies of old masters; a sweet tender Francia, a clear-eyed Madonna of Botticelli, a dark, unfathomable Rembrandt, side by side, in the most unorthodox fashion, with some of the painter's own and some of his friend's works. Then over the door a magnificent pair of stag's antlers, in the window two huge purple jars with palms in them; one wall dedicated to whips, fishing-rods, and the implements of sport, in juxtaposition with a fine bit of wood-carving, said to be Grinling Gibbons'; and opposite his easel, on the spot where he could always see her, the picture of his wife, as he had wooed her eighteen years ago: just the head and shoulders, carelessly draped in filmy black lace. "A regular jumble," his severely artistic friends called it; and Gilbert would laugh and say he liked a jumble. His affections were all jumbled up together, and it pleased him to have their outward visible signs always present to his eye.

But all this time that we have been looking round the studio, the visitors have been advancing up the staircase, and now they are in the room. They are preceded by Mr. Lawson, who introduces them.

"Friends of mine, Craven, who want to see your pictures: Colonel Everard, Miss Everard, Miss Smith."

Gilbert Craven stands as though moonstruck. Before him he sees his divinity, tall and queenly, but descending very much to this earth under the name of Miss Smith. But he does not remain dazed for very long, only a second or so, and whilst Mr. Lawson is talking to his wife, he quickly recovers his scattered senses, and comes forward to do the honours; the names Everard and Smith all the while echoing in his ears,

recalling some long-buried memories of some event, he cannot remember what.

But Minerva, as he calls her till she smiles, is speaking now, in that delicious restful voice that attracted him this morning, and there is a wistful, puzzled expression in her face too, something like the reflection of his own, and an eager light in her eyes, as she asks him if they may not look at the canvas just carefully covered up. Colonel Everard joins in the request, and soon the whole party are talking together as if they had been old friends. No one could long be formal with Gilbert Craven. The man's genial nature, the absence of all artistic affectations and jargon, made you feel at home at once in his presence; and, to her amazement, Winny found herself talking to this stranger, actually asking him questions such as she never dreamt she would dare to address to a "real painter," as she called him to herself. One of the dreams of her childhood was fulfilled: she stood in the presence of an artist in his studio. What might she not further accomplish?

Perhaps she was a wee bit disappointed to find such a very ordinary individual. She had been feeding lately on the lives of Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and it was just a little disappointing that Gilbert Craven should possess no trace of the grand beauty of the first, the feminine sweetness of the second, or the rugged severity of the last: that his manner was perfectly natural and unaffected, and that his voice was unromantically loud. But it was different when he began to show them his pictures and talk of his art; then his eye kindled, and his voice lowered, and she no longer thought him commonplace.

Soon the two found themselves engaged in a *tête-à-tête*. Colonel Everard was wandering round the room, looking at the pictures; Mr. Lawson was holding forth to Mrs. Craven; and Constance, voluble Constance, was looking out of the window, with a new pain at her heart, and a mocking smile on her lips, as her cousin and Mr. Craven stood in front of the canvas, and he explained to her the particulars of those outlined figures.

"Of course you know the story of Marie de Sombreuil?" he was saying; and Winny readily assented: it had been dear and familiar to her from her babyhood.

"But she is not there," she cried, as she took in one by one the other figures.

It was not a crowded picture. It represented only the little central group; the guillotine, the old father, the executioner, and about half a dozen of the *bonnets rouges*, and the *tricoteuses*, and a gap where Marie should have stood.

"No," he answered. "I have been looking for her for a long time, and only found her this morning."

"Did you, indeed?" she asked. "What is she like?"

"What do you think she ought to be like?"

"I always prefer to fancy her very young, timid, and fragile, rising into heroism by the intensity of her love."

"Yes," he answered musingly, "that is a new idea to me, certainly. I had taken a different view. I intended to represent her as a queenly, imperial-looking creature, loving and protecting her old father almost like a child, and carrying out her terrible task with a superb scorn for the originators of it."

"I like my idea best," Winny answered simply, and then blushed furiously at her own temerity in thus daring to set her opinion against the artist's. How strange it was how perfectly at home she felt with this man! And all the time she was talking to him, his face puzzled her: she seemed to have seen it, or one like it, somewhere before.

They were not left to converse long thus undisturbed. Colonel Everard, returning from his tour round the room, broke in on them with some question respecting the carving, and the talk went so rapidly that Winifred could only stand and listen. One moment they were in Rome with the old painters, the next they were in the Highlands with the stag whose antlers adorned the door, or fishing for salmon in the brawling Scotch river; and Con standing at the window, looking out on the dreary London leads, wondering if her uncle would ever go away.

The gist of the visit came at the end, when Colonel Everard, at parting, said some words about his niece's portrait, and Gilbert saw opening before him a prospect of further intercourse with his "brown-eyed goddess," as he had to call her, now that he had made the discovery that those wonderful eyes were, after all, brown, and not deep blue, as he had thought at first.

The last words took a long time, as they always do, and it was only when they were just outside the door that Colonel Everard disconcerted poor Winny exceedingly by saying, in his quietest manner—

"Perhaps you do not know that my niece aspires to be an artist some day, Mr. Craven? At present she is, in a very early stage, working at the South Kensington, and believing, poor child! that she is to do great things at some distant future."

The mocking smile that accompanied these words had no effect upon Winifred beyond causing her to colour deeply; there was no anger in her eyes as she looked imploringly at her uncle.

"And why should she not do great things?" asked Gilbert Craven, gazing at the girl, so beautiful in her confusion. "The talent is in the family."

Colonel Everard stood and stared; Winny uttered an exclamation, and Mr. Craven, who had involuntarily uttered his thoughts aloud, found himself compelled to explain what he meant; but when he prefaced it by saying it would take some time, Colonel Everard was obliged to ask him to put it off to another day, as he was due at a meeting in a quarter of an hour. Perhaps he feared the touching of some old chord that he could not well bear in the presence of a stranger; perhaps he dreaded something of the same kind for Winny. Whatever it might be, Mr. Craven's explanation of his strange words was deferred to another meeting.

Taking Constance by the arm to help her downstairs, Colonel Everard led the way, followed by Winifred and Mr. Lawson, the latter still murmuring the last remains of his conversation.

So the party disappeared down the staircase, and Gilbert Craven returned to his wife, with a thoughtful smile on his countenance.

"Well, Nell?" he began; but she interrupted him.

"Your unknown, Gilbert, was it not? I saw it directly in your face, you foolish old fellow!"

"Is she not, to use Lawson's jargon, a glorious creature? Do you know what her name was, Nell?"

"I suppose he is; but I was not thinking of that. I was going back to very far before this autumn, to even before I knew you—to a certain second cousin of mine, named Hervey Smith, who went to be tutor to a Mr. Everard down in Loamshire, and who finished

"HER COUSIN AND MR. CRAVEN STOOD IN FRONT OF THE CANVAS" (*p.* 203).

"Everard, was it not? They are father and daughter, I suppose, for they are like each other."

"Not father and daughter, but uncle and niece; Colonel Everard and Miss Smith. Now, have you never heard the names Everard and Smith in connection with one another before?"

"Not that I can remember. What are you driving at, Gilbert? Do you know anything of these people? Is he the man whose house was burnt down?"

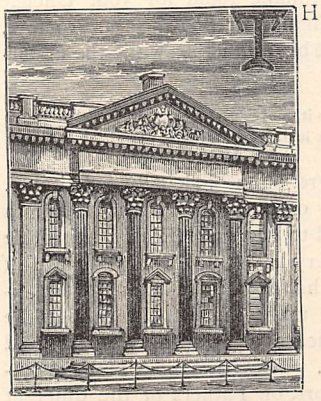
his career there by running away with the only daughter. What became of him I do not know. I only saw him once in my life, and then he was a remarkably good-looking fellow, not altogether unlike my fair unknown. Now do you understand, Nell?"

"Naturally, I do. Of course she is his daughter."

"Ergo, my cousin."

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

DEGREE DAY AT CAMBRIDGE.



THE SENATE HOUSE.

THE old proverb tells us that "all things change;" and certainly the saying could have no better illustration than the state of our two ancient Universities at the present time. Both at Oxford and at Cambridge the requirements of modern times have led to the introduction of innumerable alterations, not only in the subjects taught and examined upon, but also in the methods of teaching and examination. These alterations have been carried out, for the most part, in a silent, unobtrusive manner, but at length the time has come when their reality will certainly impress itself on the public at large.

For many years the interest of most people in Cambridge degrees has centred in those gained in the Mathematical Tripos, and for a few days in each year the Senior Wrangler has been a public character. But as we look back from the standpoint of the Degree Day of 1883, we have to realise that the Senior Wranglership is a thing of the past. The remorseless hand of change has laid its grip even on this distinctive dignity, and the latest regulations, under which the Mathematical Tripos examination of last year has been for the first time conducted, have abolished the proud title of Senior Wrangler, and reduced the list of Wranglers to a series of classes on the Oxford system.

But, after all, if the title is gone the interest of the examination remains; and it is certain that the Mathematical Degree Day at Cambridge is not likely to lose in this generation the features that have hitherto made it one of the most striking high-days of the academical year.

The ceremony of granting degrees is always fixed for the last Saturday in January, the class list being read out in the Senate House on the previous day. What a time of excitement that is! For several months the chances of well-known men have been canvassed and scrutinised by every clique in the 'Varsity. The man who is intimately acquainted with any of the best candidates revels for the time in the brilliance of reflected glory; and the question whether Jones of Trinity or Brown of John's is likely to be Senior arouses far more interest than the fate of the Government during the forthcoming session.

But "the Tripos" is over; that momentous Friday has arrived. Let us transport ourselves to the classic town, and try to realise the scene. The time is 8.45 a.m., and the list will be read in the Senate House at 9 o'clock. Let us mingle with the crowd that is flocking through the massive gates, up the steps, and through the doors on which the list will be affixed after it has been read within.

Inside, we find ourselves on the marble pavement of a large and handsome building. In shape, the hall is oblong. Along the side walls are ranged a few fine statues; at the end of the floor is a raised dais covered with crimson cloth, but untenanted at present. All round the building runs a wide gallery, the front of which is formed of a heavy and very strong balustrade of dark carved wood. The ceiling is handsome, and the whole building has an air of solidity and dignity which is very impressive. A noticeable feature is that there are scarcely any seats visible, the whole floor is bare, and only a few forms are stacked against the walls.

The place fills rapidly, and before the appointed hour several hundreds of men are present. The gallery at the end is the only one occupied to-day, and there we find a bevy of ladies seated—mostly students of Girton College or Newnham Hall, who have come to watch the proceedings. In the centre of the ladies stand two or more of the examiners, with the lists in their hands.

The bell of St. Mary's clock begins to boom forth the strokes of nine. A sudden hush falls on every one, and as the last stroke dies away, one of the examiners calls out, in the loudest tones he can command, "Senior Wrangler"—(say)—"Smith, of John's."

In a moment the scene is changed: the pent-up feelings of the crowd break forth in vigorous cheers, the John's men are frantic with joy, and Smith's special chum rushes off at top speed to bear the tidings to his happy friend.

But there is more to come, and as soon as the cheering has ceased the voice of the examiner is heard again. "Second Wrangler, Jones, of Trinity; Third, Brown, of Pembroke," and so on through the list. The highest names receive each a cheer, and the hum of voices bursts out again as the last is read.

But the proceedings are not over. When the names have been read the scrimmage begins. The examiners and ladies in the gallery drop down some copies of the printed list to the mob below. Every man wants a list, and there are only a few, so the whole crowd surges forward, and struggles eagerly to catch the fluttering paper. Gowns are torn and caps lost or smashed in the *mêlée*, and scarcely one of the papers reaches within six feet of the ground entire. A dozen hands clutch at the frail document and it is torn in shreds. This lasts about a quarter of an hour, and then all is over. By half-past nine the Senate House is deserted, and two hours later the evening papers publish the result in the streets of London.

Last year there was, as I have said, no Senior Wrangler, but the lack of the title was merely an in-

cident; the main features of the spectacle will remain for many a day.

The excitements of Friday over, Saturday comes apace, the flight of time made more rapid by many a jovial dinner in celebration of the coming event.

It is an astonishing fact, but undoubtedly true, that during the few short hours which elapse between the reading of the list and the conferring of the degrees a whole army of visitors contrive to reach Cambridge. The ceremony of Saturday does not begin till one o'clock, and by that time the Senate House is crammed with a far larger number than it contained the day before. Foremost in the scene is the crowd of men who are to be dubbed B.A. They are standing about the floor of the Senate House, each wearing his white rabbit-skin hood, and chatting decorously with his acquaintances. Beyond them is a wooden bar, and inside the bar are rows of seats. There are seated the friends of the successful candidates. Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, and last, but by no means least, *fiancées* of the new B.A.'s are there, to the number of perhaps 500. On the raised dais is set a stately chair with a footstool in front, and at the back a row of other chairs. Of course there are many officials flitting about, all clad in the gown and white silk hood of the M.A. degree.

But the proceedings would not be *comme il faut* if there were not present a large array of undergraduates. To the spectators these gentlemen seem to have taken leave of their senses with one consent. They pour into the Senate House during the half-hour preceding the appointed time, and the large gallery is wholly reserved for their use.

Here there are no seats, and every available space is crammed. Early comers secure the places next to the balustrade, and for a little time they can see what is going on in tolerable comfort. But fresh detachments soon arrive, and as the new-comers cannot see through those in front, the first row lean down on the top of the balustrade, the next deposit themselves on the backs of those, and two or three rows more on the top of these. Altogether, there is a living mass of perhaps 1,200 men crowding one on the top of the other, till it seems as if the railing must give way or the whole mass tumble headlong over it. Of course the spare half-hour must be whiled away, and how should a crowd of undergrads accomplish that without noise? They whistle in chorus popular tunes, they cheer each other and anybody else they happen to think of. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Bright, and Sir Stafford Northcote are cheered over and over again; then "the ladies in blue," "the Don with a red face," and, in fact, everybody but the Proctors.

Of course the Proctors are there, each escorted by a body-guard of two stalwart men, known as "bull-dogs," and dressed in brown cloth capes, with rows of brass buttons to make them formidable. By-and-by there is a lull in the pleasantries of the gallery, and some one says, "The Vice is coming." Then enters the Vice-Chancellor (the "Vice" he is always called), preceded by the two Esquire Bedells, each bearing a large silver mace. As this dignified procession passes up the floor it is an opportunity too good to be lost. The whole mass of undergrads mark time with their feet, and whistle "Tommy, make room for your Uncle." Meanwhile the Vice-Chancellor bows to the Proctors, and seats himself in the big arm-chair, while the undergrads sing—

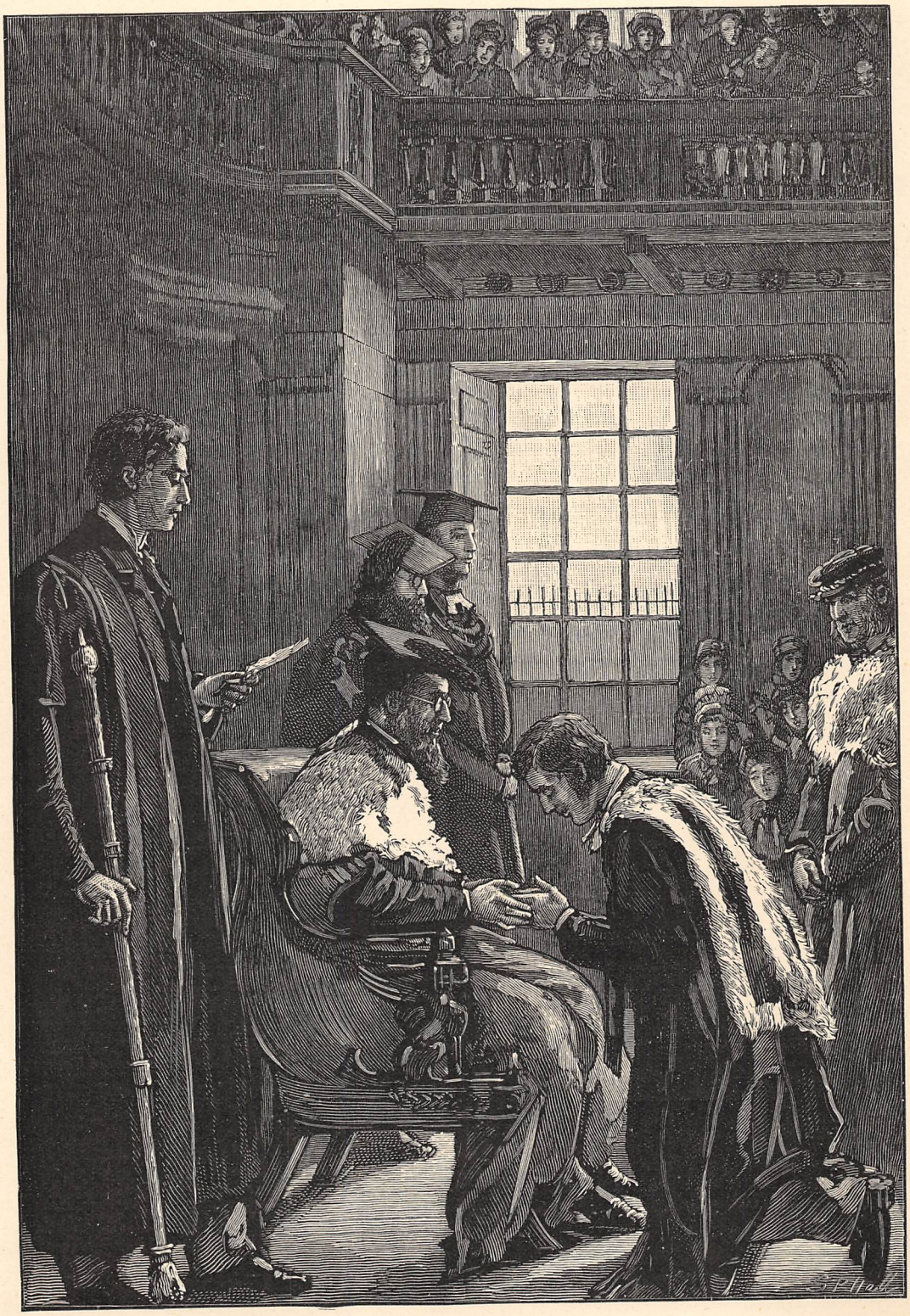
> "I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
> To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?"

And now the "congregation" is legally constituted. One of the University officers reads over the names of those to be admitted to degrees. His voice is quite inaudible, and the gallery keeps up a constant fire of chaff, throwing down halfpennies in showers to persuade him to "speak up." In fact, throughout the proceedings no one hears a word of what is said except the candidates. These are now brought forward by the Praelectors, or Fathers of the different colleges. Each man takes hold of one finger of the Praelector's left hand, and so four at a time are brought up, and introduced to the Vice-Chancellor. After all have been introduced, they must come up again. This time they are not in order of their colleges, but in the order they hold in the class list. Kneeling on the footstool before the Vice-Chancellor, the candidate places the palms of his hands together, the Vice puts his own hands outside those of the suppliant, and admits him in these words —"Auctoritate mihi commissa, admitto te ad titulum Baccalaurei in Artibus designati, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti," and the man rises a B.A. Of course the undergrad has something to say. A popular man is cheered to the echo, and if he has performed any athletic feat, the fact is not forgotten; he is greeted with cries of "Well rowed!" "Well run!"

As the long *queue* of white-hooded bachelors diminishes the interest seems to increase, and by-and-by it is found to culminate in the last man of the Tripos. He is known as "the Wooden Spoon," and somehow is nearly always a popular personage. While the other degrees are being conferred a string is passed round from hand to hand along the gallery, until it can be drawn tight across the hall. From this is suspended a huge wooden spoon, ornamented with bows of Cambridge blue and the arms of the college to which the recipient belongs. Gradually this is lowered amidst deafening cheers, till, just as the last of the Junior Optimes leaves the Vice-Cancellarial stool, it is dropped within his reach. The owner must be prepared to seize it quickly, and as he cuts the string and shoulders his trophy, it would be hard to say whether the first man or the last in the list gains most applause.

After this the interest is gone. A few men have to receive degrees, the results of other examinations, but the Mathematical degrees are all conferred, and within an incredibly short space of time the Senate House is empty, and for another year the great "Degree Day" is over.

R. E. JOHNSTON, B.A., Corpus.



"THE VICE PUTS HIS OWN HANDS OUTSIDE THOSE OF THE SUPPLIANT . . . AND THE MAN RISES A B.A."

"DEGREE DAY AT CAMBRIDGE" (*see p.* 206).

THE HOME OF A HIGHLAND POET.

ON Staten Island, New York, is a picturesque little house. It looks seaward to a point where the mighty Atlantic steamers pass inward and outward bound. This ocean observatory is the home of William Winter, whose lyrics belong to the literature of the Western land. At this "cottage by the sea," the great ships, with their intense human interests, are tenderly watched by the American poet. If the gentle gaze of William Winter could stretch straight across the Atlantic, he might see another poet's cottage by the sea, showing white amid a setting of green, among the silvery lights and soft shadows, the changing rain and sunshine of the Western Highlands of Scotland. At Ledaig, Benderloch, looking past Oban down the Sound of Kerrera to the open ocean, where there is nothing between his rocky home and that of the Western poet but the Atlantic rollers, is the dwelling of John Campbell, the laureate of the Land of Lorne. These poets are neighbours, though 3,000 miles apart, and though William Winter and John Campbell may never have heard the name of each other. John Campbell, according to the competent authority of Professor Blackie, is the best poet in the Highlands. The "gay old Grecian Gael" has shown his appreciation of the Bard of Benderloch by translating his poems from the Gaelic into English. John Campbell himself has probably no aspiration to be styled a poet at all. He would prefer to be known as the postmaster of Ledaig, or as a gardener and grower of strawberries. A disposition for recluse-like retirement is the distinguishing characteristic of this man who, like all the real singers, has learnt in suffering that he might teach in song.

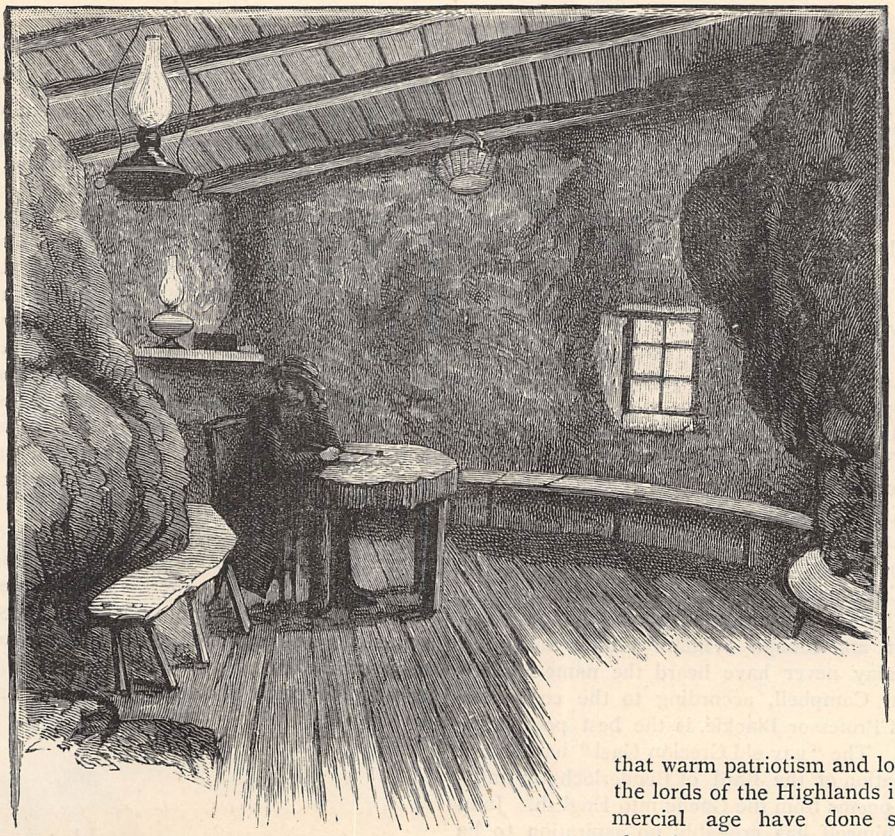
Born up in the land of Bens and glens, John Campbell inherited his patriotic passion for the Highlands. His father was a poor man, and at an early stage the delicate but dauntless son went from his mountain home to the great city of Glasgow to wrestle with—

> "Those twin gaolers of the daring heart—
> Low birth and iron fortune."

He entered a warehouse in the mercantile port. Early in the mornings, while others slept, he was studying art. His evenings were devoted to literature. Sydney Smith described the Scotch reviewers as "cultivating literature upon a little oatmeal." This "low living and high thinking" was young Campbell's diet in the competitive capital of the Clyde. But while the earnest student was nourishing his mind, his body suffered. Broken down in health, he returned a confirmed invalid to the glens of his boyhood, to the far-off Benderloch with its revelations of austere mountain heights and its inspirations of the sea. Poor enough was he in pocket, but rich with the secrets which God confides to those who commune with nature.

It is an ideal cottage in which the poet-postmaster lives. Professor Blackie says it is "the most unique of Highland dwellings, cut from the living rock, and looking out across the sea, like the King of Thule's castle in Goethe's song." The sea comes nearly up to the front door of this domicile. All around is a panorama of mountains, which is as changeful in its light and colour, its gleam and gloom, as the sea itself; sometimes clear and shining and restful, at other times dark and weird and wild. There is, perhaps, no post-office in the world so purely picturesque and suggestive as this little house at Ledaig. You might pass the one-storeyed cottage on the roadside, so jealously do cliff and tree conspire to hide it from intrusive gaze. It is a mere speck beside the great bulk of conglomerate crag under which it shelters. A profusion of roses, red and white, cling to the white walls of the cottage. Pink stone-crop makes the russet roof a study of colour. All around is the sense

THE HOME OF THE BARD.



INTERIOR OF THE CAVE.

of solitude, the sound of the sea, the secrets of the tremulous trees, the scent of peat and heather.

Let me introduce you to John Campbell, as he is working in his garden, a simple child of nature: a shrunken, retiring man of sixty, with iron-grey beard and a soft Highland voice. There is character in the friendly face and eloquent eyes. Character, too, in the warm nervous grip of the toil-worn hand, stretched out with no conventional expression of welcome. No show-place, this dwelling of the Highland bard, who shrinks from the obtrusive tourist gaze, although this quaint home of his has extended its simple hospitalities to the great and the gifted. Among John Campbell's visitors have been Alfred Tennyson, Tom Taylor, Sir Noel Paton, William Black, Dr. Angus Smith, and many others; while Professor Blackie is often a welcome guest. This is how Blackie describes the home of the bard:—"In one of the beautiful broad bays flanked by projecting headlands on the west coast of Argyleshire, a grand crag of old red conglomerate juts out into the sea, and one huge fragment of this mass has so shaped itself as to be readily turned into a comfortable chamber. Here, a friend of mine—one of those native singers in whom the Highlands abound—has pitched his abode; and not few are the happy hours that I have spent in his rocky shelter, singing with him Gaelic songs of his own composition, full of that warm patriotism and loyalty which the lords of the Highlands in this commercial age have done so little to cherish. But neither the Queen in all her majesty at Balmoral, nor Tennyson in all the beauty of heath, gorse, and copsewood at Haslemere, can boast of a dwelling so poetical as my friend John Campbell. Nor is John Campbell a poet merely; many a poet is a worthless fellow, and others think the world is bound to admire them, and even to support them, for blowing soap-bubbles; but my friend handles the spade as efficiently as the pen, and is in all respects an admirable specimen of that noble peasantry who shine so brightly in the military annals, and have been, not unfrequently, so ungraciously handled, and so stupidly neglected in the rural economy of this country."

Professor Blackie appends some verses, written after a visit to the spot, as "a small tribute to the fine lyrical talent and great personal worth of the person into whose mouth they are put." This spirited poem begins:—

"My name it is Ian the Bard,
And I dwell on the far west shore,
Where I look on the mighty old Ben,
And hear the old ocean roar;
And my house it is cut in the rock,
At the bend of the beautiful bay,
Beswept by the strength of the blast,
And beshone by the grace of the day.

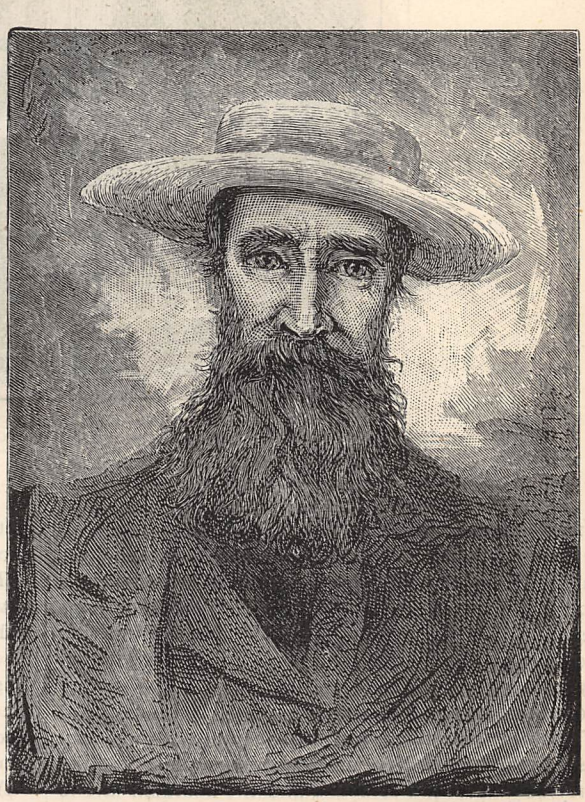
"O fair is the house of the bard,
Where it stands on the rock by the sea,
With the sway of the billow below,
And above with the swing of the tree;

With the glorious sun in his view
As he sinks in the glow of the west,
And the joy of the grey sea-birds
As they float on old ocean's breast!"

But Professor Blackie says nothing about the most interesting part of the poet's home. A step from the post-office porch, another step across the road, down a garden-patch bright with flowers that you would not expect to meet out of a conservatory, and shady with fruit-trees that might have been leased from Devonshire, and then you are among the Atlantic boulders. Here Ian, assisted largely by the rocky tumult of nature, has built a grotto-parlour. The shore rocks supplied him with two ready-made walls and a portion of a third; but the rest is the poet's own cunning contrivance, as indeed is his thriving garden, for until John came here the place was all barren rock, and he has made the wilderness smile by the dint of his own diligent hand. The ponderous wooden block which serves as a table was once the resting-place of Robert the Bruce. A sturdy oaken chair is in proportion to the solid table. A few forms are placed round the little room, which is reached by a descent of moss-grown stone steps from the garden. The floor is of wood, walls and ceiling are of undressed boulders. A patch of sunlight comes in from a pane in the roof. There is one window; it looks right out upon the Atlantic, upon the grey glory of Dunstaffnage Castle, upon the calm expanse of Loch Nell, with its observatory tower rising from a green gloom, upon island and mountain, upon scenery that is an enchantment to the most commonplace eye. A bookcase and a swinging oil-lamp complete the appointments of this apartment.

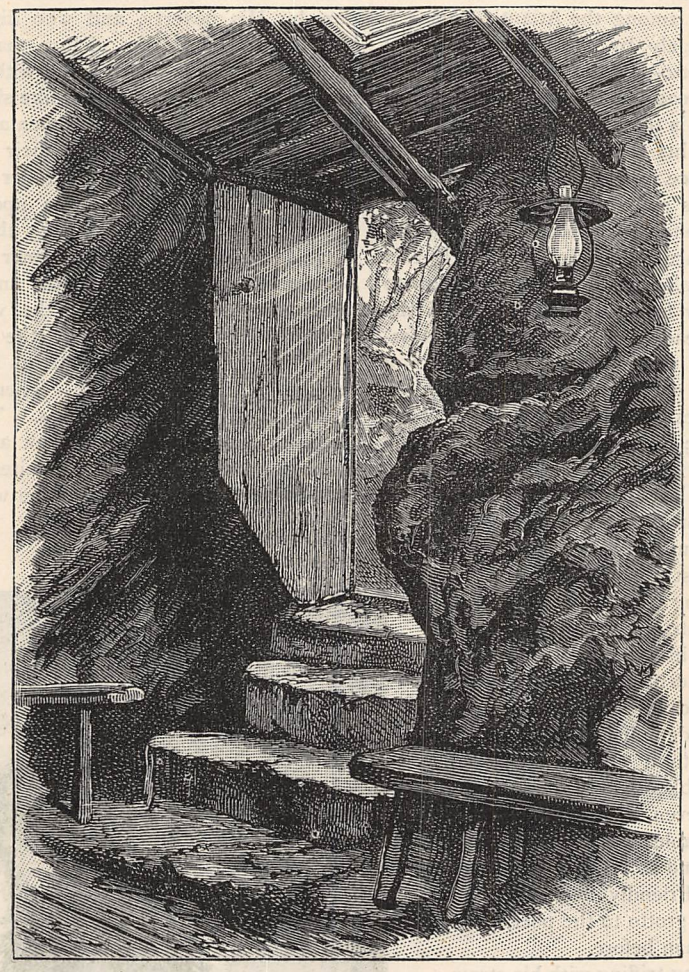
The sea is serene in its summer sleep to-day, but sometimes the spindrift rises high, a white whirling mist, over the cave. Once has the turbulent tide altogether demolished it. On the night of the great storm (November 22nd, 1881) Bruce's heavy table, chair, forms, lamps, books, flooring, walls even, were carried away to sea. The historic table was stranded down the coast the next day and so recovered. Everything else was lost. Friendly help, however, restored the wave-worn grotto to the poet, and it is built more strongly than before.

And here we are sitting trifling with his strawberries and listening to his rapid, electrical talk, with the "old green glamour of the glancing sea" dazzling our eyes, and the sun searching out the mosses and lichens, and beautiful colours on the mountain-slopes. But the sea-cave is devoted to higher purposes than the idle chit-chat of a holiday party. In this rugged room the Highland poet meets a Sabbath class. This Sunday gathering has been held in the present sea-cave for the past ten years. For twenty years previously it met in a fisherman's cottage that the Atlantic one night, remorseless in its rage, swept away. Thus for thirty years or more the poet-postman has taught his simple country-side scholars. His pupils trudge sturdily from far-off crofts, across the sobbing moors in the winter sleet. Some of them are lads and lassies; others are married people with bonnie wee bairns of their own. They attended Campbell's class in their youth. They are so attached to it in their age that they come each Sunday night across the peaty paths—weather fair or foul, sun-time and snow-time—to listen to the old, earnest, sympathetic voice, telling the wonderful story of the Man of Sorrows, who consecrated their humble position by His poverty, and who dignified their hard lot by His toil. It is a picture, that Sunday evening service in the wave-worn cave, with the lamp throwing darkly weird Rembrandt-like shadows, and sharp lights, on the little throng of men and women, youths and maidens, gathered round their teacher. The sea is moaning on the boulders under the little window that throws its yellow gleam upon the throbbing Atlantic; the wind is howling through corrie and glen; but there are hearts warmer than the glowing peat in this little room. Now and then there is a hymn sung in the Gaelic; the words are by the teacher. His daughters lead the singing, and the quaint music fills the air with its lilt of melancholy, deep, subdued, sympathetic. Then a prayer that is aching in its pleading pathos. Then a lesson in English; for Gaelic and English are both taught to the class by Ian, who thus unites, in this Sunday evening service, sound instruction with deep devotion.



IAN THE BARD.

Ledaig is worthy of a pilgrimage, apart from its association with its uncrowned laureate. It nestles under the cliff between Connel Ferry and Loch Creran, in the most romantic part of the Argyleshire archipelago. Close to John Campbell's house is the old vitrified fort called Berigonium. It is said to have been built by Fingal, and to mark the capital of the ancient Pictish kingdom. There are several ways of reaching Ledaig. By sea from Oban it is about six miles. A fine sail it is past Dunolly and Dunstaffnage, and a wonder of rocky islands, the home of strange sea-birds. If the weather is not suitable to journey to Ledaig by water, you may reach Connel Ferry either by train or by road. Interesting enough is the walk from that place. At Connel you cross Ossian's Falls of Lora. The tide, with rush and roar, runs irresistible through a deep and narrow channel; but the ferry-boat is broad of beam, and the boatman knows every eddy of the current; and you have a better time of it in crossing than fell to the lot of Wordsworth and his sister when they crossed in 1803. Pleasant is the stroll from the north side of the ferry on a level, breezy road, through the great Moss of Achnacree, with a world of mountain-peaks, which embrace in one scenic surprise Ben Lomond, Ben Arthur, and Cruachan Ben; and then, with all the wonder of wide water between, the majestic mountain ranges of Mull, Morven, and Kingairloch.



DOORWAY OF THE POET'S CAVE.

The poetry of John Campbell is marked by a fervid patriotism. He is a born Highlander, and tears come in his voice when he contemplates a land cleared of its people and its once green farmsteads, so that English brewers may bang away at stags and make the moors a slaughter-house of grouse. His poems are eloquent of his regret at the decadence of the Highland race.

As a specimen of his fine lyrical talent we append a few verses of one of his Gaelic songs, translated by

Professor Blackie, entitled "The Gael in a Foreign Land."

"Dear land of my fathers, my home in the Highlands,
'Tis oft that I think on thy bonnie green glens,
Thy far-gleaming lochs, and thy sheer-sided corries,
Thy dark frowning cliffs, and thy glory of Bens!

Thy wild-sweeping torrents, with bound and with bicker
That toss their white manes down the steep rocky brae,
Thy burnies that, babbling o'er beds of the granite,
Through thick copse of hazel are wimpling their way.

Thy close-clinging ivy, with fresh shining leafage,
That blooms through the winter and smiles at the storm,
And spreads its green arms o'er the hoary old castle,
To bind its grey ruin and keep its heart warm.

The sweet-sounding plash of thy light rippling billows,
As they beat on the sand where the white pebbles lie,
And their thundering war when, with whirling commotion,
They lift their white crests in grim face of the sky.

The land I was born in, the land I was bred in,
Where soft-sounding Gaelic falls sweet on the ear;
Dear Gaelic, whose accents take sharpness from sorrow,
And fill me, despairing, with words of good cheer.

'Twas oft I looked backward, and wishfully turned me,
When my travelled-worn foot to the Lowlands was near,
Like a glimpse of the sun through the dark cloud out-peeping
Was the land of my love which I left with a tear.

What though from the hills, when we first know the Lowlands,
The Lowlander greets us with sneer and with jest?
Ofttimes when the bark is the roughest and hardest,
The pith is the soundest, the wood is the best!"

John Campbell's poems, however, are not to be judged by a vagrant sample such as the necessities of space have compelled us to detach. This fragmentary selection is but a "tasting order" to a store-house which, we hope, will soon be enlarged by Professor Blackie rescuing from the Gaelic many inspirations of Ian's muse that in their native form cannot reach the heart of the Sassanach.

Edward Bradbury.

HOW MOLLY MADE BOTH ENDS MEET.

BY PHILLIS BROWNE, AUTHOR OF "WHAT GIRLS CAN DO," ETC.

CHAPTER II.—LAYING DOWN A PLAN.

MRS. BROWNE looked astonished when Aunt Susan said that Molly could not *afford* to dress poorly.

"You mean that she cannot afford to dress expensively, do you not?" she said.

"Not at all," said Aunt Susan. "People who are rich can afford to dress as they like. If they look shabby, their friends and neighbours say that they are eccentric, or that they have simple tastes, and care for something better than dress; but if people of limited income look shabby, their neighbours say that they are in difficulties, and the tailor sends in his bill."

"Better not let the tailor have a bill against them," said Mrs. Browne, "then they can be independent."

"Molly will make a great mistake if she thinks she can dress regardless of the opinions of her neighbours," persisted Aunt Susan. "I expect she will discover that people treat her respectfully or otherwise according to the appearance she makes. You, Mrs. Browne, know quite well that if a shabbily-dressed woman were to go into a shop and say that the last pound of butter she bought was rancid and high-priced, there *are* some buttermen who would be rude to her. They would think, 'This poor creature will never buy much of me; I need not try to please her.' But if the same woman made the same remark when handsomely dressed, the butterman would immediately say, 'Here is a good customer, I must not offend her,' and he would apologise, and bring out his 'best fresh.'"

"Susan does not think much of the high moral feeling of buttermen," said mother.

"I said *some* buttermen," replied Aunt Susan, "and only as an illustration; of course they are, as a class, as honest and polite as other people."

"For my part," said Mrs. Browne, "I do not think the shabby dress would make much difference if the customer knew what good butter was, and what it ought to cost. If she had no knowledge of this kind, the handsome dress would make our high-principled friend the butterman think that she had plenty of money, and could be imposed upon."

"I quite agree with Susan so far as a man's dress is concerned," said mother. "A business man who is not well dressed is at a disadvantage, and a shabby coat may cause him to lose both in position and influence; but with a woman it is different. I always think that one of the delights of being married is that a wife does not in her dress need to study the taste of any one but her husband."

"I should have thought that you would have advised Molly to dress well because of the effect upon her own feeling," said Mrs. Browne. "I fancy sometimes that women respect themselves ever so much more when they are conscious of suitable and becoming apparel."

"Of course they do," said mother. "Don't you remember our energetic friend, Mrs. Brayton? She said that whenever she had a sick headache she put on her best black silk, because then she did not want to lie down on the sofa and give way to it."

"When do you expect to have a housekeeping letter from Molly again?" said Mrs. Browne.

"I scarcely know," said mother. "The child may find herself too busy to write for awhile. But I must write and tell her what Aunt Susan says."

The next letter from Molly arrived before many days had elapsed. It was to the following effect:—

"DEAR MOTHER AND FRIENDS,

"In my last letter I told you that I was going to draw up a list of our expenses, and that Charlie was going to plan a method for expenditure. I did draw up what I thought was a most exhaustive list. I put down rent, rates and taxes, dress, yearly holiday, travelling expenses, charity (I did not forget that, mother), amusements, repairs, renewals (that means replacing breakages. I find that Hannah has broken two plates already. I told Jennie, and she said she knew a lady who had been married fourteen years, and had had fifteen dinner-services), laundress, wages, and living expenses. I thought it all over, and believed that I had put down every item. But when Charlie read it he laughed, took out his pencil, and added insurance, coal, gas, doctors' bills, and savings; I had missed all those things. Could you have imagined I should have been so forgetful?

"I am very glad Charlie is so determined to insure his life," said mother. "It is a cruel thing for a young married man not to begin at once to make provision for what may be."

Mother looked sad for a moment after saying this, then went on reading.

"After this, I asked Charlie if he had devised a method of expenditure. He said he had come to the conclusion that the best thing to do would be to draw up a list of what our regular expenses would amount to, with the exception of food and dress; what was left was to be devoted to those two items. For Charlie thought with me, that there was no way in which we could save excepting out of food and dress.'"

"These young people are trying to make their income meet their ideas of expenditure, instead of making their ideas of expenditure depend upon their income," said mother.

"I dare say they will soon find that out," said Mrs. Browne, and mother went on reading.

"We soon found, however, that this plan would not answer, for when we had made what we thought was a reasonable estimate of all our expenses, a most inadequate sum was left for living expenses and for dress.

"Of course, this would not do, and we both felt that we were in a difficulty. While we were talking about it, however, Jennie came in, and she helped us directly. Mother, I like Jennie more and more. She is always ready with a suggestion when you don't know what to do. If I had to describe her in one word, I should say she was helpful. The other day I was praising her to a lady who called, and she smiled, and said, 'You are enthusiastic about your sister-in-law, Mrs. Fraser.' 'Am I?' thought I. 'Yes, I will be so.' Charlie is going to take his mother-in-law into his heart, and in return I will take my sister-in-law into mine. I wish his mother were living, that I might take her too. Why should people be jealous of each other because they both love the same person?

"The suggestion which Jennie made on this occasion was not her own idea; she told us she had read it in a book, but she thought it so good that she had taken a note of it. It was that the income should be portioned out, and that each item of expense should be provided for beforehand, and allowed its due proportion, and no more. According to this, housekeeping expenses, including food, coals, gas, servants' wages, travelling expenses, holidays, renewals, and amusements, were to be paid for out of one-half of the income. Rent, rates, taxes, the cost of going to and from business for Charlie, doctors' bills, if there were any, and margin were allowed a quarter of the income. Clothing had one-eighth, and insurance and saving had also one-eighth.

"Perhaps you wonder what 'margin' meant. I did till Jennie explained it."

"I do not wonder at all," said Mrs. Browne and mother simultaneously.

"She said that no one could *exactly* provide for everything beforehand; the unforeseen always happens—no matter what wise plan you might form, there was sure to be something different to your expectation, and that this difference was almost invariably an excess rather than a deficiency. Therefore, you should prepare for it by leaving a wide margin or extra amount, out of which this unforeseen could be met.

"After this, you may imagine we had ever so much calculation to go through. We found that our rent, rates, and taxes were rather higher than they ought to be, but Charlie said that he would try to get into the way of walking to business, and so save out of the railway journey, and keep himself in good health as well. The 'margin' he is determined shall be a large one, for he says we ought to add to our savings out of it. If ever we save at all it should be now.

"Charlie said also that he was desirous that we should lay these plans and 'systematise' our outlay, because he wants us to throw off the thought of expense. I did not think we ever could do that with our small income, but Jennie and Charlie both believe it to be quite possible. Charlie said he hoped we should escape from the power of sixpences; that, important as it was to make both ends meet, it was narrowing and degrading to make that the business of life, and that there was something more to live for than paying the butcher's bill.

"Jennie broke in here, and became quite eloquent in the same strain. She said that no man could make the most of his opportunities, and devote himself to study or the advancement of the world, who was straining every nerve to provide for daily expenditure, and that the only way to get quite free from this slavery was to subordinate appearances, and make economy a habit, so that it never need be an effort.

"Jennie was getting very enthusiastic on this subject, and was talking away as I never expected she

could talk—for she is a very quiet girl generally—when a knock was heard at the door, and Mr. Malcolm, a friend of Charlie's, whom he had invited to come in for an hour (though he had forgotten to say anything to us about it), was ushered into the room. Mr. Malcolm was very pleasant, and I liked him very much.

"The worst of it was that as soon as he appeared Jennie gave up talking. She is very shy and retiring, and though we tried to draw her out of her shell again, it was no use: she retired into it most obstinately. I fear Mr. Malcolm went away with the opinion that Charlie's sister had very little to say for herself.

"So now, my dears, you know the plan by which we are going to regulate our expenses. We shall have to think it well out before we find what sum belongs exactly to each department. You will see, too, that I, under the heading of housekeeping expenses, shall have half our income under my control. I am going to try and make it go a long way. This is how I intend to do. Charlie will pay me my share (exclusive of my portion for dress, which I shall receive separately) every Monday morning. I shall immediately deduct from it what is required for servants' wages, gas, coal, and laundry expenses, and put the money away, then I can use what is left for housekeeping. Charlie is going to look after the other part. I believe we shall manage.

"Now I must conclude. Be sure you tell me what you think of our plans, and whether, in your opinion, we can work them out. I will write again shortly.

"MOLLY FRASER."

"Well, what do you think of the plan?" said mother, as she laid down the paper.

"I think it is excellent," said Mrs. Browne. "I wish all newly-married people had as clear an idea of what was wanted as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fraser have."

"I don't believe in old heads on young shoulders," said auntie. "These young people think themselves very clever, but they will make mistakes, like the rest of folks, I have no doubt. They will have to learn from experience, with all their planning."

"Well, they *mean* to do what is right," said mother.

LENTIL-FLOUR, AND WHAT MAY BE DONE WITH IT.

IN a previous paper I sang the praises of lentils. Let me now say a few words about the flour obtained from them after they are freed from the outer husk.

Now, lentils contain 33 per cent. of nitrogenous matter (flesh formers), 48 per cent. of carbonaceous (heat producers), 3 per cent. of mineral (bone and nerve producers), a large proportion of oil, and from 8 to 10 per cent. of water. On the score of nutrition, then, the lentil-flour recommends itself, especially in cold weather; and its price, about 4d. per pound (of any good corn-dealer or grocer), places it within the reach of all; and though but little known in its simple form, it enters largely into the composition of many foods sold under various names; and I strongly recommend it as an excellent food for children and invalids, as a basis for puddings, &c., and for many other purposes which I will endeavour to point out. In fact, an ingenious cook may make a great variety of dishes from lentil-flour.

I will commence with invalid specialities, as everybody knows the difficulty (especially when means are limited) of providing suitable food during the period of convalescence, when the patient is constantly craving for "something fresh," and would gladly welcome any change (when upon "slop diet") from the round of gruel, arrowroot, and beef-tea, so often relied on as all that is needful.

Lentil Gruel.—One table-spoonful of lentil-flour to be mixed with sufficient cold water into a paste, add a pint of boiling water, or milk if it agrees, stir well, and boil for fifteen minutes; sweeten to taste, flavour if liked, and add a pinch of salt; an egg is an improvement.

Invalid's Pudding.—One ounce of lentil-flour and half a pint of milk. Proceed as above, but boil two minutes only; when cool add sugar to taste, and one egg; steam it in a basin for an hour, or it may be baked for a change.

Beef or mutton tea, broth, and soup of all kinds may be thickened with the flour in all cases where thickening is admissible; care, however, must be taken that the preparation really boils after the flour is added, or it will taste raw.

Porridge for children's supper or breakfast should be made in the same manner as the invalid's lentil gruel, but the proportion of flour should be doubled or nearly so, according to taste, and milk always used; but for children fed from the bottle, water and milk in equal parts, one pint to a dessert-spoonful of flour; and here let me say that if unfortunately you have a delicate child in the family, you can't do better than give a meal daily of this food, and in a very short time a marked improvement will be the result.

Now for what I may term a few "family" hints.

Family Pudding.—Four ounces of lentil-flour to be mixed with cold milk, add the rest boiling—use a quart in all—boil the whole for a minute; when cool add one egg, sugar to taste, and grated nutmeg or lemon-rind; pour into a pie-dish well greased, and bake one hour in a moderate oven, or it may be steamed for two hours, if six ounces of flour instead of four, and an extra egg, are used.

This last is good as *Yorkshire Pudding* if salt and

pepper are substituted for the sugar and flavouring; it must be baked in a shallow tin, and the surface covered with suet or dripping. It is excellent also as *Toad in the Hole:* a delicious savoury pudding may be made for the children's dinner by adding half a pound of meat cut small—fresh or the remnants of a joint—to the "batter;" season nicely, add a good pinch of dried herbs, bake as Yorkshire, and serve with gravy made from bones and thickened with lentil-flour.

Lastly, though by no means of the least importance, I will speak of soups. Here, indeed, is wide scope for the thrifty housewife to concoct a meal, delicious and satisfying, at an almost nominal cost, presuming a supply of lentil-flour is at hand.

First, then, it may always be substituted for the patent pea-flour when a bowl of soup has to be prepared hastily. Use stock if at hand; if not, water and a little extract of meat. A few drops of sauce and a pinch of herbs are a great improvement. The split lentils, too, make an excellent pudding, made in the same way as *Peas-Pudding*, to be served with boiled pork, &c., and are better than peas as the basis of a winter *purée*, being more easily digested, for they seldom disagree with any one; but don't think too much of the trouble to pass it through a sieve.

Here is a delicious family soup. Soak half a pint of haricot beans (small ones are best) for twelve hours in cold water, to which has been added a bit of soda the size of a bean; pour off the soaking water, and put the beans into a saucepan with a quart of boiling water (though of course stock is better if handy); simmer slowly for two to three hours, as the time varies with the quality of the beans, until tender enough to rub through a sieve; return to the saucepan, and when it boils put in two ounces of lentil-flour smoothly mixed with half a pint of milk, salt and pepper to taste, and a pinch of dried herbs; boil for twenty minutes; last of all add a few drops of lemon-juice or vinegar, and serve with toasted or fried bread.

The above may be made into a high-class white *purée* if white stock is used instead of water, and cream in place of milk.

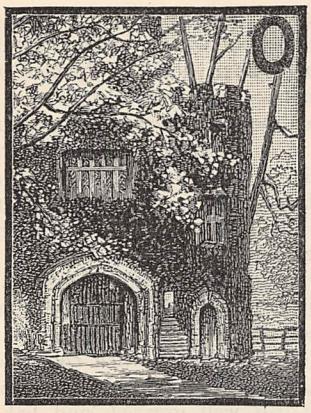
The following *Vegetable Soup* I especially recommend; it is really excellent. Into a saucepan containing two quarts of water put a quart of vegetables, the greater variety the better—potatoes, carrots, turnips, parsnips, onions or leeks—and a good bunch of fresh parsley; the outer sticks of a head of celery, or a pinch of celery-seed, and seasoning to taste; boil until tender, and rub through a sieve. It may be thickened with lentil-flour mixed with milk as in the last recipe, but I prefer it stirred smoothly with the boiling soup, with the addition of a little sauce or ketchup, and browning salt. A few bones broken up, or a piece of milt or kidney, or any scrap of meat will improve this soup greatly, and the flavour is brought out more fully by frying the onions instead of adding them raw. Don't omit a lump of sugar, and if you have a tomato (fresh or tinned) in the house, let the soup have the benefit.

I close my paper with the remark that a use of the foregoing recipes will, I hope, be the forerunner of many tasty dishes that will suggest themselves to the mind of the experimentalist, and I doubt not that all who give lentil-flour—in any form—a fair trial will not rest satisfied until their knowledge concerning it has considerably increased.

LIZZIE HERITAGE.

A STORY ABOUT A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ARTIST AND THE MAN," "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," ETC.



ON a beautiful lawn, planted here and there with stately forest trees, and sloping down to the banks of a wide river, a little group of people were gathered together. The time was mid-afternoon, and the season was early summer.

They sat under the shade of an old cedar, through whose branches the few patches of sky which were visible looked infinitely deep, dark, and far away; and if one might judge from the repeated and prolonged observation bestowed by various members of the party on the river and sky, and the absence of general conversation, there seemed to be a spirit of constraint, even of dulness, in their midst.

There were two girls—one in the first bloom of her youth, and the other only just past it. The elder of these had a most remarkable face, which was scarcely so much beautiful as quaintly and deliciously interesting. The tone of the complexion was pale and even, like ivory; the hair was a dark, warm brown; and the eyes were of that deep violet colour which, in certain light, looks black. She was dressed in white, with a coloured girdle round her waist, and her dress was cut after a pretty old-world pattern, whose style went well with the character of her appearance.

The second girl was of a fresher type of beauty. To her sparkling eyes, her complexion like milk and roses, her sunny hair and small regular features, no one would have denied the epithet of pretty.

Besides these two girls, there was another, much younger, of whom it was as yet impossible to say any-

thing very definite, and an elder lady, sufficiently like the three girls to be taken at once for their mother. They sat on garden-chairs under the tree's shadow, and two young men—one of them unusually handsome, and the other a plain-featured, broad-shouldered man, with good-natured-looking eyes, and a mouth whose pleasant curves indicated that hearty laughter was no stranger to it—were extended on the grass at their feet.

The elder and more handsome of the men had been addressing his remarks principally to the girl with the violet eyes, while the plain-featured man divided his attentions pretty equally between the pretty blonde and her young sister. The mother had for some considerable time spoken no single word: indeed, one might well have imagined that her mind was wandering in a dreamland of its own.

When this state of general passivity had lasted for about half an hour, the younger of the two men jumped suddenly to his feet, and, shaking himself like a dog after a swim, said, "Are we all going to sleep, or what is the matter with us? Really we ought to awake."

"Why ought we?" asked the eldest of the girls. "This is so pleasant."

"Pleasant to you, perhaps, Juliet," returned her pretty sister, "but, for my part, I agree with Mr. Meredith—night is the time for sleep. In the day we should enjoy ourselves."

"People take different views about enjoyment—don't they, Miss Alma?" said the handsome man. But he, too, rose to his feet.

"Since we have woke up, what shall we do, Mr. Meredith?"

The question was addressed to the elder and handsomer of the two men, who were brothers.

"It shall be as you all like," he answered.

"Mother would like us to remain where we are," said Juliet. "Are you not tired, dear?"

"No, Juliet, not exactly tired," she said, "but I had fallen into a dream. This place is like one I once knew, and so it set me thinking."

"Perhaps it is the same," cried the youngest girl; "how strange that would be! Did anything romantic happen in that other place? Do tell us, mother. This is just the time for a romance."

"Real life is often much stranger than a romance, Edna," said her mother. "No, dear. If I were to tell you a story, it would send you all to sleep again, and I see from Mr. Meredith's face that he has something interesting to propose."

"I believe Oscar wants to introduce you to his picture-gallery," said the younger brother; "but don't go unless you like."

"I should like it," said Juliet.

So said the other girls, and their mother made no objection. Juliet and Oscar led the way, and walked some distance in advance. Andrew followed with the rest of the ladies, to whom he was explaining, by the way, the peculiarity of their position towards the place in general, and its picture-gallery in particular. "For fear you should think," he said, "that the ladies and gentlemen you are going to see are our ancestors, I must tell you how this place came into our hands. Our poor father bought it just as it was—furniture, books, curios, pictures—everything included. He was very ill at the time, and what he principally wanted was rest. Our father was an energetic man, and seeing his every effort told, he worked well; but the consequences were disastrous, for before he had reached middle age he was a broken man. He died when Oscar and I were mere children, and our mother soon followed him; then we were sent to school and college, and the dear old place was shut up for years upon years."

"How happy you must have felt to come back to it!" said Alma.

"It was a mixed happiness. You see, Oscar, who is as proud as if he had been born a lord, can't get over the fact that the place belonged to other people's ancestors, not to ours. He says we have no right here; but that, of course, is absurd. If people of good family will squander their money, and put up their old properties to sale, how can we help it?"

"I don't see why you should wish to help it," said Alma.

"Well, that is precisely what I say, Miss Crozier. Why should all the best things in the world be always in the same hands? But," he added, laughing, "don't tell my brother I said so. He would call that shockingly *parvenu* talk. Until a year or two ago he thought, I believe, that our picture-gallery contained the portraits of our own ancestors, and he has always made it a point of honour to be as straightforward, courteous, and chivalrous as the descendant of such respectable people ought to be."

"Was he very much disenchanted," asked Alma, "when he found that the portraits belonged to somebody else's family?"

"I believe it was a great blow to him. In fact, when he returned here as master, he showed a profound dislike for the pictures. Lately, however, he has changed most strangely. He haunts the gallery now. Often, when I have missed him for some time, I find him there, generally sitting on one particular old chair, and always most deeply absorbed in thought."

But here Juliet and Oscar, having reached the portico of the house, turned round, and stood waiting for their friends to join them; and Andrew broke off hurriedly from his narration, with a laughing request that no one would betray him to his brother.

They all went into the house together—through a large central hall, up a broad, easy staircase, and along a low corridor, lit with stained-glass windows, and paved with variegated marbles. A deep silence had now fallen upon them all, and they trod softly, as if the house were full of sleepers.

When Oscar Meredith, who went first, stopped, and said quietly, "This is the door of the picture-gallery," several of the party started, and Edna, having involuntarily seized her mother's hand, found it as cold as the marbles on which they trod.

She would have exclaimed, but Mrs. Crozier put her finger on her lip, and they went with the others into the picture-gallery.

The room, which was very lofty, was not of large dimensions, but it was most exquisitely furnished and arranged. Fine specimens of Louis Quinze cabinets and chairs, costly vases and groups of statuary, with here and there a table of carved ebony, supporting some gorgeous illuminated missal or Bible of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, formed the furniture of the room, which produced upon the spectators an effect of mingled richness and beauty.

The little party soon broke up into three several groups—Mrs. Crozier with her youngest daughter kept in the background; Andrew appeared to derive much satisfaction from escorting Alma in her rapturous flight from one object of interest to another, while Juliet and Oscar remained together.

"What a lovely place this is!" said Alma to her companion. "I don't wonder your brother haunts it; and I thought old portraits were always hideous: some of these are beautiful."

"Ah! but a great many of them are not so very old. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted one or two."

"Oh!" cried Alma, stopping suddenly and clasping her hands. "Is that his? What a lovely face! But—" and she broke short, with a mystified expression.

The picture represented a very beautiful young woman, dressed in white, and after the quaint eighteenth-century fashion, with square-cut bodice, short waist, and long skirt.

"Why do you exclaim?" asked Andrew. "Do you see anything strange in the picture? I think it extremely beautiful."

"I wonder if mother sees it—I wonder if they see it," cried Alma excitedly.

"Perhaps we had better move on," said Alma, in a low voice; and Andrew, having cast one more glance at the picture, said, as he obeyed her, "It is curious I did not remark it before. The likeness is very striking," and he added, when they had put the full length of the gallery between themselves and their companions, "Can that be the reason of my brother's suddenly revived interest in the gallery? It dates from our first meeting with you."

But Alma, who felt, she did not know why, a little awed, would not discuss the subject.

* * * * * *

Evening had fallen on the world, and the different members of our little party had gone their several ways. The master of Bainbridge, after a long contemplation of the portrait, that was so like the woman he loved that it might have been meant for her, had asked his brother to join him in the library. Mrs. Crozier, who, on her return to the little river-side cottage which she had hired for the summer season, had been shut up for nearly an hour talking to Juliet, was on the sofa in her room, suffering from a severe headache; and Juliet was in the garden, watching the daylight cease, and the stars come out, one after another, in the clear zenith, and trying to still the tumultuous beating of her heart.

"If we had met in any other way," she said to herself mournfully, "I think I might have liked him. I think—I am afraid—I like him as it is. Oh! why—why—did mother act so?"

Her impulse was to sit down by the river and weep; but, as she stood, she caught in the near distance the plashing of oars, and feeling reluctant to be observed by any one, she drew back under the shadow of a friendly tree.

Presently a skiff, that was being rowed rapidly, shot into sight. Then the rower paused to rest on his oars and look round him, and Juliet, who was trembling with a strange excitement, remained where she was. But she could not so conceal herself from the eyes of the man who loved her. Sending before him an entreaty that she would wait one moment, Oscar turned the head of his boat in-shore. A few moments later he was standing by her side. "Forgive me," he said, "I could not help coming. I hoped you would be outside, and I wished so much to meet you this one time more."

"Why?" she faltered, casting down her eyes, "what do you mean?"

"I am going away," he said.

"You are going to leave your beautiful home?"

"It will not be my home much longer," he answered sadly. "I have my brother's permission to sell Bainbridge Hall. Yesterday I had all manner of fine ideas. I thought I might give back, by means of love, the things I prize so dearly, into the hands of those to whom they once belonged. But the dream was too good a one for this world. I felt that all day, and now I have only come to ask you to wish me God-speed, and to think of me kindly, as always the true friend of you and yours."

He held out his hand as he spoke the last words, and there was a pathos in his voice and manner which touched Juliet to her heart.

"It is all so strange," she murmured. "I think I cannot really understand everything."

"I thought you did understand, dear—I thought your mother told you——"

"She told me to-day for the first time—I mean about your place having once belonged to our family, and that the portrait you showed me was that of my own grandmother—and it seemed to me——"

"Yes, dearest?"

Juliet's face was pale no longer. It was glowing with the richest colour, as she went on falteringly. "I was afraid you might think—everybody might think—that we took the cottage on purpose."

"And is this the whole of the difficulty?"

"Is it not difficulty enough?"

"Enough? my dearest child! Why, you are wrong—you are altogether wrong. That would be a poor ground on which to ruin all my life and risk your own happiness. Why, if we love and trust one another, what do the thoughts of other people matter to us? Come! confess that you are foolish. But, since you are so proud, I will tell you a little secret. I do not want you only because I love you—though that would be more than enough. But there is something else. Now and then I have a curious sensitiveness about my home, and especially about the pictures, which

"'DO YOU SEE ANYTHING STRANGE IN THE PICTURE'" (*p.* 216).

ought never to have belonged to me. If you come to us, Juliet darling—if you become my wife and my brother's sister—all that will be set right. Are you listening? Do you agree with me?"

She answered very softly, "I am afraid there is no use reasoning with me. Oscar. I am afraid——"

"Well, darling?" He had dared to take her hand now, and was looking down upon her rapturously.

"I am afraid that, in spite of your being the master of Bainbridge Hall, I love you."

What tender expressions followed — what answer was made to them—what promises were poured out on both sides, we may not venture to record. It is only necessary to add that Oscar Meredith was not the only person in that neighbourhood who had his eyes open. Scarcely a month had passed away since the meeting in the picture-gallery before it was notified to all whom it might concern that, on a certain specified date, in a little village church near Bainbridge Hall, a double marriage would take place; and, no slips between cup and lip intervening, the ceremony that had been announced came off with all due splendour. Juliet Meredith, after a short trip with her husband, went back to the home of her forefathers; and the vivacious Alma, having a companion after her own heart, set about the happy task of crossing seas and climbing mountains, and seeing some of the many wonders which this wonderful century has to show.

C. DESPARD.

"IT IS THIS DREADFUL WEATHER!"

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

"IT is this dreadful weather!" This is a plaint we seldom or never hear from the lips of the young or the robust. They can afford to defy the weather, whether the wind blows from the blustering north, or the more dangerous, because insidious, east. But the delicate of all ages, and the old, if not the middle-aged, are often painfully sensible of the fact that the state of the weather has a good deal to do with that of their health and comfort.

But many may tell me, and many have told me, that life to them would be no longer worth having if they were compelled to live by rule. But this living by rule is not such a terrible tax upon the powers of self-government as many people imagine. The truth is that we have all been brought up to disregard the commonest laws of health, or—what is just the same thing—in our young days we were not taught to obey these laws, nor were they ever explained to us. Physiology has never yet been taught in schools: it is most erroneously supposed to be too dry, or too deep a subject for the young mind to grasp. The education of the present day is lacking in utility, and in much that is needful for success in the battle of life. A school-boy of the present day may be able to tell you the exact geographical bearings of Timbuctoo or the Fiji Islands, or write you *sine errore* an epitome of the history of the dynasties of China; but can he tell you anything about the effects of cold or heat upon substances in general, or on the human body in particular? I doubt it. Most young people are turned out into this world without an atom of useful knowledge, as to the qualities of those influences that are for ever warring against health and life, and with only a very hazy notion that they are mortal at all. It would not, as some may imagine, damp their young spirits or their youthful ardour to know just a little about the mechanism of their own frames, and the best means of preserving health. As it is, it is only when the precious boon is slipping from one's grasp that he begins to study the rules for retaining it. And at first it seems hard to him to have to obey the laws that he has all his life totally disregarded, but habit soon becomes a second nature, and renewal of health, comfort of living, and consequent happiness are his rewards.

It is not my purpose at present to discuss the general laws of health; the reader knows the value of regularity and care in diet, of regular exercise taken day after day in the open air, of pure water, of perfect ablution, and healthful sleep; my object is to show briefly how far different conditions of the atmosphere are to be accredited with many of the ills that human flesh is heir to, and to give some general hints for protection against the evil influence of wind and weather.

It has long been well known to medical men that each season of the year brings along with it its own special class of epidemic ailments. In the spring months the physician has to contend with colds and coughs, with diseases of the air-passages of every kind, often amounting to acute inflammations; and as the season advances, with erysipelas, dysentery, and fevers of various kinds, including typhus. And the spring winds—that is, the winds that are most regular in the months of April, May, and June—are northerly and easterly at first, then southerly and westerly. For the next three months—the summer of the astronomer—the prevailing winds are westerly or from the south. Even they bring their troubles, and fevers and dysentery, and sometimes even cholera, rage; and in autumn, if the change be sudden from extreme heat to cold and wet, these diseases will be on the increase, instead of showing signs of abatement. The wind in autumn wears more round to the north and the east again, and throat complaints, chest ailments, and fevers are rampant. In winter, rheumatism and gout are added to the list.

Most people fear northerly and easterly winds the most, and with good cause. It is well to remember, then, that the months during which these blow with the greatest regularity are March and April.

Extreme cold is fatal to many, especially to the aged, from the fact that it checks the excretions of the skin; this results in a mild form of blood-poisoning, with depression of all the vital powers, and congestion or inflammation of internal organs may take place, such as liver and kidney disease; and in the plethoric, or those that make blood fast, there is also danger of apoplexy during very cold weather. If cold, then, checks the skin exhalations, we ought to do all we can to guard against it, by wearing warmer clothing, keeping our bed-rooms up to the proper temperature, and having our beds themselves the acme of comfort; and not only should we attend to these matters, but we should, by a judicious use of the bath and friction with rough towels or the flesh-brush, keep our bodies in a condition to defy the lowering effects of cold. Unfortunately, it is just in winter and in the coldest weather that people fight shy of the bath, and endeavour to keep themselves up to the mark by sitting close by the fire, by eating highly-seasoned food, and taking stimulants, thereby poisoning blood which is

already impure from the effects of imprisoned secretions.

Now, though certain ailments are more prevalent at certain seasons than all the year round, so extremely variable is our climate, that whosoever values health will do well to study the weather, and not the seasons. But here is a mistake which delicate people—I do not mean those suffering from actual disease, but those who are constitutionally not strong—are very apt to fall into: they are inclined to let the amount of exercise they take depend entirely upon the state of the weather or atmosphere. And thus, on the very days when exercise would do them the most good, and a brisk walk banish the *ennui* and depression consequent on the peculiar state of the air, or the wind that is blowing, they remain miserably in-doors. You often hear a person saying, "I feel that I should like to take a good long walk to-day;" if he feels like this, I beg to assure him that he needs the walk less than if he felt so low and depressed, that he did not think he could summon up courage to walk at all. The spirits—or minds, if you like the word better—of delicate individuals are very much affected by the amount of ozone in the air. When this is abundant, they are full of vitality; when deficient, it is all the other way with them; but they ought to remember that if ozone is only present in small proportions out of doors, it will reach the minimum inside. They ought to go out, therefore, in order to breathe it, else they will blanch more and more; the blood will lose its strength, the muscles get flabby, and a day may come when it will be no longer in their power to take exercise in the open air.

Understand, then, that while counselling the doing of everything that may tend to counteract the evil influences of wind or weather, I wish to warn the reader against the mistake of ever looking upon either as a bogle or a bugbear.

I am of opinion that most people in England, if not in the North as well, are far too easily frightened at rain and snow. Neither should interfere with exercise, for both can be guarded against; if you dress properly, the rain need not wet nor the snow chill you. Exposure to high winds, or to a depressing atmosphere, is far more to be feared.

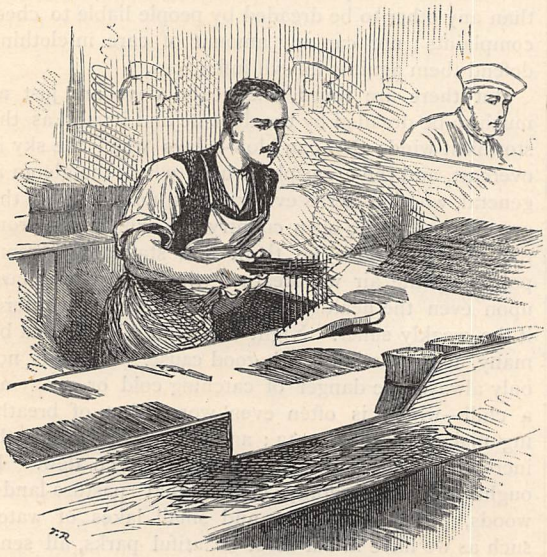
Let me say a few words about the winds and their effects on the health. No one who is at all subject to any affection of the chest should expose himself to high wind. A high wind is always more or less cold; and, on the other hand, no matter how low the temperature is, exercise may, as a rule, be taken with benefit and comfort if there be no wind. The nervous, too, should avoid exposure to high winds, else headache will be the result, and general depression of the whole system will follow. Cold wet winds, especially those that blow from the north and east, seem to possess a peculiarly disturbing effect upon the mucous membrane of the digestive canal, which may result in a fit of dyspepsia, or in diarrhœa or even dysentery. It is these north and east winds that render the early spring months in this climate of ours so risky to the invalid, or those pre-disposed to consumption and various other complaints. But the east wind is more than any other to be dreaded by people liable to chest complaints; nor can any amount of care in clothing defend them against its evil influences.

But there are times when calm days are just as much to be dreaded by the delicate and invalid as the stormiest winds that can blow—days when the sky is overcast, and the atmosphere hot: when the gloom is general, when in towns evil vapours float low on the ground, and in the open country the exhalations from the earth's surface lie thick and stagnant thereon, poisoning the air we breathe. Such days are hard upon even the healthy, and it is no wonder, therefore, if the weakly suffer. Night air is greatly dreaded by many, and sometimes with good cause. There is not only always the danger of catching cold or receiving a chill—which is often even worse—but of breathing malaria or miasmata; and this danger is greatly increased if there be mist or fog, or even dew. It ought to be generally known that pasture-lands, woods, pleasure-grounds, and small lakes of water such as we have in our most beautiful parks, all send forth malaria to some considerable extent, and that the delicate do wrong to walk in such places, even in the most delightful evenings of summer.

How best, then, are the more tender among us to shield themselves from the evil effects of bad weather and baneful atmosphere? The answer to this question, I think, is this: we are to clothe ourselves in such a way as to be proof against cold and wet, and at the same time do all we can to keep our bodies as near to the disease-resisting standard of health as possible. Exercise must on no account be neglected, but it ought not to be exercise of too trying, or even too exciting, a kind. We ought to study the kind and quality, as well as the quantity, of food we eat, not forgetting that people are all apt to err on the side of eating too much. It is the food which is digested with comfort that supports life.

Whatsoever lowers the nervous system renders us more susceptible to atmospheric changes, and *vice versâ*. Healthful sleep should be procured at night, therefore, but only by rational means; and daily and complete ablution is imperatively necessary. People who are subject to colds should be particular to have their bed-rooms well ventilated and comfortable, and the bed-clothes warm, but not heavy. I am quite convinced that colds are caught as often in bed as out of it, and those with weak chests would do well to wear a chest protector at night as well as by day. The part of the body most frequently unprotected at night is that between the shoulder-blades. Many a one takes every care to wrap up well in bed, but leaves this door open for illness to walk in; and many a fatal illness might be traced to colds thus caught in bed.

A WALK THROUGH A BRUSH FACTORY.



"IF you care to see how brushes are made, I will show you." So ran my friend's message, and as I knew the writer thereof was a chief proprietor of one of the largest and best-appointed brush factories in the United Kingdom—if not in the world—and as I plead guilty to being of a somewhat curious and inquisitive disposition, I at once accepted the invitation.

A bright spring day, and some other business in the quaint provincial town, which for the occasion shall be styled Brushborough, gave me the awaited opportunity. Riding into the streets, I learned that trade was now fairly brisk. After a period of depression the happy rebound promised at length to arrive. This was a cheering piece of intelligence, and calculated to put one in a good humour from sympathy.

"You will see our people and our place just in their every-day condition," remarked my guide. "Even the laziest of them is busy at work now, for the end of the week is approaching."

"That is precisely what I should desire—to witness the actual, regular method of procedure," I replied. "So you, too, know something of the keeping of Saint Monday and the annoyances it entails?"

"A little—less, perhaps, than an outsider would imagine. Our brush hands are fairly steady, on the whole."

"I am glad to hear it."

We were now at the gates, and the pile of gaunt, many-windowed buildings rose like a huge prison-house in front. A brush factory situate as this is, amidst green meadows and flower-gardens, in the centre of some of the loveliest sylvan scenery in England, strikes the imagination as a wonderful example of nature and art face to face.

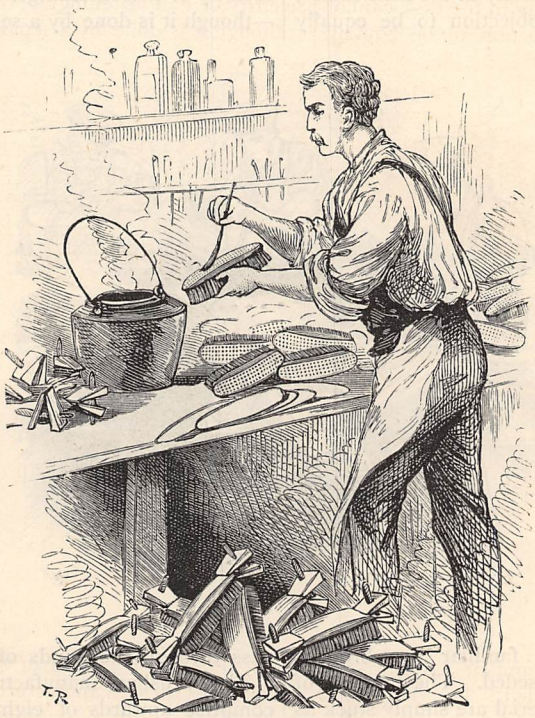
A large timber-stocked yard has to be passed through before reaching the hive proper. Here, in all shapes and sizes and conditions, in stacks under sheds and in rows upon the open ground, is timber. Here are woods from several climes, woods of varied kinds: huge giants of the glade and park, uprooted by the fierce storms of winter, and straight, barely-matured trunks, the deliberate prey of axe and trolly. The quantity used for brush-backs and handles in the course of a year would justify Dominie Sampson's favourite exclamation of "Pro-digious!" American birch and Spanish chestnut are highly esteemed; and the more costly rosewood arrives here in dark, dull-looking logs, to supply materials by-and-by for finely-polished veneering.

Entering the wide doors, we find ourselves first in the saw-room, or, as it might be untechnically termed, the splitting department. All around is the turmoil and din of steam-driven machinery. Circular bands of jagged steel are revolving in every direction. A crane hoists a ponderous trunk on to a sliding frame, and before our eyes, in two or three minutes, the tree falls apart, clean cut down the centre. The labour saved in this department alone by the appliances of modern engineering is immense. Division and sub-division go on, until the whole log is resolved into narrow slips, of the exact and uniform size required for any particular brush. The guiding, in the last case of all, looks to an outsider a somewhat perilous operation. The slip to be cut has to be kept in a perfectly straight line to face the saw, and for this purpose the workman

uses either a short stick or his bare hand. A very little carelessness might have grave results; so it is well, from this point of view, that a brush employé should be sober and steady. As a matter of fact, in this factory, accidents are of rare occurrence. I inquired whether the band-saws—so narrow and lithe, and revolving at so high a speed—did not occasionally fly.

"It would be exceedingly dangerous if they did," was the answer. "No one instance has happened here yet, and we hope the immunity may continue."

The backs of the brushes thus roughly prepared, the next step is the boring. This also is done by machine. It is a somewhat singular fact that only machine-bored brushes can be finished or have their edges trimmed by the same. The explanation lies in the fact that hand-work is never quite uniform. The holes vary a little; to the untrained eye this may be only the difference of an insignificant fraction, a rivalry between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee, but for the purposes of the machine-worker it is amply sufficient. His apparatus demands an exact conformity to theoretical lines, and will be content with nothing less.



It is very interesting to watch the plain sections of wood brought rapidly up in succession against the swiftly revolving gouges, to hear the sharp *whirr!* of the entering tools, and note the tiny curl of shaving after shaving flutter to the ground. The holes thus drilled vary, of course, according to the requirements of the proposed brushes, in size, in arrangement, and in position. The slightest flaw, or collapse of one of the generally narrow intervening spaces, leads to the tossing aside of the strip. If suffered to go out, disaster would surely commence, with use, at that weak point. For the good repute of the firm any such contingency is very carefully guarded against.

It may be remarked here that machinery, as applied to the more intricate needs of the brush manufacturer, is at the present time only in its infancy. It is a lusty child, though, and some of its latest manifestations are highly instructive. Naturally a vast amount of ingenuity and caution is exercised by each successful inventor in protecting himself against piracy. To this end, the patent laws as they stand are of small use, for one sufficient reason: they sternly repress the unauthorised vending of registered articles, but not the private manufacture of the same. Hence the brush engineer who turns out a contrivance to largely increase the speed of some special operation, if he patents it, gives rivals in the trade the chance to construct and themselves use a similar one. Obviously his wisest course is secrecy. Retaining the knowledge, he retains also the immediate pecuniary advantages. One fortunate inventor is said to keep a machine of this kind (for simplifying work) so strictly under lock and key as to allow not even a subordinate to see or touch it. He manipulates it himself, and it is impossible to blame him.

After this important business of boring, on which many hands are constantly engaged, comes the planing. A great deal of the rough and unsatisfactory appearance of the future brush now vanishes.

The drawing forms the next step. This is the operation upon which the large majority of the female workers are employed. In the factory under description the girls number a hundred to some fifty men, or are in the proportion of about two to one.

But fresh materials, as well as new toilers, here come upon the scene. Sundry, so to speak, side operations have meanwhile been going on, and have concerned the bristles. Like the varying woods, these are the spoils of many lands. France, Germany, Russia, America, even India and China, have all been laid under contribution. It is a task of considerable delicacy to assort and sift out the colours. This is necessary to give uniformity of tint to the "rows" in the completed brushes. In huge bunches the bristles are then levelled, and divided once again according to length. They are afterwards cut, and arranged in convenient bundles for the "drawer."

The drawing—to take the familiar nail-brush as an example—is contrived in this way. The girl works at a small bench fitted with a screw, or vice, into which the bored brush-back is fastened according to the varying requirements of each "row." A tiny wisp of the bristles is then doubled under a band of brass wire and pulled smartly into its place. The wire reappears through the next hole, receives a second supply of bristles, and is again drawn tightly in. So the process continues until the last bore of the last row is reached, and the wire can be tied off. A small comb to

clear and straighten the bristles before use, and a pair of stout shears to clip them to one exact level after drawing, complete the list of the "drawer's" chief tools. The wire, as has been mentioned, is largely of brass. Iron, however, is coming into use. It is remarkably fine and flexible, and yet strong. A nail-brush takes from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour to advance this stage on its journey to perfection. It is quite possible to carry on this operation outside the factory walls, and, as a matter of fact, many married women once engaged therein take out work and employ themselves at it in their own homes. The cost of fitting up a bench is very small, and the increase of the family income by this use of trained fingers is often considerable. That there is monotony in the task cannot be denied; but that is an objection to be equally lodged against a thousand and one other occupations. It is at least a healthy branch of woman's work, and so, commendable.

The succeeding link in our chain of brush-development is the gluing. An outer back has, of course, to be put on to the more material and important one. The traces of the wiring-in are thus entirely hidden, and, moreover, the strands themselves are protected from accident or the action of damp. This final back is in the first instance glued on.

One room in the factory is devoted to the manufacture of the coarse, familiar bass-brooms. Wire is here altogether superseded. The bunches of harsh, unpleasant-looking material are simply stuck as firmly as possible in the holes prepared for them. The operation and its surroundings constitute a striking and somewhat amusing picture. In the centre of the apartment is a huge and ever-steaming pitch-pot, reminding one of nothing so much as of a fabled witch's cauldron. Around it, in attire purposely unspoilable and with quaint paper caps on their heads, sit some half-dozen adult men. Each holds a brush-back duly bored, and each is plentifully supplied with bass. A bunch of the latter is dipped into the pitch-pot, bound with twine, dipped again, whisked quickly into its destined place, and by-and-by, when its companions are about it, left to dry. It is not exactly a savoury apartment, and one would imagine that of all the phases of brush-making this is probably the one least conducive to health in the establishment. On a hot summer's day, at any rate, the heat must be well-nigh insupportable, rivalling that of a London bakehouse.

To return to more elaborate brushes, the aristocracy of the tribe. After gluing comes what is technically known as "the finishing." It is not meant by this that the brush is now completed: far from it. This finishing is just a trimming of edges. The double brush-back is now put into a special machine and expeditiously and prettily curved into shape. It has lost for ever any appearance of crudeness which could connect it, in the imagination, with the band-saws on the lower floor.

In the case of better-class brushes the pricking follows. This is to give to the gluing the further security of nail fastenings. With it is distinctly allied—though it is done by a separate hand—the brading. Here is a further point of divergence between qualities. The very best brushes are braded with brass, commoner ones with steel or iron.

Sand-papering—finally to smooth the back and prepare for polishing—follows. The polishing and the wrapping in paper conclude the list of operations. Subdivision of labour is necessarily in this industry carried to a very minute scale, and the example which we have chosen — by name a nail-brush — before leaving the factory for the warehouse, would pass through the hands of some thirteen workers.

The brushes manufactured by this firm alone comprise upwards of eighty different varieties. As certain others — for instance, the largest machine brushes—are only turned out in the North of England (where chiefly needed), it is evident the trade is an intricate one. In character they range from carpet brooms to brewers' brushes; from oil brushes to jewellers'; from hair and hat brushes to the noteworthy tool of his ebony highness the chimney-sweep. Luxury, the science of health, business, and stern every-day use, are all represented. Large and small, fanciful and plain, cheap and high-priced, they are to be seen in the store-rooms in rich abundance. The quantity sold per annum averages many thousands of gross.

My walk through a brush factory had proved both a longer and more interesting one than was even expected. It only remained to express gratitude and say adieu.

W. J. L.

When Friends look Dark and Cold.

Words by Barry Cornwall. *Music by* C. A. Macirone.

Allegro con spirito.

Piano.

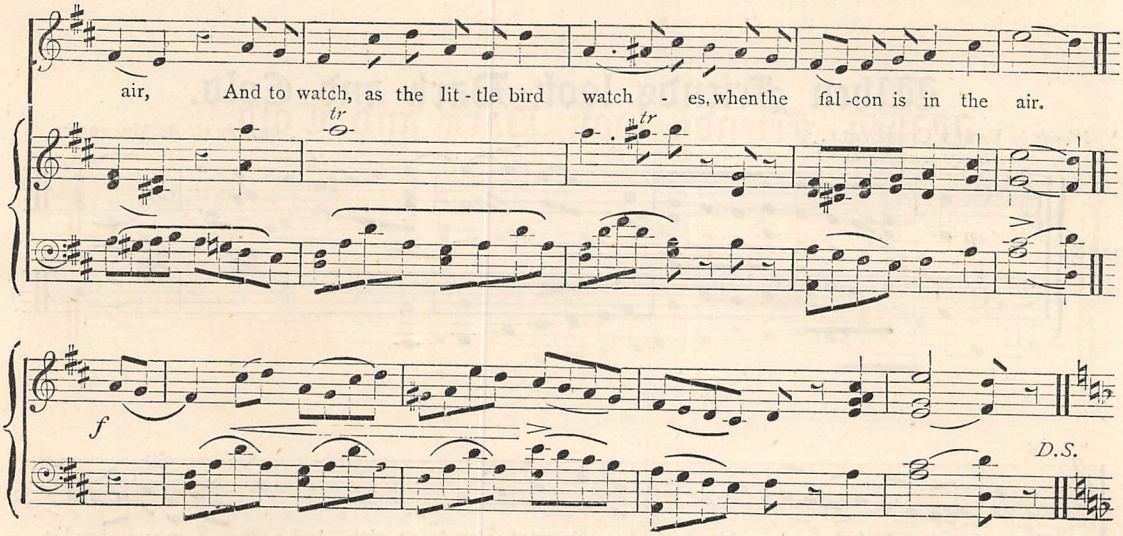
p

1. When friends look dark and cold, And maids nei-ther laugh nor sigh, And your en-e - my prof-fers his gold, Be sure there is dan - ger nigh.
2. When the tra - der is scant of words, And your neighbour is rough or shy, And your ban- ker re-calls his hoards, Be sure there is dan - ger nigh: Oh, then 'tis time to look for - ward, And
3. When ev - er a change is wrought, And you know not the rea - son why, In your own or an old friend's thought, Be sure there is e - vil nigh:

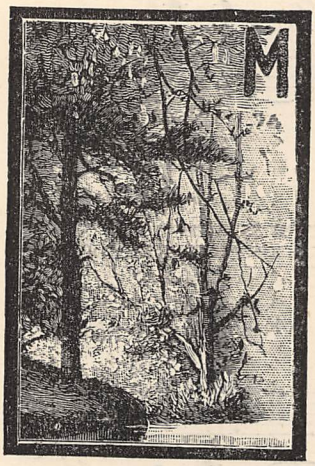
rall. *tempo.*

back like the hunt-ed hare; And to watch, as the lit-tle bird watch - es, when the fal-con is in the

rall. *cres.* *f*



OUR GARDEN IN MARCH.



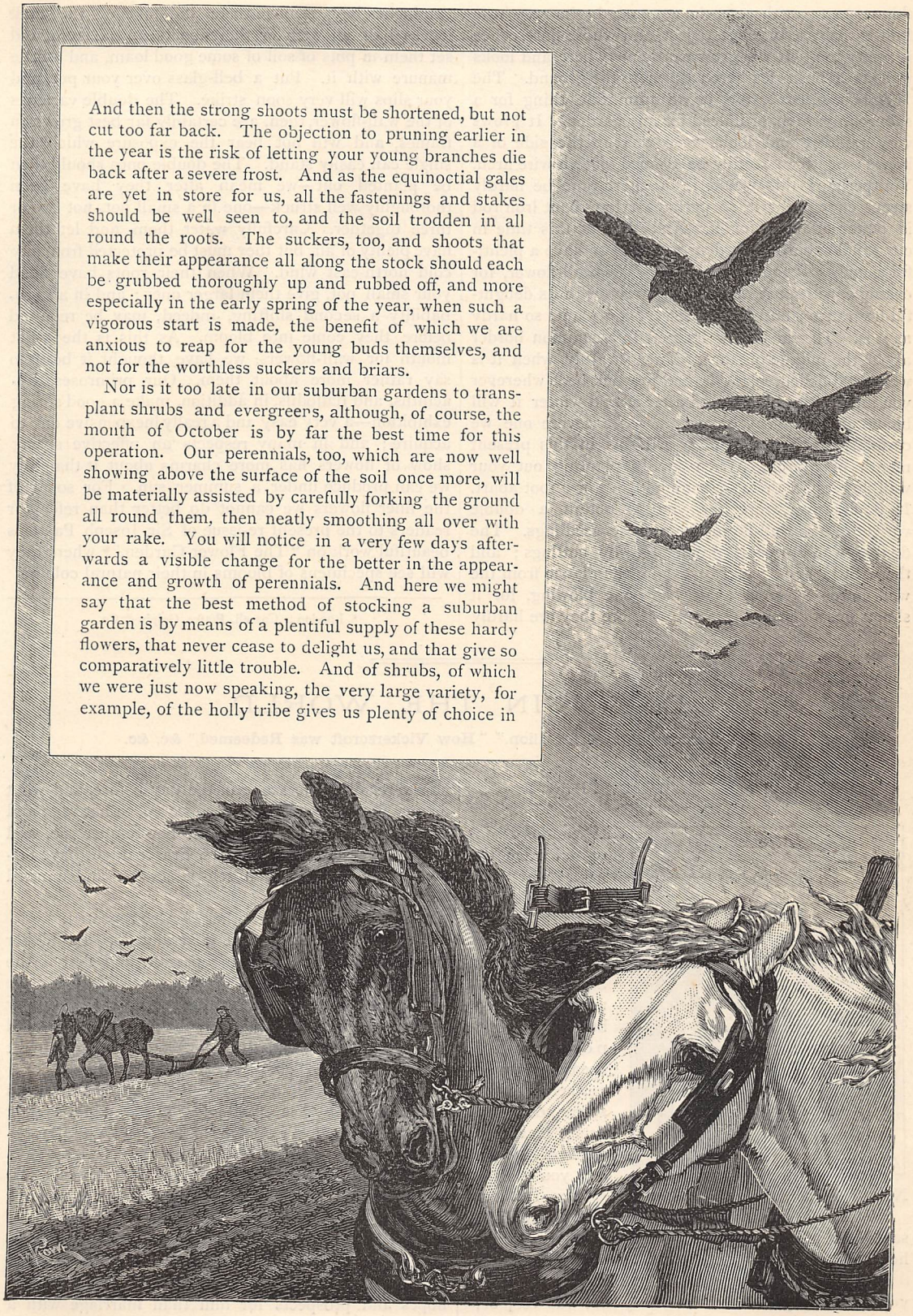
MARCH is, generally speaking, the first month of the year in which we are really conscious that winter is at length left behind us; and if the blaze of crocuses and early hyacinths in our open flower-beds tells us that we have actually begun to enjoy the spring, the advance is still more perceptible when we take a survey under our glass. And here in our greenhouse our bulb display by this time should be good. All plants of the bulb class should now be kept well watered, while there are other flowers which we shall select to say a few words about before passing on to work outside.

It may sound a melancholy idea to talk early in the year about chrysanthemums; nevertheless, there is something to do to them this month. We gardeners *must* work by routine, or everything will go wrong. We begin, then, preparing them for autumn flowering by taking off, and then potting singly, the best of the off-sets or suckers from the base, or what we may call the old stool of the plant. It matters little if we take them off with hardly any roots attached to them, but they must then be planted in a good, but moderate, heat until they get thoroughly rooted and established. After this they must be potted off singly, and in the pots in which they are to blow in the autumn, but they must not be nursed up, but grown quite hardy when once they have made a start.

We have on a former occasion spoken of the general management of camellias. Their flowering time over, let them be re-potted, while of those that do not require re-potting you ought at least to examine the drainage, and make perfect there anything you find amiss. The surface of the soil, too, should be renewed. Some, however, have recommended potting in autumn, but it is now most generally done in the early spring, after the flowering is over, and just previous to the start of the new wood.

Akin to our small greenhouse is our window garden. All the plants in our windows this month require as much light as you can give them, but only a very moderate watering. When fresh air, too, is given to your window plants—and this, it is needless to say, should be daily—it is far safer to put your plants entirely outside for a time than by opening your window, having the plants still just inside the room, to expose them thus suddenly to all the cutting draught of a March wind. And as for ferns, hardy ones can be successfully reared in a window, but the more delicate ones should have glass over them, for anything like a smoky atmosphere would certainly affect them.

Another important and necessary operation this month is the pruning of the standard roses; and this should be done some time during the first ten days of the month. Some considerable care, too, is required with the pruning-knife. First of all should be removed all those long, thin, and spindly branches, pretty close to the very point from which they spring, as they are certain to be of little use—we might say of no use—for after-bloom or growth, and only exhaust the roots.



And then the strong shoots must be shortened, but not cut too far back. The objection to pruning earlier in the year is the risk of letting your young branches die back after a severe frost. And as the equinoctial gales are yet in store for us, all the fastenings and stakes should be well seen to, and the soil trodden in all round the roots. The suckers, too, and shoots that make their appearance all along the stock should each be grubbed thoroughly up and rubbed off, and more especially in the early spring of the year, when such a vigorous start is made, the benefit of which we are anxious to reap for the young buds themselves, and not for the worthless suckers and briars.

Nor is it too late in our suburban gardens to transplant shrubs and evergreens, although, of course, the month of October is by far the best time for this operation. Our perennials, too, which are now well showing above the surface of the soil once more, will be materially assisted by carefully forking the ground all round them, then neatly smoothing all over with your rake. You will notice in a very few days afterwards a visible change for the better in the appearance and growth of perennials. And here we might say that the best method of stocking a suburban garden is by means of a plentiful supply of these hardy flowers, that never cease to delight us, and that give so comparatively little trouble. And of shrubs, of which we were just now speaking, the very large variety, for example, of the holly tribe gives us plenty of choice in

this respect; or there is the common barberry, whose fruit is really a brilliant object, and whose florescence is pretty too. It will grow nearly anywhere, and looks well as a bush feathered down to the ground. The *Wistaria sinensis*, too, is an admirable thing for a suburban garden, or indeed for any garden. It grows very rapidly, and looks very well up the side of a house; or it can readily be trained over a wire arch. Yet perhaps this would in a short time be hardly strong enough for it, so perhaps a long bent iron rod is better adapted for it. And then at this time in our small suburban gardens we ought to have a plentiful supply of popular flowers. The wall-flower, for example, will scent our whole garden with its delightful fragrance; and there are very few plants so hardy as it is. To rear it, sow its seed in a common border about the middle of April. Then in July, when it is well established, plant it out in your beds wherever you intend it to bloom, and after a mild winter it will bloom in February, or after a more severe one we certainly have it plentifully with us in this present month of March. When finally planting out your wall-flowers set them some nine inches or a foot apart. It is, however, rare for you to obtain a double variety of the wall-flower from these seedlings. The double wall-flower is propagated by cuttings; and these little slips you can get in abundance from the wall-flower as soon as it has done blowing, for it shoots out all over the stem. Before they are hardly two inches long, remove them, and take off the small leaves half an inch or thereabouts up the stem, and set them in pots of soil of some good loam, and a little manure with it. Put a bell-glass over your pot, and your slips will very soon strike. The double varieties of the wall-flower, then, are certainly far best grown in frames, and will not bear the exposure which the single can easily stand. The double ones should then be planted out—we mean after they have been thoroughly well struck—one in a small pot, not two or three together. Carefully water them, and let them have plenty of air, but they must be protected from any cold north-east wind. When their roots have filled your small pot, give them larger ones; and in all probability a second shifting, indeed, may be required before they come into bloom. As this is the great month for wall-flowers, we have thought it best to say rather more about them. Our primroses, hyacinths, and daffodils, in addition, make a good spring exhibition—a very easy and a really inexpensive one to acquire; and in many respects an effective spring show of flowers has more charms about it than any we can produce under a summer sun. For some of the finer flowers we cannot do better than refer our readers to the present re-issue of Sir Joseph Paxton's beautiful work on "The Flower Garden,"* where they will see specimens of blooms in their natural colours.

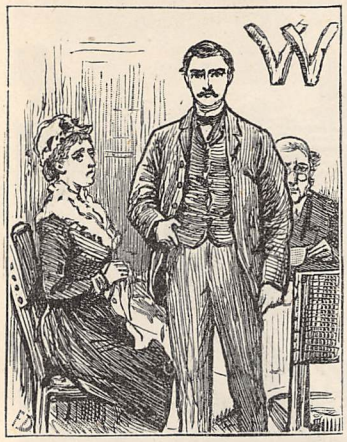
* London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

DOWN IN THE WORLD.

By the Author of "But for Ilion," "How Vickerscroft was Redeemed," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

A FAMILY DISCUSSION.



"WELL, mother?" inquired Alec the next morning, after breakfast—he had dined the night before at Buckingham Square, and remained to sleep, but found no opportunity of speaking to his mother, she being surrounded, as usual, by visitors—"Well, mother, did you call on Nellie yesterday, as you promised?" "Yes, I called."

"What did you say? I hope, for my sake and the sake of our future happiness, that you were kind to her. Poor child! she's had trouble enough lately."

Mrs. Fraser smiled grimly. She had not endeavoured to lessen Nellie's sorrows, that was very certain; then she compressed her lips into a hard line as she recalled the scene of the day before, and what a sorry figure she must have appeared, in her rage and mortification. Had Nellie lost her temper too, and spoken back bitter words, Mrs. Fraser might have forgiven her, but the calm self-possession and amazed superiority, never!

"What did you say, mother?" Alec repeated.

"I spoke my mind, as I generally do. I told her she was an artful, designing person, and that if she married you she would simply ruin you," Mrs. Fraser said, with a certain snap in her voice and an angry flash in her eye. "I told her your father and I would never forgive you, and that she would make as great a pauper of you as she is herself!"

"Jane! You didn't say that to Ernest Brand's daughter?" Mr. Fraser cried. "You couldn't surely have the heart to insult her in her trouble and loneliness?"

"I spoke my mind, as I always do," Mrs. Fraser replied doggedly, with a side-glance at Alec, who sat perfectly quiet, studying the pattern on his plate. "Yes, I told Miss Brand just what I felt on the subject. My son's welfare and interest are dearer to me than all the Brands in the universe, and I have other hopes and prospects for him than marriage with a beggar!"

"Mother, you're speaking of my future wife," the young man said very gently.

"She will never be your wife, Alec," was the triumphant reply; "I saw that in her face."

"How cruelly you must have wounded her! I wonder how you could do it, mother. However, it doesn't signify much. I have asked Ellinor Brand to be my wife, and she has promised. No power on earth shall come between us; not even you, mother," and he looked at her steadily. "It would have been much better for all of us that you had made my wishes yours in this matter. As it is——"

"But you will not, you dare not, persist in this madness!" Mrs. Fraser interrupted. "You must give her up. We will disinherit you—ruin you!"

"Ruin me!" Alec said, with a smile. "How, mother? Have I not worked all my life? and can you take the capacity for work from me, or the knowledge that is power? Thanks to my father, the word 'ruin' has no terrors for me. Have I not my head and my hands? You can't deprive me of those, mother."

"But you will not marry against our wishes, Alec; no good ever came of such a union. A disobedient child never prospers!" Mrs. Fraser cried, startled a little at the tone her son had taken.

"I think I have tried to be dutiful and obedient, mother," Alec said, after a long silence; "but I am a child no longer; and blind, unreasonable obedience a parent should not, I think, ask or expect. In this one most important matter of my life I must choose for myself. If you had any fault or reasonable objection to Nellie——"

"I have dozens: she's poor, and proud——"

"No, mother, not that; or, at least, no prouder than I could wish my wife to be. Poverty is not her fault, and you have often said that I had money enough and to spare. In birth, breeding, and education she is infinitely my superior. What more could you wish for? Father, will you not help me in this matter? Will you not try to persuade mother to receive my promised wife at least with politeness?"

"Never; I will not, there!" Mrs. Fraser interrupted; "nor shall you, James. I command you to forbid this disgraceful marriage!"

"I have no power to do so, Jane," Mr. Fraser replied; "Alec is of age, and can please himself. Nor have I any wish to interfere with his plans, nor any objection to the young lady he has chosen. I wish, Jane, you would take a more reasonable view of the matter."

"I'll never consent, never!"

"Then, mother, since I must choose between you, it is needless to say that I stand by Nellie. My word is pledged, and no earthly power can induce me to break it. I'm sorry you have made this difficulty; it might have been so different. Father, you cannot blame me. I'm sorry to run counter to my mother, but my first duty is to the girl I have promised to marry;" and Alec stood up from the table with a very stern face. "As I purpose marrying immediately, I think I had better not come here again."

"Alec, you are not going to leave me in anger?"

"No, mother, only in sorrow," he said quietly. "Even now, if you choose to make friendly overtures to Miss Brand, I think I can promise they will be received in a friendly spirit; if not, Nellie and I must only wait till you see things in a better light. Good morning, mother." And without another word he left the house, having come to a very hasty conclusion during the unpleasant discussion at the breakfast-table.

"James, he can't mean it, surely," Mrs. Fraser said to her husband, when they were alone. "Alec has always been a good boy; he wouldn't defy us in so important a matter as his marriage."

"It's not defiance, Jane. Alec is old enough to judge for himself: he is a boy no longer; and I think you are foolish in the extreme to oppose him. I have no objection to Nellie Brand; I think her a very charming girl. However, you have taken your course, and you must bear the consequences, for Alec won't give in."

"He must if you are firm with him," Mrs. Fraser cried. "He can't marry without money, and you shall not give him any. Do you hear, James Fraser? you shall not let him have a single farthing of our money!"

"Jane, don't let your blind passion make a complete fool of you," Mr. Fraser said, with more firmness than he had shown for years. "In business Alec is no longer my son, but my partner: he has his own income; and I have neither the right nor the inclination to interfere with his private affairs."

"You've both conspired to thwart me, but you'll be sorry," Mrs. Fraser cried, bursting into tears; "and I'll succeed yet, in spite of you, for Nellie Brand will never consent to marry Alec. I took good care of that."

"And Alec will never marry any one else: I'm quite satisfied of that; so take my advice, Jane, go straight up to Nellie and make friends; say you were in a temper yesterday, and didn't mean what you said, and then all will go on pleasantly. We can move into a smaller house, and give them this, for we're getting old, Jane, and tired of seeing so much company; indeed, it will be a great comfort to have the boy settled."

This was a long speech for Mr. Fraser, and without waiting to see or hear the effect of it, he beat rather a hasty retreat, and was hurrying round the corner of the square before his wife had quite realised the full meaning of his words.

"Apologise! make friends! give up my house to her!" she gasped, leaning back in her chair, with a curious expression on her face. "What can it all mean? But there's only one possible explanation: James Fraser must be going mad; and if he doesn't take care I'll lock him up in a lunatic asylum."

Mrs. Fraser had full and unbounded faith in her power to do that, or anything else she took it into her head to do. Her husband was her personal property, and so long and so meekly had he endured her words and ignored her actions, that she firmly believed she had unbounded authority over him. The fact was, Mr. Fraser was naturally a quiet man; he loved peace at any price, and knew that

it takes two to make a quarrel, so he had submitted to his wife's rule because it was easier than to resist it, also because he really did not mind in the least her having her own way if it pleased her—never thinking, though, that power and money would develop such unpleasant traits in her character. As a poor woman she had been a good, careful, economical wife and mother; a little "difficult" sometimes, perhaps, but on the whole fairly manageable. But of late she had become imperious and overbearing to every one, to her husband most of all. But as he spent his days at his office on Tollman's Wharf, and the greater part of his evenings in the dining-room with his newspapers, while his wife entertained her company in the grand and gorgeous drawing-room, they didn't come into collision very frequently, and Mr. Fraser was always submissive. Besides his native love of quietness, he had another strong reason for being so passive. During his stay in Canada he had suffered from acute rheumatism, which left an affection of the heart that sometimes caused him uneasiness, and his medical adviser had warned him to avoid excitement. Now, like many "quiet" men, when roused he had an awful temper, so he very wisely avoided ever beginning a discussion that might end stormily, and generally, with the discretion that is ever the better part of valour, fled before the storm; therefore was his wife amazed and astounded at his remarks and suggestions, so much so that she came to the conclusion that he had taken leave of his senses. However, she had no doubt of being able to subdue him; but Alec caused her more uneasiness. She began to see that it would not be such an easy thing as she fancied to bring him round to her plans, and she had them all arranged to a nicety.

"'I WANT YOU TO STAND BY ME IN THIS, CHESTON'" (*p.* 229).

"Ellinor Brand won't marry him, that's one comfort," she said to herself for the tenth time aloud. "After what I said to her yesterday she wouldn't become his wife if he were hung with diamonds; and Alec shall marry Lady Emmeline yet!"

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

WHEN Alec left the family mansion in Buckingham Square he jumped into a hansom, and was driven to

the City. Alighting at Doctors' Commons, he took the first steps towards procuring a special licence. Then he went to the chambers of a friend in the Temple, and told him what he had done.

"I want you to stand by me in this, Cheston," he said earnestly. "You're the only fellow I know that I could ask to help me in such a delicate situation."

"Much obliged, I'm sure, for the preference," Frank Cheston replied, looking up from his newspaper with a sort of lazy curiosity. "You do me proud, Fraser!"

"Don't chaff, like a good fellow. It's a serious thing to me," Alec said earnestly. "I dare say you fancy I'm going to marry some adventuress, ensnared by her pretty face, and that I shall enjoy my repentance at leisure in exact proportion to my haste in getting into the difficulty."

"I think such a contingency is not at all impossible. I object on principle to fellows getting married by special licence, at unearthly hours and in the most inconvenient places; and I confess, Fraser, I thought you were the last man in the world to go in for anything of the kind."

"So I am in a general way, but circumstances alter cases," Alec replied. "Will it bore you, Frank, if I tell you all about it from beginning to end? then you will be able to judge me more fairly."

"Well, it will bore me, I expect, but no matter; just go ahead, and be as brief as you can;" and taking up a pencil, Frank Cheston prepared to make a few notes.

Before Alec was half-way through the story he became thoroughly interested, as, indeed, who would not be in the sad history of the girls, so young, friendless, and entirely uncared for in their heavy sorrow? Alec dwelt at great length on the kindness of Mr. Garfield and Mr. Brand to his father when he was in very different circumstances, concealing in no way that his family were indebted to them for much of their prosperity, if not for all of it; he also gave a full account of old David Dunderdale's devotion to the girls, and Captain Laffin's surreptitious kindnesses. Then he touched, lightly as he could, on his mother's unaccountable harshness, for it did really seem inexplicable to her son: how from the first she refused to visit the family in their misfortunes, speaking of them with great bitterness; and finally telling, with much reluctance, of her visit to Clematis Villa, and the things she had said to Nellie.

"I told my parents this morning that I meant to marry her just as soon as I could, and my father said he had no objection. Mother was obstinate and angry, but that can't be helped. I must provide a home for my poor girl and her sister; they are so young, pretty, and inexperienced, it would be cruelty to allow them to face the world and fight for themselves, although Nellie has the courage of a lion. Under the circumstances, Cheston, don't you think I am justified in keeping my promise, and marrying without an hour's delay?"

"Well, yes, perhaps you are; but have you seen Miss Brand since your mother's visit?"

"No; and I confess I am anxious as to the result of it. However, if you will promise to help me in this matter, and stand by me, I'll go off to see her at once, and tell her of my intentions and arrangements. Then perhaps, Cheston, you will come and see them this evening, just to be introduced, so that you may not feel like a stranger. Doris, of course, must accompany us on our wedding trip, which will only be to Paris; and then, when I come back you must help me to get settled in a 'semi-detached' villa somewhere, and——"

"Hadn't you better go and see Miss Brand before you build any more castles?" Frank Cheston said quietly. "She may have some plans and ideas too."

"Why, of course. Will you be at home in the afternoon? May I come and tell you the result?"

"Yes, I shall be very glad to hear."

Alec lost no time in making his way to Clematis Villa, and was somewhat surprised by Slack's demeanour as he informed him that both his young ladies were "engaged."

"Are they alone?" Alec asked, after a moment's thought.

"Yes, sir; alone, but engaged," Slack repeated more resolutely, and with an air of outraged dignity.

"Well, just go and say to Miss Brand that I want a few minutes' conversation with her on an important subject."

"It's no use, sir; Miss Nellie won't see you," old Davy said, joining them. "She's given strict orders."

"But she *must* see me, Davy," Alec cried; "she has no right to refuse to see me. She's my promised wife; or if she no longer considers herself so, I have a right to know her reasons."

"Your mother was here yesterday, Mr. Alec."

"Well, what of that?" Alec exclaimed impatiently. "Am I to be held accountable for my mother's words or actions? I'm not a child, David, and I will not be treated like one, so just tell Miss Brand that I insist on seeing her!"

Nell, in the little sitting-room, heard every word he said, and her cheeks flushed with pride. He was not going to forsake her at his mother's bidding, after all her cruel boasting; he was, as Doris had said, true as steel. It made the task of giving him up all the harder, but it brought a little comfort with it, too. And he certainly had the right to ask for an explanation; so when David came in reluctantly, but also with an increased respect for young Mr. Fraser, Nellie said she would see him for a few minutes.

Alec was a little angry at first at having been denied admittance, but it all died away the moment he glanced at Nell's white face and heavy eyes. "My darling, my poor little one, how you must have worried yourself!" he said tenderly. "Nellie, you didn't doubt me, did you, dear? you didn't think I was going to give you up?"

"I didn't think much of that, Alec, since I have resolved to give you up," Nell said, trying to steady her voice.

"Then you'll have to alter your resolve," he cried. "Do you know where I have been this morning, Nell? At Doctors' Commons; and my business was to pro-

cure special permission to make Miss Ellinor Brand, spinster, my wife. Don't look at me like that, darling. I told you to prepare for an important ceremony immediately."

"And I told you that I would never become your wife without your parents' consent. Mrs. Fraser called yesterday."

"Don't recall that, dearest. My mother was unreasonable and angry; my father gave me his consent this morning. He knows of my resolution never to give you up. Besides, Nellie, I am my own master; in business relations I am as independent as my father himself; I can think and act for myself."

"And I am my own mistress; I also can think and act for myself, and I positively refuse to become your wife—I positively refuse to enter a family that declines to receive me—I positively refuse to ever see you again; so please do not prolong this most unpleasant interview."

Nellie was indeed resolute; arguments, entreaties, prayers, tears even, failed to move her: not a point would she concede, not a hope would she hold out for the future; and Alec at last was forced to leave her, admiring her courage and resolution even while he felt a little angry and very much hurt at her obstinacy.

"She loves me: that's the sole solitary comfort I have," he mused as he returned to the Temple, disappointed and disheartened. "She really cares for me, and time and love and patience must break her resolve some day. If she cared less about me she would not hesitate for a moment, since I have explained to her that I am really quite independent of my parents."

Mr. Cheston was not in the least surprised at Miss Brand's resolution; indeed, from all he had heard, he would have been surprised if she had acted differently. "A proud woman in reduced circumstances, who had any true self-respect, could scarcely marry a man whose mother had taken such a course as Mrs. Fraser had taken:" so Frank Cheston said, and so, after a time, thought Alec himself.

Still, he did everything that a man could do to make Nellie alter her mind, and went even to the length of inducing his father to write to her, saying that he personally had no objections to offer to his son's marriage, and regretted that his wife had formed other plans for their son's settlement in life.

Nell wrote back a cold, proud reply, to the effect that she would be the last person to interfere with Mrs. Fraser's plans, declined Mr. Fraser's rather pompously expressed offers of assistance, returned Alec's letters unopened, and there the matter seemed to come to a full stop. One little ray of comfort there was for poor Alec, who felt himself rather hardly used all through, and that was a tiny note from Doris, written in a friendly, almost sisterly, spirit. "I do not blame you for what has occurred," she said, "neither does Nell; and you must not blame her, for how could she act any differently? But it will all come right some day, if you will only be patient. Everything comes to those who know how to wait."

It was the same gospel she preached to Nellie, and it was not without its effect. Alec was true; they were both young and could afford to wait; "and something," Doris said confidently, "would be sure to happen some day." What it would be she had no very clear or definite idea, neither had Nell; but that did not signify at all. And in the meantime it was absolutely necessary for them to find something to do.

"We cannot stay on here, Doris," Nell said, the morning after receiving Mr. Fraser's letter, which somehow rubbed her the wrong way sorely, and had the very contrary effect from what Alec desired. "We must lose ourselves—or at least, I must, and get beyond the reach of letters like this. Dear, the first thing I must do is to find you a situation."

"What am I fit for?" Doris asked sadly. "Oh, Nell, darling! can't you manage any way to let me stay with you? I'll do anything, any work, so as I am not forced to leave you."

"Dear, I do not see how it can be managed," Nell replied thoughtfully. "I have considered every plan, and I don't see my way. You know, Doris, the rent of the house alone is double what my pupils bring me, and if I had every hour filled I would not be able to earn enough to support us here; besides, I know you would not want the whole burden to fall on me."

Doris sighed deeply. She knew she was not clever, like Nell, and her accomplishments were all of rather a showy nature; she could play and sing and draw, but had not the remotest idea of how to impart a knowledge of those acquirements to any one else. Besides—and this was Nell's greatest difficulty—Doris was too young and too pretty to go about by herself. To go out and give lessons, travel from one end of London to the other perhaps, on foot, or by "bus," or by train, to be in the streets alone and after dark, was out of the question. Doris was not fitted in any way for such a life, and Nellie resolved she should never begin it. For herself it did not matter so much; she was young and pretty too, but sorrow, that seemed only to just rest lightly on her sister, had left permanent impress on Nell's more thoughtful face; there was a settled sadness in her eyes, and an expression about her mouth as if it had forgotten how to smile. Even while debating in her mind as to how she should set about finding a suitable situation for her sister, Nell received a letter which puzzled her a little. It contained merely a written advertisement, and ran thus:—"Wanted immediately, a young lady as secretary and companion to a widow lady residing at Richmond. Must be musical, read well, and of a sunny, cheerful disposition. Apply at River View, Richmond, between eleven and two o'clock on Thursday." The letter bore the London post-mark, and was addressed in a strange hand; it contained no word or comment, hint or suggestion, and both girls were puzzled to know where it came from. Not from Alec, for he was no longer in England; he had written to Doris, saying that he was going to Canada, and from thence out West.

When he found that neither argument nor entreaty had any effect on Nell, and that she was resolute in declining any assistance from either his father or him-

self, he felt that she was still smarting from the insults received from his mother; and, acting on the advice of his friend Frank Cheston, he resolved to leave England for a time. Absence would prove the very best balm for poor Nellie's wounded feelings, and would do him good too, for he found it perfectly impossible to settle down to work. His chambers seemed intolerably dull, and his evenings interminably long, since he could no longer go to Clematis Villa and spend a few delightful hours there. Home to Buckingham Square he would not go, and both his father and mother were growing anxious about him; but Mrs. Fraser had no intention of giving in, she only sought to distract Alec's thoughts by filling the house with company, and giving more numerous dinners and dances than ever, at which he steadily refused to be present. At length his father suggested that he should go to Canada on some business connected with the firm, and he jumped at the idea gladly. Travel and change of scene were just the things he wanted. So he wrote to Doris, just a few brief lines, saying that life had become intolerable to him, and he had resolved to seek forgetfulness in change of scene. He might be away for years or for ever, and it was extremely improbable that he would ever trouble Nell with his unwelcome presence again: which would have been very unkind had he meant a word of it. However, he was gone, and even his father didn't know when he might return. It was extremely improbable that Mr. Fraser would trouble himself about companions for ladies, or think of them after their proud rejection of his offered aid; indeed, conjecture was useless as to who sent the advertisement, but Nell resolved that she and Doris would call the day mentioned at River View, and have an interview with the lady. If Doris should secure the situation, and it promised to be a comfortable and permanent one, Nell would be at liberty to think of her own future, and endeavour to carry out an idea she had already formed.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

FRANK CHESTON was sitting with his mother at breakfast in the pretty morning room at River View. It was late in October, and the trees were looking bare and gaunt; still, the view down the Thames was charming in the morning sunshine. The green lawn, that sloped to the very water's edge, was fringed with evergreens, and a few beds of late geraniums made spots of brilliant colour; still, the autumn glory had faded, and the dreary approach of winter could be felt rather than seen. In-doors all was pleasant; a bright fire danced on the tiled hearth, and shone on the glittering silver on the breakfast-table, and on the faces of mother and son, as they sat opposite each other. They were strangely alike: the same broad brow, clear fearless eyes, and soft waving hair; but while Lady Cheston's mouth was almost weak in its feminine curves and softness, Frank's was grave and resolute.

"I thought, mother, you would be pleased to help those poor girls if you could," Frank said, after a few moments' silence, "so I just enclosed your advertisement to Miss Brand instead of sending it to *The Times*. If neither of them suits you, why, then we can send it; but I think you will like the younger sister. From what Fraser has told me of her, I should say she would just suit you."

"Then you have never seen them, Frank?" Lady Cheston said, looking earnestly at her son.

"Never, mother, and I'm quite sure they never even heard my name; but I am interested in them. I think the elder girl behaved remarkably well under very trying circumstances."

It was very seldom Lady Cheston knew her son to take an interest in anybody save herself, or anything outside his profession, and as she had profound belief in his unerring sagacity and sound judgment, she was very willing to give one of the girls a trial. If she did suit, it would be a great comfort to have pleased Frank; if she did not, why, it would be easy enough to get rid of her and try some one else. Not that Lady Cheston liked getting rid of people, quite the contrary: she frequently retained the most inefficient domestics rather than send them away, and when some wasteful cook or careless coachman was dismissed, Frank was the medium.

"These girls are quite ladies, I should think, mother: by that I mean they have the habits and instincts of gentlepeople. I have heard that they were very carefully brought up by their mother. It seems all the harder that they should be left so destitute. I do hope you will like them."

"Then you think they will apply for the situation?" Lady Cheston said.

"I think so; yes. It seems just the very thing for the younger sister, if she's as bright and pretty as Fraser said. You know you love to have everything in harmony about you, mother."

Lady Cheston smiled, and her eyes filled with tears. She dearly loved to have her grand, clever, rather stern son pay her graceful little compliments, and make her pretty speeches: it was so entirely different from how other sons that she knew treated their mothers. She was a simple, unaffected, warm-hearted little woman, ready to laugh or weep at a moment's notice; and it was a curious thing that when she cried she was always happiest. There was no bitterness in her tears, and the warmth of her smiles soon dried them. Perhaps if she had known any real trouble in her life she might have degenerated into a fretful, nervous creature, with perpetual moist eyes and red nose; but she had always been on the sunny side of Fortune, and Lady Cheston's tears only betokened the tenderness of her heart.

"I'm sure you will be kind to the poor girls, mother; after all they have suffered, it will be a real boon to them to meet you," Frank said, standing up reluctantly. "And now I must go; and don't expect to see me at River View again for a month."

"But I may come and see you, dear, long before that," she said. "You will want to know what I think of your *protégées*."

"You can write me that; it will be 'a reason fair' to fill your four sheets of paper."

"I wonder if the girls will apply?" Frank thought, as he walked briskly from his mother's house in the direction of the railway station. "I think somehow they will; and—I verily and truly believe there they are," as two girls, tall, slight, dressed in deep mourning, and closely veiled, emerged from the station, and after glancing up and down, hesitatingly approached a policeman. "I wonder which is Nellie, and which Doris? the taller one, I should think," he mused as he hurried along, not pausing even for a moment. "Poor girls! How I do hope mother may take a fancy to them!"

Meantime the girls—for Frank's instinct was not at fault—were walking along slowly in the direction pointed out to them as leading to River View, both feeling a little awed and subdued when they heard that the widow was Lady Cheston. Doris especially felt very nervous as she conjured up visions of a tall, stately, portly dowager, with rustling silks and gold-rimmed eye-glass, through which she surveyed the trembling applicants. Visions of a supercilious footman, eyeing her up and down before reluctantly showing her into the drawing-room, rose before her, and at the very gate she felt half inclined to turn back again. But Nell pushed on bravely, rang the bell defiantly, and without observing who opened the door, asked if Lady Cheston was at home.

"Yes, miss; this way," a pleasant, rosy-cheeked parlour-maid replied; and Doris breathed more freely as she followed the girl into the morning-room, where Lady Cheston still lingered over her breakfast. Standing up, she shook hands with the girls cordially, put Doris into the easy-chair vacated by Frank, forced Nellie into her own, and knelt down on a hassock between them, after having poked the fire into a blaze and ordered some hot tea and toast.

"Now then, my dears, which of you is Nell, and which Doris?" she said, looking from one to the other. "And who wants to become my companion?"

"I do, please, ever so much," Doris cried with childish eagerness; and then she blushed furiously, and hung her head.

"Ah! you're Doris," Lady Cheston said, with an amused smile. "You see, my dears, I know all about you. My son told me your whole history."

"I didn't think any one knew our whole history, Lady Cheston," Nell said sadly; "but if you have heard it, you must indeed pity us!"

"I do, my dear, very much indeed," and the sympathetic tears sprang up. "I know you have lost your father, mother, lover, fortune, friends—it's too awful! But, dear me! how thoughtless I am! Do take off your hats and jackets, and have some tea, then we will talk matters over comfortably. I'm so glad you're Doris," turning to the younger sister, "because Frank said he thought you would suit me best; and you will. You're just the sort of girl I love to have sitting opposite me in a nice easy-chair, with a nice piece of work. I hope you're fond of crewel embroidery? I am. I do quantities. It looks very horrid sometimes, still I do it; Frank likes to see me do it. He said he was sure you liked fancy work."

Frank was evidently the oracle. Lady Cheston referred to him continually as a person well acquainted with the girls, their tastes, habits, acquirements, and accomplishments, while both looked and felt thoroughly puzzled to know who he could be. In the course of conversation, Lady Cheston explained the mystery. Frank was Alec Fraser's friend, and knew all about his engagement; "and he thought you did quite right," she said, turning to Nell, "though I'm sure I never should have had the courage to refuse, if I were placed as you are." Then she told them her own uneventful little history: how she had married without so much as a ripple on the current of her love, how her husband had been "something in the City," and grew richer and richer, and one day was created Sir Francis for presenting a memorial about something to somebody, and she was called Lady Cheston ever since; and then Sir Francis died, and left her that pretty house and plenty of money; and Frank, her only son, was so good to her; and, in short, she was very happy, and thought on the whole that the world was a very pleasant place, and life very enjoyable. "And though I'm getting old," she continued, "I don't feel old. I like innocent gaiety; I like to see young happy faces around me, and to hear merry laughter. River View is very gay at times, I can assure you, and I hope it will be gayer than ever, my dear, when you are mistress of the revels," turning to Doris. "You look as if you had an immense capacity for enjoyment."

After luncheon, Lady Cheston insisted on taking the girls for a drive in Richmond Park, and when they came back, and were gathered round the fire over their tea, she told them her intentions regarding Doris. She was to be engaged at once, at a salary of £40 a year, and Nell was to come on a visit to River View till Lady Cheston had found a similar situation for her. "I wish I wanted two companions," she said kindly; "but you see, if I tried that *I* should be infallibly left out in the cold. However, I know hosts of nice people."

Then Nellie ventured to speak of her own plans. She was so happy and grateful on her sister's account that she scarcely liked speaking of herself at all, lest she should cause Doris any unhappiness; but Nell felt that in her present state of mind she was hardly fit to be a companion for anybody. What she wanted was some work that would take her out of herself, and bring her in contact with other people who suffered too. "I should like to become a nurse in some hospital," she said thoughtfully; "I think, of all others, that's the occupation I should like best."

Lady Cheston thought for a few minutes.

"It's not such a bad idea, my dear, and fortunately it is one I can help you in. My brother is one of the surgeons at St. Sebastian's, and I have several friends in the training school for nurses. Which would you like best? To be just a hospital nurse all the time, or go into the training school, and be sent wherever there was occasion when you were properly qualified?

"'NOW THEN . . . . WHICH OF YOU IS NELL, AND WHICH DORIS?'" (*p.* 232).

Just think it over. In a hospital the work is most monotonous; as a nursing sister or probationer, the work is more trying. You never know where you may be called upon to go at a moment's notice."

"I have thought it all over, Lady Cheston, and should much prefer the nurses' training school. If you can give me an introduction to the superintendent I shall indeed be truly grateful."

"I can do more than that: indeed, I think I can promise you an admission. But you must come and stay with me for a little while first; you want a little nursing yourself. I'll send the carriage for you to-morrow afternoon—for you both, mind. No excuse; I mean to have my way. I'm really a very determined person when I take a thing into my head."

The next day saw both the girls comfortably installed at River View. There was really nothing to remain at Clematis Villa for, and it was like beginning a new life to get into the pleasant atmosphere of Lady Cheston's home. David had promised to take charge

of the furniture, and see it advantageously disposed of. Then he expressed his intention of going back to his own cottage again, ostensibly because Captain Laffin was expecting the advent of some distant relations, in reality that his young ladies might always have a home to return to whenever they felt disposed. He did not believe to any extent in the sudden friendship and favour of great ladies, and Miss Doris might find herself dropped just as suddenly as she was taken up, while Miss Ellinor would grow sick and tired of nursing in less than three months. While he had a house and home, David knew they would always feel sure of a shelter, and have somewhere to turn in any sudden emergency.

In fact old Davy felt rather hurt at their leaving Clematis Villa at all. It seemed as if they doubted either his capacity or willingness to provide for them. Of the latter he had indeed a superabundance, and though his capabilities were limited by his annuity, he had made some promising plans and confided them to Captain Laffin, who heartily endorsed them. First of all, David was to go back to the Villa as a lodger, then the money he paid for his room would almost pay the rent, and he would be always at hand to keep Slack in order, and see that there was no waste in the matter of cold vegetables or kitchen fire. But the grand idea was that the girls should have a Ladies' School, and with that intent he had already hunted up the grandchildren of some of his old acquaintances, who would do for a beginning, and Captain Laffin suddenly remembered that he had three nieces whose parents were dead. They lived with their grandmother in the country, but the captain suddenly came to the conviction that they were shamefully neglected, and resolved to have them up to London to be properly educated. They could live with him, and go every day to school to Nellie. That was David's idea, and the two old gentlemen worked it up secretly and effectively, therefore their mortification was extreme when they found out that Doris was engaged as a companion to a lady, and Nell had made up her mind to be a nurse. David shook his head more in sorrow than in anger, but the captain stamped and stormed, and even donned his fiery dressing-gown and resumed some of his fierce tigerish manner, as he emphatically declared that his little Doris would be persecuted, and Nellie die of fever or small-pox within a week.

"I think I should be much more likely to catch a fever if I had to sit in this tiny room with the children all day, captain," Nellie replied, "and I know that the monotony of teaching would drive me mad; but I thank you all the same very, very much—it was so good of you and dear old David to take so much trouble."

"You were always a wonder to have your own way, Miss Nellie, and I suppose you will have it in this too," old Davy replied, a little grimly. "Of course I was a fool to interfere in what didn't concern me; I always am. But if you get tired of nursing ungrateful, growling, scheming people, come back here: Clematis Villa will always be ready for you. As for Miss Doris, she's like a sparrow, and can make herself at home anywhere."

"And I like my own nest, is that it, Davy? Well, perhaps you are right. But neither Doris nor I are going to become suddenly rich—how then can we keep Clematis Villa to return to should occasion require?"

"I'm coming back," and then Davy gave himself an angry shake and marched out of the room. He had betrayed himself at last, and Nellie learned for the first time that he had given up his own house to them in their misfortune, and had kept Slack in their employment whether they would or not. That individual missed his young ladies sorely. The return of his old master and the fiddle in no way consoled him, and more than once he spoke of following them and being near one or the other in some capacity.

But Davy would lay his hand on his arm and say solemnly, "Wait, Slack, wait: fine ladies and hospitals are both well enough in their way, but they don't wear well. Neither one nor the other is good to take to for life. Miss Nellie and Miss Doris 'll return some day, and who knows but we may have the 'Select School' after all?"

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

MARCH is cold and bleak in England; and though we may be looking forward with hope to the coming spring, woe be to us if too lightly we discard our winter wraps! Nothing is so really comfortable for every-day wear as tailor-made garments, and the now fashionable cloth jackets come in very usefully when fur is not absolutely necessary. Nearly all these jackets are short, exceedingly close-fitting, and richly braided. There is quite a mania for braiding just now. Most of the newest ulsters are well braided down the front. Very pretty additions to plainly-made jackets are the coachman capes, about nine in number, stitched round, and often lined with a colour. Loud check woollen dresses are really fashionable without any trimming, the skirt being made with kiltings or box-plaitings. Sometimes they have plain coloured cloth bodices, cut all round in tabs for the basque, such as brown where there is a mixture of brown in the plaid, or dark blue, or dark green, edged with narrow braid, a twist of braid on the cuff of the sleeve. Decided tail-coats in plain cloth are worn also made

with plain gold buttons; and among the most stylish high bodices for evening wear, with white and black lace skirts, are those of red satin, with white satin waistcoat and plain gold buttons, made after the fashion of a hunting-coat.

But to return to tailor-made garments. There is much variety in the make. I have seen some with perfectly plain skirts in front, having seven or eight rows of stitching, but well puffed at the back, worn with a plain cloth coat-bodice; and I have also seen another novel make in which the scarf-tunic had the end carried on to the shoulder like a Scotch plaid. It was worn by a woman who thoroughly understood dressing; and she draped this scarf so deftly that it added much to her appearance and warmth also.

A most useful style of dress for this intermediate season is a thin brown beige made with a wide box-plaiting round the skirt, and a tunic edged with red silk covered with close-set rows of narrow braid to match the tone of the beige; the bodice should have collars, cuffs, and plastron of the same, and the basque be bordered to correspond. This plastron is arranged to be apparently buttoned on both sides, but really only, of course, on the left side of the bodice. Gendarme-blue cloth and silver is another favourite mixture; and gold and silver narrow braid in close-set rows is much worn. The draperies certainly shorten, and are in a measure being set aside in favour of box-plaitings and kilting, which extend from the waist to the hem of the dress. Brocaded cloths mixed with plain are most fashionably worn, and give a good deal of finish to a toilette, and make it far more dressy.

The Newmarkets are no longer made with waist-seams, and are much trimmed with fur and braiding. An eccentric idea, which is the fashion, is a cape arranged to imitate a Hussar jacket slung from the shoulder. The newest travelling-cloaks are caped, and made of strong serviceable cloth; some come to the hem of the dress, some to the knees only. Newmarkets made in seal-skin, seal-plush, brocaded velvet and plush, and repped plush, are among the most dressy out-door garments now worn; but a newer shape is loose, long, and straight, cut up in the centre of the back, with simulated sleeves, very easily put on, which is a point to be insured.

Children's costumes are more or less elaborate. Some comfortable out-door garments for children of three years old are made in the Princesse shape, with capes of plush, especially seal-plush. Sometimes these little capes are of the same material as the rest, cut up on the shoulder, and furnished with eyelet-holes and laced with silk braids, but the plush is prettier and has a better effect. Young children also wear red and blue plush frocks, with mock lace by way of trimming, and plush bonnets of every conceivable old-fashioned shape are worn. In proportion children's bonnets and hats are twice the size of their elders'.

Ruffs have been pretty well done to death, but the last notion is a silver filigree ruff, made after the Medicis order for a heart-shaped bodice. It describes a series of filigree tabs, turning outwards, wide at the back and tapering towards the bust.

Many Medicis ruffs on wire foundations are completely hidden by beads, garnet with red dresses, and jet with black dresses. A prevailing style for black dresses is a bodice and train of figured velvet, the front of the skirt hidden beneath jet trimmings, fringes, galons, heavy drops, and other glittering arrangements.

The latest idea for stays is to have them made in ticking and worked with red or blue stitching; the material is almost everlasting, and if well arranged is not bad to look at. For invalids, a most useful corset is laced under the arm, giving the necessary support without the fatigue of standing to put them on. The great fault to be found with the present corsets is that they encase the figure as in a vice, resulting in ill-health, lassitude, and bad complexions. Women seem to have the greatest difficulty in realising that their good or bad health is much in their own hands.

Bonnet-strings are now a necessity to every bonnet. Black and brown tulle covered with gold beads is worn for veils. Box-plaited skirts have the top of each plait either beaded or embroidered, or sometimes just covered with plaid, brocade, or any distinctive material. Velvet has had a great run during the winter, both alone and combined with silk, woollen, and satin goods, and it promises to be equally worn into the summer, when you have in England many treacherously cold days. A fashionable hat with such costumes is the sailor shape, covered with velvet, having coloured pompons in front, which now are much worn upon evening dresses. We generally run a fashion to death, and just now we are following our favourite plan with pompons.

There is as yet little indication what spring fashions are going to be, so I must wait till next month to tell you what to select; and it is as well, for it is far too early to make any purchases or to wear them.

Feather trimming is generally worn on mantles and dresses; and a little bird has whispered to me, with tears in his voice, that his comrades are to be cruelly sacrificed as the months go on, to adorn (?) the softer sex. Evening dresses have often a flight of swallows or humming-birds, which likewise are introduced on screens, fans, and other ornaments.

We have not as yet given up mittens, though they are neither becoming to the hand nor pretty to look at, and the newest have four bows of ribbon up the back of the hand. I notice people in country houses wear them most for dinner; the numerous buttons to the gloves make them difficult to take off and on. In town they only remove one glove when dining, as often as not.

Many women are able to establish a reputation for good dressing without any large variety of toilette or extravagant expenditure. I think their secret, and a valuable one, is that they have few dresses, and those as good and as well made as they can be; they wear them often and wear them out, keeping them in good order the while, and in selecting them take care that they are not remarkable; for this, dark shades are the best. But they give very special attention to the

etceteras of dress. They have stockings to match the gown, dainty boots or shoes, the former kept well in shape by being put at once on trees and cleaned with the best varnish, or gloss, or blacking to be had. *double allowance.* I know many people who spend fabulous sums, who are always badly dressed, and economical women at half the amount always well dressed because of the care expended.

WHAT TO WEAR IN MARCH.

They are well petticoated, collars and cuffs or tuckers are often renewed, veils the same, and well put on. If you are permitted a peep at their dressing-rooms, you will find everything to hand, good glasses to see the result, every imaginable pin or brush that can be needed, and needles and cottons, buttons and hooks, for that stitch in time so essential to good dressing. Young girls would do well to follow their example. *They will find that such care is worth more than a*

Little bouquets are one of the etceteras that careful dressers affect, but they require a little spending of money to insure their keeping fresh. It is best, by-the-by, to put them in slightly warm water at night; and perhaps the most durable of all blooms when in season are the yellow marguerites. Bouquets carried in the hand for evening wear are stupendous in size.

In Paris they are bringing out a new material for bodices, viz., a knitted fabric, more elastic than the

jersey stuff; this is loaded with gold braid, and literally fits like a glove. You can hardly have too much embroidery or braiding, and in Paris red embroidery on nearly all colours is being done to death.

As soon as we emerge from furs, stiff feather trimming and plush will take their place, both most soft and graceful-looking. Dress is such an art now, and there is so much to choose from, that much forethought and attention are required.

Current styles of evening dresses may be gathered from our illustrations. The first figure in the group of four youthful ladies wears a pale blue dress, but of course made up of three different materials—blue satin, blue nun's veiling, and ficelle lace; the last being used for the flounce that edges the skirt, as well as that which edges the tunic, and also for the tiny fichu; for fashion now favours colour next the skin, and not pure white as heretofore. This fashion is only a whim, and as it proves unbecoming to the majority, will not last long.

The next is a dinner dress of the popular strawberry-red colour, the long redingote being of broché velvet; the skirt of Ottoman silk—that soft, coarsely-repped silk, that drapes gracefully, and which is surely, if slowly, winning its way to favour. The buttons are gilt.

The third figure wears a moss-green plush panier bodice, pink satin waistcoat and skirt, the latter trimmed with lace and Indian muslin, on which there is a delicate pattern traced in faint blue. The waistcoat is plaited, and the pink satin is also visible in the lining of the loops and in the revers of the cuffs.

The last figure wears a more matronly dinner toilette of terra-cotta satin, plush, and écru Chantilly lace. The single figure wears a dark green velvet redingote over satin skirt to match, both trimmed with exquisite passementerie in which chenille is introduced. The pompons in the hat are of red feathers.

Plain velvet is much in vogue for these redingotes, and the favourite colours are brown, black, dark green, and copper-red. The leading dressmakers in Paris now make the pile of both velvet and velveteen to face upwards in dresses and polonaises; and when selecting the material, the close short pile should be preferred, for the reason that it does not flatten or easily crease. There is no economy in buying velvet of poor quality. For early spring dresses the Nonpareil velveteens are expected to be very much patronised. They are brocaded, and are fac-similes of silk velvet; the broché figures, being woven, are more durable than those stamped in by hot irons. Combined with cloth, these velveteens will make up into useful mantles and pelisses.

Some Literary Queries for Spare Moments.

1. Who wrote under the name of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh"?
2. Why is Scotland Yard so called?
3. Hecate is called a "triple deity:" what were her three names?
4. Who was called the "Ettrick Shepherd"?
5. What is Yggdrassil?
6. Why did Mrs. Poyser consider women were made foolish?
7. Who did Dr. Donne say "knew everything from predestination to slane silk"?
8. What was the punning despatch sent home by Sir Charles Napier when he conquered the Province of Scinde?
9. Whose style was said to "give to an inch the importance of a mile"?
10. How many seats were there at the Round Table?

ANSWERS TO QUERIES ON PAGE 162.

1. Heinrich Heine, born January 1, 1800.
2. A violet.
3. Henry Taylor, in "Philip v. Artevelde."
4. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. Died 1547.
5. On the superstition that it is unlucky to shoot an albatross. The lesson of kindness to animals.
6. "David Copperfield."
7. The Indian chief in Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming."

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found on page* 56. *The Editor's duty will be to act as "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

✶ *placed before a name denotes a speaker who has won distinction in the present or in a former debate.*

SHOULD EARLY CLOSING BE MADE COMPULSORY?

(*Debate resumed.*)

F. R. :—As the Opponent grants that early closing is necessary, I will only attempt to advocate its being made compulsory. The British Lion sets up his back at the idea of *compulsion*, though for his good ; but finally he sees its benefit. We oblige the "whining schoolboy" to go to school, though "like snail, unwillingly," and we oblige him to work there. The publican is compelled to shut his house, and the dressmaker and manufacturer to release their employés, at a fixed hour. If legislature be right in these cases, why not in others? The difficulty lies with the purchasers. They would naturally object at first to shops being shut early ; but they would find that buying, like other business, must be done at the right time. Banks and offices are closed early, and people arrange accordingly. Moral suasion may make the good do this with regard to shop-keeping, but it cannot and will not affect the thoughtless and selfish, for whom a law may fairly be made.

HENRY RICH :—Mr. Speaker,—I commend the fable of King Log and King Stork to the consideration of all those who look upon Acts of Parliament as a remedy for all evils.

"Grandmotherly legislation" ("I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word"), to be thoroughly understood, should be studied in the original—in the Acts (Factory and all such), as they might be if the final outcome were not the result of a Parliamentary struggle between the friends of compulsion and those of freedom of contract. Many persons would pause, if they thus examined the matter, before urging a course of action which, unchecked, intrinsically tends to tyranny. Compulsion *may* do good for a time, and to a class ; in the long run it *must* do harm, and to all, because it assumes as a governing principle that one person has the right to dictate to another, not as a member of the community, but as an individual, what he or she shall or shall not do. The outcome is despotism.

ANNIE M. BRUNSDON :—Sir,—Legislation has invaded the mine, the factory, and the work-room, why then should it not cross the threshold of the shop? No one who considers the statement that "many shop-assistants are employed for fourteen and fifteen hours a day" can deny that a change is needed. Public opinion, without legislation, was not sufficient to prevent undue toil in other industries ; nor will it be likely to release shop-assistants from the bondage of unreasonably long business hours. In almost every neighbourhood there will be some anxious and obstinate employers who will refuse to curtail the hours of trade, and will thus prevent their fellow-shopkeepers from granting a boon they would otherwise confer. Our legislators will certainly need wisdom in framing any Early Closing Act, lest they should only transfer hardships from one class to another. But, surely, Government has accomplished far more difficult tasks than this in the past, and why should we not trust it now?

CHARLES WEBB :—Mr. Speaker,—It is generally acknowledged that he who speaks from experience is the proper person to speak. Having endured for a number of years the disadvantages of late hours in business, during which time I looked forward to the blessings of early closing, I am of opinion that early closing is greatly wanted, although I sometimes think that nothing short of legislation will produce it. And there are great reasons why young men and women in business require early closing—for mental, moral, and physical reasons ; and, if we go further than this, we shall see the necessity great enough to demand it. Firstly, then, young men and women demand that their employers receive a little less than their whole daily existence, to enable them to cultivate themselves. The limited education which is crammed into young people from about their tenth year to their thirteenth or fourteenth is not sufficient to make them sensible men and women of the world. Their faculties are ever open to receive new things, and something new of some kind or other must be imbibed. They go to business too early in life to understand fully what they have learnt at school, and before long find they have forgotten that little and cultivated a dislike to further study.

✶ JOHN A. COMPSTON :—I will with your permission, Sir, say a few words in support of the Opener of this debate ; but, instead of travelling over the ground which he has done, and to which he has left so little to be added, I should like to the best of my ability to meet some of the points raised on the opposite side of the question. And here may I be allowed to compliment the honourable gentleman on the evident sincerity with which he expounds his views on the question, and which may perhaps win him more supporters than will the arguments he has adduced.

I ask, why should any legislation be limited in the way suggested by my honourable friend to the case of shops in which the proprietor employs others to assist him? Why should one class of traders be permitted to expose their wares for sale at a time when others in the same trade and street are compelled to close? The honourable gentleman may well say that "the outcry about such a state of things would soon be too strong to refuse to hear," and I, for one, fail to see where would be the intolerance of preventing a man who employs no assistance but his own from keeping open his shop to a late hour, when his neighbour is obliged to close at an hour fixed by statute.

Such an argument, if it applies at all, might well have been used, and perhaps was, before the present Licensing Acts came into operation, with regard to public-houses ; but who would venture to say that it is unjust to compel a publican, who himself serves his customers without assistance, to close at the same hour as the one who employs a dozen barmaids? Surely, therefore, the injustice would be all in the contrary direction.

A. CHRIMES :—It is with extreme pleasure that I endorse, and that most emphatically, the statements of both the Opener and Opponent, in so far as saying "that all kindly and right-thinking people would be glad to see a curtailment of our protracted shop hours." It must indeed be a person whose mind is the reverse of being right that, after visiting one or two of the numerous establishments keeping late hours, and there seeing the weary forms, haggard faces, and sallow complexions of the employés, can still say that the movement is absurd, unnecessary, or fanatical. But, Sir, allow me to say that this is not the time for Parliamentary aid to be called into the arena of this grand and noble enterprise. I maintain that legislation at this time would spoil—nay, more, would in all probability

ruin—all past progress, and considerably, if not completely, retard all future work. It is most improbable—in fact, the chances lie in the proverbial proportion of ten to one—that if a measure or bill so constructed and devised as to cover all the multitudinous forms and aspects of this scheme was laid before the House, I say, Sir, that the chances are ten to one that it would be "thrown out," and that nothing of any good would result from the trial. Then, indeed, the "early closing" agitators would have just cause to lose all hope of ultimate success or triumph. No use now going to the masters and explaining the wickedness of keeping people at work for so long; no good telling them that, as things now stand, they are a blot on the English character; no good, I repeat, bringing forth sound arguments to show the inhumanity, the uncharitableness, or the direct opposition to all laws of kindness and love. No, "your efforts would be for ever vain and impotent." All our arguments would be crushed by the employer uttering, in indignant and scornful accents, "That if we thought they (the shop-keepers) were going to be driven into 'early closing,' he sincerely hoped we should live long enough to see our foolery and folly," and the matter would become, as my friend the Opener has it, only in a different sense, "such a burning question of the day," that it would be more than the assistant's place was worth for him or her to do otherwise than echo the ideas of their respective master or mistress. No, Sir, it is not legislation that is required in this movement, but more enthusiasm, more eloquent and fiery speakers, more energetic societies, and last but not least, more thrusting of the matter before the general public by means of that mighty power for good or evil, the press. These are the powers that are required, and surely some gentleman of influence will be found to come forward and start the desired revival.

L. K.:—Sir,—If State interference be justifiable at all, if we admit the principle of the law rescuing the weak from the oppression of the strong under any circumstances, surely it should be under these. Think what thousands of delicate girls must suffer who stand daily behind the counter for twelve long weary hours, and this not simply for a few days or weeks, but month after month, and year after year. Fortunate, indeed, is she who does not pay to outraged nature the penalty of a ruined constitution and a shortened life. Remember, theirs is not an occupation which so absorbs the mental powers as to render them insensible to fatigue. One can imagine the artist so engrossed in his painting, the musician in his music, and the author in his writing, as to forget the flight of time. But gifted indeed with vivid imagination and intense sympathy must the draper's assistant be who can so lose herself in the petty wants of each capricious customer as to forget her weariness and the injustice inflicted upon her by a professedly justice-loving people. She stands between two powerful and pitiless foes—viz., the greed of the employer and the selfishness of the customer. What mockery to tell her to appeal to "public opinion"—to the opinion, forsooth, of the authors of her wrongs!

JAMES PARKER:—Mr. Speaker,—As one of a firm who give employment to a number of assistants, male and female, I desire to say that I cannot agree with that part of the Opponent's speech which says that an Act of Parliament can only attempt to limit the hours of business in shops in which the proprietor employs others to assist him. It would be a monstrous injustice in country places to compel a person to close at a stated time, whilst his neighbours who do not employ any one may keep open as late as they please and catch those customers—and in an agricultural neighbourhood there are many—who cannot (because they are employed till six o'clock in the evening, and then frequently have several miles to walk) get to town till the principal shops would be closed according to the measure proposed by Lord Stanhope. Take a case:—A, in a small way of business, has a lad or young woman to assist him; B, in only a trifle smaller, has no one; A would be compelled to close to the infinite advantage of B. Nothing short of a far-reaching and sweeping measure can be carried without inflicting a serious injustice on some class of traders. Whilst one shop is allowed to keep open others are tempted to follow, and nothing but the strong arm of the law can, I fear, bring about the desired end; but the wants of country places must be met in a different way to those of large towns. Again, Sir, to attempt to limit the hours of employment for young women only would be the means of throwing numbers out of situations, as the Opener is quite in error in assuming that female assistants are a necessity. Undoubtedly they are in show-rooms, but where one is thus employed ten earn their living in departments which could as well be filled by young men if any serious hindrance were in the way. The Workshop and Factory Act does not bear on the case. Women and children are a necessity in most factories, but in shops the case is different. If a measure is carried, let it be for the benefit of both sexes, otherwise it would be prudent to do the best with those agencies which have already done much to shorten the hours of business.

✶ CHARLES H. BOYCE:*—I should like, Sir, to ask the indulgence of the House for a few moments while I offer a few remarks upon the question before us. It seems to me, Sir, that both the Opener of this debate and Opponent are rather wide of the mark. If I understand aright, the principle of the matter in hand is mainly to get shorter hours for shop-assistants, and in order to bring that about it has been suggested by the Opener to close, by Act of Parliament, all places of business at a specified hour. Now, Sir, in my humble opinion it should be put in a different form: that instead of making it compulsory for shops to close at a certain hour, let it be an offence against the law to keep at work any servant, male or female, other than a domestic, after a certain hour. This, Sir, I think, would meet the case without compelling a man to close his shop by law if he preferred to keep it open. For if a shop-keeper likes to keep open his shop, and himself wait on customers, no one but himself need complain.

If such were the case, Opponent's argument is at once met where he says "that an Act of Parliament which compelled only those who were employers of labour to close, would give an 'immense advantage' to small shops where the proprietor did all the work himself." Further, Sir, I venture to say that even were an Act passed compelling shops of every description to close at a certain hour, it would not have the desired effect, as there would be a very large number of shop-keepers who would keep their employés at work after shutters were up, which would be far more injurious to health than the present state of things.

The desired result might be obtained, Sir, by allowing those shops who liked to keep open longer than the rest to do so by licence. We should then see something like the following over their doors—"Licensed to keep open after eight." Shop-assistants would then have it in their own hands, as they by combination might refuse to engage themselves to "licensed" shops.

Referring for a moment to the bill which Lord Stanhope proposed to pass, I certainly think that that part of it which proposes "that it shall not be lawful for any shop or warehouse for the sale of textile fabrics and articles of wearing apparel, where women and young persons are employed, to be open for more than ten hours in each day," is defective, and might be improved with advantage, for the noble Earl does not say at what hour business is to commence. Perhaps he is not aware that all shops do not open at the same hour. By the method he proposed a shop that opened at seven would have to shut at five, and one that opened at ten would shut at eight. It is quite clear then, Sir, that his proposal would not work well, for to find out whether a man had broken the law it would be necessary in individual cases to prove at what hour he opened his establishment.

The debate on this subject will be concluded in our next, when the second of the Prize Speeches will be published.

---

* To this speech was awarded the divided Honorarium of One Guinea.

THE LAST ABORIGINAL (AUSTRALIA).

I SEE him sit, wild-eyed, alone,
Amidst gaunt, spectral, moonlit gums—
He waits for death : not once a moan
From out his rigid fixed lips comes ;
His lank hair falls adown a face
Haggard as any wave-worn stone,
And in his eyes I dimly trace
The memory of a vanished race.

The lofty ancient gum-trees stand,
Each grey and ghostly in the moon,
The giants of an old strange land
That was exultant in its noon
When all our Europe was o'erturned
With deluge and with shifting sand,
With earthquakes that the hills inurned,
And central fires that fused and burned.

The moon rolls slowly through the vast
And solemn skies ; the night is still,
Save when a warrigal springs past
With dismal howl, or when the shrill
Scream of a parrot rings which feels
A twining serpent's fangs fixed fast,
Or when a grey opossum squeals,
Or long ichneumon, as it steals

From bole to bole, disturbs the leaves :
But hush'd and still he sits who knows
That all is o'er for him who weaves
With inner speech, malign, morose,
A curse upon the whites who came
And gathered up his race like sheaves
Of thin wheat, fit but for the flame—
Who shot or spurned them without shame.

He knows he shall not see again
The creeks wherebye the lyre-birds sing—
He shall no more upon the plain,
Sun-scorched, and void of water-spring,
Watch the dark cassowaries sweep
In startled flight, or, with spear lain
In ready poise, glide, twist, and creep
Where kangaroos move with long leap.

No more in silent dawns he'll wait
By still lagoons and mark the flight
Of black swans near : no more elate
Whirl high the boomerang aright
Upon some foe : he knows that now
He too must share his race's night—
He scarce can know the white man's plough
Will one day pass above his brow.

Last remnant of the Austral race
He sits and stares, with failing breath :
The shadow deepens on his face,
For 'mid the spectral gums waits death :
A dingo's sudden howl swells near—
He stares once with a startled gaze,
As half in wonder, half in fear,
Then sinks back on his unknown bier.

WILLIAM SHARP.

DRESS REFORM FOR MEN.

WITHIN the last few months a movement has been proposed, in earnestness, for the reform of the ordinary apparel of Englishmen, with a view to bring it into better conformity with taste. The readers of this Magazine are aware, most likely, of a similar movement in regard to the dress of women—a movement which, in my opinion, deserves respect, and cautious discriminating support. The attempt to improve men's dress, not yet so well known, I am inclined to think also deserves attention, though it is hardly of so much importance in the family economy. It will be a long time, probably, before much is done by either sex in the way of improvement; meanwhile, a few words directed to show what is the principle upon which reform in dress should rest, and a few of the points in which the principle might be applied, will not be out of season.

No one need laugh at this matter. There is as much reason why we should dress with good taste as there is for the exercise of good taste in our furnishing, our wall-papers, and our domestic textiles. Mr. William Morris, the poet, and leader of the reform in furnishing, speaking in public the other day, declared that the minor arts of furnishing and house-fitting were in one sense of even greater importance to the nation generally than the fine arts, in that they had so intimate a bearing upon our every-day life. The question of reform in dress is one which "runs on all fours" with that of taste in furnishing and fitting our dwellings, and the one ought no more to be treated with a jaunty contempt than ought the other.

So far as the question of reform in the dress of men may be said to have been taken up at all, it has been taken up chiefly by an architect, and mooted at an architectural association. Mr. Gotch, an architect at Kettering, read a paper on the subject last season at the Architectural Association in London. He has since published his views in a pamphlet, consisting in the main of a reprint of his paper. Little as there may seem to be in common between building a house and what is sometimes, in playful phrase, called building a coat, there is, in reality, a discernible and good reason why it should occur to an architect to propound a dress reform. A thinking architect, of all other men—except, perhaps, a painter—would be the most likely to find his taste offended by the every-day dress of Englishmen, because he has been imbued with the one great canon of taste which stands undisputed, and was first distinctly formulated in modern times by Owen Jones, namely, that "Construction may be ornamented, but ornament should not be constructed." In another guise, this principle might be expressed in the maxim that "Utility is at the base of all true beauty." The more one observes in the domain of taste, the more one finds that a construction of which the main and first motive is to please the eye results uniformly in weakness, and not seldom in the contemptible. No good architect builds a house or a public building for exterior effect as a primary intention. If he does so, he is pretty sure not to attain more than a transitory and superficial success. The rule of the thinking men in the profession is first to make the plan—by which is meant, in architectural phrase, the ground-plan—and afterwards to design the "elevations," or exterior. Study first the use which the thing is to serve, adapt your construction to that use with the best economy of material, then ornament your construction.

I have dwelt upon this principle because to master it, and become persuaded of it, and apply it, is the one thing needful to the formation of a correct taste in the branches of art which are concerned with construction: that is to say, in architecture, in cabinet-making, and in all kinds of furnishing: it is also a guide in any advances we may make in dress. There is firm ground here—and only here, so far as I could ever ascertain—for establishing a standard of criticism in matters of taste relating to the branches of art which I have named. In judging of a piece of architecture, the first—and I should almost say the last—question to ask is: Does this building well and without waste serve its purpose? If it does, it cannot, to the informed eye, be in bad taste; the unlearned observer may not like it, but his opinion is of no value. It is the same with a chair or table; no such article, if it is well adapted to its use in shape and strength, can be in bad taste. On the other hand, no such article of which a substantial portion serves only for ornament can be in good taste; the ornament must be added after the main lines of the article have been determined upon considerations of utility. There is always room, under this method, for plenty of ornament; and the ornament which follows construction upon a motive of utility is sure not to be irrelevant.

The application of this principle of constructing for utility, and adding ornament with relevancy to construction, is the problem before us in any reform of dress, male or female. The first thing to be studied is utility, including in this the question whether the dress adopted fulfils the useful end of making the wearer appear to good advantage. Mere display of material, however beautiful in itself, is very secondary, if admissible as a motive at all.

Mr. Gotch and others have lately been testing some of the features of men's dress by the principle of utility, sometimes too narrowly construed. One of the first things they have condemned is the cylinder hat. It would surely be hard to prove any basis of utility for that; it seems equally out of the question to claim for it that it is in itself ornamental. The best thing to be said for it is that many men's faces look well under the black cylinder, however absurd it may be in itself. There are several good substitutes.

The black felt "deer-stalker" fulfils the requirement of utility, and is in itself of graceful lines; a man's face looks as well under it as under a cylinder hat. The "Tam O'Shanter," again, is a *ne plus ultra* of convenience, has no objectionable lines in its contour, and suits most faces. The clerical round soft black felt is as conducive to "respectability" of appearance as any possible head-covering; otherwise it would hardly have become clerical.

Next after the cylinder hat comes, in the condemned list, the article we call trousers. These, it is said, sin against utility in that they ignore the knee, whereas men bend their limbs at this point hundreds of times a day. There can be no question, with any one who has tried them, of the superior convenience of the knickerbocker, which does not ignore the knee, but terminates at it. So, seeing further that the trousers is a garment with no claims to grace, the dress reformers propose to relinquish trousers for the knee-breeches of our grandfathers.

Our present coats have not been assailed with any great effect. The dress coat is usually laughed at; but I question if it could be fairly ruled inconvenient, or on the whole ungraceful, when cut without curtness. Probably it could be improved by rounding off its sharper angles, and making it fuller. Against the usual coat of morning wear in the present day little has been alleged as yet, nor do I think there is much to be said to its detriment. It is not inconvenient, and it has little of foolish ornament, unless we reckon in that category the slit at the wrist and the two never-used buttons and button-holes. The two buttons put on the waist behind have been condemned as useless, and explained as survivals of the time when all gentlemen wore a sword, and required these buttons to keep the sword-belt in place; but it is a question whether the buttons might not fairly pass muster as ornamental detail, and in all probability they have been retained, in spite of the disuse of the sword-belt, because they satisfy a desire of the eye for some breaking-point at the waist. They may pass, then, as ornaments having relation to the lines of construction.

Neckties are another article which dress reformers would like to see regulated. To construct a pasteboard and silk article in sham folds of an unnatural smoothness, and fix it under the chin as if it were really doing honest duty as a tie, is manifestly bad taste; these constructions should be eschewed by him who aspires to dress well. A kerchief which can be and is tied, or passed through a ring, or folded flat, passed round the neck, crossed in front, and fixed with a gold or jewelled pin, is the eligible substitute. Some men manage this quite faultlessly already.

Sticking-up collars must be condemned. In so far as they stick up they are inconvenient, and necessitate some fastening at the back of the neck to keep the tie in place, whereas the turned-down collar keeps the tie in place, and does not present a stiff edge to the cheek or throat.

Men who care to dress with any regard to principle—in other words, with taste—will easily think out other details, or see modifications in the views expressed above, which I should be sorry to put as dogmas, though they may serve to set us thinking and discussing.

Some of the reformers call for more colour in men's apparel. This is a thing to be desired, but also to be adopted with caution. To run into colours because a black coat does not look well in a picture—an objection frequently made to black—would be rash. The reason given against black is insufficient if black looks well in actual life, as on the whole it may be said to do. Still, it is probable that with careful artistic guidance, such as will not come all at once, men might use more colour than they do. In this we want a guide, such as Morris has been to us in carpets and wall-papers. But it is not often that a poet will turn his thoughts seriously to such matters.

Texture is another matter which will have to be carefully considered. There are subtle difficulties connected with this, as all ladies know, and subtle successes to be won. Between velvet and silk of the same shade there may be sufficient difference in effect to make or mar a costume. But here I am on the threshold of the milliner and dressmaker: I must excuse myself from going in.

JOHN CROWDY.

MISS SAXELBY'S WORK OF ART.

A SHORT STORY.

"TRUE," remarked my aunt, "I really do not see what else you *can* do;" and she rubbed her nose meditatively with her spectacles, and looked in a pitying fashion at me.

"You don't seem to consider my prospects very bright, aunt," said I, somewhat nettled.

"Well, no, I certainly do not," rejoined Miss Saxelby. "It is all very well, Tom," she continued, "to dawdle about a studio in a velvet coat, and make pretty little fanciful pictures, but when it comes to selling one before you get a dinner, why——" and Miss Saxelby paused in a highly significant manner.

"You mean you think the chance of the dinner will be a small one? Very likely; but affairs are not quite so bad as that," returned I. "After everything has been paid, I have still the little fortune my mother left me: it will keep me from starvation, perhaps even give me butter on my bread. If I work hard I don't see why I should not be able to earn something as well as other folks. At all events, I mean to try."

The state of the case was this: I was trustee for

some young cousins who possessed shares in a bank which had lately failed. Sorrow at what I believed to be their loss was changed to astonished vexation on finding it my own instead, I not being aware that the property of beneficiaries under a trust remains intact, while the trustee has to pay for losses such as these. The facts were these, however, and to satisfy the calls I had to sacrifice all my property except about £200 a year. This I thought would serve me while I studied in Paris or Rome for three years or so, by which time I hoped the rust of the amateur might be rubbed off, so that the metal of an artist (if it were in my composition) would shine out. My spirits were somewhat damped by the reception given to my account of my intentions, for Miss Joan Saxelby was known to all her friends as a woman of sound judgment and great experience of the world, gifted with an unhesitating frankness in expressing her ideas, and an obstinacy in adhering to an opinion once formed, which seemed in some occult way to induce the fulfilment of nine-tenths of her predictions. She was a fine-looking lady of fifty-five, rich, kindly, clever, domineering, with remarkable black eyes and bushy eyebrows, which formed a piquant contrast to her white hair. She lived in a charming house near the Thames, had a boat which she rowed, a Stanhope phaeton in which she drove a couple of fine bays, and an establishment kept up on a scale pronounced by some of her lady friends to be "extravagant," but which certainly seemed the perfection of ease and comfort to her guests. She spent her large income freely, holding the doctrine that to give herself and others as much pleasure as she could with her money was putting it to a good use.

I had one more conversation with her before I started for Paris, and she wished me success, saying laughingly, "I can't help you to an income now, Tom, but if Cousin Norman fulfils his promise, you shall have half his legacy."

"Thank you, aunt," replied I; "but I will not pin my hopes on that. I have more faith in what my palette and brushes will bring me than in Mr. Norman's parchments. You are kind to make me the promise, though, all the same."

My aunt's affection for her crusty cousin was a cause of astonishment to me, as the old man seemed rude and disagreeable to a degree, and took advantage of his ninety years to make himself odious to every one with whom he came in contact, considering himself privileged to utter the ugliest truths in the plainest manner.

I took up my abode in a pleasant quarter of Paris, on the road to Neuilly, and worked hard in the studio of one Léon Dumesne, enjoying my life, my work, my play, and making friends with those who, like myself, had to climb their way up Fortune's ladder from its lowest rung.

At the end of the year I moved into a more fashionable region, sent pictures to small exhibitions, had some pupils, and actually sold one or two little paintings. After two years a picture was accepted at the Salon, well hung, and sold immediately. I felt I was on the way to success, and thought I would take a holiday on the strength of it. In a week I found myself again in my aunt's pretty house at Cookham, seated in a comfortable chair in the bow-window of her pleasant morning-room, hearing her news and giving details of my life in Paris.

Miss Saxelby was unchanged: her government as kindly, her house as comfortable as ever. She had started a tricycle, which, with her usual enthusiasm about any of her hobbies, she described as "perfection." She wore a "divided skirt," she told me, when conducting her vehicle, and I subsequently discovered that she had considerably astonished, not to say scandalised, the neighbourhood by the fashion of her garment, and the way in which she scurried over the country on her light carriage—tricycles were novelties for ladies a couple of years ago.

We were summoned to luncheon, and on our way to the dining-room I said, "By the way, aunt, I saw the death of Cousin Norman in *The Times* months ago. What about his money? Did he leave you a fortune?"

"Not exactly," answered Miss Saxelby, as we took our places at table. "He left me no money, but money's worth."

"Oh, indeed!" said I. "What form did it take—diamonds?"

"No," returned my aunt. "He left me 'a Work of Art.'"

"Really!" exclaimed I. "But what *was* it—sculpture? painting? china? bronze?"

"It is a picture," was the reply. "I should like your opinion of it after luncheon; it is of *great* value." Having said this, she abruptly changed the subject. My curiosity was aroused. I racked my memory vainly to think of some masterpiece that had lately been sold, for I knew Mr. Norman formerly possessed no works of art of any kind, he having been addicted solely to the science of money-making. However, I followed my aunt's lead, and no more was said about the legacy.

We rose from table, where I had been seated with my back to the fireplace, and my aunt took my arm, saying triumphantly, yet, as I fancied, with an anxious glance at me, "There, Tom, that is Cousin Norman's legacy. I dare say you will be able to tell me the name of the painter, and its probable value."

I turned, and looked at a small picture over the mantel-piece, which had taken the place of a delightful portrait by Romney of my great-grandmother.

"Good gracious, aunt!" was my astonished exclamation.

"What is your opinion of it, Tom?" she inquired sternly.

"It is a most atrocious daub," said I, after a moment's observation.

"I am surprised at you!" said Miss Saxelby, bridling up, her soul in arms at such a slur being cast on a possession of hers. I felt that my hasty words would cause her to stick through thick and thin to this abominable "Work of Art." It was rubbish, and very odious rubbish too. The subject was an old man with a specially disagreeable expres-

sion arranging some thin sheets of paper, not unlike bank-notes; the work of it was careless and bad in the extreme. I could see no possible reason for calling it valuable: in fact, I felt certain that as a "Work of Art" it was worthless. It struck me there was a certain resemblance in the old man to Cousin Norman himself, but upon my remarking this to my aunt, she was so angry that I did not insist on it.

I found the subject had better be dropped altogether, and never even looked at my hostess if by chance a visitor asked the name of the picture or its painter; for her invariable answer to any such query was, "It is a 'Work of Art' by an unknown painter, bequeathed to me by an old friend." The tone in which this reply would be given precluded further question.

I soon returned to work, but quitting Paris, wandered about in Switzerland and Italy, till in Rome I had an attack of malaria fever, and was ordered home for change. Again I found myself at Miss Saxelby's, this time in early spring. In my somewhat weak condition I felt glad of the warmth and comfort of my aunt's English home. The evening of my arrival I noticed on entering the dining-room that Romney's picture was reinstated above the fireplace.

"Why, aunt," said I, "where is the 'Work of Art?'"

"In the lumber-room, Tom," replied Miss Saxelby promptly.

"Why is that?" inquired I.

"Well," returned my aunt, "I have come round to your opinion, and I feel sure it is only rubbish. I asked Mr. Templar and Edward Hoskins what they thought of it one day when they dined here. I believed their judgment would be worth having."

"I should think so," said I, "considering that one is the best colourist and the other far and away the best portrait painter of the day. And what was their verdict?"

"Mr. Templar said that the manner and the matter were worthy of each other, and both equally objectionable," returned my aunt.

"Aptly quoted," laughed I. "And Hoskins?"

"He said, as it was on a panel, it had better be converted into lucifer-matches with all possible speed," answered Miss Saxelby, who, as she *had* given up her belief in the "Work of Art," seemed rather to enjoy the ruthless comments made on it.

"Have you heard anything about the way in which Mr. Norman became possessed of it?" I inquired.

"His housekeeper told me he bought it about six months before he was taken ill," said my aunt, "and that he seemed to prize it highly. He often had it on a table beside him, and always carried it to his room at night."

"It is very strange," mused I. "The old man must have been getting childish, and have intended it for a bit of fun."

"I can't understand it," said Aunt Joan. "I think it was very unkind of him to make game of me in that fashion. We were always great friends, and he knew that I did not misunderstand his disagreeable manner. I appreciated his good qualities, and believed him to be thoroughly upright and kind-hearted. Such behaviour destroys one's faith in human nature."

This was, I believe, the chief grievance to my aunt. She did not need money, and the smallest remembrance given with a kindly word or two would have gratified her as much as a fortune; but her long friendship for her old cousin had made the destruction of her cherished faith in him hard to bear.

I was expected to stay some time with my aunt, and she gave me a pleasant painting-room, wherein I worked when I felt well enough, and lounged and dozed when the attacks of ague and fever returned. Miss Joan often paid me a visit, and many a dull hour was beguiled with her racy speeches and kindly, though at times cynical, views of life. With art she had not much sympathy, and I could see that the success I had made in my profession, small though it was, filled her with extreme astonishment, and she never overcame her surprise at my selling pictures or receiving commissions to paint them.

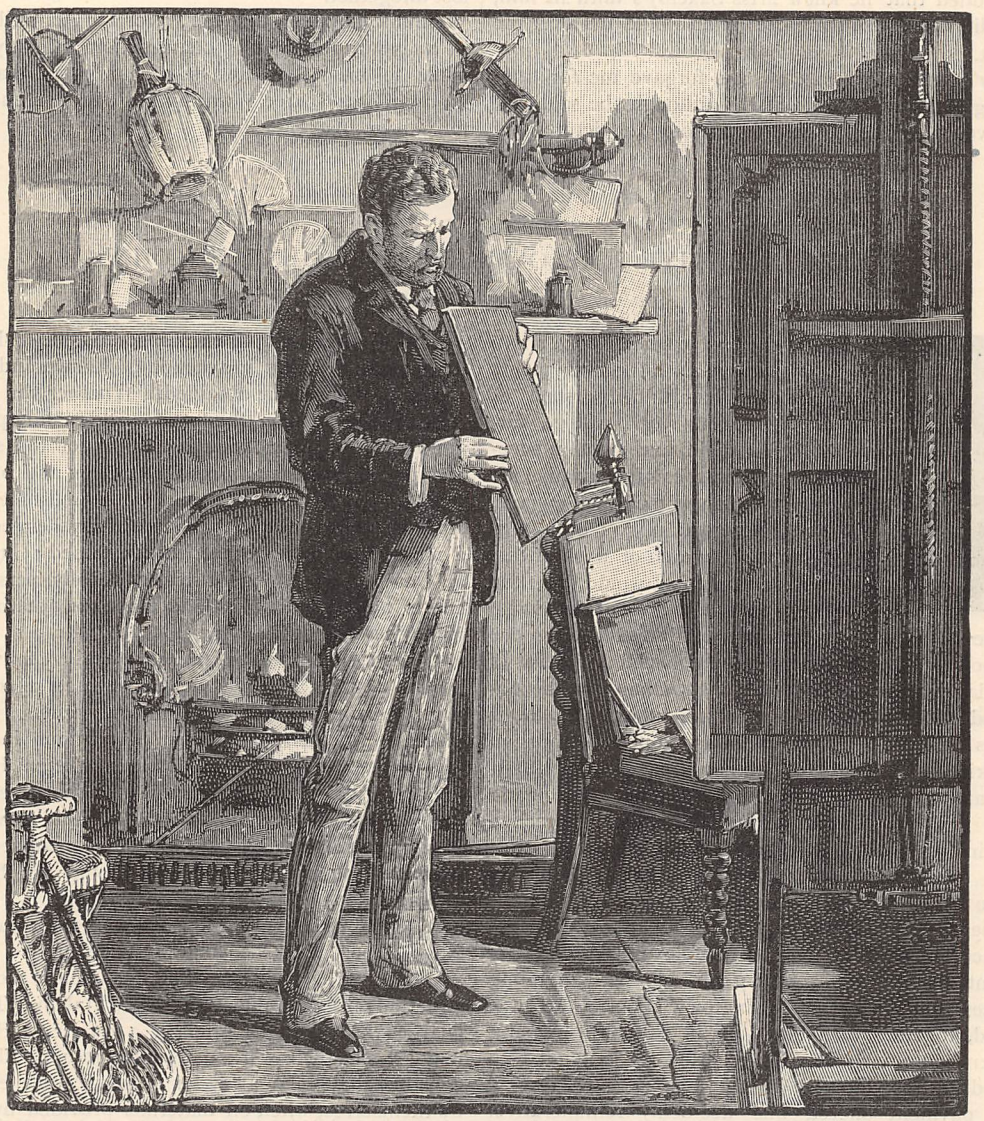
As the weather brightened, and my strength returned, I set to work in earnest, and was making a study for a picture with some figures in it, when I was stopped by the want of a particular table for the background. Remembering there was one in my aunt's morning-room just suited to my purpose—a small spindle-legged "Louis Quatorze" affair—I went to seek it, but found that it was not in its old place, and inquiry as to its whereabouts was answered by a direction to the lumber-room.

Hither I betook myself, and after some trouble discovered the article of which I was in search, pushed ignominiously into a corner, and heaped with rubbish. In trying to unearth it, I threw down a picture which had been placed underneath it, with its face to the wall. I picked it up, and found it was the famous "Work of Art." I thought I would examine it closely; it seemed stranger than ever that such a daub should have been made the subject of a bequest, and gravely mentioned in the will of a respectable old capitalist thus:—"I bequeath to my cousin, Joan Saxelby, a Work of Art. It is a treasure."

What was the meaning of it? I held the thing at arm's length; it was quite small, only twenty-four inches by eighteen, and was in a rather prettily-carved wooden frame. It struck me suddenly that there might chance to be some valuable painting beneath the portrait of the ugly old man depicted there. *What* a pleasure it would be if I discovered it overlaid a masterpiece of Leonardo or a study of Del Sarto! One had heard of such things, and the suggestion fired my imagination, making me forget the table of which I had come in search, and run at once, with the picture, to my studio.

Placing it on a table, I covered it with a liquid made for the purpose of removing an outer coating of colour, then waiting a few minutes, cautiously dabbed the moist surface with a sponge. I found, to my dismay, that all trace of paint had disappeared from the panel; the portrait was merely touched on. Surveying the

bare wood, I felt aghast at the evanescent nature of the "Work of Art," and doubtful as to the view my aunt might take of such unauthorised tampering with her property. I was rather in a fix, and in a rage too, and taking up the horrid thing, I flung it to the other end of the room, with an exclamation the reverse of benedictory. It fell with a clatter, sounding as if it broke in pieces. I went quickly to it, intending to make an end of the whole thing by thrusting the bits into the fire; but as I picked it up the panel fell from the frame with a sharp metallic clang. Examination discovered, to my great astonishment, that what I believed to be a solid piece of wood was in reality a thin case made of tin, covered with a veneer of the mahogany, and most neatly fitted into the grooves of the frame. Some spring had been loosened by the jerk, causing the panel to drop. A narrow slip of wood which formed one end of the case had fallen off, and inside I could see papers closely pressed into the narrow space. Here was a discovery! A new will, no doubt. I flew to my aunt, and brought her to the scene of action. Her excitement was greater than mine. Together we drew out the contents of this quaint hiding-place. The papers were bank-notes, varying in value from ten pounds to one thousand, amounting in all to £15,000! Best of all, with them was a note in Cousin



"I WAS RATHER IN A FIX."

Norman's handwriting, saying the picture had been shown to him as a curiosity in a furniture shop, and that as the portrait reminded him of what his looking-glass showed him, the thought struck him it would be amusing to carry out the likeness by continuing the old man's apparent occupation of hiding bank-notes. He added that he knew Miss Saxelby's faith in him, and did not doubt her penetration would discover the secret.

My aunt was overjoyed. She forgave me for tampering with the "Work of Art," although she said that she would have liked still to possess the picture, and generously fulfilled her promise of giving me half her cousin's legacy. She was chiefly delighted, however, in being able to return to her good opinion of Cousin Norman; and she would never listen to impertinent suggestions as to the absurdity of such a mode of conveying a fortune, and the risk run of the treasure being lost altogether.

I think, however, that the "Work of Art" will never be a favourite subject of conversation with my aunt; while to me it has always been a proof that John Norman was scarcely worthy the affection cherished for him by Joan Saxelby.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

IN my last paper I spoke more particularly of employments which could be pursued at home; to-day I will go further afield, and mention several branches of decorative art in which women may engage. Before speaking of each individual branch of work of this description, I would draw the special attention of those who desire to earn, by means of pencil or brush, to the Schools of Art which are now opened in most of our large towns. In them instruction can be obtained which will prove most valuable help, for it forms an excellent foundation for superstructures of all kinds; students of all ages are there taught the art of drawing in a thorough and systematic way, and are thus the better fitted to appreciate the instructions in the higher branches when they wish to follow them; therefore it is advisable to make use of these opportunities before taking lessons in special lines of decorative art. There is also the chance afforded of gaining employment. An acquaintance of mine, a young girl who was attending classes at the South Kensington School of Art, was asked, together with other of the students, to paint flowers on sunshades for a firm who intended to introduce that novelty in the approaching season. The payment offered was decidedly remunerative. At these schools the length of each term is three months. Classes are held twice a week, and are of two hours' duration; the fees vary in different towns, but are always very moderate. Two guineas a term, which seems to be the maximum, is a small fee, considering the number of times a student may attend.

I will now mention several branches of decorative art which are calculated to afford remunerative employment. It will be readily understood that it would be impossible to mention every place where special lessons can be obtained. It is said that the best of everything is to be had in London; be that as it may, there are in that big city great numbers of gentlewomen striving to earn a competency; I therefore mention where instruction of known and tested worth is there to be obtained. Whether the money thus invested will in the future yield a fair percentage depends partly upon the ability of the student, and partly upon the amount of energy and of determination to be a proficient which is existent in the student's mind. The task is not always ended when a mastery of the art has been attained; but from all I gather from different sources, steady, persevering efforts *will be successful*, and the outlay of time and money *will be repaid*.

Wood-Carving.—The present fashion for houses built in "Queen Anne" style has created a considerable demand for carved cornices, panels, mantelpieces, and numerous other decorations in wood, which are placed in houses of this character. Hitherto the majority of orders for this work have been sent abroad, and most of these decorations have been brought over from the Continent, but there seems no reason why more wood-carving should not be done in England, and by the hands of women.

A school has been established with this view at the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington. Classes are held in a room in that building, where students receive instructions from an able master, an Italian. The fees charged are £2 a month, £5 a quarter. Students may pursue their work daily from 10 a.m. till 5 p.m., and they may take away for disposal work executed by themselves, when on materials provided by themselves. As to the time required for achieving a competent knowledge of wood-carving, much depends upon the ability and also upon the previous knowledge of drawing possessed by the student; in some instances three and six months' attendance at this school has sufficed.

I should be glad if, through this medium, the existence of this school could become more widely known. My wish to give it publicity arises not so much for the purpose of inducing students to enter its doors, as to invite firms and private purchasers to pay a visit of inspection. Wood-carving for the trade is undertaken; if more orders were received, the

managers could then pay a regular staff of workers, and thus there would be more remunerative employment for those gentlewomen whose talent lies in that direction.

Painting on Glass.—This is another branch of decorative art which has been brought into more general use with the present fashion of architecture. Both in town and country houses, windows, or portions of windows, very frequently exhibit painted glass. There is also an increased demand for the embellishment of places of worship and public buildings. Hitherto only a few women have entered this field. Some have engaged in the work of making designs, but there are not many who have entered the next stage. There seems no good reason why gentlewomen should not be successful in this employment, it being one thoroughly suited to them.

Classes for teaching this art are held at Cameron and Co.'s Studio, 69, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, W. The fee for a course of six lessons is one guinea. These classes are held daily, and are of two hours' duration.

Designs for Wall-Papers.—Every season a large number of new designs are brought out by different firms, and take the place of those exhibited during the last season by them. Wall-papers, as we know, are always in demand in all parts of the United Kingdom, and therefore the art of designing them should be a remunerative employment, and one within the scope of gentlewomen. Many of the most beautiful wall-papers come to us at present from France, and are noted, not only for the beauty of colouring, but for the delicacy and elegance and excellence of design. Increased knowledge and study will, we hope, enable Englishwomen to vie successfully with their neighbours across the Channel.

Lessons in this art are given by a lady (to whom several firms apply for designs) at 9, Beaumont Street, Devonshire Place, W. The fee for eight times attendance is a guinea and a half, and the hours of attendance are from 10 a.m. till 3 p.m. Articled pupils pay a premium of £25 for eighteen months' instruction. During that time 25 per cent. is paid to them at once for any of their work which is sold.

China-Painting is a decorative art by which many ladies seek to gain remuneration, but very many of them fail to do so. One cause of this non-success is that there are great numbers of ladies who paint china for their own amusement, and who adorn their own houses and those of their friends with their productions, so that ordinary mediocre artists have but small chance of selling theirs. Good artists can command high prices for their work, and do realise large sums, but these instances are in the minority. China-painting, as a remunerative employment, should only be attempted by those who have a real talent for drawing, and also that talent must be matured by steady practice.

Excellent instructions in this art are given at the Art Pottery Studio, 68, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W. The terms are at the rate of a guinea for three lessons.

Proficients in china-painting have constant opportunities for exhibiting their work, by sending specimens of their skill to the Fine Art Exhibitions which are held in various parts of the country. At York one is opened every year for some months.

I would here give a hint that there is little or no sale for painted terra-cotta articles. Amateurs abound in this particular branch of painting, partly because this substance is a particularly easy one on which to paint, and partly because it is not necessary to fire or bake terra-cotta after it is painted, a process to which painted china must be subjected.

Chrystoleum is an art which is just now very much in fashion. By the help of a certain process, photographs are transferred from the paper on which they were taken on to glass; the exact delineation of face and form is removed from the one to the other; the artist then paints the picture, and the effect produced is that of a portrait painted on ivory. For this work skill, more than actual talent, is required. Half a dozen lessons suffice to initiate the novice into the mystery, and for this instruction sums from a guinea to thirty-five shillings are charged by different instructors. The cost of the requisite materials with which to pursue this art is about fifteen shillings a box. It is, I believe, intended to give a special paper on this new art in an early number of the Magazine.

To turn to other kinds of employments. There are Postal Telegraph appointments. For these posts a salary commencing at ten shillings per week is given. The competition to obtain these appointments increases, for at a late examination there were 800 candidates for 30 appointments. The introduction of the telephone has supplied an employment suitable to the daughters of professional men who have received few advantages of education. For this a technical training is not a necessity; the qualifications demanded are good hearing, a clear articulation, and general intelligence. Candidates are required to be under twenty years of age. The salary commences at eleven shillings a week, and rises to sixteen shillings. Clerks in charge receive a higher salary. The requirements being small for this occupation, the remuneration is naturally not very large.

I have been suggesting ways and means mostly, it would seem, to dwellers in towns; before I lay down my pen I have a suggestion to make to residents in the country. There is a great and an increasing demand in all large towns for cut flowers. It is, I know, possible to make arrangements with florists to send them supplies of flowers, whether few or many. I was told by a friend a short time ago that an acquaintance of his, who lives in a warm Western county, adds £20 a year to an income by sending to London violets only, and I know of other ladies who gain money by the sale of flowers and ferns. In this way small plots of ground, glass frames, and tiny conservatories may be made to yield a profit with very small outlay, beyond a little time and a small amount of intelligent interest bestowed on the well-being and well-doing of our plants.

(*Drawn from life by our Special Artist.*)

THE WAY SOME FOLKS LIVE: LODGERS IN LONDON ARCHES.

THOSE who sleep in beds, and have never through ill-luck had to do otherwise—except when being at sea, perhaps, they have tried hammocks and found them a comfortable substitute—those who have never known what it is to want pillow or blanket, could hardly believe how many men and women there are in London who, when night comes, are bedless. It cannot be said that they do not know where to lay their heads, for most of these people have been making up their minds all day that they will sleep in one of those public dormitories which exist under the arches of river and railway bridges. Some take shelter within unfinished houses, where the rooms have just been boarded, but these are adventurous vagabonds who are ready to run the risk of being startled out of their sleep by the glare of a policeman's lantern turned full on their faces. Those who desire to lie undisturbed prefer the arches. There they may rest, curled up in their rags, alone with their dismal thoughts, or huddling together by twcs and threes for more warmth. The river flowing by with a monotonous murmur, the night trains thundering overhead, may wake them; but if they can sleep through these noises, they are welcome to do so: nobody will trouble them. The policeman on his beat averts his glance from the poor wretches who have sunk to the very lowest depths of misery, who are more abandoned than workhouse tramps, more to be pitied than homeless dogs. If the policeman looks at them at all, it is with a subdued compassion, though he may suspect that there are great rascals among them—but then rascals are not dangerous while they sleep.

Who are these slumberers under cold arches, where the walls are often green with dripping water, and where the winds sweep so boisterously? They are not to be numbered by tens, but by hundreds. If a census could be taken of all who will sleep under London arches to-night (the reader may say this to himself any day in the year), there would be men, women, and children enough to equal the population of many a town; enough to start a colony with, and

a large prison besides, and a city churchyard too. From Hornsey to Brixton, from Hammersmith to Blackwall, London forms a province with a population of millions, which increases at the rate of 250 souls a day, or nearly 8,000 a month.

The flotsam and jetsam of this human ocean must needs be large. Social wrecks take place every day; fortunes founder, homes are broken up, and, like sailors cast on sea-shores, the victims of some of these catastrophes find themselves stranded under the arches of the river. It will surprise no Londoner to hear that these arches have many more night-occupants in winter than in summer; and the colder the weather the more crowded they are, though offering such scanty protection against the cold. During the fine months, a large part of the vagrant hordes of London find their way into the country. This is the season of fairs, race-meetings, and regattas, which attract thousands of the well-to-do, and bring to loafers of every sort the opportunity of earning something. It is also the season of hay-making, harvesting, hop-picking, when wanderers from cities may pretty easily obtain work in the fields, and sleep afterwards under hedges or hay-ricks. Those who remain in London during the summer months can with equal ease shift for themselves without homes. The nights are short, and can be spent in loafing round the markets and railway-stations, till at 6 a.m., when the parks open, the vagabond has only to turn in and stretch himself on a form or on the grass according to his taste, and there sleep till the sun is high in the heavens.

This privilege of lying down in the public parks, like that of sleeping under arches, is one of the little shoots of the great English tree of liberty. It is a privilege not enjoyed by the houseless poor of any other country; for the police of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and other capitals, are accustomed to make periodical raids upon all the places where vagabonds resort by night. In Paris these *rafles*, as they are called, take place about twice a month, and always result in the netting of habitual scamps and casual unfortunates. All arrested have to give account of themselves to a magistrate; and while the bad characters are dealt with summarily as vagabonds by being sent to gaol, or to the *dépôt de mendicité* (vagrant-prison), the destitute, who have no criminal antecedents, are often relieved, and put in the way of starting afresh in life. In London the vagrant has no such inquisition to fear. He is at once enviable and pitiable, because, from a magisterial point of view, not a soul cares who he is, or how he is. The causes which brought him to sleep under a public arch instead of in a bed are matters for his reflection alone, and no magistrate will ever pry into them, unless it happen that some winter night being too cold for the outcast, weakened by hunger and long tramping, he may be found stark and lifeless in the morning. Then there will be an inquest, and probably some lamentable story will come out. Ruined gentlemen, not a few, have been numbered among those who dreamed their last earthly dream under a London archway.

Paupers, in the usually understood sense of that term, seldom resort to such dismal dormitories. Workhouses are supported by ratepayers chiefly as hotels for these gentry. The sturdy beggar, whose clothes have such an artificial raggedness about them, spends the early part of a cold winter evening in a public-house, which he leaves at about half-past

(*Drawn from life by our Special Artist.*)

seven, so that he may be among the earliest applicants at the nearest Union when its doors open (at eight), and be sure to get admittance. If it were not for the two or three hours of oakum-picking or stone-breaking which he will have to perform in the morning, in payment of his bed, bath, supper, and breakfast, he would much prefer the cleanliness and warmth of the Union to the squalor of the common lodging-house, where fourpence is charged for a bed. As it is, he will never go to the lodging-house unless he fails to get into the workhouse, which may sometimes happen if he tarries too long at the gin-shop, or staggers out of it in such a condition that he is made to end his night in the lock-up. But this kind of fellow never sleeps under arches. If things come to the worst with him, he generally knows of a pal living in a slum who will let him lie in the corner of a room on some wood-shavings; or else he will go and sham a fit on the doorstep of a respectable house, and if no money be given him when he appears to revive, he will feign a second attack of convulsions and get carried to hospital.

The sleepers under arches are for the most part persons who do not know of these dodges. Through intemperance, or dishonesty, or both, they have dropped out of good positions, and have been totally unable to adapt themselves to their altered circumstances. It does not follow that a man who is penniless will know how to turn beggar, or that one who has disgraced himself by acts of dishonesty will care to take up with a career of crime, or will know how to do so even if he have a mind to it. The French call *déclassés* those men who drop out of one social sphere without being able to establish a footing in another, and they are almost all poor creatures of the same character—weak-willed, unprincipled, helpless against temptation to self-indulgence, but not always vicious or dishonest.

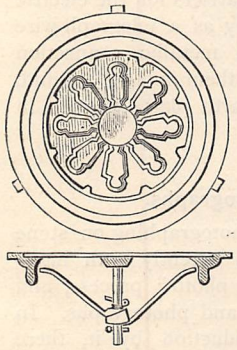
In some, honesty is an effect of mere timidity—the fear of being sent to prison; but in others it is a remnant of character, just as one may see amid the ruins of a temple a single column remain upright. The cashiered officer, the bankrupt tradesman, the discharged servant, will, through drink, roll from one degree of penury to the other, disgusting their friends, wearing out even the patience of parents; and yet they may retain such a sense of shame as will keep them from the lowest haunts and from the vilest expedients for making money. These men, when every door has been shut in their faces, will sink into appalling misery. The very tramps eye them askance; the street-thieves despise them. Ignorant of the purlieus of the great City, shunning the company of those who might teach them to beg, they can only beg clumsily, and look so ashamed, so terrible even, with the stigmas of drink on their faces and clothes, that the hearts of the most charitable are hardened against them. Then, empty-handed, shivering with cold, slinking away at sight of policemen, they will go and hide under the nearest arch for the night. These men make their meals off crusts of bread thrown into the gutter by children who are going to school; they will grub in dust-heaps for bits of carrot or cabbage-stalk; they will get to know of fried-fish shops where scraps of broken fish, cold, hard, and several days old, are given away, and they will eat this horrible fare voraciously. Women are to be met with in this unutterably sad class of vagabonds—women who have been gently nurtured, who have been the wives of honest men. Happily they never remain in it long. When a woman takes to sleeping under arches, it is that drink has drowned her reason, and the end of her wasted life is not far off.

Yet another category of sleepers under arches has to be introduced. Two or three hours after midnight, when the roar of traffic in the streets has completely ceased, and when the habitual frequenters of the arches have long lain snoring on the driest spots under them, some belated young man, not ill-dressed, but possibly soiled in his attire, and looking jaded as a lost dog, will poke his head under an arch in quest of a night's lodging. London daily sees scores of young men who, having come up from the country or from abroad to get situations, have begun by squandering all the money they brought with them in dissipation. The upshot is that they are turned into the streets penniless by landlords who have seized their luggage for arrears of board and lodging. It is to be noted that the well-behaved youth who has failed to get a situation through mere ill luck always finds friends in time of destitution; but not so the youngster who has only companions in folly to whom he can look for assistance. These will always turn their backs upon him when his pockets are empty. Ashamed and frightened, not daring to write and confess his extravagance to his family (who have perhaps pinched themselves to give him a start in life), the prodigal races about town to try and get employment, is rebuffed everywhere because of his raffish appearance, and at the end of a heart-breaking day betakes himself to an arch, as we have seen. He always waits till midnight is past, hoping that so long as the public-houses remain open something may turn up to help him, even though he may not have a penny left to buy a glass of small beer with; and when at last, foot-sore, head-sore, heart-sore, he trudges off to one of the arches, he fancies that he has hit upon a happy idea that has never occurred to anybody else. He is startled to see so many others already sleeping under the arch; their crouching figures, dimly discernible by the rays of a neighbouring gas-lamp, at first make him recoil and wander off towards another arch. Here there will be other sleepers, and it will be the same if a third arch is tried; but by this time the wretched rover will have accustomed himself to the thought that there can be nothing very degrading after all in sleeping under an arch since so many do so, and he will throw himself down exhausted. A great deal may depend upon that night. For all its misery it may be a blessed one, if it impress upon the sleeper a lesson which he will never forget. But woe to the sleeper who awakes callous, and says to himself that he will return to the arch to-morrow night! Woe to the prodigal who is content to herd with the swine!

THE GATHERER.

Self-locking Coal-Plates.

Accidents sometimes happen from the dislodgment of coal-plates from the pavements, and we are glad to see that one has been devised which locks itself and cannot be displaced. As shown in the figure it consists of a circular plate, having a stud-pin projecting from beneath its centre. The pin carries two loose arms held in position by two split keys. When the plate falls into its hole, these arms fall against the sides of the stone, as shown, and prevent the plate from being lifted from without. In fact the plate can only be lifted from within by raising one of the arms and pushing the plate outwards. Washers are put on the central stud-pin to adjust the arms to holes of different size.



Paper from Bark.

Several kinds of Japanese paper are made from the bark of shrubs. The strongest and commonest of all is made from the bark of the *Mitsuma*, a shrub about 4 feet 6 inches high, which blossoms in winter and thrives on a poor soil. The stem is cut down and the bark taken, but new shoots sprout from the old root. A paper of superior quality is also made from the *Kozu*, a small tree of the mulberry family, imported from China. The inner bark of both shrubs is washed and dried, softened in steam and boiling water, and afterwards beaten soft with staves until a fine paste is formed. This paste mixed with water is then made into paper in the ordinary way. *Kozu* paper is built up of several thicknesses to make it equally strong in all directions. In this way very strong paper is manufactured, suitable for covering umbrellas. A transparent paper as strong as the *Kozu* is also made from the *Gampi* plant.

Soldering without an Iron.

By this plan, which comes from Germany, the parts to be joined are made to fit correctly by filing or the lathe. The surfaces to be soldered are then moistened with the flux or soldering fluid, and a smooth piece of tin-foil, or sheet-solder, laid between them. The pieces are then tightly pressed together and bound with wire ; and the joint is heated over the fire or a spirit-lamp, until the solder melts and cements the parts together. In this way two pieces of brass can be joined so as to show little or no joint. When several pieces have to be separately soldered, different solders can be used so as not to melt at the same temperature. One solder, for example, can be made of 2 parts of lead, 1 of tin, 2 of bismuth ; and another, melting at a different temperature, of 4 parts of lead, 4 of tin, and 1 of bismuth. In soldering brass, copper, or iron, a hard solder of equal parts of brass and silver may be used. A silver coin beat out thin makes a very good solder for iron, copper, or brass. The best flux for hard soldering is borax ; and that for soft soldering may be made by saturating equal parts of water and hydrochloric acid (spirit of salt) with scrap-zinc. This is a moist flux, however, and for electrical or other delicate apparatus it is better to use resin, which keeps dry.

Enamelled Cloth.

Enamelled cloth is now used instead of leather in America for covering carriage-tops, chairs, trunks, and waterproofing, or in general where a good appearance rather than strength is required. It is made of cotton cloth dressed with a composition of linseed oil, lamp-black, and resin, melted together. It is then smoothened with pumice-stone and varnished, until it resembles patent leather. While upon this subject we may mention that flexible mother-of-pearl patterns are produced in Germany in the following way : on a soft elastic base is placed a sheet of india-rubber, and over it a copper stencil-plate with the pattern cut in it. The cloth to be decorated is then laid over the copper plate, and a heater passed over the whole, so as to melt the rubber and press it through the stencil on the cloth. Powdered mother-of-pearl is then sprinkled over the cloth, and fixed to the rubber patterns by passing the heater over them. A protective covering of fine crape is laid over all, and attached with gum to the patterns.

Vinegar in the Sick-Room.

The following recipe for a refreshing sprinkler of the sick-room is said to have been first used during the great plague at Marseilles. Take of rosemary, wormwood, lavender, rue, sage, and mint, a large handful of each ; place the whole in a stone jar, and pour over it a gallon of strong cider vinegar. Cover closely and keep near the fire for four days ; then strain, and add one ounce of powdered camphor gum. Bottle it up and keep it tightly corked. It is of great value to nurses, and evidently wards off infection.

An Electrified Lily.

A curious electrical effect was lately witnessed by M. F. Laroque during a storm at Montmaurin, in the Upper Garonne. Looking towards a clump of lilies he saw the highest plunged in a diffused violet light, which formed an aureole around the corolla for eight or ten seconds. When the light vanished, he examined the flower and found it entirely robbed of its pollen, while the neighbouring lilies retained theirs. This is a pretty instance of St. Elmo's fire.

A New Type-Writer.

A small and portable type-writer has been invented by Mr. Thomas Hall, of New York. It is illustrated

in the accompanying figure, and weighs only 5½ lbs. The printing mechanism is attached to a plate, A, which moves step by step in printing from left to right, as it is guided by the bar B. This bar is full of circular grooves, like the teeth of a rack upon a lathe, and the corresponding teeth of a small gear upon the

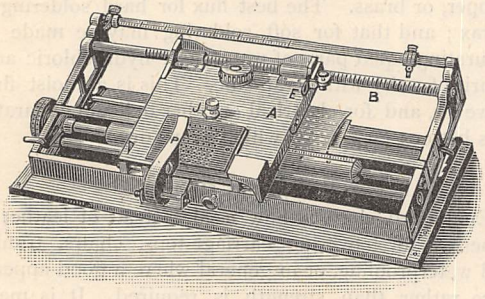


plate engage those of the bar so as to enable a coiled spring within the gear to propel the printing mechanism towards the right after each impression. When a line has been printed, the thumb-latch, E, at the right side of the plate is pressed, and disengages the spacing mechanism from the teeth of the bar, so that a new line can be commenced on the left. The operation of printing consists in taking the handle, P, in the right hand and pressing the pointer under it into one of the holes of the printing-plate beneath. In this way the corresponding type is brought under the post, J, and a slight pressure on J effects the printing. When the pressure is removed, two spring arms raise the type from the paper, and allow of a fresh letter being printed.

Glycerine and Glue.

A slight admixture of common glycerine is recommended as an ingredient of glue to improve its quality, and render it more easy to preserve.

A New Safety-Lamp.

M. Triest, manager of the Mons gas-works, has lately introduced a new safety-lamp invented by M. Lechein, which will burn safely in an explosive atmosphere, or one charged with smoke and carbonic acid like that of a burning theatre. It consists of a lantern of peculiar shape, fixed to a wall-bracket through which a supply of fresh air is brought into the lamp by a pipe leading outside. A lighted oil-lamp or taper is then placed in the lantern, and the air-valve connecting with the supply-pipe opens to feed the lamp with air. The cover fits by an air-tight sand-joint, so that no air can enter from without. Gas may also be used in the lamp, and lighted by electricity, or a fulminating capsule.

Wire Fences in Thunderstorms.

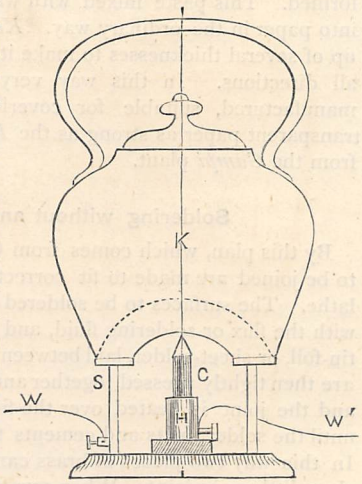
During a recent thunderstorm five sheep were killed on the farm of Cotland, in the parish of Tinwald, Scotland. Two of these happened to be lying at one end of a wire fence which traversed one side of the field, and the electric current had evidently traversed the fence, splitting the wooden posts, and discharged itself to earth at the end, thereby killing the animals. In an adjoining field, across a roadway, the fence was a stone wall having a wire running along the top of it. At one point the wire was broken, and an end touched the ground near where a drove of sheep were nestling. Three of these were killed. Wire fences, therefore, ought to be properly "earthed," like any other lightning-rod, in order to make them safe. They act as carriers for the electric current, much in the same way as a telegraph-wire or lightning-rod, and a good metallic connection should be established between them and the ground, either by metallic spikes or "earth plates," buried in damp soil or a pit of coke.

Moonlight Photographs.

A valuable new process of photographing on stone and printing off with ink has recently been introduced. It is termed the "ink photo" process, and copies oil paintings, drawings, and photographs. In preparing drawings for reproduction by it, there should be no pure blue tints: blues for shadows and skies must have Indian ink mixed with them. Drawings in sepia and black give excellent results. Very clear and well-defined photographs are now taken by moonlight. Scenic effects of wood and water have a peculiar soft and rich appearance, which is quite novel and more enchanting than that of garish daylight photographs.

An Electric Kettle.

In the stall of the Duplex Electric Light Power and Storage Company at the exhibition of gas and electric lighting at the Crystal Palace, there is an electric kettle which operates in the way shown in the figure. It has been devised by Dr. S. H. Emmens, and consists of a copper kettle, K, which rests on a metal stand, S, and is provided with a very thick bottom made hollow underneath. Into the hollow and touching the bottom is pressed a carbon rod, C, pointed at the end, and such as is used for electric arc lamps. It is contained in a metal holder, H, which encloses a spiral spring that pushes the carbon up against the bottom of the kettle. Wires, W W, convey



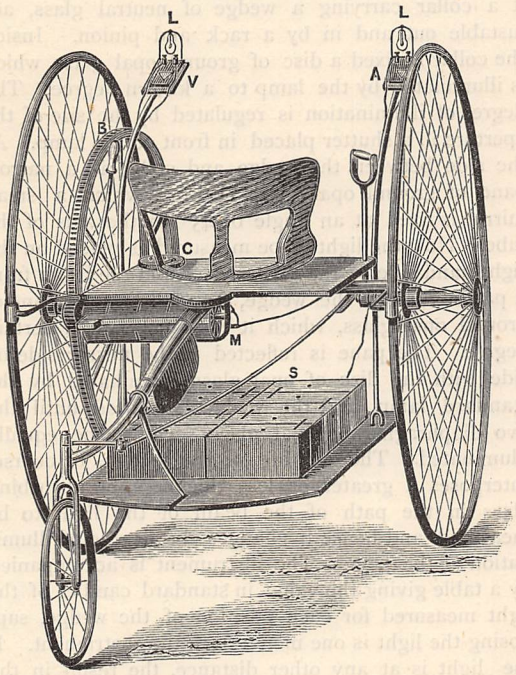
the electric current to the apparatus, and the electricity passes up the carbon to the kettle and completes its current through the metal standard, S. In flowing it heats the point of the carbon white-hot, and thus makes a small but very intense fire beneath the kettle.

Aluminium in Plenty.

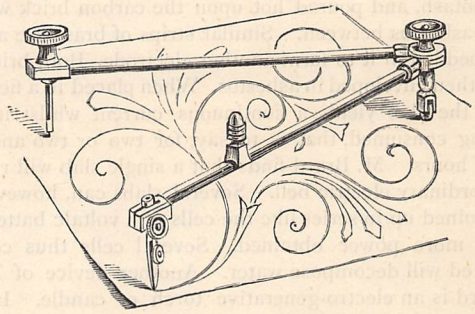
It is stated that a new process has been discovered whereby aluminium can be manufactured at half its present cost, and if so we may expect a very useful future for this metal, which is remarkable for its lightness, and makes an excellent alloy with copper or with tin. Its specific gravity is only $\frac{1}{3}$ that of iron, and its conductivity for the electric current is eight times greater. It is likely therefore to be of great use in the electrical industry now springing up.

An Electric Tricycle.

Professor W. E. Ayrton, F.R.S., has applied the Faure accumulator to the propulsion of a tricycle by means of a new electric motor devised by Messrs. Ayrton and Perry. The Faure accumulators, shown at S in the accompanying figure, were charged with electricity from a dynamo-electric generator, then placed on the foot-board of the vehicle. The electric motor, M, was conveniently fitted up under the seat, and derived its driving current from the accumulators. By means of a commutator, C, seen on the left hand of the seat, and worked with the left hand, the number of accumulators in circuit with the electro-motor can be varied at will, and the speed of the tricycle varied accordingly. B is the handle of the ordinary brake, which can be applied with the left hand after turning off the current with the commu-



tator, C. The full power of the accumulators can only be turned on after lower powers have been applied, hence there is no jar to the rider on starting. A is an ammeter, and V a voltmeter, which enable the rider to tell the horse-power being used at any moment. L and L are two Swan lamps to light the vehicle. The total dead weight added to the tricycle by the motor, M, and accumulators was $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. This is a large addition to the weight of the machine itself, which is about $\frac{3}{4}$ cwt., and it does not look very hopeful for the future of electric tricycles. Possibly, however, a much lighter accumulator will be invented; and if the electric power is employed merely as an aid to human force in going up hills, for instance, and for lighting the tricycle lamp, we may expect success in this direction.



Horizontal Compasses.

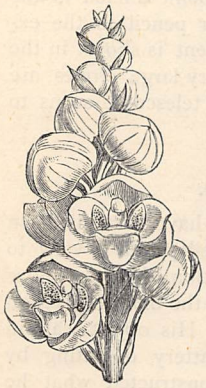
The ordinary beam compasses used by draughtsmen are always more or less difficult to adjust, and troublesome on account of their lack of stability. A form of Brook's horizontal jointed compasses has recently been introduced, which bids fair to overcome these drawbacks. It is constructed, as shown in the woodcut, of two tubular arms, giving strength combined with lightness, and jointed together like the ordinary compass-legs, but with the addition of a thumbscrew which enables the draughtsman to fix them at any angle. The apex of this angle rides on a small castor as shown. A needle-point is fixed to the extremity of one leg, and a pen or pencil to the extremity of the other. The instrument is shown in the act of striking a circle. When very large circles are to be struck, the arms are made telescopic so as to enable their lengths to be altered.

Electrical Fuel.

Some interesting experiments have recently been made by M. Brard, of La Rochelle, with a view to obtain electricity from the combustion of carbon under a high temperature, produced by the oxidising action of nitrate of potash or of soda. His object was, in fact, to construct an electric battery operating by heat, and to this end he has constructed what he calls an "electro-generative slab," which, when thrown into the fire, produces electricity by combustion. The slab is about six inches long, two inches wide, and one inch thick. The outer casing is of asbestos, which does not consume in the fire; and two brass ribbons act as electrodes for conveying away the current generated. The filling consists of a prism of carbon and a prism of nitrate of potash, separated by a plate of asbestos, just as the two metal plates of the ordinary voltaic cell are separated by a porous clay diaphragm. The carbon is made of a quantity of coal-dust kneaded into a paste with tar or molasses, and moulded in a die, along the bottom of

which have been laid several strips of brass, which become embedded in the mass, and serve to conduct the electricity to an electrode. This die is also contrived to form holes in the mass of the carbon to facilitate combustion, and multiply the points of contact of the carbon with the nitrate; and it is pitted on its upper surface to prevent the melted nitrate from flowing into the fire. The upper prism of the brick is formed of three parts ashes mixed with one part nitrate of potash, and poured hot upon the carbon brick with the asbestos between. Similar strips of brass are also embedded in it to form another electrode. Both bricks are then enveloped in asbestos. When placed in a fierce fire the slab yields a continuous current whilst it is being consumed, that is to say, for two or two and a half hours. M. Brard finds that a single slab will ring an ordinary electric bell. Several slabs can, however, be joined up in series like the cells of a voltaic battery, and more power obtained. Several cells thus connected will decompose water. Another device of Dr. Brard is an electro-generative torch or candle. It is prepared by making a paste of coal-dust and molasses and moulding it into a stick, which serves as the inflammable wick of the candle. This rod is then covered with asbestos paper, and dipped into fused nitrate of potash until a good thick coating of the latter adheres. Ashes are mixed with the nitrate to make the candle burn more uniformly. On the wick being ignited it burns away; and a current of electricity is drawn from the candle by wires inserted into the nitrate and the coaly wick.

The Dove Flower.



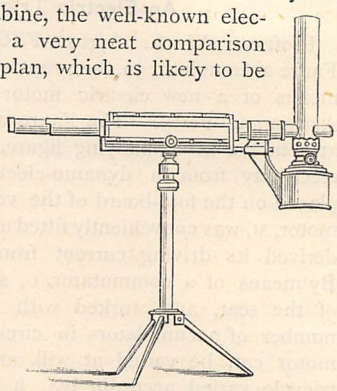
The beautiful exotic which we illustrate herewith is a native of Central America, where it is venerated by the inhabitants as a holy symbol, and is known as "el Spirito Santo," from its likeness to a white dove with extended wings. Its botanical name is *Peristeria alata.* The flowers are white and spotted, the central portion resembling the flying dove. The particular specimen we have figured was grown by Mr. L. M. Stone, of Brooklyn, New York.

Time by Telephone.

At Ann Arbor, Michigan, the subscribers to the telephone exchanges get astronomical time signalled every morning at 9 o'clock by telephone. A telephone transmitter at the Observatory is placed close to a Morse sounder, which is actuated automatically by the standard clock. From 8.58 to 8.59 a.m., the sounder clicks once for each second, and from 8.59 to 9 o'clock twice for each second. At 9 o'clock it ceases. These clicks are heard distinctly in all the telephones connected to the system. The advantages of the telephone are paralleled by those of the telegraph. Quite recently an officer of the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company, stationed at Cape Bolimao, in Manila, took ten grains of sugar of lead in mistake for ammonia, and telegraphed for advice to Hong Kong. Dr. Nartigan, of that city, duly advised him by cable, and he recovered. The distance from Hong Kong to Cape Bolimao is 555 miles.

A Wedge Photometer.

Wedges of smoky or "neutral-tinted" glass have been used before now to measure the intensity of light; but Mr. R. Sabine, the well-known electrician, has devised a very neat comparison photometer on this plan, which is likely to be useful in measuring electric lights. It is illustrated in its portable form in the accompanying figure, and consists of a stand supporting a horizontal tube, at one end of which is an eye-piece, and at the other a paraffin lamp, which gives the standard light for comparison. The middle portion of the tube is cut away, and has slipped over it a collar carrying a wedge of neutral glass, adjustable out and in by a rack and pinion. Inside the collar is fixed a disc of ground opal glass, which is illuminated by the lamp to a known degree. The degree of illumination is regulated by the size of the aperture in a shutter placed in front of the lamp. At the side between the wedge and collar is a narrow pane of ground opal glass, behind which a small mirror is fixed at an angle of 45° to the axis of the tube. Now the light to be measured is placed on the right-hand side of the photometer, and the beam from it passes through the wedge, then falls on the pane of ground opal glass, which it illuminates to a certain degree. The pane is reflected in the mirror side by side with the disc of opal glass illuminated by the standard lamp, and the wedge is shifted until the two diaphragms of opal glass seem to be equally illuminated. The shifting of the wedge, of course, interposes a greater or less thickness of absorbing glass in the path of the beam of the light to be measured, and hence it changes the degree of illumination of the pane. The instrument is accompanied by a table giving the value in standard candles of the light measured for each position of the wedge, supposing the light is one mètre from the instrument. If the light is at any other distance, the result in the table has to be multiplied by the square of the actual distance.



Carrier Pigeons for Naval Use.

The Secretary of the German Navy has resolved to employ carrier pigeons as a means of communicating between lightships and lighthouses and the shore.

Experiments made during the last few years by the Prussian Government have proved the capacity of the bird for this work.

Jumping Seed.

A "jumping seed" which fidgets about has made its appearance in Butte County, California. They are small brown bodies, not unlike mustard-seed, and even keep up their movements when placed in a phial. This "seed" is really the cocoon or gall of a tiny insect (*L. cynips saltatorius*) and the chrysalis within causes its motion.

Wire Guns.

Cannon and other ordnance are now being made of iron wire by Sir William Armstrong, for trial at Woolwich. They promise to supplant the older iron and steel guns altogether. Iron or steel in the form of wire is very much stronger to resist a tensile strain than in mass; and, moreover, the wire coils can readily be shrunk on hot. The chief advantage of the use of wire is, however, that the strain throughout the entire gun-tube can be kept about the same; and thus there is less likelihood of the gun bursting than there is in the case of the steel-tube guns.

Removing Paint and Putty.

A mixture for removing old paint or putty is made by taking 1 lb. of pearlash and mixing it with 3 lbs. of quicklime slaked in water. The whole is beat to the consistence of paint, and applied to the putty or paint with an old brush. After twelve or fourteen hours the paint will be easily scraped off and the putty quite softened.

New Fishes.

A new edible fish of a very promising character has been taken from the Atlantic off Long Island. It resembles the red perch or Norway haddock, and runs from 2 lbs. to 3 lbs. in weight. Its scientific name is the *Sebastes dactyloptera*, and a similar fish is caught at Madeira, where it is known as "catseye." It is now taken in deep water by the trawl off the Long Island coasts. A very curious fish has also been taken by a French exploring vessel off the coast of Morocco. It was brought up from a great depth, and is of a deep black colour. Its length is about eighteen inches, and it has a very large capacious mouth, with an elastic bag like that of the pelican. It is believed that food is collected, and perhaps digested, in this bag. The fish has very small fins, and very little power of locomotion. It has been called the *Eurypharynx pelecanoides*.

A Princely Safe.

The great deposit safe of the new Nassau Bank, New York, is believed to be the finest of its kind yet constructed. It is made of welded chrome steel, iron, and franklinite, and is to all appearance absolutely fire and burglar proof. A flight of marble and iron stairs leads down to it from the interior of the bank. It is built in the centre of the crypt, or basement, to which the steps descend, and is founded on concrete and granite. The floor is laid with marble and mosaics. There are two massive iron doors at each end of the vault, the outer ones being the largest single doors ever made for the purpose. Outside these are other electric burglar-alarm doors, which cannot be tampered with without sounding a loud alarm bell. The whole vault is illuminated day and night by electricity.

Keeping Toilet Water Hot.

A simple way of keeping water hot all night for the early toilet is to fill a wrought-iron ball with boiling water, cover it with a cosy of wool, and allow it to stand on a chair during the night. Water thus protected cools very slowly, and what heat it loses goes to warm the bed-room.

Vegetable Butter.

Mr. Jepson, an English vegetarian, makes a good substitute for butter in the following way:—Four ounces of the finest Brazilian nuts are taken and pounded very fine in a mortar along with four ounces of pure olive oil. They are rubbed into a jelly with eight ounces of fine wheat-flour, and a quarter of an ounce of salt. The mixture is then rubbed into a smooth paste resembling butter.

Mosquito Oil.

A serviceable ointment for keeping off mosquitoes is made by taking oil of tar, 1 oz.; olive oil, 1 oz.; oil of pennyroyal, ½ oz.; spirit of camphor, ½ oz.; glycerine, ½ oz.; carbolic acid, 2 drachms, and mixing all together. The compound has to be shaken up before being applied to the skin.

Moral Education at Schools.

SIR,—You have kindly expressed your willingness to open your columns for the ventilation of subjects of general importance; I have no hesitation, therefore, in asking you to spare me a little space.

I suppose that it will be admitted on all sides that education—the education of the intellect—has attained to a high standard in these days of progress, and in this respect little fault can be found with our modern schools of all grades. But how about the moral education of the young? Has there been a corresponding advance? Or has there not rather been a sad falling off? My own opinion is—and I regret to say that it has been borne out by practical experience—that the education of the head is set far before the education of the heart, and that while intellectual and physical education are well looked after, *moral* education is almost entirely neglected. At all our schools the minds and bodies of our boys and girls are admirably exercised, but little, if any, attention is paid to the inculcation of virtue and the condemnation of vice. True it is that apparent faults—the deliberate asseveration of a lie, for example—are noted, and punishment is meted out, but there is little attempt on the part of some masters

and mistresses to set up a high moral standard for their pupils to aim at, and the enormity and evil consequences of moral offences are rarely pointed out. As has been well written—"Children are supposed to acquire good moral principles and habits in the same easy way in which they learn to walk or speak." And yet it can hardly be denied that, as one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools has remarked, "more of our moral errors arise from ignorance than from any other cause." Surely the possibility of this should not be allowed to remain. Mental and physical education must not be allowed to oust moral and spiritual training from their proper place. All four should run together, helping one another at every stage of life; *but if not*, better a weak frame and feeble powers with a heart full of the love and fear of God, and overflowing with a sense of its duty to its neighbours, than a life whose sole gifts are powers of mind and body.

I am, Sir, &c.,
PATERFAMILIAS.

Why all this Smoke?

SIR,—Why indeed should there be all this smoke, when householders all over the country may burn *me* at less cost than ordinary coal? I am positively smokeless, and unlike my brother Anthracite, I need no special form of grate, and I throw out plenty of heat. If you want to lay a fire with me, place pieces of me—neither very large nor very small—upon a liberal supply of wood, apply a light, and you will see me burn up merrily. I shouldn't be stirred with a poker so long as the air can pass through me; but if the passage of the air should by any chance become obstructed, then you may push a poker into the bottom of the grate and quietly withdraw it. But perhaps I cannot do better than quote the conditions of burning me satisfactorily, as published by a friend of mine—the Chairman of the Committee of Council of the Smoke Abatement Institute:—

1. A good draught is required in the chimney; where the draught is deficient, or when the fire requires stimulating, a "blower" should be used.

2. The smokeless coal should be put on the fire lightly, in pieces about egg-size. Fires should be replenished with moderate quantities and before they get too low.

3. The coal should never be *stirred* with the poker. The ashes from the bottom of the fire should be gently raked out; the smokeless coals require as much air as possible.

4. For kitchen use, no saucepan or kettle should be put to rest on the fire; they should be rested just above the fire, as the smokeless coals will not bear weight.

5. Grates or stoves with fire-clay sides and back are best adapted for burning smokeless coals, but they will burn in ordinary iron grates with attention to the above rules.

6. The cinders of the smokeless coal can be used, and they make a bright fire if they are sifted quite free from ash. The cinders are particularly useful in lighting fires.

7. To light a fire readily with the smokeless coals alone, a good quantity of wood is required; a little of the ordinary description of coal to start the fire is useful. A red-hot iron or "salamander" taken from one fire and inserted under the wood of another kindles it very readily, a strong heat being required to light smokeless coals.

8. The above directions apply to burning the smokeless coals in closed stoves as well as in open grates.

Let these conditions be observed, and you will find no difficulty in burning me in the majority of the ordinary open grates. Of course, as I give out no flame, I am quite useless for those kitcheners in which you need a bright flame lapping over the oven or the boiler; but for all other purposes, I can only say—"Give me a trial." And if you hear people saying that I won't light, or that I give out no heat, depend upon it that those grumblers have been using pure Anthracite, which certainly does require a special stove for its combustion. To make my identification complete, I ought perhaps to say that I am sometimes known as South Wales Steam Coal.

Trusting that every householder who is desirous of breathing a little less smoke will follow my advice and try what he can do with me,

I am, &c.,
SEMI-ANTHRACITE.

Poem Competition Award.

Owing to the large number of competitors—142 *poems having been sent in—the task of making the award has been one of unusual difficulty, but the Editor has pleasure in announcing that the Judges have, after careful consideration, awarded the* PRIZE *of* FIVE POUNDS *offered by the Proprietors of the Magazine for the best poem on "Happiness" to*

(Miss) KATE THOMPSON SIZER, Moorlands, Great Bentley, Colchester, Essex, *whose poem will appear in an early issue of the Magazine.*

Honourable Mention is Specially Awarded to the poems by the following, in order of merit:—

(1) MARGARET MACRITCHIE, 4, Ceylon Place, Eastbourne.
(2) ELLEN J. ARTHUR, Tor House, Matlock Dale, Derbyshire.
(3) W. MAURICE ADAMS, care of Colonel Beachcroft, 11, Talbot Square, Hyde Park, W.
(4) Mrs. HART, Glen Alla, Ray, Londonderry.

While the poems by the following authors are Commended:—

(1) GEORGE B. BURGIN, 1, Victoria Villas, Victoria Road, Stroud Green, N.
(2) ANNIE CLEMENTS HOUSMAN, Perry Hall, Bromsgrove.
(3) MINNIE MOORSOM, 8, Onslow Crescent, S.W.
(4) LUCY E. WARD, Houghton House, Diss.
(5) CATHERINE CASTILE SCOTT, Mona Cottage, South Ossett, Wakefield.

PARDONED.

By the Author of "In a Minor Key," "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

RETROSPECTION.

AND how was it that the Everard trio found themselves in Gilbert Craven's studio that same January afternoon, with all their parts reversed? playing quite a new melody, but still, alas! with a jarring note running through it as of yore, only it is a new discord, and the old one has melted into a harmony that is ringing out clear and true. When Colonel Everard was sufficiently recovered to be moved from Mr. Champneys' cottage, he made up his mind that he would spend the winter in London. Tranmere was practically uninhabitable; the rebuilding of the house could not be commenced till the spring, and meanwhile he would be spared the pain of having ever before his eyes his ruined home. His inclinations all pointed to London, and, for once, Mrs. Everard agreed with him.

Those days spent away from her husband at Lipcombe, when he was still ill and suffering, had brought her to his side with a new unselfishness, and with the real love she bore him burning brightly for awhile. And he, on his part, was very gentle to her—had asked her opinion as to the London scheme, without any trace of his own supreme will, and had met with his reward in a willing acquiescence.

It was such a novelty to Mrs. Everard to have her husband the invalid, and herself the sound one, that she began to look at him with new eyes, and to discover that these few weeks had brought him suffering such as she could hardly understand.

And then the surprise of finding Winifred in her uncle's room, reading the newspaper to him—for his eyes were very weak from the smoke and the heat—bandaging his wounds, rendering him innumerable little services, as had she lived with him all her life!

She did not like it. What had these two been about during her absence, that there should be this perfect understanding between them? She dared not question her husband too closely, for he had already briefly told her that he and his niece had had an explanation, and to her inquiries, "What had they explained?" "What was there to explain?" had returned but vague answers.

But she was not satisfied. Her old fears, her old mistrust of the girl re-awoke in her heart. Why should Colonel Everard smile when she came into the room, and his eyes follow her movements with a look of contentment, such as his wife's presence never elicited? She had not minded his attachment to Constance; that was the chivalrous protecting affection of the strong for the weak, the man for the child; but this was something quite different. She could not explain it to herself, could not define it; but she felt that when Winny walked into the room in her unconscious beauty, when she replaced the bandages with a skill and dexterity born of a natural power, when she read aloud in her soft, deep voice, articles, pamphlets, and books, whose titles alone made Mrs. Everard shudder, she was one to inspire no faint or placid attachment; and she disliked her for it. She insisted on returning to the Cottage from Lipcombe, sending her niece thither in her place, and urged the flitting to London with an impatience which surprised every one.

Colonel Everard was only too ready and eager to take the journey. It had been no small aggravation of his worries that he was compelled to put himself, as he expressed it, upon the Champneys, and he was only too willing to relieve them of the trouble and care of his presence.

Winny had gone to Lipcombe without a murmur, though it had been one of the sweetest moments of her life to see the blank dismay expressed in her uncle's countenance when the fiat, which however he had not attempted to gainsay, had gone forth.

For the two had indeed become fast friends during the few days that had elapsed since their first explanation. The ice once broken, each gave way to his and her inclination, and allowed their affections to run into the natural channels they had long so wilfully stopped up. The crowning act of concession had come from Colonel Everard, when, two days after their first talk, he had said—

"I have been thinking much of all you told me the other day, Winifred. It has humbled me in my own eyes; it has shown me things in a new light, and taught me a little how blind we men are in our self-conceit. Will you bring me your mother's picture, my dear child? I promise you it shall not again return to the north turret."

What these words had caused the proud man, the niece, who inherited that pride in all its fulness, alone could tell, and how his words humbled her! How completely they tore away the veil in which she had loved to wrap herself, and left her alone in her pride, her unchristian want of charity! She fell on her knees by the side of his arm-chair.

"Uncle George, dear Uncle George," she cried, "you have forgiven mother, and made me, oh! so glad.

Can you forgive me too? Ah!"—as he made a gesture of assent—"you do not know what you have to forgive, you cannot guess how hateful I have been in my thoughts to you, only I did not know that really all the time you had never been indifferent to her. I see it all now. I mean, I can understand it all. Will you forgive me?" and she lifted her eyes, in which the large tears stood, and from whence the defiance and pride had melted away, as snow melts before the sun.

Colonel Everard smiled. "Do not reproach yourself too much," he answered; "after all, your feelings were natural; and, in spite of your dignified ways, you are but a child as yet. I hope that in future no misunderstandings may arise between us."

"I wonder if mother knows," she answered simply, in that child-like manner that was as much a part of her nature as was her pride.

That evening Colonel Everard came into the drawing-room at the Cottage for the first time—walking feebly, but still having made a wonderful stride. It was on a Saturday, and marked an era in his recovery; the nurse was to return to London on the Monday, as he was so far convalescent that her presence, irksome in the highest degree to him, was no longer needed.

His advent in the sitting-room was hailed with much satisfaction. Kate was overwhelming in her attentions, but Alice seemed to guess by intuition all that he wanted; and more than once the eyes sometimes considered so cold and *blasé*, rested on her pretty face with admiration of one so young and fair. Long afterwards, the sharers in it looked back to that evening as one of unmixed content, all save Roger, who bore about with him a never-ceasing pain, mingled as it was now with fiery pleasure.

From that day Winny constituted herself her uncle's guardian angel and nurse. A good lover as she was hater, from henceforth she focussed upon him all her affection, anxious to show that her penitence was real, cementing the newly-made bond by her unvarying attention, and meeting in return with a wealth of quiet affection, of the existence of which she had never dreamt.

Sometimes, especially during the few days she was at Lipcombe, she would cast back her thoughts to the night of the fire, would feel Roger's arm round her, and recall the words she had heard—"Thank God, you are safe, my darling, my queen!" Surely, looking at it in cold blood, he could not have meant her! Those words, trembling with emotion, were intended for some one else, for whom he must have mistaken her; and yet, had he not added, "my Vashti"? And then she would hide her blushing face and wonder why God was so good to her, that He should have brought her so much happiness all at once.

But she would not let herself dwell on this passage in her life. She had surprised words not intended for her ears, and it behoved her to behave in all ways as though they had never been spoken. And, at times, she almost doubted her own senses, and began to think that the smoke and the flames had so benumbed her brain that she had been dreaming, for there was nothing in Roger's manner to act as a sequel to that memorable night. She did not know of the long sleepless hours, the fierce energy put into his work; all she saw was that he was silent and preoccupied one hour, the next in boisterous spirits. Then he would as suddenly take up a book and remain absorbed in its pages, till it was time for her to retire up-stairs.

One day, however, just before she was banished to Lipcombe, when his endurance had been tested almost too severely by her talking to him of Penruth and her old home life, so unconsciously pathetic that it stirred the very fibres of his heart, he went straight to Colonel Everard, and asked if he thought he could be spared for a few days. Colonel Everard acquiesced only too readily, remarking at the same time that change would do him good, as he looked fagged and had become thin. So one Monday, after a painfully happy Sunday, when Winny had walked to church between him and Alice, and the crisp hoar frost was crystallising every branch, every blade of grass, and it seemed to the girl that all nature was joining in the *Te Deum* of thankfulness she was so soon to pour forth on her knees—on that Monday, Roger went away, and his two sisters, left behind together for the first time, remarked to one another, what had been oppressing them both for some days, that Roger was not at all himself, that he had grown to look haggard and much older, and that he was moody, fitful, preoccupied—anything but what he used to be.

So well, however, had he guarded his secret that neither guessed the true source of this change; both came to the conclusion that he was worried about money matters, and both resolved to do their very best to keep the bills low.

Fortunately for them, they were quite unconscious that they and their small brothers and sister were the innocent cause of the sacrifice that their brother was carrying out, but from which he was allowing himself a few days' respite. When he came back he trusted the Everard family would have departed to London.

Thither, meanwhile, he repaired for change, seeking to lose his heartache for awhile in the noise, the whirl, the excitement of town, which, truth to tell, he dearly loved. It did him good. It was pleasant to tread the well-known pavements, to be in the region of clubs once more, to meet at every turn of the streets with old friends, who all greeted him with warmth; to be asked out to dine every night, and to experience afresh, what was a fundamental belief with him, that, in the main, it is a kind-hearted world we live in.

Only ten days' holiday, and then back to Tranmere, but not to torture; for were not the Everards already in London? Fate, however, was against him, for as he drove into the station a train from Meriton came slowly panting in, and the first person he saw on dismounting from his cab was Winifred, standing on the platform, all her energies absorbed in her still feeble uncle; yet not so absorbed but what she saw him, and had time to shake hands, before she and Colonel and Mrs. Everard took their places in the carriage that was to convey them to Eaton Square. And that was how Winifred Smith came to be in London. The cloud once removed between her and her uncle, it seemed as though he could not do enough for her. It had

always been his way with those he loved, since the days that he had heaped indulgences on his little sister Winifred, to meet with but a sorry return.

So now for his niece there was a riding-horse, drawing and singing lessons—anything, in short, that she fancied. It seemed as though he were trying to compensate to her for the years of coldness to her mother. But she was wise and, with the ready perception of a woman, she divined her aunt's jealousy, and sought how she could best avoid all the favours so suddenly heaped upon her. She revelled in London, in spite of arriving at a season when fogs are rife and rain plentiful. It was a never-ending surprise and delight to her as, one after another, its ever-varying sides dawned on her senses, and she was made acquainted with the works of men and women with whose names she had only hitherto been familiar.

Her uncle took her everywhere, proud of her beauty, her ready intelligence, her appreciation of all he himself liked best; and day after day she would enjoy, at his table, the society of cultivated men of the world, some of them of mark in their own line, whilst Mrs. Everard, silent, with a fretful wearied look on her face, would wonder why George collected around him all these uninteresting people.

It did not require her aunt's distant manner, the cold suspicious glance in her pale eyes, to tell Winny that her feelings towards her were considerably changed since she had crept into her uncle's favour. It perplexed her much. Was she to return Colonel Everard's goodness by coming between him and his wife? or, on the other hand, could she repel all his kindnesses by refusing to go with him, or declining the favours he was so ready to confer on her? It was a hard question, and one she found difficult to solve; and it was not till they had been in London some weeks that she began to see a way out of her perplexities.

Through all these months she had never lost sight of the one lodestar of her life, the keen desire to become an artist, which had leapt back into life since she no longer felt herself an outcast in her uncle's house. She knew she had talent; she felt it to the very tips of her fingers; and kind, generous as her uncle was, was she for that reason to remain a dependent on his bounty? Should she love him one whit the less because she had the hope that, one day, she might earn her own living? and was she not already beginning to feel that her presence in his household was raising a spirit that might some day drive her out of it? She could never again feel the old desolation, but with her new happiness had arisen fresh annoyances that must be looked in the face. With a strong hand she resolved to put away from herself the temptation to give in to the life of love, ease, and luxury held out to her, and to grapple with the future. If, during these months in London, she devoted herself wholly and solely to making way in the art she loved, she must necessarily withdraw herself from her uncle's society; thus giving him little offence, and soothing her aunt's easily-aroused jealousy. The announcement that Constance was coming up to stay with them seemed to make it the easier for her, so that when she begged Colonel Everard to allow her to spend most of her days at South Kensington for the purpose of studying painting, he acceded at once to her request. He knew her longing to become a proficient, but he had no idea to what heights her ambition soared, nor did he suspect that his niece contemplated earning her own livelihood in the future. Had he had a notion of such a thing, he would not willingly have given his consent to any plan whereby she might be enabled to do so. He was an old-fashioned man, who would have regarded the idea of any woman of birth living by her own exertions as perfectly inadmissible.

And thus it came to pass that Winifred spent most of her days at South Kensington, whilst Constance took her place with Colonel and Mrs. Everard, and everything apparently was going on smoothly.

It was a long-standing promise to Mrs. Frank Everard that her brother-in-law should make her the present of her daughter's portrait, and here was an opportunity for the fulfilment of that promise. But the question was, who was to have the honour of transferring Con's pretty, piquant face to canvas?

Great consultations were held upon the subject; picture galleries and studios were visited, and still it was difficult to arrive at a conclusion. And meanwhile the subject of all this thought was abandoning her bright, bewitching little ways, and cultivating a staid, sober demeanour, that sat but ill upon her.

She, too, had made the discovery that although Uncle George was as kind, as indulgent to her as formerly, yet he treated her like a child—a dear, pretty, frivolous child—while for Winifred was reserved a very different manner and style of conversation. The pretty, frivolous child would watch him when the new niece came into the room, would note his smile of satisfaction, and clench her small hands under the table, and inwardly call her cousin a "serpent." How had she dared to come and take her place with her dear Uncle George, particularly after pretending that she disliked him?

Yet she was obliged to confess that this was a very different Winifred to the one she had met at Tranmere last summer. Still quiet and somewhat retiring, all the defiance and bitterness had melted away, to give place to a thoughtfulness, particularly for her aunt, that made Constance wonder why Mrs. Everard so often had a bitter word to say of her. Surely, she had no cause to dislike Winifred; or had she, too, found her out to be treacherous and time-serving?

Colonel Everard was as profoundly ignorant of all these little *tracasseries*, of which he was the unconscious subject, as a man usually is of the petty jealousies of his womankind, having many other things to occupy his thoughts.

An architect for the restoration of Tranmere, an artist to take Con's portrait, were two out of several matters he had on hand; and it was in his search for the latter that, led by Mr. Lawson, he and his two nieces found themselves in Gilbert Craven's studio, as related in the last chapter.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

GILBERT CRAVEN was no half-hearted artist. Early and late he worked in his studio; heart and soul he absorbed himself in his work, and as a mere boy he had vowed a solemn vow, that be his circumstances what they might, were he ever so distressed for money or for time, no painting should ever issue from his hands, however trifling it might be, that had not had as much care, love, and thought expended on it, as it was in his power to give.

Often and often, since those days, had he been tempted to break his vow; when, with a delicate wife, young children, and small means, the impulse to hurried work, to careless painting had been great. But he had never, even in thought, given in to it, and he had had his reward. He had risen, slowly it is true, but surely, to honour and to fame, leaving all such temptations far behind him.

He was in his studio to-day, as usual, but not alone. Before him sat Constance Everard in an armchair, her features contorted into a galvanised smile, the twinkle gone from her eye, as she ruefully surveyed herself "got up," as she called it, in semi-evening costume, in a deep red dress, toned down by border and ruffles of soft old coffee-coloured lace, throwing out the pretty childish roundness of throat and chin.

Not far off sat Winifred, who had accompanied her cousin to this, her first sitting, intently watching the painter as he prepared to set to work, and wondering the while whether it were possible that she should ever attain to the dignity of a studio.

Hitherto, there had been no opportunity for Mr. Craven to explain his mysterious exclamation of last week; all the negotiations respecting Constance's portrait had been conducted in writing, and Winny saw him again for the first time to-day. She had been puzzling over his words ever since their meeting, and was on thorns to ask him what he had meant, but that she feared to be intrusive at a moment when he was occupied in the mysteries of his art.

"Ah! we must alter that," he said perceiving the forced and unnatural attitude in which Constance had placed herself, and almost laughing at the poor child's look of profound misery, as he crossed over and commenced arranging her pose, with a good-humoured smile on his lips, that awoke a corresponding one on his sitter's.

"Just like that," he continued, catching at the sweet, half shy brightening of the face, "that is perfect; your head just a trifle more towards Miss Smith," and he stepped back to survey with pleasure the charming turn of the head, so characteristic of Constance Everard.

The work had begun now, and there was silence in the studio as, with almost painful interest, Winny watched every movement of the painter, dimly conscious all the time of that look in his face, which had both worried and puzzled her the other day.

"By the way, Miss Smith," he said, noticing her intent gaze, "I owe you an apology for, and an explanation of, my enigmatical exclamation the other day, which naturally took you all very much by surprise. I was indulging in a very bad habit that I have fallen into lately, of uttering my thoughts out loud, and I have yet to find out whether my idea was a correct one. Perhaps it will simplify matters if I tell you at once that my real name is not Craven, but Smith."

"Ah!"

A light seemed to break in on Winny—a dim remembrance of her father's mention of some artist cousin; but she was too interested to interrupt; she only waited patiently to hear the rest.

"My father," continued Mr. Craven, "was a poor man, but he married a woman with a little money, a Miss Craven, and they managed, somehow, to get on very well. I was one of six sons, and from my birth almost, I may say, my uncle, Mr. Craven, who was a bachelor, took a fancy to me, and eventually, when I was about nine years old, adopted me altogether. There never was so good and kind-hearted a man. I owed him everything in the world, and, ungrateful young rascal that I was, I commenced life by running directly counter to his wishes. He had set his heart on my making the Bar my profession, and I had set mine on becoming an artist. As you see, I won the day, or rather he gave me the day, and, with his usual generosity, having once consented to my wishes, did everything in his power to push me in my profession. You will say that all this is of very little interest to you; no more it is, but I am coming to the part which, I fancy, concerns you more immediately.

"After I left home, strange to say, I saw little of my own family. I was at school, and at Oxford, whilst my brothers were sent to the four quarters of the globe to seek their fortunes. Naturally, however, I was always running against people of the name of Smith, but they invariably turned out to belong to any family but mine. Once, and once only, I came across a Mr. Smith who proved to be a relation. It was in Brittany, where I was spending part of the vacation, for the purpose of painting, that I came among a party of youths reading with a tutor, a striking-looking man, who I found on investigation bore my own patronymic. I always had a hankering after any member of my own family. It had been no small trial to me to be carried off from my five brothers, and young cousins that lived near us; so I forthwith commenced my usual interrogations to my new acquaintance, without much hope that I should be able to prove him a kinsman.

"But I was mistaken. Fortunately, he had a mania for genealogies, and he followed me patiently through all my explanations till we arrived at the happy conclusion that we were second cousins, twice removed. You may imagine the task we had. We were the more pleased at the result of our investigations that we had taken a fancy to each other, and during the three days we spent at Quimperlé were always together. After that, we were obliged to separate, he to return to England, I to pursue my studies. He had, however, occasion to write to me, and about a fortnight later I received a letter from him, dated from Tranmere Castle."

Winny had known what was coming all along; it did not surprise her in the least; but Con was too much astonished not to utter a big "Oh!" of wonder.

"Yes," continued Mr. Craven, "from Tranmere Castle, where he was acting as tutor to a young Mr. Everard. He was full of the beauties of Tranmere, and the charm of its inhabitants. I answered that letter, hoping to hear from him again, but from that day to this I never had another line from him. I learnt, casually, that he had married a Miss Everard, and taken Orders. Now, Miss Smith, am I right in supposing that, although very remotely, we are not altogether unconnected?"

"He was my father," answered Winny; "he is dead."

"You are like him," said Gilbert. "It was that likeness, and the names Everard and Smith, in conjunction with one another, that set me thinking, and brought back to my memory that long-ago meeting with my second cousin in Brittany. And now I ought to explain my other allusion to the talent in the family, if it will not bore you and Miss Everard too much."

"Oh, no!" cried Constance, who had as keen a love of stories as any child, and who in her interest had quite forgotten to look unnatural. "Please go on; I *do* like a story so much." Gilbert laughed. He had accomplished his object, in taking his sitter's thoughts

"HE STEPPED BACK TO SURVEY WITH PLEASURE THE CHARMING TURN OF THE HEAD" (*p.* 260).

from herself, and he had further gained the gratification of discovering that his divinity was his cousin. What favours might he not ask of her hereafter?

"Well," he continued, "you must know that, about a hundred and fifty years ago, putting it roughly, there lived in Yorkshire another family of the name of Smith. The father was an agricultural labourer, and he had three sons. Strangely enough, these three sons one and all exhibited an extraordinary talent for drawing. From the moment that they could run alone they were never without some implement in their hands, with which they might scribble over doors, walls, and even boards, whether it were a piece of charcoal, a stump of a pencil—in short, anything they could lay hands upon. As they grew older, their taste only developed the more, to the great annoyance of their father, who would far rather have seen them turn their thoughts to the ploughtail; and soon they became celebrated through all the country-side for their skill in painting signboards, and for the wonderful likenesses they took of their neighbours.

"They lived in a wild and desolate region, inhabited only by people of a like class with themselves, who mostly regarded them with contemptuous pity, and condoled with their father on being cursed with three such feckless sons. The eldest one had by far the most talent; some of his drawings that I have hit upon are really wonderful, and he confined himself to figure-painting; whereas, the younger one, steeped in the wild and desolate scenery in which he lived, has left some extraordinarily speaking—if I may use the word—sketches of moorland and fell behind him. The middle one had neither the genius of the elder nor the younger brother; he was a mediocrity, but a clever one. No great man came across their path and, struck by their talent, took them up and launched them on a career of fame. What little advancement they achieved they procured for themselves. The eldest was the most ambitious, and he set his heart on going to London, but he had no money. He was a Yorkshireman, however, and not to be daunted. He went to London, but the story runs that he walked nearly every step of the way, only to be disappointed when he reached it. He arrived at a very inopportune moment in the capital, at a time when nothing was being thought or talked of but the rising of the Pretender; and his attempts to gain instruction and to get himself known availed nothing. In despair, he took to his old occupation of sign-painting, and married the daughter of one of his innkeeper patrons, having gained her affections by painting her portrait—she must have been a very pretty woman—and died two years afterwards, a broken, disappointed man, leaving one son.

"That son, Miss Smith, was our common ancestor."

"Oh, how delightful!" exclaimed Constance; "it is just like a novel, is it not, Winny?"

"That son," pursued Gilbert, "had all the Yorkshire long-headedness without one atom of his father's talent; and, pushing his way in the world, managed to gain several rungs in the social ladder. In the next generation the Smiths wrote 'Esquire' after their name, but neither in that, nor in many succeeding ones, did the old talent develop itself. Like a river that runs underground, it lay hidden for years, to burst forth after the lapse of more than a century in some of my brothers and myself, and, may I not add, in you too?"

"How strange!" said Winny, with a bright light in her eye, and a vivid spot of colour on each cheek. "Are you not proud of our ancestor, Mr. Craven?"

"Of course I am; I have visited the place of his birth, and collected every scrap I could find of his and his brothers' works. I will show them to you with pleasure."

"I should like to see them," responded Winny, "beyond anything; but how strange that my father never told me this story!"

"To tell you the truth, I think it was very little known. Remember, a hundred and fifty years ago is a long time; and it was only because I am a painter myself that I took the trouble to hunt it all up. My wife and I went to Yorkshire for our wedding tour, and I can assure you that we had no small difficulty in finding out the little I have told you."

Winny felt strangely moved by this narrative: it was to her like an omen of success; and that Gilbert Craven should turn out to be her cousin was, indeed, a piece of good luck she had never anticipated. She knew now what it was that had puzzled her in his looks from the moment she had first seen him; it was a certain subtle likeness in the square massive face to her father's thin, refined, scholarly countenance: a likeness which could not be defined, but which was nevertheless there.

After the story was told, both remained silent for a time: Mr. Craven occupied with his painting, Winny with her thoughts, which were carrying her back to Penruth, and from thence by an easy transition to Yorkshire, to the wild desolation of the moorland country; to the three brothers, all alike artists. Yes, she had the talent, she felt sure of it.

She was so absorbed that she did not heed the gentle small-talk that was going on between her two cousins, till Gilbert asked her if, the sitting being ended, she and Miss Everard would come and see his wife, and at the same time the ancestor's drawings. But she was obliged to decline. Constance was impatient to return to Eaton Square, where she expected a friend, and Mrs. Everard had begged them not to be out longer than they could help.

In the evening Winny related the story of the founder of the Smith family to her uncle, who received it with a satirical and somewhat incredulous smile, although he was evidently perturbed at learning that Gilbert Craven was her cousin.

"So that was what he meant by that singular remark the other day," he said; "I am very sorry."

"Why, Uncle George?"

"Because, my dear, I never wish to have anything to with any one of the name of Smith again—yourself, of course, excepted."

Naturally, however, the sittings continued, and Colonel Everard lost sight of the fact that Mr. Craven's name was Smith, in the pleasure he experienced from a sight of the charming portrait the artist was painting

of Constance—a portrait worthy to act as a *pendant* to that of the aunt she resembled.

Sometimes, but only rarely, owing to her studies at South Kensington, Winny would accompany her cousin to her sitting, and would revel in Mr. Craven's conversation, always bright and original; whilst occasionally Mrs. Craven would put in an appearance, and sit and talk to the two girls, delighted with the new-found relation. She was a clever woman, full of tact and sympathy, and although Winny never actually told her her story, she could read between the lines, and could understand more than any one with whom the girl had come in contact during the last twelve months. Colonel Everard said very little to the intimacy, although it did occur to him once that Winny sought any company but his, and if that were the case he was the last person to hinder her from so doing. He could not but notice how, when he came in of an evening, she would sit apart, absorbed in her drawing, and he never guessed that it was she who put all his books and newspapers ready to his hand, who thought of a hundred little things for him, and who, when she seemed most indifferent, was in reality suffering keenly from her own dissimulation.

He was disappointed again, that was all. He had fancied that this girl, of whom he had felt so proud, was going to be to him a real daughter, that hers was a nature that would not easily spoil, and on whom he might lavish his affection without fear of the consequences. But he was mistaken. Like the rest of her sex she was fickle, and perhaps it served him right that he had preferred her above Constance, who had never swerved from her allegiance to him. He would turn to his little niece with renewed affection, and make her quite happy. She became once more her old self, teasing her grave uncle, amusing her aunt, and most thoroughly enjoying the theatres, operas, and all the other London dissipations to which Colonel Everard was constantly taking her. He had quite given up being an invalid now, and with the cessation of her care for him Winny's new-born love seemed to have undergone a change, and she was always so busy that their conversations with each other were but very desultory. Still it was to her that he spoke of any new book or article in the newspapers or magazines, of any new work or scheme that interested him, and once or twice he was surprised by the warmth of her "good night," when she kissed him, before retiring to rest.

She was in a measure rewarded for her studious avoidance of her uncle's affection by the success of her tactics. She would smile, sadly enough, for it went to her heart to continue them, as she saw how the home clouds had already dispersed; Mrs. Everard had ceased from her frequent thrusts at her, and Con was again her old bright self. Under these circumstances it was not astonishing that she should seek the Cravens' society. She frequently spent her Sunday afternoons with them, in the midst of a large harmonious family, where every one was at their ease and where she had no restraint to put on herself.

With Helen Craven she became really intimate, and as for Gilbert, it seemed to her that she had known him for years, so thoroughly at home did she become with him. She confided to him all her hopes and fears as to eventually turning artist, and he did not laugh at her. On the contrary, particularly after seeing her drawings, he encouraged her to persevere against all obstacles, as there was no doubt as to her talent.

It was not until he had known her a full month that Mr. Craven proffered his request that she would sit to him for the portrait of Marie de Sombreuil. She was so intimate with him by this time that she even dared to tease him on his conception of his heroine, to which he adhered with a good-humoured obstinacy that nothing could shake.

"You are welcome to take my portrait, if my uncle will allow it," she answered on this occasion, "only you know I do not think I do for the character one bit. I know some one who would make a perfect Marie."

"Do you? Who is she?"

"A Miss Champneys; she is very sweet and fragile-looking, with a very delicate complexion, large child-like blue eyes, and soft misty golden hair."

"Altogether ethereal, evidently."

"Yes, very ethereal; but, soft and gentle as she seems, I am certain she would rise to any heights for any one she loved."

"I have no doubt she is all you say, but I am more than contented with the Marie I have found. Will you really give me one or two sittings, when you can free yourself from your tyrants at South Kensington?"

"Willingly—feeling myself only too honoured—if my uncle will allow it. I must ask him and my aunt first, you know, and I do not suppose they will have any objection."

"I see no reason why they should," put in Helen.

To Gilbert's amazement and bitter disappointment, however, Colonel Everard peremptorily put his veto on the proposition, assigning no particular reason except that he did not choose that his niece's portrait should be placed in a sensational picture, to be stared at by all London. To Mr. Craven the refusal was toned down to one of perfect courtesy, and the artist was far too proud a man to renew the request.

Winny was sorry for her cousin's sake, knowing how he had set his heart on it, and was secretly amused at the idea of London troubling its head about her, the unknown Miss Smith. She had yet to learn the value of her own beauty, and, far more ignorant in such a matter than a good many town-bred children, the notion that any one would dream of remarking on her had never entered her head.

The little *contretemps* made no difference in her relations with the Cravens, Gilbert professing perfectly to understand Colonel Everard's objections, and continuing, if possible, more friendly than before.

Meanwhile winter commenced turning to spring, and soft muggy weather succeeded the fog and frost. Little spots of green began to show themselves on the bare branches in parks and squares, and about the streets bunches of golden daffodils were being sold. Early and late Winny worked, and was rewarded

from time to time by Mr. Craven's approval of her efforts.

And he was no lenient or indifferent critic. She was sometimes almost discouraged by the severity of his remarks, till he would tell her that he should not take the trouble to make them were her productions not worth them.

But all this pleasant intercourse was fast drawing to a close. With the breaking-up of the frost, and the accession of milder weather, Colonel Everard's thoughts were turning to Tranmere. He was anxious to have the works begun at once, for it would be a long business, and one which he himself must superintend. Accordingly, a house in the neighbourhood had to be found, from whence he could watch over the new building with ease. The dower house at Carnford, in close proximity to the present lord's domains, was to let, and as it comprised all the necessary requisites, Colonel Everard made up his mind to take it for a time. It was further settled that Constance should accompany them thither, as Aldershot did not agree with her.

It was some seven or eight miles from Tranmere, too far for them to see much of Roger or his sisters, Winny reflected with a pang, though she told herself she ought to be glad, for what was Roger to her? Surely nothing.

And at Carnford she could not avoid her uncle, as she managed so successfully to do in this busy London; she might ride and walk with him, and not continue to starve her heart out, as she was forced to do now. So, although grieving much to leave her teaching, her new-found cousins, all the delights of town, still she was not altogether sorry to return to the country: to blue skies, green fields, and spring loveliness.

As she took her seat in the train next to her uncle, she was still full of the parting with the Cravens, which had taken place only that morning. She could yet feel Gilbert's hearty shake of her long, slender hand, which had left it quite bruised and aching, and hear his kind voice saying, "Any time you want a change, a taste of London fog, assistance in your work, or any of Helen's and my valuable advice, write to us; we shall only be too delighted to see you. I really mean it; remember, we are cousins."

And now she was sitting on the comfortable cushions of a first-class railway carriage, surrounded with furs and luxurious wraps of every description, and next to the uncle she once hated. What a contrast to the circumstances of a twelvemonth ago! And then her thoughts flew to the last time she had reached the Meriton Station, when Roger had come to meet them. Would he meet them to-day?

The journey came to an end without much interruption beyond Con's fitful talk. Mrs. Everard went to sleep, Colonel Everard read, and Winny followed suit. Con alone gazed out of window, from time to time bending forward to chat to her cousin. She too was asking herself, "Will he be there?" and, as they steamed into the station, Winny found her view from the window completely excluded by Con's large hat. Another minute, and the hat was nodding away, and bright smiles were illuminating the pretty face beneath it.

Two young men had arrived simultaneously at the carriage door, to proffer their help, and Winny found herself suddenly blushing hotly, as she confronted Roger and Lord Carnford, and both pairs of eyes were bent on her at once, whilst both voices asked her, "And how are you, Miss Smith?" Then Roger withdrew. He could willingly at that moment have knocked Lord Carnford down. What business had he to look at Winny in that way? Why had he come to the station? Stupid fool that he was, why was he not out hunting? He did know something about horses, hounds, and foxes, why did he not keep to them, instead of loafing about the Meriton Station? All of which was very undeserved, for Lord Carnford had come to meet a friend.

Roger's wrath was somewhat appeased when Winny turned from his rival to him.

"How are Kate and Alice, Mr. Champneys? and the children? Did not Jim send his love to me?"

"Roger, I want you here; just help to see after the luggage, will you?" interrupted Mrs. Everard fretfully.

"My dear," said her husband, "the servants or I will do that. You need not trouble, Roger."

But Roger had not waited to hear the remonstrance out. He was gone already to fulfil her behests.

Unpopular as Colonel Everard was said to be, the townsfolk of Meriton were glad enough to see him back amongst them again. There were smiles of recognition and of satisfaction at the reappearance of the family, and, here and there, an inquiry after his health, accompanied by a glance of genuine pleasure at his complete recovery.

"I was most awfully sorry about it," Lord Carnford was saying to Winny, in allusion to the fire. "I hear that you were quite the heroine of the night, Miss Smith, that you nearly lost your life in saving some one else's, and were finally rescued by Colonel Everard, at the risk of his own limbs."

"Your story is not quite correct," she answered. "I did not attempt to save any one's life, I merely endangered those of other people, I am afraid; and although my uncle did indeed risk his limbs to rescue me, still it was Mr. Champneys who really carried me out of the house."

Roger had come back from his unnecessary excursion after the luggage, and was standing not a yard from where Winny was conversing with Lord Carnford, irresistibly attracted by his magnet; whilst Mrs. Everard and Con were chatting with two or three old neighbours, of whom there was always to be found a sprinkling at the station.

"Happy Mr. Champneys!" said Lord Carnford; "if I had only been there! What luck some people have! You must have been uncommonly glad to see him though, or were you unconscious?"

"No"—the words smote on Roger's ear with wonderful distinctness—"No, I was not quite unconscious. I knew I was saved. I believe I fainted afterwards."

"Why did you not all go to Carnford? The house

was empty, and I should have been only too proud to have given you shelter. It is an awful pity about the Castle, though, the finest old place in the country. I am afraid you will think very little of Carnford after Tranmere, Miss Smith." Winny could not help reflecting that it was of very little consequence what she thought of Carnford, till, struck by the expression in the young man's eyes, she hastily suggested that she should get into the carriage, and wait for her aunt. Mrs. Everard and Constance came bustling up, and in another minute they were all seated and driving off, leaving Meriton and the high road behind them. They crossed it again a few minutes later. A man was walking rapidly along it towards Tranmere. He lifted his hat to the whole carriage-full, but his eyes were on Winifred. It was Roger.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

DOUBTS.

"MY dear Roger, have you seen a ghost?" asked Kate Champneys, looking up from her work, as she became aware that her brother was standing before her, with a white face, and a fixity of gaze which made her feel quite uncomfortable; "or is anything wrong? What is it?"

"Nothing, nothing at all. I have walked fast, that is all. How close the room is!" and Roger advanced to the window, opened it wide, and drew a deep breath.

"Well, Roger, and how are the Everards?" asked Alice, dancing into the room, followed by the children.

"Oh! very well."

"And how does Colonel Everard look?"

"Just the same as usual. Kate and Alice, listen to me—I have something to ask you—What would you say to our leaving Tranmere?"

"Leaving Tranmere! Oh, Roger! what makes you think of such a thing?" and two pitiful faces stood gazing at Roger, as if he had pronounced sentence of banishment on them.

"It is fearfully dull," said the poor man, fixing on the first excuse he could find, "and I could easily get another agency, after being with Colonel Everard."

"Have you had a fuss with him?" asked Alice mysteriously.

"No!" very irritably.

"You never used to find it dull," said Kate.

"A man may change his mind, I suppose, without having what he said, months ago, always cast in his teeth."

Roger was decidedly cross.

"It is so healthy, and agrees well with the children; our garden is so sweet, and the church, the village—everything is nice," cried Kate dolefully.

"Roger knows best; if he wishes it, Kate, it is all right," said Alice, but she looked miserable as she uttered her dignified little rebuke.

"It is a dreadful expense moving," put in Kate, "and who knows that we might not have to go to Ireland or Scotland."

Roger remained standing silently at the window, dully taking in the catalogue of remonstrances. His frame of mind was such that he could not trust himself to speak, or he would have given utterance to the passionate words that were on the point of his tongue.

"It is only about once in two years that Roger goes into a passion," Kate had once remarked jokingly, "but then he makes us all tremble."

Alice recognised the symptoms now. She stole up to him, and clasped her hands round his arm.

"Roger dear, whatever you do will be for the best of reasons. Please do not think of us or the children. Go or stay, as you like. We are the last people who ought to interfere with you." Roger stooped forward and kissed her on the forehead.

"I will think about it, Ally. You know I would not make you unhappy for mere caprice," and before she could answer, he was gone from the room.

The two girls, left behind, stood blankly staring at each other for one minute without speaking.

"What does it mean?" asked Kate, breaking the silence. "He came into the room looking as if he had seen a ghost, and then talks of leaving Tranmere; and all this since this morning. Of course it must have something to do with Colonel Everard, who every one knows is the most overbearing man in the world."

"I do not know what it is all about," said Alice quietly, "but I *do* know that Roger is unhappy, and if he were to ask us to go to Kamschatka, we ought to go without a word. I agree with you that it must have something to do with Colonel Everard, and that is what upsets him, for he is very fond of him."

"No, Alice, I cannot resign myself to Kamschatka without knowing why I am to go there, and I will not give in to leaving Tranmere without a struggle. The move would ruin us, just as we are beginning to get straight. It is unreasonable of Roger."

Meanwhile, the master of their destinies had betaken himself out of his own small demesne, and was walking across the park towards the ruined house. He was, as Alice had truly divined, exceedingly unhappy. He loved Winifred Smith, with a passionate love that had sprung into life with his first sight of her. And he knew her to be penniless, and himself in much the same plight. Out of his income he had, in addition to paying off his father's debts, to maintain himself and five people, three of them helpless children, to whom he had solemnly sworn to be a father. It had all been different at first. He had had to make sacrifices, and large sacrifices, but they had been comparatively easy to one of his generous, hopeful temperament, and not till eight months ago had he fully realised the extent of what he had undertaken. He had hoped that he might cure himself of his insane infatuation whilst the Everards were in London, but the first sight of the tall regal figure had only proved to him the truth of the old saying about absence, and convinced him that his duty lay in flight. Why should he stay to suffer agonies of jealousy, whilst another man went through the gradual stages of courtship, culminating in what seemed only too fitting for that beautiful head—a Countess's coronet?

And to-day, too, a fresh complication had arisen. Standing close to where the young lord was offering

his somewhat clumsy homage to Winifred, he had heard words which had quite altered the aspect of affairs to him. From her own lips he had learnt that she had been conscious that night of the fire, when he had rescued her ; and, if conscious, had she not heard the mad passionate words he had poured out to her? Was he to continue to act as though they had never been uttered, and leave things to take their course, which would no doubt result in her becoming Lady Carnford? or was he to step in, tell her that he loved her more than his life, but that he was a pauper, without means to marry on, perhaps blight her prospects as future mistress of Carnford, and do no good either to himself or to her? Whichever way he looked at the matter, it seemed to him that he must act the part of a coward.

Through the long spring afternoon, he wandered aimlessly hither and thither, torn with conflicting feelings ; at times maddened with the idea that Lord Carnford was probably at this moment sitting by her side, looking at that face which was all the world to him, whilst he, Roger Champneys, as good a gentleman as the young Earl, was shut out from her very presence for lack of filthy lucre ; another minute despairingly giving her up, resigning himself to the fact that, sooner or later, she would be the wife of another, and then the question would be settled.

Wearied out at last, he commenced retracing his footsteps in the direction of his home, stopping at one or two cottages on the road, to speak on the subject of repairs. In both he found sickness and sorrow, which made him feel ashamed of his own bitter thoughts that afternoon. Was he not rather like a child crying for the moon? Winifred was as unattainable for him as the moon for the typical spoilt child. Was he for that reason to turn round and curse his fate that had not given him a rent-roll of so many thousands a year?

Softened, but sad enough, he turned to look at the setting sun, remembering at the same time how, last autumn, he had pointed it out to Winny, glowing blood-red over the Castle, a portent of the flames that were so soon to follow. This evening it was clear and watery, and as chilly as a spring sunset usually is. He shivered, and commenced hastening his steps.

Within a hundred yards of the Cottage, the three children came racing out to meet him, clasping him round the legs, whilst lazy Jim held out his arms to be picked up. Roger stooped down and lifted him up to his favourite perch on his shoulder.

"Shall we go to the stables, Jim, and have a ride on Zulu?"

"It is bed-time," said Molly, the good one.

"Never mind bed-time, Molly; you shall have a ride too, if you like."

"Do you know, Roggie, May Stevenson's papa never gives her a ride."

"Of tourse not," responded Jim, "he is only her papa. Roggie is our very own brofer, who loves us —don't you, Roggie?"

"Of course I do, Jim."

"Better than any one else in the world?"

"It seems rather like it, judging by circumstances," responded his brother, with his head fixed in a vice formed by Jim's encircling arms.

"Don't tell nobody," in a mysterious whisper, "we love you better than any one else, one hundred thousand pounds;" and Jim drew a deep breath of wonder at the magnitude of his affection. Roger smiled an odd kind of smile, but not absolutely uncheerful.

"I wish you could give me a hundred thousand pounds," he said, as he unfastened the stable-door. "Now then, children, don't kick up the straw."

Nothing more was said about leaving Tranmere that evening, which was passed silently enough. Those cheerful, merry dinners and teas that the three had so enjoyed had somehow come to be things of the past ; they were grave and silent meals now, for Roger had forgotten the art of talking nonsense since his eyes had lighted on Winifred Smith's grave face, and if Roger was quiet, so were the two girls.

After a long and sleepless night, during which he turned over ceaselessly in his mind the pros and cons of the question, with morning light Roger found counsel, and that counsel was that he would not leave Tranmere for the present. Winifred was eight miles off, he could perfectly well manage to avoid her, without giving his sisters the pain of leaving; and meanwhile he would try and forget that he had overheard those words at the station. Had she not equally mentioned that she had fainted immediately after being rescued? He had not the slightest recollection of what he had said, as he had borne her down the ladder, but he *did* know that, as he carried her—perfectly unconscious he was certain she was then—to Jacob Wood's cottage, it had been a bitter pleasure to him to lavish on her all the loving words, to call her by all the endearing names he would fain have given her when conscious. So far he hoped it was all right, and that, on first seeing her, he had not betrayed his feelings. He must trust to that, avoid her presence, and hope that time and circumstances might come to his assistance.

That very day he received a note from Colonel Everard, saying he should ride over to Tranmere ; would Roger meet him at the stables at 2.30?

It was an exquisite spring day. A sweet faint blush of green lay on all the land, the woods were yellow with primroses, the fields where gambolled the little white awkward lambs were starred with budding cowslips, and the three children had come in from their walk, with their hands full of flowers.

Accompanied by Kate and Alice as far as the turning to the village, Roger could not give way to the depression he felt, but, once free of them, he walked along with downcast eyes and moody countenance, so that the few labourers he passed stared in amazement, as he gave them a curt greeting, so different to his usual cheery ways.

As he turned into the avenue, instead of the solitary horseman he expected to see, he perceived three mounted figures ahead of him, one of them a lady's.

He might well tell himself he would avoid her, fly from her, yet nevertheless there came over him such a

thrill of pleasure at the sight as made him brace himself up to meet her, with all the self-control he had at his command. Perhaps the fact that Lord Carnford made the third in the party went some way towards cooling his ardour, and it was with a face of studied composure that he approached the trio, who had halted at the stables.

He had never seen Winifred on horseback before, and now it seemed to him that she ought never to be seen in any other position. Horse and rider both looked to belong so entirely to each other, that it was difficult for him to believe that Miss Smith had not ridden above a dozen times in her life.

He stood for one moment riveted to the spot, then sprang forward to help her to dismount, glad to be beforehand with Lord Carnford, who had hurriedly alighted to perform the same service. It struck him, though surely it was fancy, that Winny was pleased too, for she gave him a warm shake of the hand, and immediately entered into conversation with him, to the exclusion of his discomfited rival.

And then they all four commenced walking towards the house. Colonel Everard called Roger to his side, and Winny and Lord Carnford were left to follow. They were to meet the architect, it turned out; and at any other time Roger would have been interested in the restoration of the old house, but this afternoon he had but one ear to give Colonel Everard, the other was reserved to listen to the very trifling conversation going on between Miss Smith and Lord Carnford. It was exceedingly fragmentary, for, whenever she could, Winny would join her uncle, and listen with far more interest to the architect's ideas than to Lord Carnford's rather dull small-talk.

Two or three times, too, Colonel Everard called his niece to his side, to ask her opinion, and then, as though repenting of his action, would, somewhat awkwardly, try to get rid of her again.

It was a long, wearisome, standing-about afternoon, full of cross-purposes, but it was not difficult to see how the land lay. Roger took it all in sadly enough.

Lord Carnford's intentions seemed pretty certain, and they evidently had Colonel Everard's entire approval. Well, it would all be at an end soon; meanwhile let him put his mind to the difference between bay and oriel windows, and listen patiently to the phrases of wisdom that fell from the great architect's lips. And, just as he had turned his attention resolutely to the future building at Tranmere, he would find Winny suddenly by his side, and the deep, soft voice would ask him some question as to what Mr. Williamson had been saying, to which he was totally unable to give an answer.

More than once Lord Carnford had remarked, "This is all awfully uninteresting, Miss Smith; let us go down to the lake through the woods; they are full of primroses," but Winny had coldly refused.

"I am immensely interested," she had answered, "but do not let us keep you, if it bores you. I am afraid we shall be here some time longer."

"Bored!" he exclaimed energetically. "I am not bored a bit. I like it awfully, I assure you, only I do not quite make out what they are driving at," and he said no more about the lake and the primroses.

The appearance of Alice and Kate on the scene created a pleasurable diversion. Winny hailed them with rapture, and even Colonel Everard did not think their invitation to come up to the Cottage for five o'clock tea a bad idea.

He ordered the horses to be brought there an hour later, and the party set out for Roger's small domain. How could he scold his sisters for innocently prolonging his sweet agonies? Did it not seem as though fate were against him, and that he was destined to be thrown with the one person he sought to avoid?

Tea was set out in the little drawing-room; the windows were wide open, the sweet spring sunshine came dancing over Roger's water-colours, playing hide-and-seek in Jim's golden curls, as he crept into the room to kiss his "princess," and to be hustled out of it again by Kate, who had some difficulty in finding space for this influx of guests.

They were all grateful for the cups of tea, after the long ride and standing about. It was a moment of expansion and *laisser-aller*. Colonel Everard put Tranmere from his mind, and commenced talking to his favourite Alice; even Roger, as he handed Winny her tea, allowed himself to be arrested by her "Thank you!" and "I have never told you, Mr. Champneys, of my finding an artist cousin in London—Mr. Craven."

"Mr. Craven!" he exclaimed, "why, he is a great man," and on the strength of this information he actually took a seat beside her, and permitted himself to talk freely and naturally.

Yes, he too had been painting a good deal this winter, filling in some old sketches, and some studies in black and white; and then Winny told him of all she had been doing; of her meeting with Gilbert Craven, of his many hints to her on the subject of her art; of her work at South Kensington. Half an hour's conversation between two people who thoroughly sympathise is not long, and on this occasion, though they said no word that might not have been proclaimed to the whole room-full, it seemed to both Roger and Winifred, when they heard the tramp of the horses' hoofs on the gravel at the front door, that they had not been five minutes together. Lord Carnford apparently thought otherwise, as he glared savagely at Roger, resolved to be the one who should offer to put Winny on her horse. But he was destined to be disappointed again, for there was a mounting-block, and before he could proffer his help Winny had sprung lightly into her saddle, and Colonel Everard was adjusting her habit for her. Another minute and the three horses were galloping across the turf to the further lodge, and Roger, shading his eyes from the setting sun, was gazing after the dark brown habit, fast becoming a speck in the distance.

"Come in, Roger, it is turning so cold," said Kate, coming up to him, "and we have lots to talk to you about. How naughty you were this evening!"

"Was I?" he asked indifferently. "What did I do?"

"You know perfectly well. It was rather too bad of you to spoil sport like that."

"I don't know what you mean, Kate. For goodness' sake talk sensibly, if you want to be understood."

"Men always are blind," retorted Kate, "but I think even Jim could have seen that Lord Carnford wanted to talk to Winny, and you would not stir from her side."

"Oh! is that all?" he answered. "Lord Carnford can have plenty of opportunities of talking to her, if he wishes to, as he lives next door, so to speak, to the Everards now. I don't suppose I was with her above five minutes;" and Roger sauntered away, irritably switching the heads of his flowers with his stick.

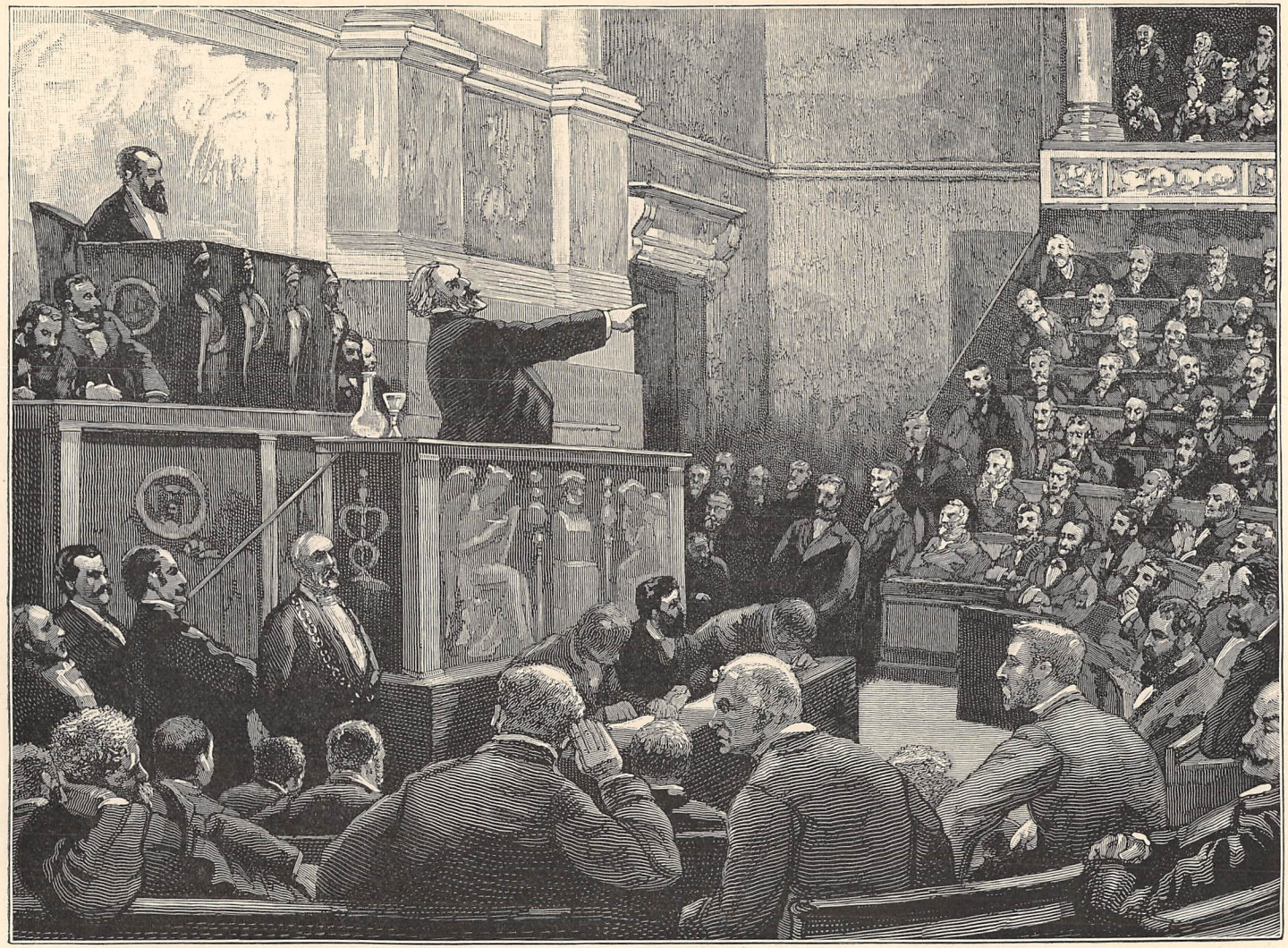
"I really do not know what has come to Roger," Kate remarked to her sister, "he has grown so irritable that it is almost impossible to please him."

"I know he has," said Alice sadly, "and yet he does not mean it, I am sure. I am certain that he is unhappy, Kate. If he would but tell us what is worrying him! I think it must be the constant restraint he has to put on himself, after being accustomed to as much money as he wanted; it is very hard on a young man."

"I know, I know," said Kate; "do not we do our best too? Anyhow, I hope Roger will have recovered his temper by dinner-time."

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

"ROGER STOOPED DOWN AND LIFTED HIM UP TO HIS FAVOURITE PERCH" (*p.* 266).



GAMBETTA IN THE TRIBUNE.

See "THE FRENCH HOUSE OF COMMONS" (p. 269).

THE FRENCH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

PERHAPS no two places designed for the same purpose could be more unlike than the French Chamber of Deputies and our own House of Commons; differing as much in their external decoration as in their interior. Whilst our magnificent pile of buildings dwarfs by contrast the simple yet handsome French structure, the English House itself is disappointingly plain.

The French Chamber is of horse-shoe form, with two rows of galleries, supported by handsome pillars, running round the circular part, thus affording much more accommodation than our "strangers'" and "ladies'" galleries. There is no cage here as in our own House, where the fairer portion of humanity is penned off, lest their unscreened charms should prove fatal to the eloquence of the law-givers on the green benches below. The galleries are draped with crimson and decorated with white and gold; and looking upon a full House, when what we may call the boxes are well filled, and relieved by gay toilettes, the scene is very bright and animated. The Tribune, which is placed in the centre of the straight portion of the chamber, resembles somewhat the pulpits of certain chapels. On the highest part sits the President of the Chamber, who corresponds to our Speaker. A little below—reached on either hand by about fifteen steps—is the place from which deputies must address the House, and below sit the clerks. There is no question of catching the Speaker's eye, and the familiar Parliamentary expression of "rising in his place in that House" would be without meaning here. Deputies are generally waiting at the foot of the steps to ascend on the one hand as the late orator descends on the other. We cannot help thinking that this system has advantages over our own, seeing that the President and the occupants of the Ministerial bench, which fronts the Tribune, cannot fail to hear every word, whilst the speaker certainly gains in being able to face his audience. The benches, intersected by many gangways, are upholstered in crimson velvet; before each is a small desk for the convenience of writing and for the holding of ballot cards.

Members began to file into their places as it was close upon two o'clock; two or three clear notes of a bugle were heard, a curtain was swept aside, and the President advanced to his seat on the Tribune, and without any religious service the business of the sitting commenced. The President opened the day's proceedings by a few brief sentences in admirable taste, touching the death of an able and popular member whose death had been announced in that morning's papers. The first half-hour was occupied in much the same manner as in our own House: by the asking of questions, giving notices of motions, and with final readings of certain bills. The Chamber had by this time filled, and the galleries were crowded. This day had been selected for us (by the Viscount de Calon, by whose favour we were present) as being certain to furnish a full House and a spirited debate; the subject to be brought under discussion being an important one, touching which the minds of men and parties were much exercised. The time of which we speak was in November, 1881, soon after the election of the Gambetta Ministry to their brief tenure of office: and we looked down with great interest on the man who had played such an important part in the service of his country after the fall of the Napoleonic dynasty, and who now, after so many years of comparative quiet, was floated by the tide of events to the head of affairs: a man of decidedly Jewish type, not handsome, but without that exaggerated coarseness with which it pleased certain journals of the day to delineate him—a grave face with resolution and power stamped on its every feature, yet lit up by a genial smile as he greeted some passing friend or detained him by his side.

At that time the Church of Rome in France was more than ever a Church militant; and the newly-formed Government was particularly obnoxious to it, for did it not hold amongst its members a certain M. Paul Bert, whose views were opposed to those of the Church? In an election that had just taken place, the priests of the district had openly preached from the pulpit against the supporter of the Government, whom they had not hesitated to describe as the candidate of the devil, and had even threatened their flock with spiritual pains and penalties in the event of his election. The candidate supported by the clerical party was returned, and the Government now sought to invalidate the election on the ground of the illegal intervention of the clergy.

The case was briefly stated by a supporter of the Government, and responded to, but the interest culminated when the Bishop of Angers, a famous prelate, rose to defend the action of his clergy. With a curious mixture of passion and dignity the tall figure clad in flowing purple robes mounted the Tribune, and with much skill and oratorical power defended the election. The interruptions during his speech were loud and frequent, the applause from the Right, where the bishop sat, being drowned by the tumult from the Left, from which quarter, later in the debate, came some passionate denunciations of the Church, and extravagant laudations of the sentiments which are believed to be popular with M. Paul Bert. The President beat on his desk with his paper-knife in vain, and frequently had recourse to his bell to bring the excited deputies to a sense of order. There

are occasions when our own House, owing to the action of one or two members, resembles a bear-garden rather than a deliberative assembly, but for genuine tumult it pales its ineffectual fires before the French Chamber. To the bishop succeeded M. Lockroy, under whose biting sarcasm and fine irony the unfortunate prelate fairly writhed. M. Lockroy's trump card was the Concordat—an arrangement made between the first Napoleon and the Pope, and subscribed to by all the subsequent Popes and rulers of France, whereby the Government agreed to support the priesthood on the express condition of their abstaining from politics in the Church.

With this Concordat M. Lockroy fairly belaboured the bishop, who sought in vain by a second speech to modify the intemperate warmth of the first, which had been distinguished by zeal rather than discretion. After the debate had been carried on under great excitement on all sides, with frequent and continuous ringing of the President's bell, scarcely heard amid the tumult, there were loud calls for the "clôture," and the majority of the House being satisfied with the length of the debate, it was closed without a division, and the question of the illegality of the election was then put to the vote. The messengers of the Chamber, in most gorgeous livery, were despatched along the gangways with the ballot boxes, like huge pepper-castors with a slit in the top, into which the deputies dropped their white or coloured card. These were emptied on the President's table, counted, and the numbers called out, which gave an overwhelming majority against the election, which was then formally declared invalid. After this the Chamber emptied rapidly, the remaining business was quickly disposed of, and at five o'clock the House adjourned.

The trees were shivering under a sharp breeze as we went out, the lamps were flashing on the Seine, though the sun's last beams yet glowed in the west. A busy roar of the gay city's life met us as we turned into the Place de la Concorde, with its dancing waters, and saw the long lines of glittering lights in the Champs Elysées shining before us.

HOW TO FORM A CRICKET OR TENNIS CLUB.

BY A CLUB SECRETARY.

WHEN the short days of winter are over, and signs and sounds of spring greet us everywhere, out-door amusements and out-door exercises become once more a general topic of conversation. For the general mass of young people, winter offers but one out-door game—football—and from its very nature this can only be indulged in by the male sex, and indeed by only a small section of *them*, namely, those who are sufficiently youthful, active, and strong to bear with its falls and knocks and bruises, and to undergo its severe strain upon the system. But summer brings with it cricket and lawn-tennis, rowing and swimming, archery and croquet, golf and bowls, bicycling and tricycling, and a dozen other sports and games; and many of these are open not only to young people of both sexes, but to men and women of mature age. It is probable, therefore, that at this time of the year a few suggestions for the formation of a cricket or lawn-tennis club, and a few hints for its after-management will be of general interest; more especially when it is borne in mind that most of the suggestions and directions here given apply equally well in the case of any other club—archery, bicycle, or what not.

First, then, let us consider the case of a cricket club as typical of those clubs in which men and boys only take part, although ladies may be, and often are, most interested onlookers.

Should there be an evident need of a cricket club in any village or district, the initiative must be taken by one or two energetic residents, who will not hesitate to devote considerable time and trouble to the preliminary ventilation of the subject. These promoters should collect the names of all those who are likely to be active playing members; they should endeavour to enlist the sympathies of older and more influential residents, with a view to enrolling them as patrons and honorary members, and obtaining their pecuniary support; they should make all inquiries as to available playing-grounds; and they should be prepared with all necessary information as to probable income and expenditure.

Thus fortified, a preliminary meeting of those who are likely to be strong supporters of the club should be called; and at this meeting a draft code of rules should be drawn up, two or three alternative names for the club should be selected, the question of ground should be fully considered, and the amount of entrance-fee and annual subscription determined upon.

Then all is ready for the first general meeting, to which all who are likely to take an interest in the club should be invited. The notice sent out for this general meeting should state clearly the object of the promoters and it should furthermore mention that the proposed code of rules will be discussed, and that the officers and committee will be elected.

At the general meeting the first business, after the election of a chairman for the evening, should be to

call upon one of the promoters to state the objects for which those present have been called together, and this speaker should conclude by introducing the question of the most suitable ground.

This is a very important matter, as upon its cost will depend largely the amount of the annual subscription for each individual member, and the prospects of the successful launching of the club. It may sometimes happen that a piece of waste or common land is available for the purpose, or that a landowner in the district is willing to lend a portion of a field free of charge; under such circumstances the only expenses in connection with the ground will be those incurred in levelling, rolling, and cutting the grass; and a very moderate subscription will be sufficient. But if it be necessary to hire a field, an entrance-fee of a guinea, and a yearly subscription of the same amount, will certainly be required, even if the number of members be large.

In order to settle the amount of the entrance-fee, it should be remembered that members' subscriptions should be retained to meet current expenses only, and that all first expenses —the preparation of the ground, the purchase of tents, nets, bats, stumps, &c.—should be paid out of the entrance-fees and any special donations received for the purpose.

Having fixed upon a suitable ground, and having settled the financial business, the next step should be to determine upon the name of the club, and with regard to this one hint only can be given. If another club of the name be not already in the field, it is wisest to select the name of the village or town in which the majority of the members reside; thus, if the meeting be called at Little Pedlington, let the club be known as "The Little Pedlington Cricket Club." But if for any reason a local name is not available, then choose some very simple distinguishing word, avoiding anything of a comic or eccentric character; and at the same time be careful to discover whether your name has been previously appropriated or not.

The question of name suggests that of colours, which should next be determined upon. Cricket differs from football in this, that almost all players wear *white* flannels, and eschew colours; still, it is as well that something distinctive should be worn, whether it be a cap, or sash, or coat. Moreover, the flags should bear the club colours. In making the choice, however, it is well to err on the side of simplicity, and to avoid colours which have already been selected by neighbouring or well-known clubs.

And now some very important business should follow—the election of officers. First of all, it will be well to elect a president and vice-president; these should be gentlemen of some position, who are likely to take a deep interest in the welfare of the club and to introduce new members. These two officers will, of course, be ex-officio members of the committee, but their duties will consist merely in presiding at meetings, dinners, &c.

The captain should stand first on the list of the working officers, and he should be chosen mainly on account of his skill at and thorough knowledge of the game. But beyond this he should possess a large amount of tact and self-control; he should know something of his fellow-members, and of their capabilities; and he should be respected by those whom he is called upon to lead.

Next should come the secretary, upon whom it will chiefly depend whether the club shall result in success or failure. It does not matter about his being a good cricketer, but he must be an enthusiast at the game, and must love his work, for assuredly he will have plenty to do. Upon him will devolve all the little details of the club management, the arrangement of matches, the selection of the elevens (in concert with the captain), the care of the ground, the calling of meetings, &c. Of all the officers, then, it is most important that the secretary should be the right man in the right place.

The treasurer should next be elected, but his duties are light, and it should not be difficult to find a trustworthy member for this post. To him it will fall to collect donations, entrance-fees, and subscriptions, and to pay all accounts, which should first be passed by the secretary or the committee. He should also watch closely the current income and expenditure, with a view to guarding against the possibility of a deficit.

The committee should be from five to ten in number, and in them together with the officers should vest the election of new members, and the settlement of all important business. When once the committee and the officers are elected, the general body of members should cease to have any voice in the management.

After the first general meeting of the club, and when the members have enrolled themselves, the committee will be able to decide what expenses they may fairly incur in the preparation and care of the ground. If the club be a large one, and can afford it, a ground man should be engaged for the season, both to look after the ground—the rolling, &c.—and to act as professional bowler at practice, and as umpire in matches. Too many liabilities, however, should not be incurred at first, as nothing is so damaging to a club as to be in debt.

The club rules should include some dealing with defaulters—both those who neglect to pay their subscriptions, and those who absent themselves from matches after promising to play. Some penalty should be found for such default; and if a member refrain from paying his subscriptions for any length of time, or continually neglect to attend when required for a match, his name should be removed from the club list.

And now it is time to say a few words about lawn-tennis clubs. Very often these can be formed in connection with a cricket club, part of the cricket-field being marked out for tennis-courts. In this case there should be two classes of subscribers—members of the cricket club, and non-members; and the subscription of this last class should be double that of the former; or one subscription might cover both cricket and lawn-tennis, and the wives and daughters of members might be admitted to play tennis free of charge.

Such an arrangement, however, must always be rather exceptional, and, in the majority of instances, a lawn-tennis club will be obliged to provide a ground of its own. It may sometimes happen that one of the members will put his lawn at the disposal of the club on certain days of the week; or that meetings may be held in turn in various private grounds. Fortunate is the club that is so situated, for its expenses then will be very slight, and an almost nominal subscription will answer every purpose. But if a ground is to be specially provided, part of a field should be hired and fenced round; and during the winter months the ground should be levelled and the turf should be re-laid. Then, in the spring, all will be in readiness for the marking-out of the courts, which, if possible, should be at least two in number.

Unlike many other clubs, those devoted to lawn-tennis should have a limited number of members only, and for the very obvious reason that more than four people cannot play on a court at the same time. Moreover, as tennis clubs include both ladies and gentlemen, they should be to some extent *select:* that is to say, all the members should either be friends already or be willing to become so. If a tennis club contains a number of little *cliques*, who keep to themselves, and refuse to have anything to do with one another, the sooner it is broken up the better.

The only officials needed in a tennis club are a secretary and a treasurer; and in the case of a small club, the two offices might well be combined. In either event the duties can only be light.

Should the club possess two courts, one of these should be reserved on certain days of the week for ladies only, and on other days for gentlemen only. This arrangement allows some of the best players among the gentlemen the opportunity of a fast game on certain occasions, while it also provides a court on fixed days for ladies who are novices at the game.

The rules of the club should contain one relative to single-handed sets, should members require a court for the purpose; and one fixing the number of sets any quartette may play when other members are waiting for a game.

The nets and marking apparatus alone should be furnished by the club; the racquets, and—if it can so be arranged—the balls, should be supplied by the members themselves. Of course when four members play together a difficulty may at times arise as to who shall bring the balls, but this is after all only a matter of arrangement, and when the club declines to provide balls, it gains one great advantage: *it cannot lose any.* Any one who knows how easy it is to lose a dozen balls in one afternoon at tennis, will recognise the desirability of, at any rate, making each set of players responsible for the balls they use.

From the fact that the game may be played by only two, three, or four players, a lawn-tennis club is one of the easiest to start, and may comprise a very limited number of players. Moreover, when once the ground is obtained, the expenses are very small, and the pleasure derived is far in excess of the outlay. Seeing then what a very healthful exercise lawn-tennis is for young people of both sexes, it is to be hoped that hundreds and thousands of lawn-tennis clubs may spring up and prosper all over the country during the coming summer.

A SONG OF THE SPRING.

OLD Winter is gone, and the young Spring is coming,
Nature resurgent awakes from her sleep,
Forth from the hive the glad bee goes a-humming,
And the flushings of sap-life o'er mead and wood creep.

Now flashes the sunshine, now patters the shower—
The smiles and the tears of the mutable Spring—
Bursting of leaf-bud and opening of flower,
Murmur of streamlet and flutter of wing.

Cowslip and primrose, and violet and daisy,
Gold, silver, and sapphire enamel the lawn,
While the far-away mountain-tops, azure and hazy,
Are capped with light cloudlets at breaking of dawn.

The sky is be-dappled with clouds lightly flying,
And pleasant and fresh is the health-bearing breeze
That floats like the music of air-harps, whose sighing
Goes echoing down through the green aisle of trees.

The heavens and earth are all flooded with voices
Of mavis and merle, of finch and of lark;
In its new-wakened life the glad world rejoices
From the dawning of day to the coming of dark.

I linger entranced till the twilight from heaven
Falls over the scene, and the clear, mellow notes
Of the cuckoo are breaking the silence of even,
And over my soul solemn melody floats.

To a hymn the sublimest and holiest I listen,
The song of the heavens, the earth, and the sea,
Of sun, moon, and stars, as they glow or they glisten,
Of winds and of waters—a grand psalmody.

A hymn like the song the "three children" were singing,
When the flame of the furnace raged round them in vain:
A chant of laudation that rolled away ringing,
"Benedicite Dominum"—such was the strain.

"Benedicite Dominum" rises the pæan
From all of God's works in one glorious accord,
Still swelling, it reaches the high empyrean:
"Praise ye and bless ye for ever the Lord!"

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

A SONG OF THE SPRING.

THAT "SLIGHT INCLINATION" TO EMBONPOINT.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

I MUST confess that I hesitated for some little time over the title of my present article. Several names suggested themselves, and I reviewed them in my mind one by one. "Corpulency" is too broad a word; besides, a person may be corpulent, properly speaking, without being fat. "Obesity" is better, but the Latin *obesus* means gross, &c., as well as fat, so "obesity" does not sound polite. "Katasarcia," or "polysarcia" (from the Greek κατὰ or πολὺς and σάρξ), signifying over-much flesh, is not clear and truthful enough; it is liable also to misapprehension, in this way: many people who are positively so fat, so stout, or so obese, if you like the word, that they have some little difficulty in getting about, will pinch their arms, or ask their friends to "just feel that," and boldly affirm that it is "good solid flesh." "Too solid," you think, if you do not say so; and you are well aware the speaker himself would not mind much if it melted. A man who talks about only being in good condition when he is positively—fat, is living in a fool's paradise, and the sooner he knows this the better.

Well, as there really is, at times, something in a name, I have taken refuge in French—*Embonpoint!* The word is a pretty one, not to say musical. It often implies a compliment; it never could give offence, for a certain amount of *embonpoint* is rather to be desired, either in a person or—or in a partridge.

There are also some advantages inseparable from the condition under discussion. Well, to begin with, I dare say appearances go for something in this world; curves are more pleasant to the eye than angles are; and unless a man be in first-class muscular form, he looks all the more presentable if slightly inclined to *embonpoint*.

Talking about fat, a well-known physiologist makes the following remarks:—"Deposits of fatty matter answer several important objects: they often assist the action of moving parts, by giving them support without interfering with their free motions; thus, the eyes rest on cushions of fat, on which they can turn freely, and through which the muscles pass that keep them in play. Fat also affords, by its power of resistance to the passage of heat, a warm covering to animals that are destined to live in cold climates, and it is in these that we find it accumulated to the largest amount. Further, being deposited when nourishment is abundant, it serves as a store of combustive material, which may be taken back into the system and made use of in time of need."

From this we might reasonably infer that stout people can stand cold better than their brethren of the lean kine. Facts hardly, I think, bear this out; and the reason is not, probably, far to seek, for neither the nerves nor the muscles of those who may be called obese are in such good form as they would otherwise be. But I cannot forget that not only the lower animals, but even the human beings, who dwell in such countries as Greenland, are all reasonably plump, while our own sailors begin to accumulate "flesh," as they call it, after they have resided but a very short time in the Arctic regions.

A stout person is not only, generally speaking, of a more contented disposition than a slender one, but he is capable of bearing the deprivation of food better. Your fat friend might be cast away on a desert island, and live for a considerable time without eating, but your friend the thin man is like a mole: he needs to be fed once a day at all events, else he will go to the wall. As, however, comparatively few fat people are cast away on desert islands to become Crusoes, obesity from this point of view may be looked upon as a doubtful advantage. But in many cases of accidents or illnesses, the person who, as the saying is, has "something to go and come upon," has more chance of ultimate recovery than he who may be defined as somewhat linear.

Whether an accumulation of fat on the body blunts the mind and dulls the intellect, is a question I prefer not to enter upon.

Now, while granting that a certain amount of *embonpoint* is not only advantageous, but a sign of good health and sound constitution, especially in people about forty years of age, it cannot be denied that too much adiposity constitutes a disease, and—there is no use mincing matters—often a very serious one.

Stoutness certainly does not conduce to long life. Every one will admit that much, only stout people rest their minds—if, indeed, stout people's minds ever do need resting—by imagining that they will not always be fat, that "one of these days," and so on. But here I must confess my belief that our fat friends are usually inclined to be apathetic about their condition, and that, to a good many of them, "one of these days" never does arrive in the sense they meant it to.

The disadvantages of obesity are numerous, its dangers to both health and life not a few. One of the very least of the former is the difficulty a fat person has in getting about, and in taking that amount of exercise without which the body cannot long be maintained in the only state which can with propriety be called condition. Exercise alone will not reduce a man's weight, though people usually believe so, but exercise will retard the accumulation of fat.

Adipose tissue is, in those inclined to corpulency, usually deposited not only under the skin—it would be well, indeed, if this were all—but in the spaces between the various muscles of the limbs, all round the heart

and the kidneys, and in many other vital positions that need not be named.

The accumulation of fat on and around the muscles naturally prevents activity of motion; but it does more and worse, for it throws a serious obstacle in the way of those muscles receiving a due amount of nutrition; they are therefore weakened and rendered flabby. And here let me point out a fact to those of my readers who may meditate treating themselves for the reduction of obesity. You may sometimes hear an expression like the following from a stout man in the prime of life:—

"If I could get rid of two or three stones of 'flesh' [such people will persist in calling it flesh] what I could do!"

"Yes, my friend," I should reply, "and, pray, what could you do? For if you were to get rid of nearly all the fat that is on you to-morrow or the day after, you would not be able to walk twice the length of your own garden for cold and fatigue. Your muscles are attenuated and flabby, and if deprived suddenly of their cushions of fat they would be of very little use indeed. That really is the truth, whether you like it or not."

The deposition of fat round the kidneys or on the heart comes, in time, to interfere very seriously with the functions of those organs, and to engender diseases which ultimately lead to dropsy of a fatal character. If the heart is prevented from acting as it ought to, the health cannot be long maintained. If it be a flabby heart, the blood will be impoverished; the person will have a sallow look, and be more or less bloated in appearance. If the heart is enlarged or hypertrophied, we may expect much difficulty in breathing, especially if the patient attempts quick walking or hurried climbing of stairs, and perhaps frequent attacks of palpitation, with now and then swimming in the head, and a sensation of falling, even in dreams at night.

The fat is sometimes not merely deposited on the heart, but among its muscles, causing degeneration of the walls of that organ, rendering the sufferer quite unfit for any of the more active duties of life.

The respiration of fat people is very much interfered with; indeed, one might say it is seldom or never carried on with a complete feeling of comfort. Nor, on the other hand, is the digestion strong, nor the appetite either, unless excited by hot sauces or vinous stimulants.

If we glance for a moment or two at the most common causes of corpulency, we shall, I think, get hints as to the most rational plan of treatment.

Corpulence is often constitutional; but even if it be, that is no reason, remember, that it should not be kept within due bounds. A too easy mind, and a sanguine manner of looking at the every-day personal occurrences of life, is a cause over which one has little, if any, control. Success in life is wished for devoutly by all, but it often has the effect of rendering people who are constitutionally inclined to be so, very corpulent. Well, people cannot be expected to manufacture small worries for themselves in order to keep within due bounds corporeally, but they can avoid the pleasures of the table, however well off in the world they may be. Indulgence in beer, stout, and in wine and spirits, has a tendency to increase the amount of fat; so has the use of sugar, which experiments seem to prove is often turned into fat in the system, and even drinking too much water. Age has something to do with the accumulation of fat, men generally giving evidence of this condition of body between thirty and forty, and women between forty and fifty, if not before.

If we consider obesity a disease—and if it be not actually so, it is at least a very distressing state of body—then we ought to be able to find out some scheme for its general treatment. And here the question naturally arises, Is it safe for a stout person to use means to reduce his system? As a rule it is, provided no extra harsh means is adopted for that purpose.

I have not Banting's "Essay on Corpulency" by me, or I might be tempted to make some extracts therefrom. I can only, therefore, recommend its perusal to all whom it may concern. If I remember rightly, however, the scale of diet which was prescribed for Mr. Banting himself, when suffering from obesity, and which certainly had the happy effect of restoring him to health and comfort, was somewhat as follows—the principle, at all events, being the same:—

For breakfast he was allowed white fish, a little bacon or cold beef, broiled kidneys, or lean meat any kind, with a small piece of toast or crust of loaf, and tea without either sugar or milk.

His dinner consisted of white fish, a little toast and green vegetables, poultry or game, with a very little tart fruit to follow. Tea in the afternoon, but neither sugar nor milk; and a light supper, consisting of meat or fish.

Now, the reader will observe that the forbidden articles of diet were—1. The oily fishes (such as salmon, herring, eels, &c.). 2. Bread and butter. 3. Milk. 4. Sugar. 5. Potatoes and farinaceous vegetables generally.

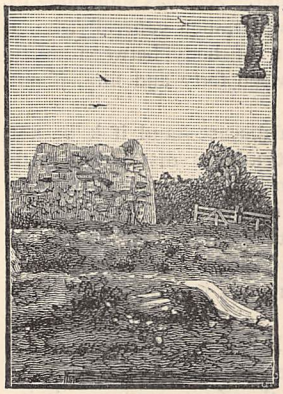
The danger in diminishing the quantity of fat in and on the body is trifling if it be gradually accomplished. The person about to undergo the process of reduction should be carefully weighed every week, and the weight noted, being particular to wear exactly the same amount of clothes each time. Some of the bitter tonics may be at the same time used with advantage so long as they do not constipate, because, while reducing fat, our object is to brace and tone muscle and nerve. Plenty of exercise should at the same time be taken in the open air, but this should not be carried to the verge of fatigue. Over-indulgence in bed should be avoided, and the use of the tepid or cold sea-salt bath will be found to do much good, so too will an occasional Turkish bath; but on this point one's own medical adviser should first be consulted. I have no hesitation in saying that perseverance in this plan of treatment will work wonders.

"WHEN GREEN LEAVES COME AGAIN."

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A MEETING AND A DISAPPOINTMENT.



IT was a beautiful morning in February—crisp, frosty, and sunny—as Harold Arnott rode over to Mainwaring Hall, ostensibly to join a skating party, but in his own mind the young squire had determined to ask Miss Mainwaring a very important question. Upon her answer, he assured himself, the future happiness of his life would depend.

Alas! for Harold's peace of mind. That very morning Mr. Mainwaring had signified to his daughter Grace—an only child—that it behoved her to lend a willing ear to the proposals of his old friend Mr. Militant, to whom he was under considerable obligations. The young lady remonstrated, pointed out that Mr. Militant, the "army contractor," was nearly thirty years her senior, that he had never addressed her with matrimonial intent, and finally, that she did not care about him.

But Mr. Mainwaring—a wealthy commoner, who had thrice refused a baronetcy—was not to be thwarted in his pet scheme. What if Militant were "close-fisted," somewhat rough, and at times positively disagreeable? He was rich, he possessed property in the country, and the match was in every way suitable—in his eyes. Grace declined, pleaded, but did not dare to persist in her refusal, and her father left her in tears over the housekeeping accounts in the study, with a firm order to her to consider herself as betrothed to Mr. John Militant, the rough, and some said ill-natured, man.

Harold Arnott, using the privilege he had gained as an old friend, walked directly to the study, where the servant informed him he would find Miss Grace "for sure." He found her as he expected, but in tears, over her accounts.

"Why, Gracie! you upset by a few figures?" he said as she raised her brimming eyes to his. "This will never do. Let me help you."

"Oh! you can't, Harold; never mind. It's nothing. I'm better now."

The young people sat for a time in silence, Harold being occupied in gazing at Grace's pretty face, and she apparently intent upon the figures in her books. Such an opportunity as this might not again occur, Harold thought; so clearing his throat, he said somewhat nervously, "Gracie, I have something *very particular* to say to you. I have come over on purpose to——"

He checked himself suddenly. There was an expression in Miss Mainwaring's face that made him pause in doubt.

"Is there anything the matter, Gracie?" he inquired tenderly. "You are quite unlike yourself today. Is anything wrong?"

"No," she replied, sighing deeply; "that is—well, nothing very particular. I am——but, Harold"—here she assumed a distant, yet friendly, tone—"you must not mind my telling you that I cannot hear any important speeches to-day. I am—not equal to—you mustn't, really."

"Do you mean to say I mustn't tell you how much I love you, Gracie?" burst out the young man, forgetting all his prepared speeches in his astonishment.

There was a very sad ring in the tone with which he put the question, a sense of terrible disappointment, which carried conviction of the truth to the mind of Grace Mainwaring, who felt every word sink like a knell upon her ears, for in her heart she loved him.

"Yes," she replied, "I do not wish. Oh, Harold! pray don't! I must not listen—not now. What *shall* I do?"

"Oh, Gracie! do not say you do not love me. Anything but that! I love you so dearly, so tenderly, that such a sentence would kill me. Oh, darling! do not say that. Anything but that!"

His earnest, truthful tone and tear-dimmed eyes—which of all men's pleadings weigh most with womankind—would have carried conviction straight to Grace's heart had there been any doubt in her mind as to his sincerity. She knew full well his love; she felt her own for him. She must check him, though, however hard the task. Her duty was plain. She was silent. She could not say the words. What *would* he think!

"Do you mean to tell me you do not care for me, Gracie?" he asked at length. "Have I been deceiving myself all this time? Have you not seen how I loved *you?*"

"You must not press me so," she replied gently, in a faltering voice, and pushing back her chair to get out of his reach. "It is not fair, Harold; indeed, I cannot answer you. I am—I can scarcely tell you—I am betrothed to Mr. Militant."

"To old Jack Militant? You, Grace? Can this be true, or possible? You? Oh, my darling, why did you not tell me this sooner? If I had only known! Oh, Grace! you saw my love, you played with it, won it, and now you cast me off. Grace Mainwaring a flirt! Had any man told me so I should have struck him!"

She could make no reply. She merely put up her hand to deprecate his anger, and when he accused her

of duplicity she turned upon him a glance which ought to have convinced him of his error. But she was too agitated to attempt her own defence. She could not now explain, and yet silence condemned her.

"Good-bye, Gracie," he said sternly, yet mournfully.

"THE HORSE REMAINED FOR A FEW MINUTES BESIDE HIS MASTER" (*p.* 278).

"Good-bye, dearest. You have ruined my life. I do not care what becomes of me now. But why you treated me so I cannot think. Why didn't you tell me of this before?"

"Because I couldn't," she replied sadly. "I did not know. I do l——"

She was very nearly committing herself, and stopped only just in time. He, fortunately, did not remark the last part of the sentence, as she dropped her blushing face into her hands, supporting her elbows on the table, and sobbed bitterly. He gazed at her as if half inclined to clasp her in his arms, but at once abandoned the idea, and hurried from the room.

Harold rode towards home in a very unhappy frame of mind. He believed that Grace liked him, and he felt that it was only natural for Mr. Mainwaring to prefer a wealthy, if elderly, suitor for his daughter, to a poor young man, heir only to his uncle's small property, which he assisted to farm and improve. Harold reflected bitterly upon the losses his father had sustained through the dishonesty of a trustee, and how little by little the funded property was sold; how his poor mother died; and how nobly

his father declined to prosecute her relative, who had wrought him and her that terrible wrong. He had promised to repay his defalcations; but year by year the same dwindling assets were presented, until at last a bare pittance remained. Then Colonel Arnott was struck with paralysis, and passed away, leaving his almost penniless son to his wife's brother, who had not too much of his own to live upon.

These sad details passed across Harold's mind as, deep in thought, he rode along, now slowly, now at a rapid pace, as if to leave his thoughts behind; but all in vain. On he rode carelessly; snow began to fall, and he pricked his horse and dashed across the moor. He was far from home; he now perceived the gathering gloom; his drooping steed, his weary limbs, and craving appetite told him he had ridden far. He pressed his horse, and turned towards home.

But he was not destined to reach it that evening. Riding recklessly, his weary horse put its foot into a rabbit-hole, and in a second had fallen, throwing Harold, who was riding with a loose rein, over his head.

The snow continued to fall gently. The horse remained for a few minutes beside his master, then, whether hearing the sound of wheels upon the distant road, or making up his mind that his stable was a warmer quarter, he trotted off, leaving Harold stunned and bleeding on the ground.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

RECOVERY.

HAROLD ARNOTT did not recover consciousness for some time, and when he opened his eyes he perceived he was in bed; he felt very dizzy and confused. A bandage enveloped his head, and he was unable to move his neck. He could not at all understand where he was. The room was quite strange; the bed was different to any he had ever slept in. Pictures and books occupied the walls, there was a table with medicine, and a Bible and Prayer Book, with a volume of secular literature, were laid upon it. Where was he?

There was no one in the room: Harold perceived this at once. He then extended his arm, and capturing the Bible, looked at the title-page. He started; then at the other books: both bore the same name.

"Must be real," he murmured; "and yet I fancied that man was dead; but the date tells the birth. He must be alive. I am the guest of Andrew Cunningham—the man who I believe ruined my father. Wonder how on earth I came here!"

He lay down and slept again, and when he woke his nurse was there, and a light was burning in the room.

"Nurse, where am I? Tell me, please."

"You are at Mr. Militant's house, sir."

"Mr. Militant's? The Coombe?"

"Yes, sir, Master was driving that Friday, and found your horse. He then followed its tracks, and came upon you, and not knowing who you were, he carried you here, and here you have been ever since."

"Ever since? Since when? Friday—yesterday?"

"No, sir; Friday week. This is Monday."

Harold lay back again. Ten days in bed: it was incredible. "I must have had a cropper!" he muttered. "I say, nurse, have I been delirious?"

"Yes, sir; raving at times. Mr. Militant he heard you calling him, and came up."

"Did I—did I talk nonsense much?" asked Harold, blushing.

"Well, sir, you did speak a good deal about master. You called him names," the nurse added, smiling; "and you said a good deal about a certain young lady."

Harold smiled. So he had given Mr. Militant a bit of his mind. He was not altogether sorry. Then another thought struck him.

"Whose books are these, nurse?"

"Mr. Militant's, sir. You really mustn't talk so much. Shall I read to you?"

"No, thank you. I will try to sleep again. I'm getting rather buzzy. Good night."

Harold returned to the subject again next day, and on the day following Mr. Militant paid him a visit. Young Arnott thanked him for his great kindness, and was about to apologise for his rude, if delirious, remarks, when his host stopped him.

"Say no more, my young friend. Perhaps I deserve all the uncomplimentary things you have said of me. I have also made some discoveries. I have found that you are your father's son."

Harold thought this only natural, and said so.

"I mean you are the son of Colonel Arnott. He was acquainted—well, we were friends. While you have been here I have been in London. Now, when can you get up?"

"Now, if you like. The doctor said I may. I have to 'make friends with the cook,' he says."

"We will take care of you, never fear. Now, suppose you remain here a few days longer? I have seen your uncle and made a very pleasant acquaintance. He agrees with me. He will come here again to-morrow, and remain till Saturday; then, if well enough, you can go home. If not, stay here. Good day."

He left as suddenly as he had entered. And was this the brusque, ill-mannered man Harold had heard Mr. Militant was? Why, he was as kind as possible; and though quick in speech, was very polite, and truly considerate. But what of Andrew Cunningham? This reflection puzzled Harold immensely.

On the eve of the day Arnott had fixed for his departure, Mr. Militant informed him that a few guests would dine with him that evening, and if Harold felt unequal to the party, his dinner would be served in the boudoir.

The day passed quickly, and though Harold made many efforts, he could not get Mr. Militant to speak of Andrew Cunningham's books, even though he urged a very particular reason. "Some other time," he had said. "Presently. Wait;" and he had hurried off.

The dressing-bell had rung over the gardens and paddock, and Harold went up-stairs. He was in no hurry, and "dawdled." The result was, he was late. The guests had arrived, and dinner was on the point

of being announced when he entered the drawing-room. He advanced quietly, and the first person whose gaze he encountered was Grace Mainwaring!

Harold stopped in amazement, and was obliged to support himself by a chair. But etiquette and pride sustained him. He advanced to greet his love in a calm and friendly way, and shook hands with Mr. Mainwaring. Mr. Ellerslie (Harold's uncle) was also present, and the footman was at the door.

"Close the door, Hemmings, please. We are not quite ready yet," said Mr. Militant. Then turning to his young guest, he said—

"Harold, you are late. It was my intention to have introduced you earlier. Miss Mainwaring, let me introduce you to Mr. Harold Arnott, your future husband, I hope."

Miss Mainwaring blushed very red, but did not move. Harold stared at his host in undisguised amazement.

"Is this possible? Gracie—are you——"

He could not finish his question. In reply she raised her eyes, and bestowed upon him one look. Harold hesitated no longer. He took her hand, and kissed it. "Mine, my darling, is it not?"

"Yes," she murmured, "if you will have it.

"There," continued Mr. Militant, "now you are happy, Gracie—I may call you so. Had I had any idea that your heart was already engaged, I would never have advanced any claim to it. I am thankful I have spared you a life of misery, my dear."

Here Grace Mainwaring suddenly quitted Harold's arm, and crossing to her host, clasped his hand, with tears in her eyes.

"How good, how noble you are!" she said.

"No, my dear, no; only I'm an old fool. But you have got your lover there, and will be happy. Mainwaring and I have settled it all. My friend Harold will have twenty thousand pounds in consols for his housekeeping, and the use of 'The Coombe' here for life. Eh, Ellerslie?"

"Your kindness and generosity, my dear sir, positively electrify me. I am sure we never dreamt of such a thing."

"But——" interrupted Harold.

"But me no buts," said his host, "go to dinner now. Afterwards I will explain all. Remember Andrew Cunningham," he whispered. "Your uncle and I will arrange all *his* debts to your father."

"Dinner is served, sir," said the stately footman at this juncture.

"Come along," said Mr. Militant, who had apparently grown ten years younger in the last ten minutes. "Come along. Grace dear, take Harold's arm. It's not etiquette, but never mind. Now, gentlemen, if you please, dinner; and our first glass of champagne will be to the health of the bride and bridegroom we hope soon to welcome to 'The Coombe.'"

Harold could scarce believe his senses when his affianced wife told him how Mr. Militant had come up and formally revoked his semi-proposal, and told her to her face that she loved Harold Arnott.

"What did you say, darling?" inquired her happy *fiancé*.

"Of course I told the truth," replied Grace simply. "There was nothing to be ashamed of."

About two months afterwards, by the time the green leaves had come again, Grace and Harold were married at the old parish church, and a very pretty, quiet wedding it was. The day before the ceremony Mr. Militant told Harold all the circumstances connected with the careless defalcations of Andrew Cunningham—how he had speculated and lost, and finally fled the country. By hard work and honest living he had since amassed a fortune, and one debt of gratitude to Colonel Arnott for his forbearance was paid by funding all the money, with interest, for his son.

"Is Cunningham dead, then?" asked Harold, as he rose to say farewell.

"Yes; dead to the world," replied Mr. Militant. "But don't object to shake my hand, boy. I have made reparation. I have suffered bitterly for my sins—unintentional though they were. Yes, Harold, forgive me; I can never forgive myself. God bless you!"

Then Harold understood that he was in the presence of the man who had played such havoc with his mother's fortune, and yet he clasped his hand, and answered as a Christian—"I forgive you!"

H. F.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

OBIIT JANUARY 23, 1883.

DORÉ is dead. Still is the wondrous hand
That seemed to run with Time, and win the race;
And now no more will his keen fancy trace
The glorious visions of each age and land.
And lo! the mourners meet in concourse grand:
Dante and Milton, one in lasting fame;
Cervantes, too, and many a one whose name
Upon a later muster-roll will stand.

Doré is dead! alas, that it is so!
But though the giant powers rest with night,
The giant works remain with us to show
That Genius dies not with Life's fading light,
But lingers ever, while the world shall last,
Linking the Present to the mighty Past.

G. WEATHERLY.

THE ART OF COOKING AN OMELETTE.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY," "CHOICE DISHES AT SMALL COST," &C.

WHY is it that we so rarely get a good omelette? What are the reasons that make the majority of English women-cooks break down over this simple dish? These are easy questions to ask, but difficult to answer. Indeed, in London itself it would be hard to direct any one where to get a good omelette, at least in most neighbourhoods. Were I asked, I should direct a stranger as follows:—First ask the nearest way to Soho. On arriving there, or thereabouts, you will very soon detect a strong smell of onions; now pause and listen at some swinging doorway: if the smell is accompanied by a rattling sound, you are safe. Enter, and order your omelette.

But why are omelettes inseparable from onions and dominoes? I will try and explain how to make an omelette without the assistance of either, though I must say that personally I think a little piece of onion is a great improvement to savoury omelettes.

We will first make an omelette *aux fines herbes*, as perhaps under this name some cooks will be more willing to learn; and I will go to the bottom of the secret at once. Would it surprise you to hear that you have nothing in the house that you can make an omelette in? This is probably a fact. An omelette should be made in an omelette-pan, and naturally the next question is, "What is an omelette-pan?" The most practical answer to this is, An omelette-pan is a small ordinary frying-pan that has *never cooked anything but omelettes*. This is what cooks won't believe. Their argument is, "Oh, parcel of stuff." But it is a fact for all that. If you doubt the fact, order an omelette to be made in the ordinary frying-pan—however well it be cleaned—and then notice its colour. Next buy a small new frying-pan. Boil a little water with a piece of soda in it to take away the taste of the tin, and make an omelette in this, and you will see, and taste too, the difference.

We will suppose this experiment has been tried. Next, we will start as follows—We have three eggs, some parsley, and some butter ready. First take enough parsley to make a small tea-spoonful when chopped fine, and if you have a bottle of "mixed sweet herbs" in the house take a good pinch—*i.e.*, as much as you can hold between your finger and thumb—and add to the parsley before you chop it. Chop up the parsley and herbs fine, and add to them a small salt-spoonful of salt and half a one of pepper.

Next break the three eggs separately to see if they are good, put all three into a basin and beat them up with a fork till they froth, and when beaten add the chopped parsley, &c., and mix them thoroughly in.

Next take two ounces of good butter and melt it over the fire in the omelette-pan till it froths. Remember, the fire must be good and clear; in fact, an omelette wants a sharp fire. In the present day most stoves are shut-up ones, but if you try and make an omelette over an open fire you must take care there is no smoke.

Another point to remember is to have the beaten-up eggs and all ready, so as to add to the butter directly it froths in the omelette-pan. After a very little time over a good fire the butter will begin to turn colour, and at last will turn a rich brown. Now this is all very well if we want to make black butter for boiled skate, but it will spoil an omelette.

As soon as the butter begins to froth from the fire, pour quickly into the omelette-pan the beaten eggs, &c., which must also froth from the beating. These air-bubbles help to make the omelette light. Directly you pour in the egg take a table-spoon and stir it up quickly, scraping the bottom of the omelette-pan all over to prevent the mixture sticking, and consequently burning. You will now find that it all commences to turn lumpy. This is what it should do, and when it is nearly all lumpy scrape it on to one side of the omelette-pan—the side away from you—so as to make it a semicircular shape. You can now, if the fire is rather fierce, raise the pan so as to slacken the heat. When it is almost set, take the pan off the fire and slant it in front of the fire, if you have part of the front open, or, still better, hold a red-hot shovel over the omelette. This will help to make it light. Do not, however, brown it beyond a few brown specks.

Now take a slice and slide the omelette off the frying-pan on to a hot dish, and serve it quickly. This is a plain, savoury omelette.

I have before said that I think a little piece of onion chopped up with the parsley an improvement. If you like onion take care you don't put in too much. A piece of onion the size of the top of the finger would be ample, and be careful to chop it fine. It is not pleasant in an omelette to come across a piece which we have to crunch.

Another open point is whether it is best to serve gravy with a savoury omelette. Like adding onion, this is a matter of taste. I think that, if you add onion to an omelette, gravy is a decided improvement, and that if you don't intend serving gravy it is best to omit the onion. The gravy suitable to be served with omelettes is a good brown gravy, similar to that which would be handed round with a roast fowl or turkey.

Sometimes omelettes are served with some sort of rich meat with them. For instance, we can have omelette with kidney, oyster, ham, or Parmesan.

When you have the meat or rich ragout served with the omelette, but not *mixed* with it, you must somewhat vary your method of cooking the omelette. For instance, omelette with kidney is really a savoury omelette with a large ladleful of stewed kidneys; omelette with oysters is an omelette with a mixture similar to the inside of an oyster patty served with it.

When you have a meat or forcemeat of this description you should let your omelette set in the frying-pan in a circular shape instead of a semi-circular, and when it is almost set, place the spoonful or ladleful of meat, &c., on one half, and then turn the other half of the omelette over on to it. Leave a little of the omelette mixture sufficiently *unset* to scrape it quickly round, to fix together the edges when it has been turned over. This requires some little practice.

Sometimes additions are made to the omelette by mixing in other things *with* the beaten egg. For instance, you can add Parmesan cheese—grated, of course—or any kind of grated cheese.

I have mentioned that in making savoury omelettes three eggs are wanted for two ounces of butter; this, of course, is only sufficient to make a small omelette—enough for about two people or one hungry person. When you want to make a larger omelette, you can of course, increase the quantity; but when you do this you will find that you do not want quite so much butter in proportion—*i.e.*, although three eggs require two ounces of butter, six eggs would require rather less than four ounces of butter.

Sweet omelettes are made in exactly the same way as savoury, only, of course, instead of the chopped parsley, salt, and pepper, &c., you require powdered sugar. In making a sweet omelette from three eggs and two ounces of butter you should mix nearly a dessert-spoonful of powdered sugar with the beaten-up egg, and also have a little more powdered sugar ready to shake over the omelette directly it is done.

One very great improvement to sweet omelettes is to mix in a little essence of vanilla. This essence varies in strength, but if it is good a salt-spoonful would be enough for an omelette made with three eggs.

In adding jam to sweet omelettes the jam must be added similarly to the kidney, &c.—*i.e.*, a spoonful must be placed on one half of the omelette in the pan just as it sets, and the other half must be wrapped over on to it, and the edges mended as before. Nearly every kind of jam can be added to sweet omelettes, but by far the best is apricot jam. When the omelette is just set it can be kept hot for a short time in the oven—just long enough to allow the jam to get hot.

Before concluding the subject of omelettes, I ought to mention the fact that very many cooks add a little milk, and that some—Mr. Francatelli for one—recommend a little cream.

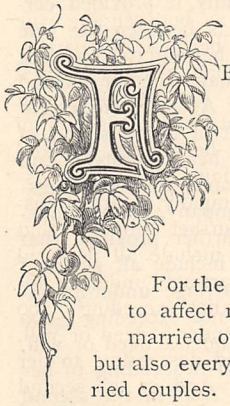
In making sweet omelettes a little milk can be added, and the result is to make the omelette taste less like an omelette, and more like a very rich light pudding.

When you add milk I would strongly advise you to boil the milk first, and add a table-spoonful or more to the eggs, *hot*.

One word in conclusion. Good omelettes cannot be made from stale eggs. I don't mean bad ones, but stale. Some cooks are rather too apt to think that any eggs will do for "cooking." Good omelettes require eggs almost as fresh as those you would serve plain boiled for breakfast. So, too, with the butter. The adulterated rubbish too often sold as butter will spoil any omelette. Indeed, a capital omelette can be made by using *pure* olive oil. But, alas! how difficult it now is to get even oil pure. In fact, we live in an age of adulteration; and to get a first-class omelette I would suggest a country farmhouse, and a personal acquaintance with the fowls who laid the eggs, and the cow who originated the butter.

A SOCIAL REVOLUTION: THE MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY ACT, 1882.

BY A LAWYER.



NEW Acts of Parliament are of much immediate interest to the domestic circle, but the Married Women's Property Act of 1882, which came into force upon January 1st of the present year, is an exception to this general rule.

For the scope of this Act is wide enough to affect not only those who are already married or are contemplating matrimony, but also every one who has dealings with married couples. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the Act has wrought a social revolution, by reversing the ancient principle of the Common Law, through which, upon marriage, the husband and wife became one person (who, in practice, always turned out to be the husband), and by enabling a married woman to stand before the law, in all relations of private life, upon the same footing as, and apart from, her husband.

By the old Common Law the husband acquired by marriage an absolute right to all his wife's property except her lands, in which he had a qualified right of very large extent. He could also sue for any debts that might be owing to his wife; and if a wife owed money, she had not even a legal right to pay her debt without her husband's permission.

But perhaps the most scandalous provision of the old law had regard to the earnings and savings of a

married woman. If a wife was sent out by her husband to do a day's charing, or if she took in washing, or engaged in any trade, service, or occupation for which she received money, the husband could appropriate the money; and, what is more, he had the right to demand that payment should be made over again to himself, unless the other party could prove that the payment had been made to the wife as the husband's agent.

Another frequent case of hardship occurred when a wife who had been deserted by her husband saved a little money by her own exertions. So long as she could conceal her whereabouts from her husband she was safe; but should he once discover her, he was entitled by the law to break into her house at any time of the day or night, and carry off by force every penny she had got together.

Many other instances might be given, did space allow, of the grievous injustice wrought by the provisions of the ancient law; but any reader can supply these for himself by remembering the general principle that all property belonging to the wife, except interests in land, could be instantly disposed of by her husband. He could sell, hire, pawn, or make off with it in any manner that he chose.

It must seem at first incredible that, if this is a truthful picture of the helplessness of married women, such a law should have remained so long unchanged. But the explanation is not far to seek. It was by the upper classes that our laws were made; and but few women of the upper classes were affected by this great injustice. For them, as for all who were rich enough or well enough informed to make use of the devices of ingenious lawyers, there was an effectual means of shutting out the operation of the Common Law. Their position allowed them to employ the law in order to protect themselves against the law. This was the result of the rule adopted by the Court of Chancery with regard to Trusts. If a woman before marriage, or her friends afterwards, assigned property to trustees to hold during her marriage for her separate use, such property was altogether independent of her husband's control. The ownership was considered to vest in the trustees, and not in the married woman; she was only entitled to receive such money as she wanted, and to give the trustees directions as to the disposal of the rest. If, however, the words "without power of anticipation" were inserted in the deed declaring the trust, the trustees could not, even at the wish of the wife herself, allow the capital to be touched. Their duties were then confined to seeing that the money was properly invested, and paying the dividends into the wife's own hands. This effect of the words "without power of anticipation," which was given to them first by Lord Chancellor Thurlow, is not altered by the new Act; and indeed wherever it is desired to protect a married woman against the threats or cajolery of an extravagant husband, it will still be necessary to make use of settlements to effect this purpose. It may also be mentioned that a woman whose property has been given into the hands of trustees for her separate use will be in a better position in proving for her debts in the event of her husband's bankruptcy, so that the use of marriage settlements will not die out. It is thus plain that properly worded trust deeds or marriage settlements did fully secure a wife in the enjoyment of her own property, and save her from destitution on her husband's death. But where an intended wife neglected to obtain legal advice, or where her property was too small to justify the expensive complication of a marriage settlement, every vestige of her property passed on the marriage to her husband.

The Divorce Acts of 1857 and 1858 were the first serious attempt to remedy these evils by legislation. The method of these Acts, which was followed in the subsequent legislation on the subject, was a provision that in certain cases the law should of itself effect that which the parties had been in the habit of effecting by means of marriage settlements, and should create for the wife a certain separate estate. The Acts in question only applied to cases where the husband and wife were living apart, and in such cases they still apply. Their general result is that a wife who is separated or divorced from her husband, or who, being deserted by him, has obtained from a magistrate a protection order, holds all property, which she may acquire or which may come to her after the sentence or order, as if she were a single woman. It was a patent blemish in these Acts that they only provided for cases where the husband had been guilty of gross cruelty or other bad conduct, and overlooked altogether the more numerous cases of pecuniary dishonesty. A husband was checked if he were thoroughly abandoned, but he might still tyrannise in small matters and pilfer with impunity, whatever hardship this might cause his wife.

Such a state of things could not long continue; and the year 1870 was marked by a great step forward. The Married Women's Property Act of that year was, no doubt, as incomplete and unsatisfactory as most compromises are when the questions at issue involve principles, but it nevertheless forms a conspicuous landmark in the progress of reform. Not to enter into details, this Act had two salient features: first, it introduced the doctrine of separate estate into the Common Law in cases where the husband and wife were living together; and, secondly, it provided certain novel remedies at law, both as between the wife and her husband, and as between her and third parties. Thus it secured to a married woman, whether married before or after the passing of the Act, the enjoyment for her separate use, independent of her husband, of any wages or earnings gained by her separately, and of any money standing in her name in the savings-bank, the funds, a joint-stock company, or any industrial or friendly society; and it further provided that the separate estate should also include all personal estate coming to her during marriage under an intestacy, or any sum of money not exceeding £200 coming to her during marriage under a deed or will, and the rents and profits of land descending to her as the heiress of an intestate. And, in the second place, the Act provided that for the protection and recovery of this separate estate a married woman

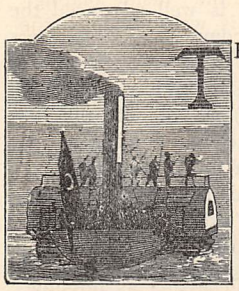
might maintain actions in respect of it in her own name; and could apply by a cheap means for the settlement of any dispute as to the ownership of the property, which might arise between her and her husband.

It is plain that the operation of this Act was limited. It applied only to property acquired in certain specified ways; and in all cases not falling under one of these heads the husband's marital right continued. For example, the husband took at once all cash, jewellery, clothes, &c., in the possession of his wife at the time of marriage, and all leaseholds, stocks, shares, or sums of money exceeding £200 coming to her by deed or will after marriage, or any lands acquired by her otherwise than by descent. Nor did the Act say anything of gifts to a wife during her marriage —an omission which, as was pointed out, produced this anomalous result: "that if a working woman managed out of her earnings to purchase, say a mangle, it was her own; but if any one gave it her to enable her to live by her own earnings it was her husband's, and liable to be carried off by him or seized by his creditors."

The first section of the new Act sweeps away all these distinctions, and by the words "A married woman (whether married before or after the commencement of the Act) shall have the same power of acquiring, holding, and disposing by will or otherwise, of any real or personal property as her separate property in the same manner as if she were a *feme sole*, without the intervention of any trustee," has enacted that marriage will no longer affect the ownership of a married woman's property in any respect whatever. The rest of the Act contains little more than explanatory provisions showing how these words alter the existing law. Thus it is provided that a married woman may be made bankrupt, may act as executrix or trustee, and may sue or be sued in respect of her separate property. With regard to a married woman's right of action, the twelfth section introduces a most important change by allowing her to bring an action against her husband for any wrong towards her, and *vice versâ;* and to give effect to this provision husbands and wives are for the first time made capable of giving evidence for and against each other in criminal as well as civil cases. For a wife is even permitted to proceed against her husband criminally, provided they are not at the time living together, and that the injury complained of was not committed while they were so living. If, however, a husband wrongfully took property from his wife when leaving and deserting, or about to leave and desert her, a criminal proceeding will lie, although they were not living apart when the injury was committed. It has been thought that this clause was not sufficiently protective to the wife in consequence of this proviso; but it should be remembered that any magistrate is now empowered to grant a judicial separation upon evidence of ill-usage, and that a thieving husband is not likely to obtain a magisterial commendation for domestic virtue. But although the Act seems to have fully secured a married woman against the depredations of a husband, it has not left her relations to third parties in a very satisfactory state. It will, we imagine, be risky for a tradesman to give credit to a married woman without first ascertaining whether she has a separate estate, or if not, whether she has power to pledge her husband's credit.

Experience will, no doubt, show that there are other imperfections in the Act; for no legislation can provide for all the delicate relations of married life. An Act of Parliament can only give protection in the grosser cases, which are comparatively few: it must ever remain for the husband and wife to supplement the law of the land by making to themselves a law of love and mutual dependence.

OUR IRON WALLS.



THE building of vessels of the old style has been often told in verse and prose. Longfellow has told of the building of a "vessel as goodly and strong and staunch as ever weathered a wintry sea," with her keel of oak "and timbers fashioned strong and true;" and Whittier has sung of the ship-builders and their task, when

> ——"spectral in the river mist
> The ship's white timbers show."

But it is work other than that which builds up our vessels now, for the days of the "wooden walls of old England" are past, and rapidly the wooden vessels are dying out, to be replaced by those of iron and steel. Nor are those the only changes in the building of our vessels, nor in them, for steam-vessels are rapidly taking the part of sailing ships, and there is a desire to obtain an increased speed, a greater structural strength, and a fuller work effected with a given combustion of fuel.

The building of our iron vessels has largely centred itself on the Clyde, on the Tyne, the Wear, at West Hartlepool, and at Barrow-in-Furness. In these parts there are cheap iron and steel—essentials in the profitable conducting of the industry; and there are also workmen who inherit the ship-building skill of generations. Many of these parts have chosen out special portions of the trade—the Clyde, the building of great passenger vessels; the north-east coast, the building of cargo-carrying boats, and so on.

Selecting typical yards, the course of construction may be glanced at. "First catch your order." Let it be for a small or large vessel, for a vessel that may cost from £18 per ton up to £30, ac-

IRON STEAM-SHIP "JEANIE." (*From a Photograph.*)

cording to the degree of finish and to the price of iron at the time, there is a general order of procedure. The contract having been agreed to, the period of delivery and terms of payment fixed, the work is first put into the hands of the draughtsmen, who obtain the sanction of the owner and of "Lloyd's"—that great authority in ship construction and shipping—to the plans, the materials are ordered, working plans are made, and other preliminaries got through. The actual operation of building is begun by the "frame bender" making a light set for each frame or rib of the ship, as they are "scrieved" down on the draughting-boards. This set is laid on a floor of heavy iron perforated blocks. On these the shape of the set is chalked, and the chalk mark further defined by iron pins being placed in the perforations round the chalk mark. Angle irons—irons of sections like this (⌋)—are heated in a furnace, and bent when hot to the shape defined by the chalk, the iron pins retaining it in that shape. Each frame, after being thus bent, is carried to the draughting-boards, hammered to the exact shape (holes being punched previously), and the parts fitted together ready for riveting.

Whilst this is in progress, the keel of the vessel has been laid, and part of the frames and beams hoisted into their places, and there fixed by "ribbons"—that is, temporary strips of wood—and this is gone on with, as the frames are fixed, until the whole of the frames and beams have been erected in their places. When this is done the "inside plating" is commenced, and when this is well advanced the "shell," or outer plating, is commenced. Riveters working in "gangs" (for machine riveting is still in its infancy in its application to ship-building, though it has known rapid recent growth) are assigned different parts of the vessel to complete, and having red-hot rivets they place them through the holes that pierce the plates, angle irons, &c., and, having driven them home, a series of sharp and skilful blows speedily unite these parts of the framework. The caulkers and painters follow in as rapid a succession as possible, and with these the vessel is ready for the launching ceremony. This is usually effected at spring tides, reaching their height from three to five o'clock in the North of England.

There is variation in the mode of launching, according to the position of the ship-building yard, &c. Usually, the vessels are launched stern first. Hollowed baulks of timber are blocked up from the ground to the bottom of the ship, at about six feet from the keel on each side. The upper side of this is covered

with soft soap and tallow. On these others are laid, and the whole so wedged up that the weight of the vessel partly rests upon them. There have been, of course, blocks below the vessel whilst building, and these are now all split out from under her, so that the whole weight of the vessel rests on the greased sliding baulks. At a signal, then, it is easy to knock out certain detaining blocks, and the vessel glides with gathering impetus down these ways into the water, her speed being checked by long cables or steel-wire ropes attached to the shore. If, as is now common, the vessel is to be steam-impelled, she is then towed to the marine engineers' works, to receive the powerful engines and machinery that have been built for her, and, after being thus fitted, she returns to the builder to receive the finishing strokes, to be equipped and completed.

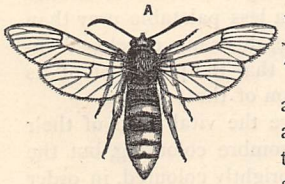
And thus the vessel will pass into the owner's hands, fitted with every possible appliance for safety, comfort, and economical working. Such a steam-ship as we have pictured (carrying possibly 3,000 tons of cargo and coals for her own use), employing a crew of perhaps twenty-six to thirty officers, engineers, and seamen, and capable of a speed of from ten to fourteen knots per hour, consuming seventeen tons of coal daily, is in many respects a model of arrangement. Her cabin is finished handsomely; her crew have three times the room the Board of Trade demands; and their work is lightened by steam-winches, steam steering-gear, patent windlasses, and other appliances; and the result is that she effects by speed and arrangement four or five times the work of the old sailing vessel.

This brief outline is of work that may endure four or six months, or even longer, according to the degree of preparation, the number of workmen, the weather, and other causes of speed or delay. From the ordering of the iron and the preparing of the plans to the raising and fixing of the frames and beams, in an average time, two months will elapse; in the work needed till the shell-plating and part of the riveting is done, nearly two months more will pass; and in the riveting, preparing for launch, engine-fitting, and finishing, over two months will elapse, so that a period of six months spent in construction will be no unfair average, except in yards so well equipped that it is possible to obtain a speed greater than usual. And yet at this rate the demand is so great, and the supply of material and of labour so large, that the United Kingdom is now turning out new vessels at the rate of fully one million tons yearly.

In the work of construction changes are still known. Increasingly "mild steel" is being used instead of iron as the material for vessel and boiler; there is an attempt to use machines for riveting in place of manual labour, and there are other divergences from the olden rule. But in whatever form the construction may be, it is certain that ship-building is one of our chief industries—one that, by the labour it employs and the demands it makes on our iron-works, is a vast direct and indirect influencer of the labour market, and one that, from our supplies of minerals and our insular position, is of the utmost importance nationally as well as locally. And whether under the old or the new form—wooden, iron, or steel walls—our merchant navy, from the days of the *Great Harry* to those of the larger and swifter *Alaska*, may claim the benediction that Longfellow gives when the sea, "bridegroom old and grey," takes the young vessel to its "protecting arms."

J. W. STEEL.

PROTECTIVE MIMICRY.



CLEARWING.

I MUST beg my readers not to be alarmed at the somewhat formidable title at the head of this article. The subject is neither intensely difficult nor scientific, but has been brought forward with the hope that it may afford a pleasant pursuit in the every-day walk abroad, and offer to a certain extent an untrodden field of research.

By the economy of nature nearly all the different kinds of animals are endowed with a hostile feeling for, or fear of, each other, and consequently war is always going on. Of course, if it were not for this innate hostility of race for race, our earth would be overrun by an excessive creation. On the other hand, if there were no chances of escape for the weaker animals, certain classes, which play an important part in this economy, would be exterminated. Now, to avoid this, nature has recourse to several devices, one of which is the subject of this article.

By protective mimicry is meant the capability with which the weaker animals are endowed of protecting themselves from their enemies by imitating in their form and colouring either (*a*) their more offensive brethren, or (*b*) nature itself. (This mimicry is not confined only to animals, but is found in plants also; on this kind, however, I am not going to touch now.)

Of these two groups, the first, although the most interesting, affords fewer striking examples; there are, however, one or two clearly defined cases. Bates mentions that in South America there are two kinds of butterflies—one with a nasty smell and irritating taste, the other plump, juicy, and a delicate morsel for any fortunate bird. There would be a slight chance indeed of the edible species surviving, if nature had not endowed it with almost the exact colouring and habits of the indigestible kind; consequently birds, rather than incur the risk of catching the one, prefer to leave both alone.

But we need not go so far abroad for an example of this kind of mimicry; in England we have a good one.

On a bright sunny day in summer certain delicate wasp-like flies may be observed hovering about and settling on the leaves of the currant-bushes. Now, these are neither flies nor wasps, but are really very harmless moths. If it were not for the fact that these moths were mistaken by the birds for the more formidable bee or wasp, which they so closely resemble, they would, in all probability, soon become extinct.

A traveller in Assam has recently recorded a remarkable instance of this class of animal mimicry. When passing through a forest he saw on a creeper what he mistook for a shrew. It proved, however, to be a caterpillar, which is wont, when disturbed suddenly, to throw up its head, thus crudely imitating the shrew.

The second group, however, affords far more numerous and striking examples—that is, animals imitate nature for protection more often than they imitate each other.

Man himself has recourse to this device for protection. A traveller relates how in his wanderings he once noticed, as he thought, several dead tree-trunks with their withered branches standing up stiff and stark against the sky, but how, on bringing his telescope to bear upon them, he discovered that they were a party of Indians holding up in their hands dry branches of trees, and remaining perfectly motionless, hoping thus to escape detection. He was told that this was a device frequently adopted by the weaker and ill-armed tribes to escape their foes.

The chameleon affords us, perhaps, the best example of the case in point. By the kindness of a friend at different times, I have had two of them sent me to watch their habits. I bought for them an oleander shrub, the leaf of which is of a dark glossy colour above, but of a pale whitish-green beneath. The chameleon invariably changed its colour according to the side of the leaf on which it was, and so completely did it adapt itself to the shade of the leaf, that sometimes it was necessary to look through the plant leaf by leaf before being able to discover it. Similarly, when placed upon a dark surface, like the sleeve of a black coat, it would take a dark brown tinge; and probably this change of colouring not only helps towards its own protection, but also enables it to catch the insects on which it feeds, which, without this, it would have small chance of capturing, on account of the sluggishness of its movements.

The Arctic fox, hare, and ermine all change the colour of their fur at the approach of winter, so that by donning a white coat they may not appear too conspicuous in the snow. Who has not noticed the little chalk-hill blue butterfly flitting about the downs in the sunshine? This butterfly rests invariably, I believe, on the stems of plants, with its head downwards, in order that by the upward curving of its wings it may resemble the sheaths of the leaves.

Any of my readers who are interested in moth-hunting will have often been deceived, while searching in ivy, by the stick caterpillars, which imitate so truly the looped stalks of a dried ivy-leaf that the eye cannot distinguish them, and the touch alone discovers them.

We find the most numerous instances of this mimicry amongst insects, especially butterflies, as they are most defenceless, and have probably the greatest number of enemies. Every one must have noticed that the under-sides of the wings of butterflies are, as a rule, much more soberly coloured than the upper. Now, as butterflies generally sit with their wings in a vertical position, the under-side alone being seen, they more easily escape observation.

Another naturalist points out the peculiar resemblance that flying foxes have to the brown bunches of cocoa-nuts when hanging suspended head downwards from the leaf-stalks of the cocoa-nut palm. He states also that another kind of bat has an extremely bright orange and brown coat, which would easily lead to its detection if it were not for the fact that it lives on an evergreen, the leaves of which assume an orange and brown tint in their various stages of decay.

Who has not noticed with what consummate art the caddis-worm constructs his house to resemble the broken and somewhat decayed twig of a tree? Who can look at the Praying and Leaf Mantis without being struck by the exact likeness the one has to grass-stems, and the other to a faded and crumpled leaf?

Many other examples of the power possessed by animals of imitating nature might be mentioned, and probably the reader in perusing these pages will have been struck by many more which have come under his own observation. But besides the two principal groups of protective mimicry which have been mentioned, there are other kinds which, although less obvious, afford a very interesting object for thought and research.

Why does the beetle when molested feign death? Why does the peewit pretend to be lame and wounded when it draws off with its shrill cries the egg-hunter from its nest? Surely, in the one case instinct, developed by experience, has taught the race of beetles that they are, when dead, a less palatable prey than alive; and, in the other case, this same developed instinct has shown the peewit that the protection of its nest follows upon the adoption of these tactics.

Again, certain insects have the vital parts of their body coloured with a very sombre colouring, but the less vulnerable parts very brightly coloured, in order that their enemies, lured on by the attractive colours of their gaudily-tinted wings, may attack these, and leave their bodies unmolested. Darwin mentions having met with a butterfly whose bright wings were pecked to pieces by the birds, while the dusky body remained quite unharmed.

And, lastly, some animals which are thoroughly well protected, and consequently recognised and avoided by day, have certain distinctive marks to prevent their being mistaken at night. Thus the skunk—an animal which has a very wide berth given to it by all other animals, on account of its disagreeable smell—possesses a very conspicuous white tail, so that in its nightly wanderings it may not be mistaken for any more sweetly-scented animal it may resemble.

A WORD ABOUT CRYSTOLEUM-PAINTING.

THE art of crystoleum-painting is in favour at present, and is likely to be extensively practised, for, simple though it is, the results are effective and telling when the execution is skilfully performed. Those who do not know anything of its nature might well take a crystoleum painting at a short distance for a miniature on porcelain or a painting on copper, so delicate and finished is its appearance. And yet the finish is only in appearance, for no fine working, no hatching or stippling, is required to secure the effect. Rapidly accomplished, cleanly to work at, with no after process to go through such as is indispensable to china-painting, it is sure to become a favourite with many who delight in producing striking pieces without any great labour.

Although we have no feeling of sympathy with any who shirk a difficulty in preference to overcoming it, yet there are cases where time is an object, and then to have a sketch ready to hand is, to say the least of it, tempting; and this the photograph enameller always enjoys. Crystoleum-painting is carried out on two convex glasses, the tints being laid in with oil-colours. The materials required are few in number: the glasses, the photograph, a bottle of paste, and two of preparation, oil colours and brushes, some strips of gummed paper and some American clips. Any photograph of figures may be chosen, but it should be a good one without defects. The most telling are those where the details are few, and the subject is rendered in a bold, free style. Flesh tints show well against a rich, dark background, therefore select a picture where these are to a large extent represented. The accessories of a portrait or figure subject are as important as the head or figures; for if these are inharmonious or incongruous, the work cannot be satisfactory. The method of ornamenting the glasses varies slightly, but that our readers may choose for themselves, we will describe two styles: they will then have the chance of deciding on the merits of each. The first and most important point to remember is that it is on the concave side of both glasses that the colours are applied. These glasses must be free from flaw, scrupulously clean, and innocent of any finger-mark; a chamois leather will polish them up better than anything else, as it leaves no fluffy particles on the surface. Plunge the photograph in water, and out again; put a layer of paste over the back of the convex glass with the fingers; lay the photo on this face downwards, cover over with parchment-paper, and quickly press out all the surplus paste, until not a particle of it is to be seen, and the picture lies smooth, without the slightest crease upon the glass.

To manage this dexterously may be found to need some practice; the principal thing is to work rapidly, but without flurry, to press from the centre outwards, the glass being held with the face slightly raised towards the worker, the fingers being pressed on the back. There is an instrument sold for the purpose, but excellent enamels are done without its aid. Lift off the parchment-paper and rub the back of the photo gently with sand-paper. The first preparation is now to be used; put a wash of it over the back of the picture, and then lay it aside for twenty-four hours. Remove any overplus of preparation with tissue-paper, and wash over the second preparation; this will dry as soon as applied, and the painting may be commenced at once.

All the tints are laid on the first glass except the flesh tints, and they are left entirely for the second. Great care must be observed that none of the colours overflow their outlines. The eyes must be painted with a fine brush very delicately; for blue eyes, use ultramarine with just a little ivory black; for grey, ultramarine modified with Vandyke brown and white. The whites of the eyes must be laid in with white and just a suspicion of Naples yellow, and perhaps a little blue; the glint of light in the eye must be touched in with pure white. For the lips, use carmine or vermilion, softened with white to the required tint.

On the mouth so much of the expression of the face depends that it will well repay any time and care expended on it. If the colour spreads farther than it should into the flesh tint, the shape of the lips, and consequently the expression of the mouth, will be changed, and the likeness cannot be true to nature.

When all is completed that is to be done on the first photograph glass, fix the second to it with a strip of gummed paper round all the edges, then fasten the two securely together with the clips; if they shift in the slightest degree after the second painting is commenced, the enamel cannot be quite satisfactory—that is, unless the accident is at once noticed, and the glasses placed in position again.

On the back of the second glass the final painting is now to be performed. The flesh tints are laid on very thickly, almost like a paste; use carmine, white, and a little Naples yellow, or in place of the carmine, vermilion, according to the subject. Vary the complexions, having regard to the age and sex of the persons represented. It would never do in a group to have all the complexions of the same hue as each other: some must be fairer, some darker, some pale, and some with a bright rosy tinge. Study nature, and in art it is then impossible to go far wrong. Flesh tints require but little shading, and are simply laid on, without any attempt at high finish. Every tint that was laid on the first glass may be strengthened on the second; or, if occasion demand it, they may be altered by having another tint laid on the second, unlike that on the first.

In the background and the draperies, for instance, very beautiful effects might be obtained in this way. A preparation of size is used with the colours on this glass, but on no account must it be added to those employed on the first. Every portion of the

glass must be covered with some colour. Be sure where and how the tint is to be laid before touching the glass with the brush, and turn the face of the enamel up constantly, so as to be sure that every stroke is correctly given, and that the tints are the best that can be used. Every one is liable to make a false stroke in a hurry, or if suddenly interrupted while at work; the remedy for such mistakes will be found in rectified spirits of turpentine, but it must be used with caution, lest the colours merge into one another.

When all is finished, place the glass on some thick cardboard, and mark off the size of it with a pencil; cut it round, and then fix it to the back of the glass with a strip of gummed paper. Any chance of air getting to the enamel must be averted, or the work will have been done in vain.

The second method mentioned requires but brief notice. Instead of the paste, some artists use starch, and in lieu of the sand-paper for removing the back of the photograph, they immerse the glass, with the photograph adhering to it, in oil. The starch is made as follows:—A tea-spoonful of corn-flour is moistened with cold water and rubbed down till quite smooth; a little boiling water is then added to it, until it is about as thick as milk. It is then put into a saucepan and placed over the fire, but on no consideration must it be allowed to boil; after this, it is poured off into a jar or basin, and left to cool.

The photograph, if on a card, must be removed. Put it in a deep plate, throw over it boiling water, and leave it to cool; continue to do so until it floats off the card, but do not attempt to hurry it by pulling it off, for if it tears it is spoilt. Place it between blotting-papers until dry. When both photograph and starch are ready, dip the finger in the latter, and pass it over the back of the glass, leaving a thin coating over every part; repeat this process on the face of the photograph, and at once lay it in position on the glass, then press it as before described, from the centre outwards, until no air-bubbles or particles of starch are visible. Parchment-paper may be dispensed with; a soft clean linen handkerchief can be rolled round any suitable instrument, and with this the starch may be pressed from beneath the photograph. To render the photograph transparent, it is laid, when fixed on the glass, in a bath of sweet oil; a saucer or plate will do for small pictures, a shallow basin for larger ones. It remains in the oil for a week or more, till perfectly transparent, when the oil is to be dried off it with a linen handkerchief, and the painting can be commenced.

As to frames, choose plush, of a colour that harmonises with the enamel. It is soft-looking, and throws up a delicately-toned painting to advantage: and that is the one great desideratum in a frame—that it should not overpower but enhance the beauty of that which it surrounds.

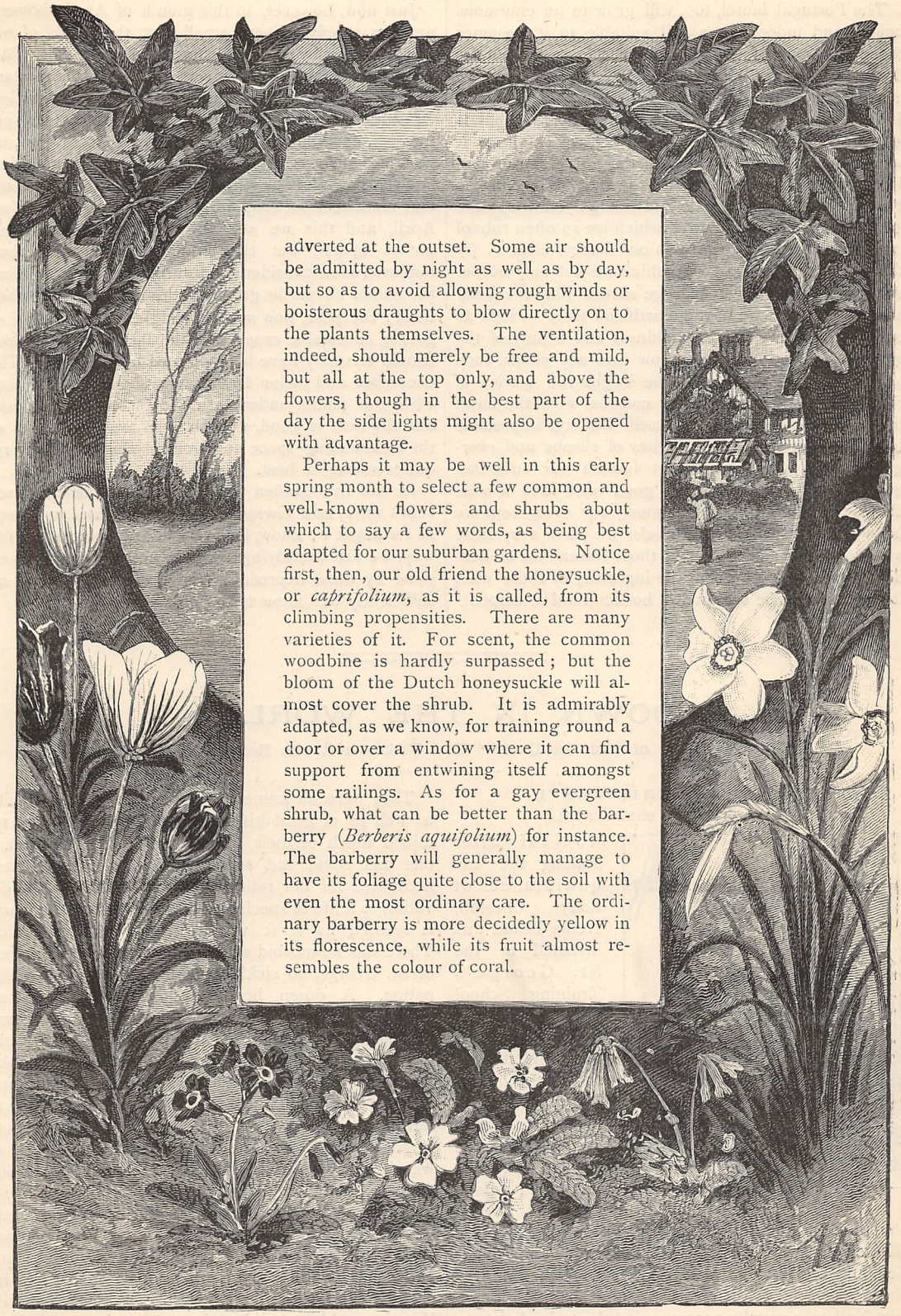
OUR GARDEN IN APRIL.

APRIL is perhaps the first month in the year in which we begin to talk about the long summer days and what we are intending to do in them among our flower-beds, in our kitchen-garden, and in this newly-erected suburban greenhouse of ours, of which we are so justly proud. In fact, we are in the full tide of work, and find it therefore necessary more than ever to have a thorough system to carry out, having long ago come to the conclusion that the hope of achieving successful gardening is to work by routine.

Once again, then, we find ourselves in our greenhouse, and the old difficulty presents itself which comes, like all the rest, periodically round at this time of year, namely, the increasingly overcrowded state of affairs inside. We dare not begin bedding out just yet, for the winter may again rage over us, so that we never consider ourselves fairly out of the wood until May is almost left behind. Plenty of air, then, we must give our greenhouse in its unavoidably crowded state, as this will tend more than anything else to harden off our entire stock, and embolden us to begin bedding out at a proportionately earlier date; and then as to watering our plants. From now and through the entire summer, all potted plants *must* have a steady supply of water, for any neglect in this respect can only entail disastrous failure.

But one very practical remedy for relieving the overcrowded state of your house is to run your eye over it and select some of your duplicate plants, and carry them off to any pit or frame you may chance to have, or else take them away in-doors, either to your window garden or into any place of safe shelter. And this reminds us that by this means we can begin what is called hardening off some of our strongest plants with a view to early bedding out; and for this purpose our potting shed, or any good outhouse, will be of great service, or by standing one or two long planks or boards against a wall having a south aspect many of our calceolarias and geraniums even might be safely trusted upon it, provided only some protection of tarpaulin or matting be given to young plants at night.

And then as to the ventilation question, to which we



adverted at the outset. Some air should be admitted by night as well as by day, but so as to avoid allowing rough winds or boisterous draughts to blow directly on to the plants themselves. The ventilation, indeed, should merely be free and mild, but all at the top only, and above the flowers, though in the best part of the day the side lights might also be opened with advantage.

Perhaps it may be well in this early spring month to select a few common and well-known flowers and shrubs about which to say a few words, as being best adapted for our suburban gardens. Notice first, then, our old friend the honeysuckle, or *caprifolium*, as it is called, from its climbing propensities. There are many varieties of it. For scent, the common woodbine is hardly surpassed; but the bloom of the Dutch honeysuckle will almost cover the shrub. It is admirably adapted, as we know, for training round a door or over a window where it can find support from entwining itself amongst some railings. As for a gay evergreen shrub, what can be better than the barberry (*Berberis aquifolium*) for instance. The barberry will generally manage to have its foliage quite close to the soil with even the most ordinary care. The ordinary barberry is more decidedly yellow in its florescence, while its fruit almost resembles the colour of coral.

The Portugal laurel, too, will grow to an enormous height, and indeed, in a soil suitable to it, assumes the dimensions of a tree. The luscious scent of its flower in June will, like the hayfield, almost overpower every other scent; but there is a great charm in leafy June to be conscious of the struggle to please that is going on amongst the flowers, which we catch, as it were, "all in one whiff," as from Peggotty's store-room. In thorough contrast, too, with the dark foliage of the Portugal laurel is the pale and orange-yellow-spotted green of the ordinary laurel, which we so often rob of its leaves wherewith to garnish our dessert-dishes. Or there is the plain box with which we not only border our garden, but have in large shrubs like the holly and yew; and if we have an artificial taste—which to our mind rather spoils the boldness and beauty of the garden—we can clip it to grow into any shape, such as that of a dog or bird. The bright red berries of the yew form, again, another contrast with the short little dark foliage of the yew itself. But it is impossible here to name the endless variety of shrubs and evergreens with which we might furnish our suburban garden. All we require is good taste and a wise choice; and if interspersed among our evergreens we have a nice stock of perennials, we have very little occasion to be anxious about those formalities of bedding out which so torment the ingenuity of those who, it may be, despise our modest horticultural attempts.

Just now, however, in this month of April showers, we can supply at very small cost the needs of our flower-garden by sowing plenty of hardy annuals. We can do little more than advert to the most important operations necessary in our kitchen and fruit garden. Of course there is here any amount of work to be got through. March was our great month for sowing and planting, but very often April—especially in a cold or late season—finds us still with a good deal to finish off. Our main beetroot crop, however, we never sow before April, and this we set out in rows some fifteen inches apart; but the ground should have been manured some considerable time before sowing. Then the onions should be gradually thinned, and very often hoed; the peas, now sown fortnightly for the sake of getting successive crops, and the last of the potatoes should certainly have been planted by this time. The cucumber and melon frames, too, should be up, and, while our plants underneath the glass are yet small and the heat is good, we can often avail ourselves of the surrounding space to force anything on that requires sowing in heat.

In the fruit-garden we are watching carefully our south walls, and always destroy now a basking wasp, as for aught we know, for every one now put out of the way, we are destroying a whole nest; and the harm done by these depredators is incalculable, as we all sufficiently well know to our cost.

DOWN IN THE WORLD.

By the Author of "But for Ilion," "How Vickerscroft was Redeemed," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

"BOTH USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL."

A MONTH after making the acquaintance of Lady Cheston, Nellie Brand was installed in the St. George's Training School for Nurses, learning patiently the very alphabet of the profession she had chosen, wearing the simple grey dress of the Society—for it was not called a "sisterhood," though the ladies dwelt in all sisterly love and harmony. There were twelve of them—six fully trained and qualified, and ready to go at a moment's notice wherever there was need of their services, and six probationers like Nell, who usually accompanied the trained sisters, and took charge of simple cases for a short time.

They were all women of refined tastes and habits, as well as of good birth and breeding, and they retained much of their individuality. Doubtless each one had some sad secret history, which, in part, accounted for her retirement from the world and devotion to a life of special usefulness; but on the whole it seemed as if it was a happy, healthy choice. There was no morbid sentimentality about the Society of St. George, no sickly retrospects, no gentle resignation. A dozen healthy, cheerful, hard-working gentlewomen, with a few odd moments in their busy lives for the interchange of intellectual ideas: for music, painting, reading, fancy work, new songs, new books, new crewel designs, found their way from the outer world, and, though the Society had not much time to devote to such matters, the little they had they enjoyed thoroughly. The lady who shared Nell's room was, in every sense of the word, a capital companion for her. Blanche Witney was a large, rosy, good-natured, good-tempered woman of thirty, with plenty of shrewd common sense, and just a little surface cynicism, that served as a wholesome antidote to any sentimentality the young probationers might feel inclined to indulge in just at first. Broken limbs Miss Witney could and did understand; she could dress and bandage them with the skill of a surgeon; but

broken hearts, she frankly declared, were beyond her. That people should never tell their love, and let concealment feed on their cheeks, damask or otherwise, was, in her opinion, utterly absurd. Lady Cheston told her a little of Nell's history, and she resolved not to indulge her in any sympathetic condolences.

Better make her shake off the melancholy which oppressed her, once for all, and get it over. "My dear," she said, not unkindly, "there's too much physical suffering in the world which we can relieve, to waste time thinking of mental derangements which will ultimately right themselves. I will take care, Miss Brand, that you have no leisure for regrets."

And, in truth, Nell found that as soon as she got into the way of the house there really was not an idle minute in the day, and at night she was glad to lay her head on her pillow and fall asleep, too weary almost to say "Good night" to Blanche Witney.

To lie awake and think of Alec, or any other exciting topic, when she had to be up at six o'clock in the morning, and be on her feet all day, was a luxury Nature flatly refused to indulge her in. Nell was young, healthy, with a thoroughly sound constitution, and work all day meant peaceful sleep at night—especially as it was not only interesting, but absolutely absorbing work; and she was learning to be cool, self-possessed, skilful, expeditious: in fact, the superior, Miss Garth, admitted that she had a natural aptitude for nursing, and gave her as much practice as ever she could. Sometimes Doris came to see her, and stayed for an hour, while Lady Cheston went to the Temple to see her son, and on each visit she was more enthusiastic in her praises of her mistress.

"You can't think how happy I am, darling. Lady Cheston treats me exactly as if I were her own daughter, and I do just as I please all over the house," Doris cried, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes; "and as soon as I'm out of mourning she's going to give a grand party. Just think of it, Nell—I never dared to hope we'd go to a party again. And then, perhaps, some one will fall in love with me, and ask me to marry him, and I'll have a house of my own, and you'll live with me till—till that something I prophesied ever so long ago comes to pass. Don't you long for the advent of the 'fated fairy prince,' Nell?"

"Yes, if you do, dear; but take care it's the right prince, Doris," Nell said, with a laugh. "As for me, I'll remain the Cinderella of the family. Do you know, Doris, you've never yet told me what you think of Mr. Frank Cheston?"

"Do you know, my dear, I've never yet seen him? He's only been to River View once since I've been there, and then—provoking, wasn't it?—I was laid up with toothache, and had the most hideous swollen face. I didn't dare venture down to breakfast, I looked such a fright; and in the afternoon, when the swelling had gone down a little, and I thought I might make my appearance in the drawing-room, I found he was gone. He had taken his departure immediately after breakfast, and I was so disappointed."

It was not entirely on her own account that Doris regretted not having seen Frank Cheston. She was longing to question him about Alec Fraser, and learn his whereabouts, for she was resolved that in some way the breach between him and Nell should be healed. She had great faith in Lady Cheston's powers as a peacemaker, and Doris had some sort of a half-formed idea of getting her to work—indirectly, of course—upon Mrs. Fraser. But first of all, she wanted to find out Alec's whereabouts, and that she could only learn from Mr. Frank Cheston, and he seemed to be quite as inaccessible as the Great Mogul.

Even while she was turning the matter over, the carriage drove up to the door, and Lady Cheston came in to see Nellie and her other friends in the school.

"Of course, they're very much in love with you here, my dear, and find you very useful as well as ornamental. Still, I'm going to beg the loan of you for a few days. Do you think you can spare Miss Brand to me for four days, Miss Garth?" turning to the superior. "I'll take very good care of her, and send her back safe and sound."

"We are very busy just now, Lady Cheston; still, if you really want Nellie——"

"I do, but not this moment; in a fortnight from now—say, this day two weeks. We'll come for her. Thanks, dear, no tea; I've had rivers of it with Frank. Mind, Nellie, I have an idea, and I count upon you."

"But, dear Lady Cheston, if you will excuse me, I had much rather not go," Nell said earnestly. "I really have no inclination to mix with the world again."

"My dear," Lady Cheston interrupted, "we all have to do things we have no inclination for sometimes, and I am sure, to oblige me, you will come."

"But I've nothing to wear," Nell said, glancing in a sort of comic dismay at her coarse grey merino dress, entirely destitute of frills and puckers. "Just fancy me in this costume, Lady Cheston, in your pretty drawing-room."

"Very nice you would look, my dear," with a critical glance. "I think you would look pretty in a 'meal-bag;' but Doris can lend you a gown, so that excuse won't serve. In fact, I may as well let out the secret. The twenty-third will be Frank's birthday, and he always spends it with me. I want you and Doris to meet him and a few of his friends. Don't look so scared, child; it's nothing like a party. There will be only Frank and two other gentlemen, you and Doris—quite a little family party. But you must stay with me for a few days. You look as if a change would do you good."

Nell was not quite sure whether she should accept Lady Cheston's invitation, and go back to the world she had left behind her. What could a nurse, who had to work hard, and spend her life by sick-beds and in darkened chambers, have in common with Lady Cheston, or even Doris? They were so bright and gay. Amid their pretty surroundings they seemed to know so little of the care, trouble, anxiety, and misery that appeared to fall quite naturally across her path.

Lady Cheston, meantime, was plotting. Frank's two

friends were barristers, both unmarried, and it struck her ladyship that Nellie and Doris Brand were just the wives for them. "If I could only get them well married and settled," she said to herself, with a complacent little smile. "It's really a pity to make a nurse of Nell; and of course Doris can't go on being a companion for ever: it would ruin her!" So she laid her little matrimonial plans, and Doris was not a little perplexed at being taken to a fashionable dressmaker's and measured for two very charming dresses, both exactly alike, and then for two evening dresses of a very diaphanous nature, as well as having gloves, fans, and other etceteras selected for her.

"Of course, one set is for Nell. I think you said your frocks fitted her," Lady Cheston explained. "And though it's nothing like a party, we certainly must dress for dinner in honour of Frank's birthday."

Doris had no objection whatever. Pretty dresses were a real pleasure to her, and the reverse a mortification. She loved to look as nice as ever she possibly could, and hated a red nose and chapped hands very cordially; consequently, she took the greatest possible care of herself for the fortnight preceding the party, and the result was satisfactory. The evening dress, too, was in every way suitable, and full an hour too soon she put it on, and went to Lady Cheston's room to exhibit herself.

"It's so long since I dressed for dinner," she said, in a tone of apology; "and I did so want to see how I looked in it."

"Well, I hope the result is satisfactory," Lady Cheston said, looking up from her book; she had not even commenced to dress yet. "Oh! here's the carriage. You can't go down to meet Nell in all that finery. Go back to your room, you silly child, and I'll send her up to you." In passing, she kissed Doris on the soft blushing cheek, and thought Laurence Meredith would be hard indeed to please if he were not struck with the girl's fresh young beauty.

In a few minutes Lady Cheston came back alone. "My dear, I am so disappointed," she cried, handing Doris a note. "There has been a railway accident somewhere, and Miss Whitwell says Dr. Gregson telegraphed for a nurse immediately. There was no one at liberty but Nellie, and of course, like a dutiful, self-sacrificing little darling, she went. She

"IN A MOMENT MORE THEY WERE FORMALLY INTRODUCED" (*p.* 293).

was leaving the house just as the carriage drove up, and sent her love, and says she'll write in a day or so. I'm horribly annoyed and disappointed, and fairly put out; I had arranged it all so nicely. However, there's no use crying over spilt milk. I declare, child, here are Frank and his friends, and I haven't changed my gown." And Lady Cheston tripped away, and in a surprisingly short space of time returned dressed.

"Now come down, my dear. I've got some one particularly nice to introduce to you;" and Doris could almost hear her heart beat as she followed Lady Cheston into the drawing-room, where three gentlemen were standing with their backs to the fireplace.

"The fairy prince," she said to herself, as she stood a step behind, while Lady Cheston greeted her visitors all three together, and by their Christian names, so that at first Doris could not determine which was her son; but in a moment more they were formally introduced: "Mr. Meredith, Mr. Leigh, and my son, Frank."

Doris bowed to each, but as she encountered Frank Cheston's glance she blushed furiously; there was such a droll twinkle in his eye, and such an amused smile hovering about the corners of his mouth, he might almost have known what she had been thinking of as she entered the room.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

A SURPRISE.

"SEND a nurse at once to 27, Buckingham Square. Shall await her arrival." Such had been Dr. Gregson's message to the principal of St. George's Training School, and Miss Brand being the only person actually on the premises at the moment, she was despatched in a cab. Miss Garth would have gone herself, and allowed Nell to keep her engagement with Lady Cheston, only she was just then suffering from a sprained wrist, which rendered her in a sick-room practically useless, and Miss Whitwell had to take her place at home.

"I'm sorry, my dear," she said, as she helped Nell into the cab; "and I hope you will be able to go to River View to-morrow. As soon as Miss Witney returns, I'll send her to relieve you."

"Please do not; she has had so much hard work lately," Nell said. "If the doctor thinks I can manage the case, I shall stay. Of course, if it's something beyond me, I shall give it up."

Dr. Gregson thought Miss Brand would be quite capable of taking charge of his patient in Buckingham Square.

"In fact, you're the very person I hoped would come," he said, as he led her into the dining-room. "Mrs. Fraser is more frightened than really injured, and is in a state of high nervous excitement, imagining all sorts of dreadful things. You must try to soothe and quiet her. She calls incessantly for her son, whom no one seems to know anything about, and won't allow her husband to enter the room. She must be kept quiet."

"But, doctor," Nell said, glancing half fearfully round the room, "did you say the lady is Mrs. Fraser—Mrs. James Fraser? I fear I cannot undertake——"

"Yes, you can; you're peculiarly successful with nervous people. I've observed it. She's badly bruised and cut about the face and head, and her right arm is broken, that's all: not a dangerous case by any means. You can manage it." And, without giving her an opportunity of explaining her reasons for wishing to decline nursing Mrs. Fraser, Dr. Gregson was off to visit another patient, and Nell found herself in the dining-room alone, feeling very much inclined to run away. Her last interview with Mrs. Fraser was very fresh in her memory, and she dreaded the result of their meeting again in the lady's nervous and excited condition. Still, Mrs. Fraser was ill, and in need of a nurse. Dr. Gregson, the great friend and patron of the St. George's Guild, had paid her a very high compliment. It would be ungrateful and cowardly of her to shirk a duty just because it was unpleasant. "Besides," Nell thought, with a faint sigh, and a surreptitious glance at her reflection in a mirror, "perhaps she won't know me; I've altered very much of late."

While in the middle of her conjectures a servant entered the room.

"Are you the nurse, miss?" she said, driven into involuntary politeness by something in Nellie's face. "Come this way, please; missis is calling for you. No one can't do nothink for her," she added in an undertone, "she's that contrairy."

Before entering the room Nell laid aside her bonnet and shawl, and one keen glance round, when she found herself in Mrs. Fraser's presence, completely re-assured her. For the present there was no chance of recognition, for the patient's eyes were bandaged up, and there were sundry strips of plaister across her face. She was lying on a couch in a most uncomfortable condition, partially undressed, and till the arrival of the nurse she positively refused to let any one touch her. Susan, her "own" maid—for Mrs. James Fraser had arrived at that high pitch of gentility—and Emma, the housemaid, had offered their services, but she would not let them go near her.

Nell saw at a glance that she was uncomfortable, and quietly she set about altering her condition. In a very few minutes Mrs. Fraser was undressed and placed in bed, with less fuss and trouble than Susan deemed possible. Then Nell proceeded to set the room in order, adjusted the blinds, and arranged the medicines and lotions on a small table near to the window.

Pain, fright, fatigue, and the exertion of being got to bed, had quite prostrated Mrs. Fraser, and she soon fell into an uneasy slumber, which became heavy as the sedative given by the doctor began to take effect. Nellie knew it would be two or three hours before she awoke, and then she would either be much better or much worse. In the meantime, she questioned Susan as to the whereabouts of things, and made herself acquainted with the resources of the rooms where she might have to spend the next two or three weeks.

"You must make me up a bed here," she said, indicating a couch in the dressing-room; "and as it's

nothing serious, I suppose you will share the nursing with me?"

"I don't know about that, miss," Susan said. "You see, mistress will not allow me to touch her, she wouldn't even take her medicine from me before you came; but of course I'll do whatever you tell me, and Emma, I'm sure, will be glad to help."

"Then I think we shall manage very nicely," Nell replied, with a glance round to see whether everything was at hand. "After I've given the medicine and made your mistress comfortable for the night, you shall sit by her till twelve o'clock, and if she wants anything, call me; then I'll take the remainder of the night, and I shall try and have a little rest now."

"Would you like a cup of tea, miss?" Susan said good-naturedly. "You do look mortal tired;" and Nelly admitted there was nothing she would like so much. While she was drinking it, Susan proceeded to give a detailed account of the accident, and of things generally in Buckingham Square.

"Ever since Mr. Alec went away missis has been more like a loonatic than anything else; and master he's been so quiet and solemn-like, never heeding missis when she nagged, and shutting himself up in the smoking-room all the evening. It's nearly six months now since Mr. Alec left home without saying a word to nobody, all on account of a love affair as missus set her face against, and not one word did we hear from him since; and missis says it's all master's fault, and master says it's hers; and Jerring—that's one of the young men from the office—says master was willing enough Mr. Alec should marry the lady, but missis put between them. Anyhow, she's been worse than ever since; and it was only last Tuesday I gave notice, for I couldn't put up with it any longer. Richard—that's the footman—says she was in an awful rage when she left Clematis Villa, and he declares if she only sat quiet when the horses shied she would have been all right."

"I thought it was in a railway accident Mrs. Fraser was injured?" Nell faltered, laying down her cup.

"No, miss; she went to call somewhere in Camden Town. Richard said she called there once before, a little before Mr. Alec went away, and left it in just the same rage. Then as they were coming down the High Street, the horses shied, and missis was thrown out on the pavement head foremost. They brought her home more dead than alive, Richard having had the sense to drive straight to Dr. Gregson's, and I'm sure I never got such a turn as when I saw her; and the way she took on, miss, and the way she 'shrieked,' was something awful; and what with her face all bruised and cut, and her back hair off and her bonnet askew, she did look a sight!"

Susan gave these details with a peculiar gusto, as though she secretly enjoyed her mistress's disaster and triumphed in her dilapidation. Nell, however, scarcely heard a word of them: she was wondering what new idea had seized Mrs. Fraser, what fresh form of hostility caused her to call at Clematis Villa. Seeing how pale and troubled she looked, Susan slipped quietly away, and gave it as her decided opinion in the servants' hall that the nurse Dr. Gregson sent was a real lady, and only a nurse through some love affair, for that was Susan's solution to all the mystery and her way of accounting for all the perplexities of life.

Left alone, Nelly wondered and marvelled what it could all mean, but no solution to the enigma presented itself, and she could not help smiling faintly as she thought how David Dunderdale must have given his unwelcome visitor a piece of his mind.

After finding that his wife in no way wished for his society, Mr. Fraser shut himself up in the smoking-room, which had somehow come to be regarded as his private sanctum, and as soon as the nurse arrived he felt as if a great load had been lifted from his shoulders. He did not ask to see her, and contented himself with making inquiries how the invalid was progressing through the medium of Richard and Susan. The next morning, after breakfast, he went to the City, leaving word that if anything occurred he was to be sent for instantly. But he felt he could not remain quietly at home; the hushed stillness that pervaded the house, the triumphant silence and importance of the servants, were too much for him. At the office he found a long letter from his son—the first he had received for months. Alec was in Canada when he wrote, and in good health and spirits; "but," he said in a postscript, "by the time this reaches you I shall probably be mining in Nevada or prospecting in Arizona. So tell the mater if she wants me home she knows the only thing that will tempt me to return to England."

"They're a pair, mother and son," James Fraser said, as he laid down the long letter. "He's obstinate, and she's worse, only in this instance Alec is in the right; but it's very sad."

Then he turned to business letters, and one amongst them caused him to start from his chair with an exclamation of utter surprise. It was only a few lines, written on common paper, and dated from a Seamen's Home in Limehouse:—

"DEAR FRASER,—I have just got back to England, after adventures and suffering that seem incredible when I look back on them. I and one other passenger escaped from the ill-fated *Europa*. I am completely destitute, and in utter ignorance of everything that happened since I left England. Come and see me, and tell me of my loved ones.

"Ever yours, "ERNEST BRAND."

Mr. Fraser laid down the letter and stared at it, took it up and read it again, and once more exclaimed aloud, in a way that caused all the clerks to turn round and stare at him, "Ernest Brand alive, and in London!" It seemed incredible; and not only alive and to hand, but relying implicitly on his friend, without a doubt apparently of his being willing to welcome him back to the land of the living, and give him every information about his children; and James Fraser did not even know where they were. They might be still at Clematis Villa, or at the other end of the earth, or in their graves, for what he knew; and his wife, who perhaps might be able to give him some information, was not in a condition to do so, and in all probability would refuse even if she were. Com-

plete destitution Mr. Fraser might relieve, but information about his family, beyond the bare bald fact of his wife's death, he could not give; and how could he face his old friend with such scant details, or rather, with no details at all? "I must only write and say my wife's ill, and that I can't go, and enclose him ten pounds: that's all I can do," Mr. Fraser said to himself over and over again; and he felt thoroughly and heartily ashamed of his carelessness and neglect of Ernest Brand's daughters. "He wouldn't have done so by me and mine," he acknowledged. "He was always a true friend to the very core, and I——"

At this point one of the clerks in the outer office asked if Mr. Fraser could see Davy Dunderdale, who wished to speak to him a moment on private business.

"Show him into my room," he said, taking up the letter, and feeling instinctively that Davy's visit had something to do with it, "and say I'll be there presently." Taking out his cheque-book, he filled in a cheque for £20, and then entered his private sanctum.

"Have you seen this, sir?" Davy cried, pulling a newspaper from his pocket with trembling eagerness. "It says two passengers of the *Europa* were picked up, and have arrived in London, after being round the world. Do you think—could it be possible—one of them might be Mr. Ernest?"

"I think it's quite possible, Davy; in fact——"

"You've heard something. You know!" the old man interrupted, with almost a shriek; "he is alive!"

"Yes; I had this letter from him this morning, and I was just going"—— "to write," he would have added had Davy been listening, but he was devouring the contents of the letter.

"Thank you, sir," he replied, handing it back. "I'll go to him straight off."

"Perhaps that will be the best; you know more about the girls than I do. By the way, how are they, Davy? I'd go with you, only Mrs. Fraser is very ill. She met with a bad accident yesterday, and I may be sent for any moment."

At that instant Richard, the footman, appeared to say that his mistress was worse; and, thrusting the cheque into Davy's hand, Mr. Fraser hastily left the office, hardly giving the footman time to intimate to Jerring that Davy was "the old party his missis came to grief over."

Thrusting the cheque into his pocket without so much as glancing at it, else he would have begged permission to decline it, both on his own and Mr. Brand's account, Davy left the office on Tollman's Wharf like a man in a dream. He scarcely knew whether to go to St. George's, and tell Nell the good news, or telegraph to her to go straight to Clematis Villa, or whether to say nothing at all about it till he had seen Mr. Brand, and convinced himself by ocular demonstration that it was really he himself, and no impostor. Deciding on the latter course, he hailed a hansom—an extravagance he had not been guilty of for twenty years—and in less than half an hour was standing in the hall of the Seamen's Home, face to face with a tall, thin, bronzed, grizzled man, dressed in a blue guernsey, and wearing a red handkerchief tied loosely round his neck; but in spite of his wretched dress and still more wretched appearance, he knew him instantly.

"Mr. Ernest! oh, Mr. Ernest!" he cried, holding out both hands, while tears rolled down his cheeks. "Thank God to see you alive again!"

"Davy Dunderdale, I declare!" Mr. Brand exclaimed. "Why, how did you find me out, old man? Can you tell me anything about my darlings? How are they all? and do they think me dead?"

"Two of them do, and one doesn't. She knows better now," Davy replied, shaking his head sadly. "Miss Nellie and Miss Doris are well, and——"

"And my wife—their mother. Speak, man, quick!"

"Their mother is best of all, Mr. Ernest, for she's an angel in heaven."

"Dead! I might have known." That was all he said, but he staggered rather than walked to a distant corner, and bowed his head on his folded hands.

For an hour old Davy left him alone, then he touched his arm lightly.

"Come, Mr. Ernest, you must come home with me, and then I can tell you everything from first to last, for I was with them all through." And Ernest Brand wrung the old man's hand, dimly realising that it was he who had been a friend to his loved ones in their trouble.

Late that night, when they sat by the dying fire in the little parlour where the girls sat so often discussing ways and means, after having heard every detail of their history, he grasped Davy's hand again.

"God bless you, Dunderdale! you have been a true friend, and I a fool; but it's not too late yet, Davy. I may make up for it. You say Nellie is learning to be a nurse, and Doris is companion to Lady Cheston. Are they tolerably comfortable, do you think, Davy?"

"Miss Doris is as happy as she can be, Mr. Ernest, and I think Miss Nell is as happy as she's likely to be for the present."

"Then we must leave them in ignorance of my return for a little while, Davy. I must make a home for them before I let them know of my return, and you must help me, and keep my secret too."

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

"REFUSE YOU!"

WHEN Davy said Miss Doris was as happy as ever she could be, he was quite unconsciously speaking the literal truth. She was at that moment sitting at the piano in Lady Cheston's drawing-room, playing snatches of popular melodies, wandering from one song to another, and chatting to Mr. Frank Cheston, who was standing beside her.

The birthday party had been very pleasant, in spite of Nell's not being there; the only drawback was that Lady Cheston's plans had signally failed: neither Mr. Meredith nor Mr. Leigh seemed particularly struck with Doris—that is, they did not fall violently in love with her in the unmistakable manner Lady Cheston wished; and, indeed, they did not get a chance, for Frank stepped quietly in, and appropriated the young

lady in the most marked way. Lady Cheston looked on, not too well pleased at first: she hated to have her little plans upset; but she was far too good-natured and too fond of Doris to blame her for what was not, after all, her fault. But she resolved to give Frank just a mild little lecture when they were alone, as they usually were for half an hour's chat after every one else had gone to bed. The result was not very satisfactory. He smiled in his quiet way, and declared he had not the least intention of flirting with Miss Doris.

"Because, you see, mother mine, I've fallen in love with her, and I mean to ask her to be my wife some day."

"But, Frank dear, is she, do you think, quite suitable?"

"You should be the best judge of that, dear. You've had ample opportunities of observing her faults, but you've never told me any of them."

"I really think Doris hasn't any. She's a darling girl; but look at her position, Frank. You know she's not good enough for you."

"My mother's friend not good enough to be my wife! Nonsense, dear;" and he laughed good-humouredly. "You have given such a good character of Doris, that I loved her before ever I saw her; and who could see and not love her? She is very beautiful. Her birth is as good as my own; as for money, I have enough for us both. You know, dear, I might marry some grand lady who would put you into a secondary place, or some supremely disagreeable genius you would never get on with, or worse than all, an æsthetic young lady whose existence resolved itself into a languid lily and a glass of water, and who wouldn't leave us a chair fit to sit on or a table fit to eat from. Think of it, mother mine: Doris Brand is pretty, charming, amiable, so educated and accomplished, that I need not be ashamed of her at home or abroad. She loves you, and I am quite sure you love her. What more could you wish?"

"I don't know; only it seems, Frank, as if you should marry some one great, and grand, and noble."

"A 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere.' No, thanks, madam—I don't want a statue, however lovely, nor a work of art, however perfect. I just want a wife not 'too good, For human nature's daily food.'"

"Still, Frank, there *is* something in birth and rank," Lady Cheston remarked thoughtfully.

"Much, no doubt, mother. I never said there was not; but—

> 'Howe'er that be, it seems to me
> 'Tis only noble to be good;
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.'

Doris, you have told me over and over again, is the very soul and essence of kindness and good-nature, considerate and unselfish."

"You remember all my words, Frank," Lady Cheston interrupted. "I must confess I never dreamed of having them quoted to me in such a cause. However, I have never opposed you in your life; I do not think it would be very much use for me to set my will against yours now, even if I felt inclined, which I do not. I have no objection, you know, Frank—that is, no real objection to Doris, only——"

"Ah! that little 'only' spoils all, mother. You must suppress it. By the way, there's one important fact we must not lose sight of: Doris may not care anything whatever about me. It's quite as likely as not that she'll refuse me."

"Refuse you, Frank? Why, what an absurd notion!"

"Not at all; and one thing I am quite certain of, if she has any idea that you would not approve I'm sure she would refuse me flatly. You know how her sister acted with regard to Fraser, so if you don't want me to become a fugitive and a vagrant also, don't scold Doris, or reproach her, or show her that you're sorry your plans have succeeded so well; because, mother dear, if you've told her half as many pretty things about me as you've told me about her, you can't wonder if she feels prepossessed in my favour. So, you see, you've brought it all about yourself so far, and now I'm going to take the matter into my own hands. I'm going to stay here for a whole week, and at the end of that time I'll be able to judge how things really stand."

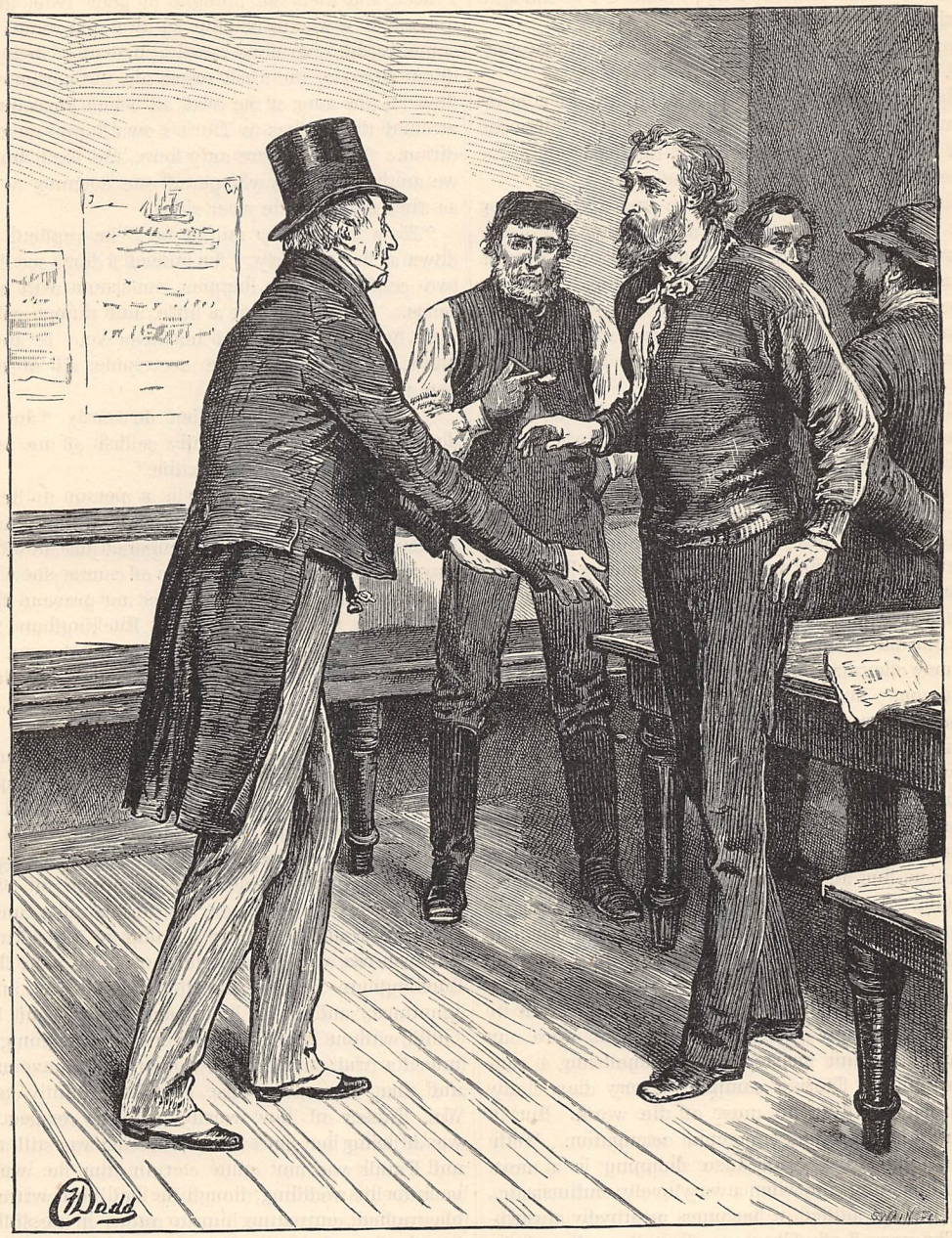
How that week passed Doris Brand could never tell. It seemed as if it slipped by like a dream. In the morning they were on the river, in the afternoon idling, dozing, dreaming under the trees on the lawn, Lady Cheston in a low chair, Doris in another, and Frank stretched on the grass between them, with his straw hat pulled over his eyes, or reading some poetry that had a soft musical ring, and even drowsy rhythm, and no irritating sentiments. Then, in the evenings Doris played and sang, and Lady Cheston nodded over her knitting. She had become quite reconciled to her son's choice—for, indeed, she could not oppose him long in anything, and, in fact, was beginning to feel quite proud of seeing them together: they made such a handsome pair.

One evening, just a week from the day they met, Frank took Doris down by the river after dinner, and in his own peculiar way asked her to be his wife.

"You see, dear, I seem to know you quite well, though our actual acquaintance has only lasted seven days; and, doubtless, you also know me very intimately from the same source as I have drawn my information from. I love you very dearly. If I knew you a hundred years I couldn't do more than love you, and tell you so, could I? And now I want to know if you care enough about me to marry me?"

It wasn't a bit like the wooing she expected from the "fairy prince," but it was straightforward and honest, and came from the heart; and though strongly inclined to play a little with her great, handsome, serious, and unsentimental wooer, Doris replied simply, and honestly too, that she did love him, and would be very happy to become his wife.

"Thank you, dear," he said gently; and then he took her straight into the drawing-room, where Lady Cheston was dozing, as usual, by the window.



"'MR. ERNEST! OH, MR. ERNEST!' HE CRIED, HOLDING OUT BOTH HANDS" (*p.* 295).

"Mother dear, Doris has consented to be my wife, and as there's really nothing whatever to wait for, I should like the marriage to take place at once; say in a month." Then he left the room, and Lady Cheston had Doris in her arms in a moment, and was stroking her hair, patting her cheek, and weeping over her in the most ridiculous way; while Doris clung to her, trembling, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

Lady Cheston never did anything by halves, and once it was finally decided and publicly announced that Frank was to marry Miss Brand, she didn't seem to know how to make enough of her.

"Of course I shall have to look out for another companion, and of course it must be Nell," Lady Cheston said, when they had talked and kissed and cried for hours; and then Doris jumped up, with an exclamation to the effect that she was a most wretched individual.

"Do you know, I've never even thought of darling

Nell all the week. Indeed, I don't believe I've thought of anything or anybody."

"Except Frank, of course?" Lady Cheston interrupted.

"The poor dear 'general' will be looking for a letter from me every day; and now I've such wonderful news I must write at once." And that seemed to be a "reason fair" for another kiss and a cry.

At last Doris got to her room, and wrote a long epistle to Nell, telling of her engagement, and Lady Cheston's kindness and intentions regarding herself. "Of course you'll give up nursing, darling, and come to River View for the present, and as soon as Frank and I are settled, your home *must* and *shall* be with us. And oh, Nell, I am so happy! and I do so want you to see my fairy prince."

Nell wrote back by return of post her hearty congratulations and deep thankfulness for Doris's great good fortune, regretting that it was impossible for her to go in person, as the lady she was nursing was dangerously ill; but not one word did she say of accepting Lady Cheston's proposal, though she said how very grateful she was, and how exactly like Lady Cheston it was to think of her. "As soon as my patient is a little better, I'll let you know, dear, as of course I'm quite longing to know how my Doris looks in her new character, and you must either come to me or I to you. But at present, unless it is absolutely necessary, I fear I cannot leave."

Doris, of course, wrote back saying that it was absolutely indispensable that Nell should come to her as soon as she possibly could, and Lady Cheston wrote endorsing it, and explaining how very soon the wedding was to take place, and how much there was to be done, but for all that Nell did not feel justified in leaving the sick-room in Buckingham Square; and in spite of their protestations Lady Cheston and Doris got on very well with their shopping without her.

There was so much to be done, and so little time to do it in, that many interesting discussions were cut short, and as Frank insisted on monopolising a certain portion of Doris's company every day, Lady Cheston had really to do most of the work. But it was very pleasant and congenial occupation. With plenty of money and good taste shopping is a most delightful pastime, and when a very lovely, enthusiastic, grateful girl is added, it becomes positively absorbing. The more Lady Cheston reflected on the whole matter, the more satisfied she became with her son's choice. She really loved Doris, and the girl in return fairly idolised her. Not a day passed that Doris did not contrast Lady Cheston's conduct with that of Mrs. Fraser, and then she thought of poor Nell, and how miserable it was to be shut up in a sick-room, nursing some fretful, querulous invalid, instead of being out of doors enjoying the fresh sweet air, the perfume of the flowers, the song of the bird, all which pleasant things attuned themselves to Doris's own happy mental condition. "If Alec were only here, and Nell, how happy we might be!" she whispered one evening to Frank, as they stood by the river-side.

"How happy *they* might be!" he replied, looking down at her tenderly, "for indeed I don't see how we two could be any happier consistent with common sense. However, wait a little, and things will come right between Nellie and her lover yet. It must, you know, dear, because love overcomes all obstacles, if you only give it time."

"I hope so," Doris replied fervently, "for indeed, dear Frank, it seems awfully selfish of me to be so happy while she is so miserable."

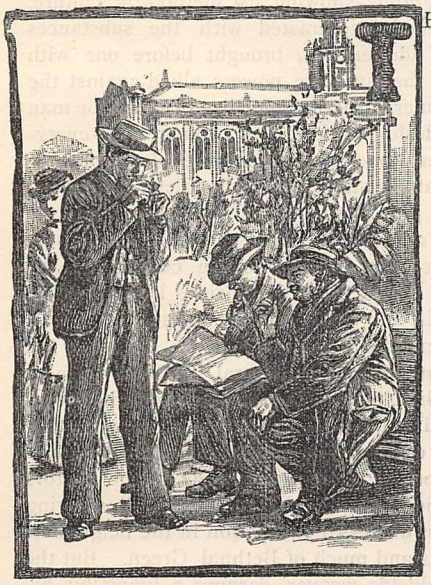
"I don't think your sister is a person to be miserable while she has work to do, and strength to do it. Where did you say she was engaged just now? Not at any infectious case, I hope; for of course she will come to our wedding; even duty must not prevent that."

"She is nursing a lady at Buckingham Square, number 17, I think; but I'm ashamed to say I don't know much about the matter, only that the lady met with an accident—was flung from her carriage, I think—and got very badly hurt."

Frank Cheston started. "Buckingham Square, did you say—17?" and in a moment it flashed upon him that it was Alec Fraser's address, and he had seen a paragraph referring to the accident in one of the papers. Could it be possible that Nellie had gone to nurse her greatest enemy in ignorance of who she was? for he thought even her forbearance and magnaminity would stop short of going to Mrs. Fraser of her own free will. Doris did not know who lived in Buckingham Square; no doubt Nell was in equal ignorance, and if she had been simply sent by the Guild, without knowing to whom she was going, it was indeed a trial, such as few women could have endured, and that, if nothing else, should certainly convince Mrs. Fraser of how worthy in every respect Nellie was of being her son's wife. But Alec was still abroad, and Frank was not quite certain that he would be back for his wedding, though he had both written and telegraphed, entreating him to return if possible. By then he hoped Nellie Brand would be established at River View, as the friend and companion of his mother, and then he hoped the course of their true love would also run smooth.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

BANK HOLIDAY AT BETHNAL GREEN.



THE opening of Victoria Park and the Bethnal Green Museum were two facts which indicated at last some active interest in the needs and dues of East London dwellers. Parks in plenty, museums and art-collections in abundance stud the western half of London. Now its less distinguished part has been given breathing-space and a fairly representative collection of artistic and industrial objects.

We selected for our visit the afternoon of a Bank Holiday in summer. As we passed along it was clear that Bethnal Green recognised the social festival. In its narrow streets such children as boasted that luxury were playing about in their "Sunday best," painfully conscious of its restrictive tendency. The usual complement of parents were lounging at the open doors, viewing with languid interest the children's play. In the main thoroughfare, the Bethnal Green Road, the bustling crowd passing the shuttered shops seemed with one accord bent on pleasure. Working men, with their wives, and occasionally children too, were jostled by the usual bands of noisy youths. Lads of precocious looks pursued their way with the self-possession born of town life and early reliance upon their own resources, whilst here and there some two or three children of more tender years, hand in hand, were threading the maze. There were faces, too, and forms that aroused unpleasant reflections—men and women of villainous looks from the kitchens of Spitalfields or Whitechapel, and ragged urchins pattering on naked feet over the hot pavement. Here and there in the passing throng came the faces of foreign Jews, and their *patois*, neither German nor Russian nor Hebrew, but a mixture of all these and even more tongues, fell strangely on the ear.

The long road ended at last, and we found ourselves at the veritable Bethnal Green. Between St. John's Church and the Museum is a pleasant oasis of green turf and blossoming flowers, freely open to the public; and fully are its merits recognised. On that sunny afternoon the comfortable garden-seats were in great demand. Here and there they were giving a welcome rest to tired grandfathers, who from that retreat could still keep a watchful eye upon their boisterous charges. Here, too, in fine weather one is certain to find invalids of either sex.

The Museum itself lies a little to the left, on a plot of ground purchased mainly by local subscriptions, and handed over to the Committee of Council on Education in the year 1869. Externally the building is not attractive—a simple, unpretentious outline, with red-brick walls but slightly adorned, and offering no violent contrast to the adjoining church or the houses around. It was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales on June 24th, 1872.

A handsome fountain stands in front, and is an object of much interest to the onlookers in summer. But during the winter months it is covered by a gigantic wooden extinguisher, and so becomes anything but an adornment.

We entered at once at the turn-stile, admission being free except on one day of the week, when sixpence is charged to the few who then come to pay it. Within we found the building to be arranged, roughly speaking, as a main court with two tiers of galleries on three sides. There is nothing imposing about the general effect, but the whole arrangements seem business-like, and well adapted to serve their purpose. Before the visitor, as he enters, two lines of cases stretch down the area, containing specimens of modern English and foreign pottery and glass, arranged in chronological order. The visitors round about us were expressing their comments upon these freely enough, and in tones sufficiently audible.

"Lor!" cried one young girl to her gaily-dressed companion, indicating with outstretched finger a large earthenware vase of Italian manufacture. "If we ain't got just sich another jug as that at 'ome!"

Another group were contending as to the uses to which a large *plaque* might possibly be put. The general idea pointed to its use as a dessert-plate, although the speakers acknowledged their fallibility on such a point.

The majority of the visitors seemed to be respectable artisans and their families. But there were not wanting representatives of the classes below that, to whom ragged attire and dirty faces seemed not incompatible with a satisfactory inspection of the Museum. The lads and young girls of various grades were numerous, and many of their outspoken comments were shrewd beyond their years.

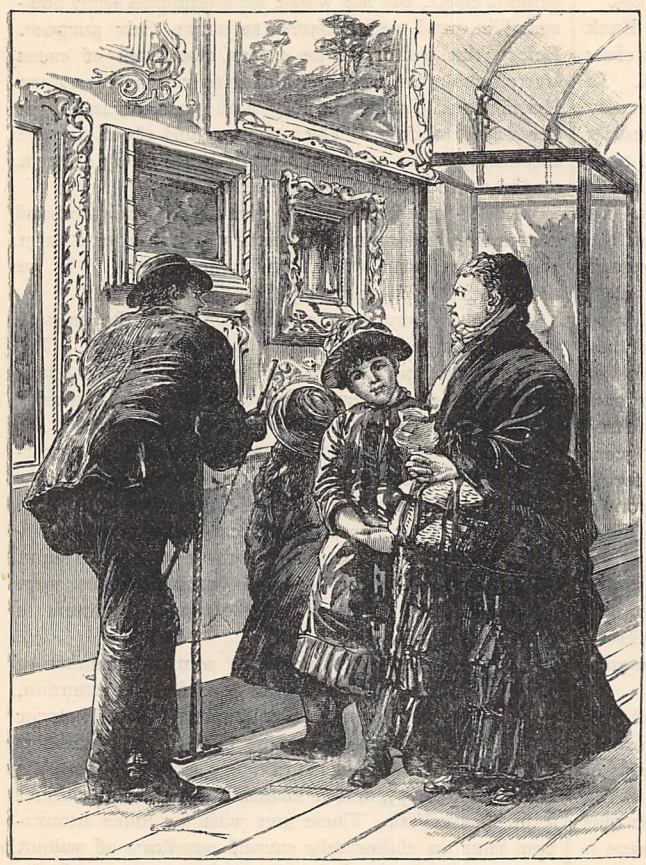
The glass and pottery, with some specimens of silver and bronze ware, excited considerable attention, but, as far as the men were concerned, were of inferior interest to two fine specimens of the British cabinet-maker's handiwork—a magnificent sideboard from the Exhibition of '55, and a beautiful satin-wood cabinet from that of '66. These met with far more admiration than an elaborately carved *secrétaire* of walnut, in the Italian style of the sixteenth century, made by

Barbetti, of Sienna, which appeared in the Exhibition of '51.

Turning next to the lower gallery, we found on the left a series of cases illustrating the composition of the human body, together with the nature, growth, manufacture, and adulteration of its chief classes of food. Here, too, we remarked a very thoughtful plan by which each series was accompanied with explanatory and statistical details plainly put, and printed in large type. From the objects themselves, and the annexed paragraphs, a visitor of average intelligence could by careful inspection acquire a fairly clear idea of the subject under review. In this way knowledge was almost imperceptibly gained, which hours of study would otherwise have been needed to impart, even with the necessary books and inclination to use them. It was worth remarking, too, that as a rule the visitors did not content themselves with any mere cursory glance at the cases, but passed along the lines of bottles, and slowly deciphered their inscriptions in a way indicative of a thoroughly aroused interest.

The vessels containing the fibrine, fat, and other constituents of the human body were viewed by many with a shudder. But those cases which displayed the varieties of sugar in several stages of manufacture, nuts, and grapes, with their various products, were objects of absorbing interest to the housewives. So, too, were the samples of tea—the growth of which was illustrated by some pictures drawn by a Chinese artist—and of coffee, accompanied by a number of Indian photographs showing its method of culture. Farinaceous foods, contrasted with the substances used in their adulteration, brought before one with painful reality the inventive powers allied against the unwary consumer. In the long list of foods for man neither fish, flesh, nor fowl was lacking, and everything had been done in the way of explanation that could guide any visitor as to the diet required by his manner of life.

Continuing our course round this gallery, we next arrived at a section devoted to the covering of the outward man. Here were the various kinds of wool and silk, crude and manufactured. Each case was, as usual, accompanied with explanatory notes on the nature and statistics of the several trades concerned. Silks and poplins, plain and brocaded, from the looms of England, Dublin, France, Damascus, and other more remote quarters, made a brave show. It was one, too, of special interest, for many of the visitors must have remembered the time when silk-weaving was the almost universal occupation in the neighbouring Spitalfields and much of Bethnal Green. But the genuine Spitalfields weaver, earning a living by his trade, is daily becoming more and more of a rarity. Even these cases yielded in popularity to one containing what looked like a huge coil of ship's cable. The appended tablet, which was always in the course of being slowly spelt out by some on-looker for the benefit of himself and friends, declared it to be a rope made in Japan entirely of women's hair. It was stated to be 700 feet long, weighing a quarter of a ton, to have occupied nearly five years in its manufacture, and used up the spare hair of an entire province.



IN THE PICTURE GALLERY.

A little further on, the clothing of the human body was found to be further illustrated by a large collection of furs. Here, again, the subject was one of local interest, the fur trade occupying many hands in adjacent districts. The materials and tools used in the making of silk hats, together with some shapes in an early stage, found many admirers. A pair of stuffed beavers in an adjoining case pointed to a change of fashion which had saved that busy animal from extinction. Towards the end of this section the gay plumage of various foreign birds, utilised for decorative purposes, evoked from female visitors a good deal of sympathy for "the pretty things'" fate. It was observable, however, that more than one of these tender-hearted on-lookers had a bird's wing amongst the decorations of her hat.

In the gallery above was a considerable collection of water-colour drawings and

"THE VISITORS ROUND ABOUT US WERE EXPRESSING THEIR COMMENTS UPON THESE FREELY ENOUGH" (*p.* 299).

paintings in oil. Unless, however, the subject was a striking one they did not seem to catch the visitors' attention. Here and there some solitary person with a taste for art was going carefully from picture to picture, but the majority took sweeping glances at a large area, and moved on with only an occasional stoppage. The same thing may be observed in other collections, and where the visitors are for the most part those of greater education and refinement.

There yet remained unexplored one portion of the Museum, namely, the basement beneath the side galleries. This portion we found to contain a rather limited exhibition of furniture, an entomological collection, and, what was infinitely more attractive to a large proportion of visitors, the refreshment counters. With this semi-subterranean portion the attractions of the Museum and our visit came to an end.

It is difficult to over-estimate the good effects of such an exhibition thus placed. They are mainly of two kinds, intellectual and moral. Such a collection, intelligently examined, is in itself an educational course. To the skilled artisan of certain trades it offers an opportunity of comparing his own handiwork with that of other men in other countries. This imparts a healthy stimulus to his own efforts, and tends to make him a better workman. It must be confessed also that our working classes are, as a body, lamentably ignorant of the first principles of domestic economy. When *they* were at school, education was not dealt out with the liberal hand it now is to their children. Here, however, is an effort to supply that lack by object-lessons on a large scale. The moral results, too, must be equally good. A walk around such a building cannot but give a healthy tone to the mind, and lead it up from the hard struggles of every-day life to an atmosphere of higher and purer things. Bank Holiday, moreover, has everywhere its own peculiar temptations, to which the Museum is an excellent antidote.

Is the place valued? The record exhibited on its walls replies by a display of figures, "Yes." Equally conclusive is the answer given by the presence there in considerable numbers of men, women, and children of several classes, some even ragged, dirty, and unkempt, but all quiet, decorous, and undoubtedly interested in their surroundings.

A. R. BUCKLAND, B.A.

The Gift of Love.

Words by GEORGE WEATHERLY. *Music by* C. A. RANKEN.

Allegretto vivace. 𝄎

PIANO.

mf

mf

1. Man may sing of fame and glo - ry, Of the joys that wealth im - parts: These are
2. Men may hear their prais - es ring - ing 'Midst the sen - ate or the throng, But when

no - thing to the sto - ry Love can tell to two fond hearts, Love can
heart to heart is cling - ing, Love can sing a sweet - er song, Love can

rit. *f a tempo.*

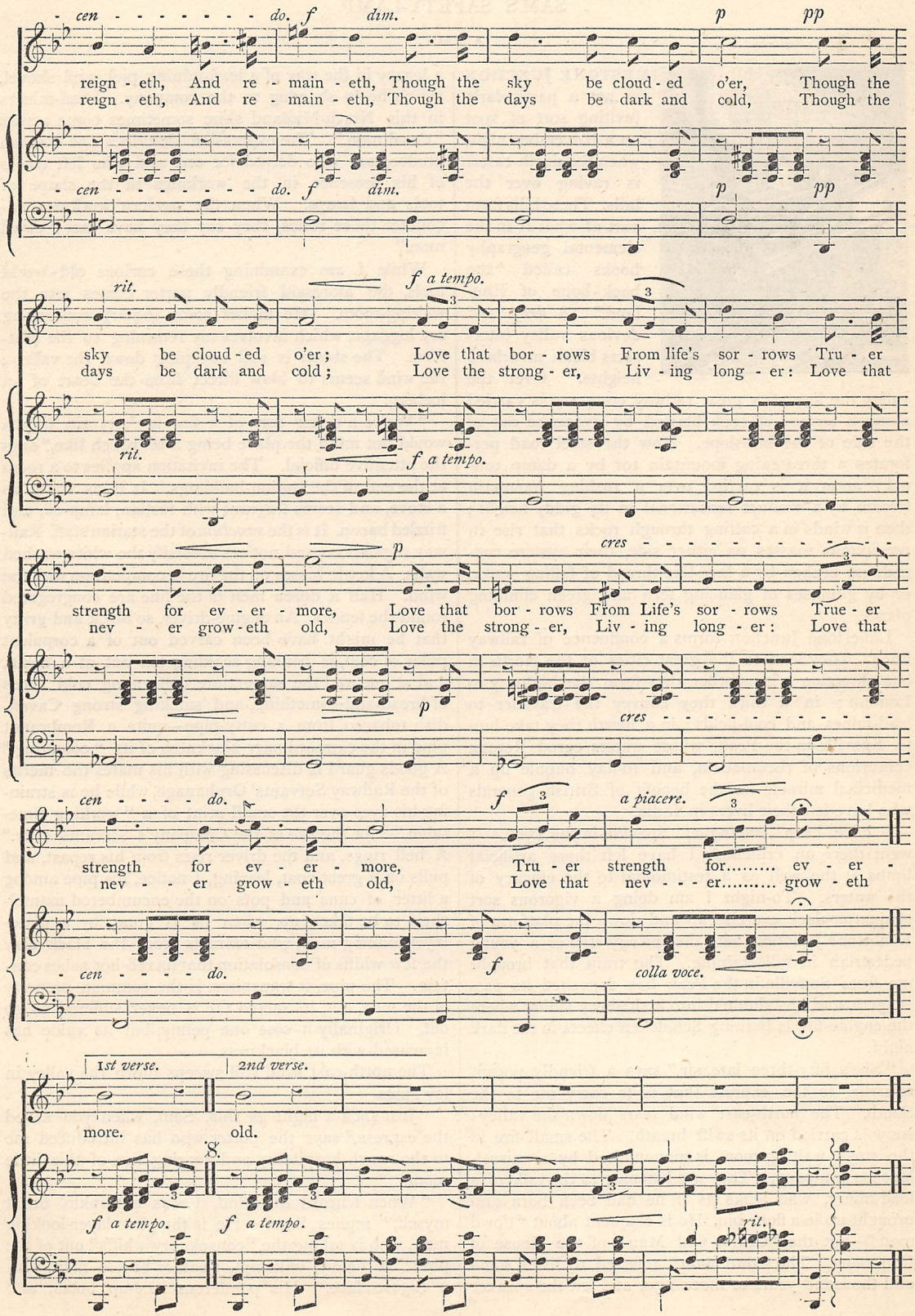
tell to two fond hearts. Wealth and hon - ours quick - ly van - ish— Love a -
sing a sweet - er song. Glo - ry's lamp is ev - er pal - ing; Love a -

rit. *f a tempo.*

cres - - - - - - - -

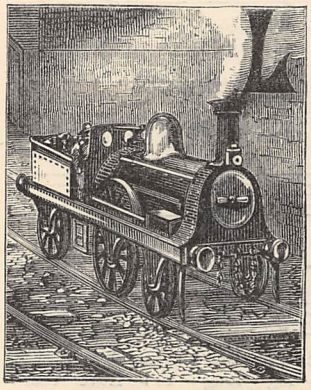
- lone time can - not ban - ish: Love that reign - eth, And re - main - eth, Love that
- lone is nev - er fail - ing: Love that reign - eth, And re - main - eth, Love that

cres - - - - - - - -


cen - - - - - - - do. f dim. p pp
reign - eth, And re - main - eth, Though the sky be cloud - ed o'er, Though the
reign - eth, And re - main - eth, Though the days be dark and cold, Though the
cen - - - - - - - do. f dim. p pp
rit. f a tempo.
sky be cloud - ed o'er; Love that bor - rows From life's sor - rows Tru - er
days be dark and cold; Love the strong - er, Liv - ing long - er: Love that
rit. f a tempo.
p cres - - - - - - - - - -
strength for ev - er - more, Love that bor - rows From Life's sor - rows True - er
nev - er grow - eth old, Love the strong - er, Liv - ing long - er: Love that
p cres - - - - - - - - - -
cen - - - - do. f a piacere.
strength for ev - er - more, Tru - er strength for..... ev - er -
nev - - er grow - eth old, Love that nev - - - er..... grow - eth
cen - - - - do. f colla voce.
1st verse. 2nd verse.
more. old.
f a tempo. f a tempo. rit.

SAM'S SAFETY-LAMP.

A FACT.



LIMESTONE JUNCTION is not a particularly inviting sort of spot on a November night when the north-easter is raving over the hills. These hills form part of what is in the elemental geography books called "the back-bone of England." A deep and devious valley intersects bleak moorland heights. Over the valley the line of a great railway company is carried along a terrace of rock blasted by dynamite out of the side of the hill-slope. Now the steel road perforates a threatening mountain tor by a damp tunnel; anon it is carried over a rushing mountain stream by a viaduct sensational in its giddy height; then it winds in a cutting through rocks that rise in precipitous masses on either side, their austere ruggedness broken by a lace-like thread of falling water, or by glimpses of glancing fern and green climbing plants.

Limestone Junction forms a confluence of railway lines. They lead to the great cities of the North in one direction; in another they form the highway to London; in a third they convey the traveller to lead-mines and coal-fields; in a fourth they take him to Spaville-in-the-Peak, whose waters cured Roman centurions of rheumatism, and to-day bubble up a medicinal miracle for the benefit of British generals who have left their livers in India.

I have been staying at Spaville-in-the-Peak. I went there on crutches: I have left those artificial limbs at the well as a testimonial to the efficacy of the waters. To-night I am doing a vigorous sort of quarter-deck exercise up and down the platform of Limestone Junction, with the springy step of a young pedestrian in full training. The train that brought me from Spaville-in-the-Peak has deposited its passengers, and has shunted into a shadowy siding where the engine-fire is burning Schalcken effects in the dark night.

"She's fifty-three late, sir," says a friendly porter, referring to the express that is to carry me to the South. The north-east wind tears down the valley; snow is carried on its swift breath. The small fire in the small waiting-room is monopolised by a miscellaneous company. They are listening to the talk of a lead-miner, who looks as if he had been born and brought up in a flour-bin. He is eloquent about "t'owd mon"—not the "Grand Old Man" of the House of Commons. The "owd mon" referred to lived some odd thousand years or more ago, and left the speaker a legacy in the way of a lead-mining pick and shovel, which he is showing to the company. Lead-miners in this North-Midland shire sometimes come across "t'owd mon." The expression describes the Roman predecessor who delved for ore, and who left traces of his presence in the workings in the shape of tools and lamps. When the modern workmen encounter these relics, they say they have met "t'owd mon."

While I am examining these curious old-world tools, the aforesaid friendly porter comes into the waiting-room. He makes some inquiry concerning my luggage, which involves my returning to the platform. The storm is still sweeping down the valley; the wind seems to blow direct from the heart of an iceberg.

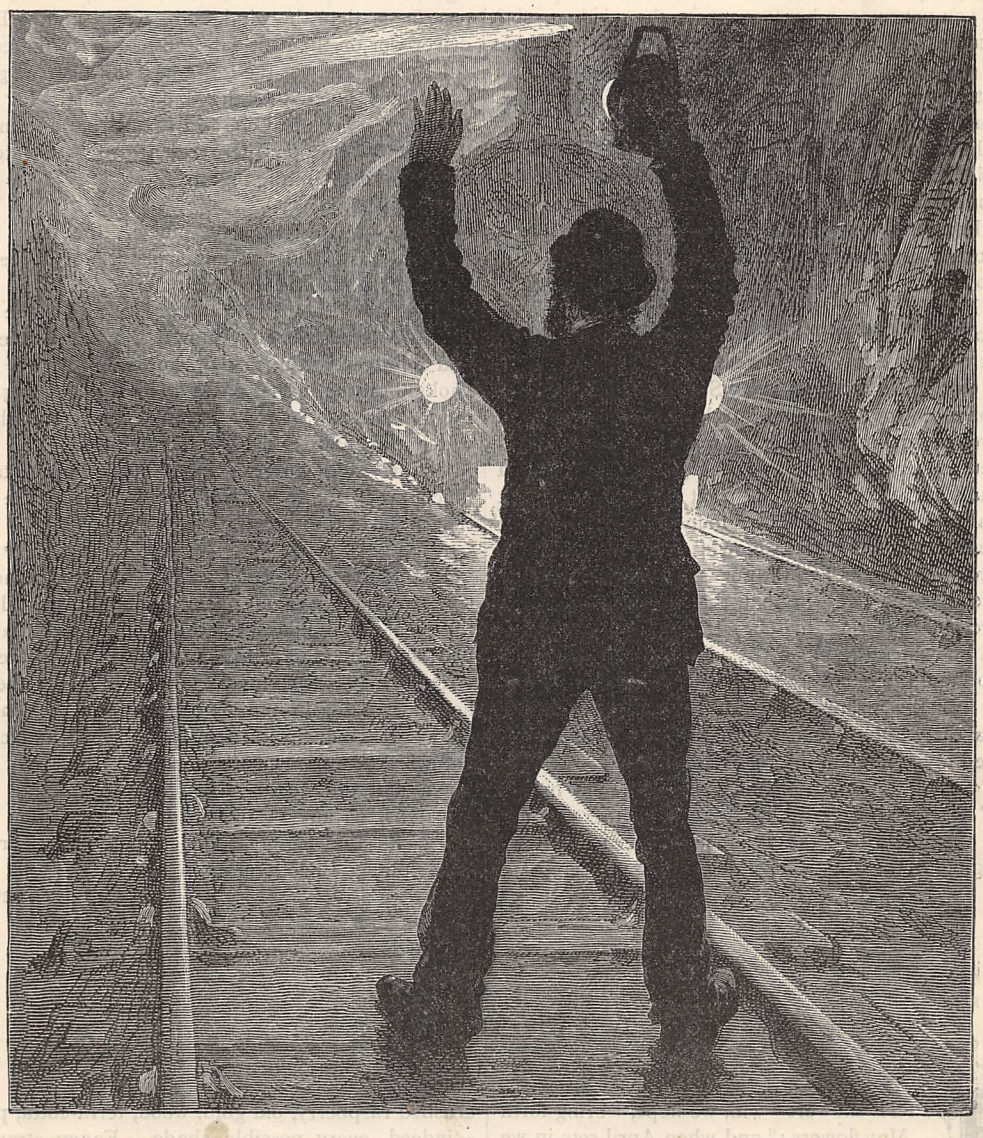
"We've a better sort of a fire in 'ere, sir, if you would not mind the place being a bit rough like," says the attentive official. The invitation applies to a room at the end of the station-buildings. It is as warm as a stove, and seems fragrant with fustian, lamp-oil, and frizzled bacon. It is the *sanctum* of the station staff. Railway regulations and notices diversify the white-washed walls. A kettle hisses on the fire in competition with the wind. Half a dozen men of the line are congregated round the fender. An engine-driver, so black and gritty that he might have been carved out of a corpulent pillar of coal, is drinking scalding tea out of a basin, and at one and the same time consuming cold slices of bread-and-something, and smoking strong Cavendish tobacco from a cutty-pipe—quite a Rembrandt pipe in the extraordinary blackness of its "colouring." A goods guard is discussing with his mates the merits of the Railway Servants' Orphanage, while he is straining his eyes over the small print of a "working time-table," "for the use of the Company's servants only." A bell rings, and the driver rises from his repast, and pulls on a great-coat, leaving, I notice, his pipe among a litter of cans and pots on the encumbered mantel-shelf, to be taken up, when he is gone, by a plate-layer-looking man, who extracts from the black clay the few whiffs of consolation that its red-hot ashes contain. The pipe, it transpires, is the common property of the men, and its sacred fire is never suffered to go out. Originally it cost one penny, but its value has increased with its blackness.

The north-east wind still sweeps down the valley in icy gusts.

"Just such a night as this, Sam, when you saved the express," says the porter who has introduced me to the rough hospitality and roaring fire of this little room.

"When I heard the wind, I was a thinkin' on it myself," replies Sam. He is the plate-layer-looking man, who is taking the "consolatory whiffs" out of the pipe: a heavy, unkempt, weather-beaten man, with a rugose face. His ponderous lace-up boots, and

strapped corduroy trousers, seem to contain sufficient clay to establish a small landed estate. I am anxious to hear the story. One or two of his comrades of the line prompt him to recount his experience.



"JUST IN TIME . . . TO WAVE THE RED SIGNAL TO THE DRIVER OF THE 'SCOTCHMAN'" (*p.* 306).

An earnest look comes over the rugged face. His eyes have an expression as if they were looking far away.

"Well, sir," he begins, "there's not much in it. It's nigh fifteen years ago. There wor none o' them block talegrafts, and Westin'house brakes, and Pullman cars on cut then. It wor just such a dirty night as this, when the wind wor up and wouldna be said. We had a pitch in just at the edge on the viaduct at the Junction. The shuntin' ingin wor a collectin' her wagons, and she got astride on the facin'-p'ints, just as the down slow passenger train came a knockin' into her, and blockin' both roads. Some sed it wor all on account on the signals. Others made it out as it wor cos the lockin'-bar wor out of order. Anyhow the Govinment inspector couldna clear it up, although there wor any amount of ingineers and officials down wi' plans and sections. We wor all confusion. Luckily none was much the worse. Some was shook a bit, and an owd woman died of the fright. I live close by the line, and hearing the crash, runned up to see what wor amiss. I wor just a goin' to help to

clear one of the roads, when something quite of a sudden like occurred to my moind.

"I asked Job Croft, 'Is the "Scotchman" gone up yet?'

"'No!' said somebody in the dark.

"I think it wor the station-master. I had a red lamp in my hands, and off I started to stop her. Have you never seen her go across the viaduct, sir? She comes down the bank at sixty miles an hour every night of her life. The incline falls one in seventy, so you may guess she's not wasting time. She just slips down with her fifteen coaches like well-oiled lightnin'. Well, as I wor a sayin', I runs over the viaduct like a madman, makes my way through the tunnel, and when I got in the cuttin', the wind brought me the roar of the 'Scotchman' going like a red-hot rocket through Drabble Dale station, a mile or more off. The wind it came through the cuttin' till I had fairly to howd mysen on the rails, to keep mysen from being a' blown away.

"It wor then my lamp went out. It wor blown clean out, and in no time the 'Scotchman' would be a ripping down the hill like a havalanche of flame. I searched my pockets for a match. In my coat-pockets never a one, although I generally carries a box, and have done ever since that fearful night. At last in my waistcoat-pockets I found *one match*. One match, and the wind wor a blowin' through the cuttin' as through a funnel! I'm not a saint, sir; but I know'd that the lives in that thunderin' express depended on that one match. If she went into the fouled line she'd drop over the viaduct into the river. The prerspiration covered me with a cold sweat. I could 'ear my 'art a thumpin'. For a moment I went a' dizzy like. Then I pulled mysen together and throwed my whole life into one short prayer.

"It wor all done in a moment. I felt then in the cuttin' for a crevice, and, thank God! there wor a small opening where the fog-men shelter when they are signallin' the trains on thick nights. I crept in this 'ere place. I opens my lamp, and put the match inside the frame. I trembled lest it should fail. But somehow I wor strangely cool and steady about the hands. I struck, and huddled round the match. The wick caught the fire, and I wor just in time to jump from the hole into the six-foot and wave the red signal to the driver of the 'Scotchman,' as she rushed past faster than the wind. She wor a goin'! But the driver wor on the look-out, and had seen the red light. All I could see wor the tail-lamps on the rear guard's-van; but I could 'ear the danger whistle for all the brakes to be clapped on, and I 'eard 'em a grindin' on the metals, and then there wor a gratin' that told me he wor a reversin' the ingine."

"Stopped?"

"Yes, sir, just as she got on the edge of the viaduct. He had her buffer-plank not three yards from where the line wor a fouled.

"The sweat poured down my face as I made for the Junction again; but I know'd I'd saved the train, and I prayed again, not in words, but with a sort of choking gratitude that came up in big, burning lumps in my throat. Some of my mates gave me this 'ere watch and chain, and I wor shifted up by the Superintendint to a ganger's job; but I dunna take so much credit to mysen, for Providence lit the match that night in the storm."

* * * * * *

Just as the speaker is finishing his story, the gong rings in announcement of the London train. I grasp the great, hard, honest hand of Sam in a cordial good-bye; and when the express is whirling me to the South I repeat his story to myself, and think that there are heroes, working in humble obscurity on the line, who are as great as any on the battle-field; undecorated, unrewarded, unknown, they may be; but they are as brave and unflinching, when duty calls and danger threatens, as any of the valorous ones upon whose red coats the Empress-Queen has with her royal hands pinned the Victoria Cross.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

"APRIL showers" will, we hope, "bring forth May flowers;" and when April sets in we begin to have a foretaste of spring, and to think of a change of clothing. The first thing you will be wanting is, possibly, a bonnet, so I have been doing my best to find out—for your benefit—the newest ideas in the matter of millinery. The close Princesse shape continues to be fashionable amongst English women; and at the present moment straw is the material most used, not only black and white, but far more popular are such colours as *fraise écrasée*, mahogany, olive-green, sapphire-blue, electric blue, bright golden yellow, crushed raspberry, old gold, wood, terra-cotta, petunia—indeed, every possible shade. Fancy straws are sold—a few of them—but the predominating bonnets are of fine plain closely-plaited straws. The Olivia shape, associated with the well-known character of *Olivia Primrose*, has come out as the very newest form in hats, caps, and bonnets, all these *coiffures* standing up in a cloven point over the face, and the vacuum—which is large above the forehead—filled in with plaited lace. A very handsome bonnet of this kind was of cream satin and lace trimmed with pearls and gold; for when bonnets are really French, and not Anglicised, they are large and important-looking. A black velvet of the same form has the edge laced

with gold braid. The colourings in millinery this spring are vivid. The crushed strawberry straws are trimmed with beaded lace, the lace and beads of quite the same tone, and shaded ostrich feather tips or velvet flowers, also mostly shaded. A red bonnet, trimmed with gold-colour and intervening shades, only escapes being *bizarre* by the deftness with which the tones are blended. The leather lace makes its way slowly and surely, and I have seen several brown-toned bonnets almost hidden by it. It shows to the best advantage on a light shade of yellow, and covered with steel beads. Several large black lace bonnets are being made, especially with big yellow flowers; and brown straws are much trimmed with yellow, which is peculiarly the colour of spring, when daffodils, primroses, gladioli, and so many spring blooms abound.

There is a new apricot lace extensively used in millinery; it is apparently needle-run, and has a yellowy-pinky tinge different altogether from cream or twine, or any of the tints hitherto in vogue. The hats of the season appear to be exceptionally large, with square hard crowns and many feathers. Some of these, as also bonnets, have lace crowns and firm fronts. Tinsel is introduced into flowers and lace, and I have seen several bonnets and hats trimmed with tinsel pompons, very suggestive of the decorations upon Portuguese plum-boxes.

Aigrettes are done to death: they are surrounded by a circle of ostrich feathers; and triplets of ostrich feathers, the tips curling outwardly, are much worn.

The newest flower of the season is the dandelion, the hard yellowy bloom and the feathery seed. You may see any amount of these on bonnets. Wallflowers are also worn, and they show a great diversity of brown and yellow tints; indeed, all small blooms congregated together now in millinery are shaded from light to dark.

Chenille plays an important part in flowers, pompons, and fringes, especially in black millinery, and there I notice that most of the best black bonnets are covered with a net-work of beads and pendant jet sequins. The trimmings which are used on bonnets, and form the bonnets themselves, are decidedly new: soft cashmeres, for example, in a blending of Oriental colourings—reds, browns, and golds—most cleverly and elaborately woven, the designs always pines, which are capable of great variety. Some of these are gold-colour, others all brown and gold.

Another new thing is the gauze *plumé*, in all colours, having a design of feathers interwoven; this is always self-coloured, the ground fancy-woven. Ottoman silk—viz., with a coarse cord—is also used, especially in sapphire and electric blue shades.

There is great diversity of ornaments in millinery now, such as tortoise-shell pins, like hair-pins, made to support bows; pearl and gold buckles and harps; lizards in brilliant enamel.

The newest ribbon is the Egyptian, called after the design. It is a broché with dark brown ground, very cleverly woven, with many colourings, while occasionally a border merely of this character appears on ottoman and satin ribbon. Gauzes, both broché and brocaded, will be more and more employed as the season advances.

Pompons continue to be most popular; they cost but little, and are soft and effective. There are many kinds, the small, round, tall, and the large elongated tufts, which form a trimming of themselves. These and dark wreaths of flowers and ostrich tips are more worn than anything, except perhaps very large and beautifully-shaded velvet heart's-ease. There never was a time when home millinery was so easy. Buy a coloured straw, bind the edges with ribbon, which cover with coloured beaded lace; carry the string across the back of the bonnet, line it inside, and add a cluster of small pompons, or a single large one, over the face, and you have a really fashionable bonnet.

And now I must just tell you something about the new silks. They are exceptionally handsome — the very richest brocades, either in one colour or in many colours.

Tailor-made gowns continue to be worn, and the newest point about them is the cape, worn with or without a jacket, comprising some seven or eight small capes. Braiding is still used upon the light tweeds preparing for spring wear. Nothing has yet satisfactorily superseded the kiltings; plain small-kilted skirts in satins and ottomans are worn with bodices and very short well-draped tunics of cloth, cashmere, and other woollen stuffs. Truth to tell, the new ottoman—viz, thickly-corded silk—and several other rich materials do not wear well; and as it is the fashion for bodices to be glove-tight now, these materials will not stand the strain, so that stuff bodices and tunics, with handsome skirts, will be most worn. Checks are still the fashion in woollen goods, and the cut of the bodices, in consequence, is all the more difficult. Bodices are pointed, and have either very little basques, or extremely long ones, at the back.

Terra-cottas, *fraise écrasée*, and electric blues are the fashionable colours of the season. I have seen many most handsome brocades in all these having ottoman grounds, and satin brocades of moons and rings. The raised velvet brocades on ottoman grounds are very fashionable, so are these same velvet brocades on gauze basket grounds.

Satins are the acme of fashion, and are brought out this year with many new shades and brocades to match, having very often another shade interblended, such as brown satin with a brown and gold brocade, pink satin with pink and lemon brocade, and so on.

Satin Régence is a new class of silk, having coarse perpendicular, instead of horizontal, reps or cords; and a new satin brocade is the Armure Marquise. Chinés are to be worn, if we may judge from the fact that Lyons and such centres of manufacture are busy making them; the newest are on ottoman grounds. They show like the brocades an infinity of colouring, as also the printed ottomans, which are new.

A few of the leading houses in England are prepared to supply the dual garment to those who have the moral courage to wear it. It does clothe each leg separately, but it is so frilled and furbelowed, it is only when entering a carriage, or some similar movement, that the duality is distinguishable. The advocates of rational dress seem to believe that no perfection in dress can be attained without them. It remains to be proved whether women will agree with them. But the society speaks many words of wisdom, nevertheless, when it advises to abstain from tight-lacing, too high heels, too heavy skirts from the hips, and other vanities. Moderation in all things is wisdom. *Le juste milieu* is what we all ought to try for, and so few attain.

The spring mantles are short at the back and long in front; French women allow the ends to fall straight, but English women often tie them as in our illustration. The material of these new mantelets is gauze-velvet lined with coloured silk, and trimmed with jet ball fringe. The balls are large; for the sake of lightness they are cork covered with brilliant jet beads and bugles, and most effective this fringe proves. French lace is superseding Spanish, which is now rarely seen on mantles.

The new sateens are so beautiful in colouring and design, that they are often worn by young ladies for evening demi-toilettes. Some are woven with special borderings, and one example is here illustrated in which the larger pattern is used for trimming, and the smaller for the paniers and bodice. Some of the floral designs on the new French sateens look as though they were hand-painted, so perfect is the colouring. There is a great variety in sateens, too, for early spring wear; there are ottoman sateens, which are corded like the silks of that name, and there are twilled sateens. For morning costumes checks, dots, lines, and discs will be affected rather than the floral patterns, and the foundation colours will be terra-cotta, brown, and raspberry-red. The flowered sateens are more fancifully arranged and trimmed; embroidery, well-nigh as fine as lace, is used plentifully on them, so is satin ribbon, in the form of looped bows; and many have large collars and waistbands of dark velvet, which are added when such costumes are worn out of doors.

Let us glance at the illustrated group admiring "baby." The first in the group wears nun's veiling of the electric or telegraph blue—for the shade goes by both names. The pointed bodice is outlined with large facetted beads of the same blue, and the skirt is bordered with a satin kilting; the bows on the sleeves are satin. The creamy lace, arranged *en cascade* in front of the bodice, tapers tastefully to a point at the waist.

The young girl, who is about nine, is likewise in evening dress. Her skirt is trimmed with three flounces of Irish Carrickmacross embroidery—for Irish

industries are coming to the fore—her plastron, collar, and cuffs are of the same effective work; and her Princess frock is of soft changeable satin, dark blue shot with rich red. It is gracefully draped at the back with the inevitable pompons, which have found their way as ornaments to bonnets, hats, and dresses in a most persistent manner during the past months, and are likely to remain long in favour.

The mother wears a beautiful dress of the popular terra-cotta shade. It is ottoman satin, made with broché tablier and bretelles; the broché is rich in colouring, and the flowers and leaves are outlined with beads, the veinings showing gold thread. The bodice is pointed in front, and has a small jockey basque at the back.

The figure with her back towards us has selected a dark green toilette; the skirt is velvet, bordered with satin kiltings and puffings, and the polonaise is broché merveilleux with chenille trimming-shaded pompons with netted heading. Some of this is carried up the back of the sleeves, and note that the shoulders are padded slightly, for high shoulders are still in favour, but much more so in England than in France.

The lady in mantle and bonnet is the grandmother, and her attire is suitable to middle age notwithstanding that the brim of her bonnet describes a well-accentuated point over her forehead, after the manner of the latest note in millinery. Her mantle is black gauze, broché all over with detached velvet flowers, the material *par excellence* in the mantle world this season. It is lined with dark purple silk, and the shaded plume on her fine black straw bonnet is of the same rich hue. The trimming to the mantle consists of glossy black feathers.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found on page* 312. *The Editor's duty will be to act as "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

SHOULD EARLY CLOSING BE MADE COMPULSORY?

(*Debate concluded.*)

TRADER:—As one of the so-described selfish, money-making traders, who does not close until nine o'clock, and eleven on Saturdays, but who himself thinks that he works harder by far to support and educate his family, and pay his way, than any assistant ever works, allow me to give a few reasons against compulsory closing. To be just it must close every shop, omitting none, at say eight, and on Saturdays at ten. If all shops are not included the Act will never work, for it would be unjust to compel the thousands of small struggling traders who keep a lad or junior assistant to close, and to leave his neighbour who did not to keep his shop open; for I maintain that shops are only kept open late because of the thousands who cannot well do their shopping at an early hour. In many districts there will be twice as many people in the streets from seven until nine that there is at any other hour of the day, and no Act of Parliament will make the child go to sleep earlier or give the hard-worked woman leisure in the day time. I hear a growl about ten o'clock on Saturdays; but since the artisans, &c., have had their Saturday half-holiday, it has more and more become a fact that they with their wives make that time an opportunity for shopping.

The small trader is almost always overlooked by those arguing for earlier closing, and they do not care about going into the question of why, if the large aristocratic draper can close, the small trader doing business with a lower class finds it more difficult. It is a fact that many small traders and young beginners take more money of an evening than all the rest of the day, because evening is the leisure time for the million, so much so that an Act not allowing shops to open until nine a.m., and close at nine p.m., would, after all, be more convenient to the public and the trader, and so shorten the hours of attendance or work: I cannot say, as our exaggerating platform friends say, "toil," for there is, after all, little hard work for assistants generally; as a rule, a good deal of time is spent very leisurely.

That I, as a trader, and all assistants would like more leisure I freely admit; but my thirty years' experience tells me there is little actual over-work, and that, instead of thousands sent to premature graves, the health of traders' assistants is as good as that of classes of the community who have more leisure. Doctors may meet with cases of consumption and bronchial affections, &c., but do they never meet with such cases amongst those who have even nothing to do?

That compulsory closing will be very objectionable there can be no doubt, and those who are assistants now will, when they start in business for themselves, be brought to see those difficulties, and will find it help to drive the trade to the large houses. To attempt thus to legislate reminds me of old times, and the failure of curfew and the sumptuary laws.

*JOHN CARSON:—There can only be one opinion regarding the evils of the present long-hour system of doing business in shops. Both the Opener and his Opponent recognise them; they differ only in the methods to be adopted to bring about a change; the one thinking that it should be left to public opinion, agitation and combination amongst the employés, the other that legislation should step in and at once compel the change. "If people generally," the Opponent says, "could only be induced to make their purchases early, the shops would not be kept open, and legislation would be unnecessary." But customs, however bad, are difficult to break from. *All* see the evils, but at the same time *individuals* think that, as others are sure to go late, their doing so also cannot make much difference, and so the evils are perpetuated. Experience has fully proved that people will not do their shopping early while the shops are open for them to do it later. Therefore, this is a fit subject for legislation. The converse holds that if the shops are closed early, as the purchases of clothing and the necessaries of life must be made, they *must* be made early. The hardship of being obliged to buy in reasonable hours would only touch the few, whilst the benefit would be experienced alike by masters and assistants. The time now occupied by them in supervision would be their own, and there would be a saving in light and other etceteras to the masters; the assistants would be more contented, and have opportunities for improvement which are now practically denied them, no matter what their thirst after knowledge. When a man or woman is employed in a certain trade, he must conform to its customs and rules or else leave it. To this extent the individual is *not* a "free agent," so it is idle to talk of "freedom of contract" being interfered with. When society and custom imposes, gradually but surely, hardships upon any portion of the community who cannot rid themselves of these fetters, the law should put things right when by doing so it is not infringing the rights of others to any material extent.

It is not a cry of over-work, but rather one of over-time. For many hours of the day there is comparatively little to do when the assistants would be glad to be kept busy. Towards evening the bulk of the customers come in, because they know they *can* procrastinate. If the large shops employing assistants were closed, the smaller shopmen who stand in their own shops would not seriously interfere with the trade of the former, as the customers frequenting the one are seldom seen in the other. Once let people feel (and this can only be done by Act of Parliament) that their shopping must be done in good time, and public approval can be safely allowed in a matter of this kind to follow.

* To this speech was awarded the divided Honorarium.

END OF THE DEBATE ON EARLY CLOSING.

IS IT WISE TO PROMOTE EMIGRATION?

OPENER'S SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,

I am fully aware, Sir, that in seeking to demonstrate the "un-wisdom" of promoting emigration, I am doing a very bold thing, since I set myself in opposition, not only to the majority of my countrymen, but also to the principal political economists of past and present times. Nevertheless, so strongly do I feel that the tide of emigration—encouraged and assisted at every turn—is flowing too often to the

detriment either of the emigrant or of the country which he leaves, that I dare to bring my views before the representatives of the Family Parliament; and, having argued my case, I shall even venture to ask them to agree with me.

In the first place, it will only be fair, both to myself and to those who may oppose me, to clear the ground of all special cases, and to rest my arguments on a broad general basis. Thus it would neither be reasonable nor just to instance emigration from either Germany or Ireland, and to draw conclusions from what has happened or is happening in those individual countries. On the one hand, emigration is promoted in Germany, certainly by the action of the State, but as certainly contrary to its will and wish: it is the result of the law of universal military service, which drives a large percentage of the able-bodied youth of the empire to seek employment in other lands, rather than be compelled to spend some of the best years of life in military training; it—together with its cause—is one of the main reasons for the slow growth in the commercial prosperity of the German Empire. Probably all will be ready to admit that emigration promoted in such a way is a direct loss to the country, and is therefore greatly to be deplored. On the other hand, Sir, I am bound to admit that when a country is impoverished to the extent that Ireland is; when it is impossible that the land can support all the population; when there are no trades or manufactures worth mentioning, and but scant prospects of introducing them —in the case of such a country assisted emigration is perhaps the sole resource, although even then it can only be considered as a very unsatisfactory remedy. Special circumstances then must always be taken into account, and I would therefore narrow the question at issue to this: whether in a country which is contented and prosperous, which is subject to no grievous burdens, and which is continually demanding skilled and unskilled work of every kind, it is wise to promote emigration merely because at recurring periods there is a little congestion in the labour markets, a little excess of supply over demand in certain cities or districts.

Now, Sir, it can hardly be denied that the flesh, and bone, and muscle, and brain which go to make up a man or woman represent a certain amount of capital—are, in fact, a part of the wealth of the country in which the man or woman is born. Or, as an eminent political economist has put it, "the skill and the energy and the perseverance of the artisans of a country are reckoned part of its wealth, no less than their tools and machinery." Indeed, from figures which have lately been published in connection with emigration to some of the Australian colonies, it seems that the advent of an able-bodied man in those colonies is reckoned a matter of no small account, his coming being computed as an addition of from £150 to £200 to the capital of the State. It is plain then that even *unaided* emigration can only assist a country when the emigrant cannot perform a sufficient amount of labour to support him at home, and when he lives partly on the labour of others. But when, in addition to the loss of capital represented by the man himself, the sum paid by the country or by individuals to assist his emigration is taken into account, it must indeed be clearly shown that his home-labour is far from remunerative, before the holding out of inducements to him to emigrate can be in any way defended.

And this, Sir, brings me to what I must call my main argument. By the operation of various outlying circumstances, the majority of emigrants—I mean, of course, the majority of those who emigrate and *remain abroad*—would have added to the wealth of their country if they had remained at home: in other words, their productive labour would have more than sufficed for their own support and the support of their families. And the reason for this is not far to seek. Emigrants are of two classes: the one comprising the strong, self-reliant men, full of energy and capacity for toil, who think they will find in a new land a wider scope for their ambition and enterprise—these are the men who would get on anywhere; the other consisting of weak, feeble individuals, who, whether by misfortune or their own fault, can find no field for their meagre capacities—these are the men who would fail under almost any and every circumstance. The former class emigrate and enrich the land of their adoption; the latter too often roam from clime to clime, only to return at last to take advantage of the charities and poor-law systems of their mother-country.

As a type of the first class there is the skilled artisan, the master of many trades, gifted with dogged pluck and vast powers of endurance, who is worth almost his weight in gold to any country in which he may pitch his tent; and as a type of the second there is the poor clerk who is too lazy or too stupid to succeed at home, who is too proud to undertake manual labour (manual to him sounds like *menial*), and who emigrates as a last resource, only to find the same old difficulties besetting him everywhere. Is not this a fair picture of the two kinds of emigrants from a prosperous though thickly-populated country? and if so, I would submit, Sir, is it fair or wise that either a country or private individuals should be taxed to assist either class to emigrate? I am strongly of opinion, Sir, that it is not.

OPPONENT'S SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,

Confident, Sir, in the strength of the arguments that are to be adduced in favour of the promotion of emigration from thickly-populated countries, I am quite content to meet the Opener of this debate on his own ground, and to allow him to circumscribe it in any way he may please. Great Britain is evidently that country which he takes as a type throughout all his remarks, and I am quite willing that it should be so.

My honourable friend has been at some trouble to assert that the inhabitants of a country are part of its capital, and he quotes John Stuart Mill to this effect. Now, by his own showing, a country which is over-populated suffers from an excess of

capital of this particular kind, and for an excess of capital of *any* kind there is no better remedy than an *emigration* of capital. John Stuart Mill speaks with such force on this very point, in connection with the main question at issue, that I feel I cannot do better than take his argument *verbatim*:—"One of the counter-forces which check the downward tendency of profits in a country whose capital increases faster than that of its neighbours, and whose profits are therefore nearer the minimum, is the perpetual overflow of capital into colonies or foreign countries to seek higher profits than can be obtained at home. I believe this to have been for many years one of the principal causes by which the decline of profits in England has been arrested. It has a two-fold operation. In the first place, it does what a fire, or an inundation, or a commercial crisis would have done: it carries off a part of the increase of capital, from which the reduction of profits proceeds. Secondly, the capital so carried off is not lost, but is chiefly employed either in founding colonies, which become large exporters of cheap agricultural produce or in extending and perhaps improving the agriculture of older communities. It is to the emigration of English capital that we have chiefly to look for keeping up a supply of cheap food and cheap materials of clothing, proportional to the increase of our population, thus enabling an increasing capital to find employment in the country, without reduction of profit, in producing manufactured articles with which to pay for this supply of raw produce. Thus the exportation of capital is an agent of great efficacy in extending the field of employment for that which remains; and it may be said truly that, up to a certain point, the more capital we send away the more we shall possess and be able to retain at home." What has my honourable friend to say to this?

Every year it is proved more clearly that when the population of a country out-strips the growth of the means of subsistence, there are but two main expedients by which unprofitable toil and approaching want may be warded off: the importation of foreign food supplies, and emigration. The facts must be looked boldly in the face. The existence of a large mass of unemployed labour is not phenomenal, but is a constant factor in every thickly-populated land; and even emigration is but as the opening of a small valve, providing slight relief from the pressure. But emigration has a reacting influence for good. The word is almost synonymous with colonisation, and it is from a country's colonies that it may reasonably expect to derive the greater proportion of its food imports. Hence, the two remedial agents of emigration, and importation of food, run to some extent together.

In Great Britain, at the present time, it cannot be denied that the labour market is over-stocked, and that every trade is over-crowded; and it is highly probable that if it were not for emigration our workhouses would be full to overflowing, and vast schemes of national work might have to be undertaken to provide employment for the famine-stricken populace. Well is it, then, that all reasonable support should be given to intending emigrants, even if many of them be our most intelligent and energetic artisans. They will go to other lands, and find highly-remunerative work without taking the bread out of their fellow-workmen's mouths; and when they have amassed a competency, or it may be a large fortune, the probability is that their thoughts will turn away from the land of their adoption to the land of their birth, and that they will come back to the old home, bringing all their wealth with them. And even if they do not return, they are not, by any means, lost to the mother-country because they live in the Greater Britain beyond the seas.

And, Sir, I think an argument on my side may well be adduced even from the second of the classes into which my honourable friend the Opener elected to divide emigrants. True it is that many do go abroad who are but feebly gifted for the race of life, or who are rolling stones, likely to gather little moss wherever they may find themselves. But in the case of such comparatively worthless members of the community, surely an over-crowded country is benefited even by their temporary absence.

I hold then, Sir, that emigration is an undoubted good; and that in such a country as ours it should be encouraged both by the State and by private individuals. But I would go further than this, and would argue in favour of the systematisation and State control of emigration. It should be the duty of the State to see that every emigrant is fully informed of his chances of employment at the destination for which he is setting out, and he should be directed and guided in every way consistent with perfect freedom of action; and while colonies and foreign countries should be encouraged to hold out inducements in the shape of bounties or assisted passages to intending immigrants, their offers and promises should be rigidly scrutinised and severely tested by the home Government. When emigration is put on some such footing as this, it will become even a greater blessing than it is at present, and, Sir, still more deserving of the hearty support of those who wish well to their country and their fellow-men.

[RULES OF DEBATE.—*The course of debate is as follows:—Two principal speakers holding opposite views on the question discussed are selected by the Editor. Readers of the* MAGAZINE *are then invited to express their own views on the subject, to the Editor, who will at his discretion select some of the most suitable and concise of these communications, or portions of them, for publication in a subsequent Part of the* MAGAZINE. *The Opener of the Debate is to have the right of reply.*]

TO OUR READERS.—The Editor will be happy to receive the opinions of any Readers on the above Question, on either side, with a view to the publication of the most suitable and concise communications in the June Part. Letters should be addressed "The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.," and in the top left-hand corner of the envelope should be written, "Family Parliament." The speech should be headed with the title of the Debate, and an indication of *the side taken by the Reader.* All communications on the present Question must reach the Editor not later than April 10.

An Honorarium of £1 1s. will be accorded (subject to the discretion of the Editor) to the *best speech, which may be on either side of the Question;* no speech to exceed 50 lines (500 words).

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THERE is a wide opening and no lack of employment for those amongst our numbers who possess those peculiar and most valuable qualities which fit them for tending the sick and the suffering. Happily it seems always the case that those who have this capacity have also a real liking for the work—an interest in it which increases rather than declines as time goes on.

Within the last dozen years there has been a great revolution in this particular department of women's work: the social position of nurses has been raised very many degrees from the low level to which it had sunk; the standard of necessary skill and excellence has been lifted considerably higher. In the present day numbers of gentlewomen have flocked to this standard, but as yet there is ample room in the field for more. Here gentlewomen may find a work for which in many respects they are more fitted than the ordinary nurses. The degree of culture and intelligence which they bring to their work cannot, I am told on good authority, be over-estimated in critical cases in which (humanly speaking) life depends upon the exact and intelligent carrying out of the doctor's orders.

There are three branches, so to speak, of this work which skilled nurses can make choice to follow. There are hospital nurses, nurses who attend private patients in their own homes, and nurses who tend the sick poor. For these alike, all who enter the ranks must first pass through a course of training. Instructions, both theoretical and practical, gained in the lecture-room and at the bedside, practice, and supervision, transform the novice into the skilled nurse—a title which she must prove herself to have earned before she can seek to be placed on any staff.

Hospital Nurses.—Those trained in London hospitals are specially sought after when appointments in town or country require to be filled. I allude to such posts as matrons and assistant matrons, superintendents and assistant superintendents, in Hospitals, Infirmaries, Convalescent Homes, and Institutions and Associations of various kinds. Posts such as these vary in value from £200 down to £50 a year (with board and residence in addition) according to the amount of work, weight of responsibility, and acquired experience demanded for the appointment. Candidates who desire admission into a hospital for the purpose of being trained as nurses, should send their names to the matron some months before they wish to enter it. The age for probationers (who may be single or widows) is between twenty-five and thirty-five years, but I believe this limit is not always strictly kept. A year is required for the course of training; during this term the probationer lives in the hospital, and serves as an assistant nurse in the wards, and at the same time has instructions as before-mentioned. A probationer receives payment of about £10 a year, together with board and a uniform. When a complete year has been passed with satisfactory results, the probationer is placed on the regular staff of nurses, and then receives a higher salary. Every probationer is to consider herself bound to remain as a hospital nurse for the period of the two years succeeding the completion of training.

Among other endeavours which have been made to raise the standard of nursing, there is one of which it is well to make particular mention. A sum of money has been placed in trust to give a regular course to those who are desirous of taking up the employment of nursing. This is known as the "Nightingale Fund." The Nightingale Home, in which the nurses live while gaining proficiency, adjoins the matron's house at St. Thomas's Hospital, Westminster Bridge. It is in that hospital that training is given. To this Home, gentlewomen are admitted and trained in the practice of hospital nursing, with a view to become qualified for appointments in hospitals and infirmaries.

The age considered desirable for probationers is from twenty-five to thirty-five years. None are admitted under twenty-three years of age. The course of training is for the period of a year; during this term, payment in money and clothing is given to the value of £16, together with full board and a separate bedroom. During the three years next succeeding the completion of the training, the nurses are required to continue to be hospital or infirmary nurses. The committee have hitherto readily found appointments for their certified nurses in public institutions, at salaries commencing at £20, with board.

Private Nurses.—A nurse who wishes to act in this capacity should seek to be placed on the staff of some Association of, or Home for, nurses, to which those requiring such services will naturally apply. A nurse, even if clever and skilful, has not much chance of success if she keeps aloof and endeavours to live apart, for this reason: nurses of this class are most frequently wanted for immediate service. Cases of diphtheria, scarlet, or typhoid fever declare themselves unexpectedly; a sudden accident causes a broken limb, which requires immediate attention; the neces-

sity for an operation is suddenly decided upon, and a nurse's help is essential. In cases such as these and others, physicians and surgeons require instant help, and there is no time to waste in seeking it, to send here and there to ask whether this or that nurse is disengaged. The doctors, therefore, apply at once to some Association or Home, and the superintendent is able to supply the need.

No nurses are admitted into these Associations but those who have been trained satisfactorily at a hospital. The plan adopted in some of these Homes is for each nurse to receive a regular fixed salary—from £20 to £30. When disengaged, a nurse resides in the Home free of charge. The arrangements made in the Institution for Trained Nurses at 62, New Bond Street, London, appear to be on a more liberal scale. There a nurse receives the payment given by the patient—the sum charged is from one to two guineas per week—and she pays a certain percentage towards the expenses of the Home.

At the present time there are but few gentlewomen who have elected to act in this special capacity, but there seems to be no reason why they should not do so. One would imagine the disagreeables attendant upon hospital nursing would be greater than those encountered in the homes of private patients. From what I hear, however, there are not as yet so many requests for gentlewomen as for ordinary nurses. If the former would conform to the requirements of a private house as readily as they do to those more rigid rules in their hospital, there seems to be little doubt that their services would be sought. Many patients decline to engage a nurse of higher class, because frequently the engagement of such has involved the engagement of an extra servant to wait upon the nurse.

District Nurses.—Some seven or eight years ago, an Association was formed in London for providing a body of skilled and trained nurses to nurse the sick poor at their own homes. The Central Home of this Association is at 23, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.; it has a branch in the West, and another in the North of London. There are associations of this character in Liverpool, Manchester, Oxford, and other cities and towns: the broad lines of all are the same, although the details may differ. I will describe the scheme of the Metropolitan Association above-mentioned. One of its objects is to raise both the standard of nursing and the social position of nurses, and one of its distinctive features is that the nurses on its staff are entirely selected from the class of gentlewomen. Those who wish to join in this work—the required age is from twenty-three to thirty-three—apply to the Lady Superintendent of the Central Home, and with her permission they reside in this Home for a month on trial, in order to enable them to become acquainted with the nature of the work of nursing the poor at their own homes. If at the end of a month they still wish to become a district nurse, arrangements are made for a course of training. This course lasts for one year, and is passed through at the Hospital Training School for Nurses. When the probationer has satisfactorily completed the hospital course, she returns to the Central Home and there receives training in the practice of district nursing for a period of six months. All nurse probationers who complete their training to the satisfaction of the committee of the Association are entered on a register; they are then engaged by the Association, or recommended as district nurses in other branches. As yet the Association experiences no difficulty in finding employment for trained and skilful nurses.

And now I will detail the outlay required to secure employment of this kind, and the remuneration given in the future.

A nurse candidate pays £5 for the month's trial residence in the Home: this sum is deemed to cover the expenses of board, lodging, and washing during that month. A nurse probationer pays £30 in two instalments for the year's training in the Hospital School, and in return she is provided with instruction, board, a separate bed-room, a uniform dress, and an allowance of eighteenpence per week for washing expenses. On her return to the Central Home, the nurse pays a fee of £5 towards the expenses of class instruction, books, &c. By the above details it may be gathered that the total expenditure for the training amounts to the sum of £40.

A nurse on the staff of the Association receives a salary (the salary begins from the date of re-entry to the Home after leaving the Training School) of £35 for the first year, £38 for the second year, and so on, increasing £3 every year until it reaches in the sixth year £50. A nurse on the staff resides in the Home, has a separate bed-room, is provided with board, a uniform, and an allowance of half-a-crown a week for washing expenses.

An Association of this kind has lately been formed in Berlin under the direction of the Princess Royal. The German lady who is to superintend this foreign Home has just completed her training at the Central Home in Bloomsbury.

District nursing has its dark and bright sides. A nurse is responsible for the personal cleanliness of each patient and room under her charge. Naturally, there is much that is disagreeable included in this duty, and many relinquish the wish to continue after a month's trial; on the other hand, those who have once thoroughly entered on the work find great and increasing interest in their occupation. I, who have been personally acquainted with many district nurses, can testify to bright and cheerful faces, a good evidence of the interest their work affords them.

A. S. P.

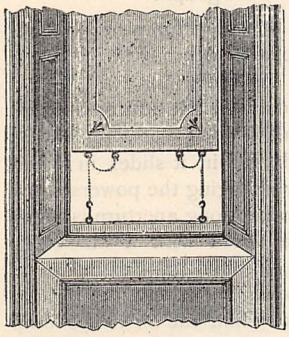
THE GATHERER.

Electric Light Signs.

A patent was recently taken out in America for a mode of forming the incandescent filaments of electric lamps into letters, signs, and symbols. When heated up by the passage of the current these figures will, of course, be brightly visible in the dark. While upon this subject we may add that globes of spun glass are now used for electric lamps, because they absorb less light than solid glass ones. "Electrine" is a new kind of glass specially made for these lamps. It resembles opal glass, but is not so dense, and absorbs less light.

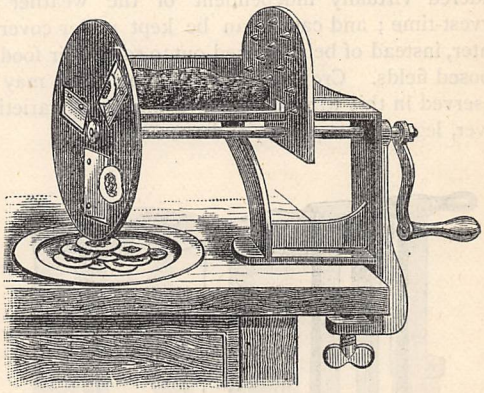
Window-Blind Holder.

In summer time when the days are hot and it is desirable to have the windows open, discomfort or worry is occasionally caused by the flapping of the blind to and fro. The object of the useful and unpretending invention represented in the accompanying woodcut is to prevent this irritating movement, while at the same time allowing of the window being kept open. As will be noticed, the simple appliance comprises a couple of pieces of chain of proper length, fastened to the lower end of the blind near opposite edges, and two hooks secured to the window-sill by one or two links and capable of "engaging" with the chains on the blind. Two hooks are attached to the blind-rod for receiving the ends of the chain when not in use. The chains when looped up are considered to present rather an ornamental appearance than otherwise, and it has been suggested that they might very suitably become substitutes for tassels. As the hook may be "engaged" with any link of the chain, it is clear that the blind may be adjusted to any desired height.



Feline Sanitary Inspectors.

An ingenious householder in the United States has invented a new test for defects in waste-pipes and drain-pipes, which seems likely to prove successful. It often happens that while offensive odours lead the occupiers of a house to suspect a leakage in one of the pipes, the plumber is unable to track the escape of foul gas to its source. In such a case purchase some oil of valerian, and pour it down the pipes at the opening nearest the top of the house; then station a cat on each floor. It is well known that cats have a keen sense of smell, and at the same time are extremely fond of the odour of valerian; it will not be long, therefore, before one or other of the feline occupants of the house will trace the escaping valerian to its source, and will show by its attitude and purr of satisfaction that it has done so. At the spot so marked let the pipe be exposed to view—the covering of woodwork or plaster being removed—and it is almost certain the defect will be discovered. At any rate, this was the result of the first experiment of the sort.



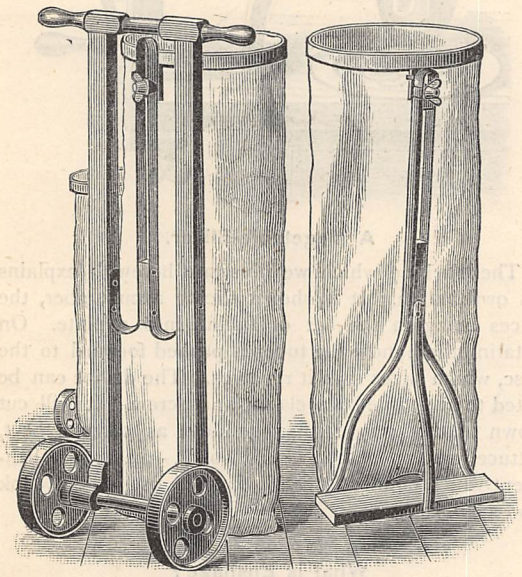
A Vegetable-Slicer.

The machine which we illustrate herewith explains its own action. It is shown slicing a cucumber, the slices being in the act of falling into a plate. On rotating the handle the tuber is pushed forward to the disc, which slices it as it revolves. The device can be fitted to any table by a clamp and screw. It will cut down in this way such vegetables as carrots, beet, lettuce, apples, potatoes, and so on—an accomplishment which eminently fits it for the use of the cook and salad-maker.

What is Ensilage?

This has been concisely defined as the process by which crops are stored in air-tight and water-tight pits, and pressed down by weights. Like so many other things, it was discovered in ancient times, forgotten, and long afterwards re-discovered. It was well known to the Romans, and was found in general use among some of the aboriginal races of America by their European conquerors. It had its origin in the desire to secure agrarian produce from marauding invaders; but when it was seen that grain, &c., could be preserved for long periods by this means, it was elevated into one of the regular processes of agriculture. Its revival in our own times is due to a French gentleman, M. Spoffart, who cultivates his own estate at Sologne, near Orleans. Observing the loss of valuable nutritive elements which takes place when green fodder is converted into hay, even in the most favourable weather—a loss of which every farmer is

conscious, though it may elude the closest analysis —he made experiments to ascertain whether or not forage could be kept without having previously been desiccated. He accordingly stored his grass in "silos," as the pits are called, and the result was entirely satisfactory. Similar experiments have since been made in the United States, and with so much success that the process has come into extensive use among American agriculturists. The ensilaged food, although it has an acid smell, is eagerly devoured by cattle, and they are said to thrive upon it hardly less than upon growing grass. Ensilage, it may be added, has many advantages. The cost is only about one-third of that incurred in making and storing hay; the farmer is rendered virtually independent of the weather in harvest-time; and cattle can be kept under cover in winter, instead of being turned out to seek their food in exposed fields. Crops of almost every kind may be preserved in this way, including grain of all varieties, clover, leguminous plants, and even apples.



An Ingenious Sack-Holder.

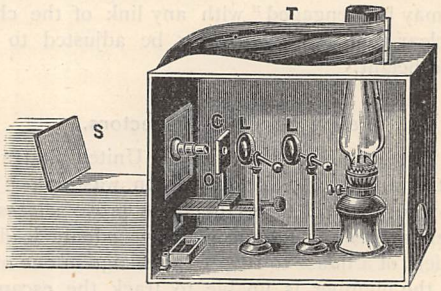
The accompanying woodcut represents a device for holding sacks while they are being filled, of which the chief and most obvious advantage is that it dispenses with the assistance of a second person in the filling process—surely a useful feature enough. As will be seen from the engraving, the sack is attached to a hoop of a round or oval shape, from which it hangs until it has been filled. The holder may be fastened at any height upon its stand by simply adjusting the screw which runs up and down the support. The frame-work being made entirely of wrought-iron is not only inexpensive, but light, and can readily be applied to a truck or platform scale, or to a stationary stand. There can be little doubt that such an appliance would be found of considerable service to many tradesmen. The diagram shows the holder as used in connection with a truck, and also with an ordinary support, which might be placed in a shop-corner without occupying much space.

A Model Eye.

An ingenious model eye for demonstrating the action of that member has been devised by Professor Kühne. It consists of a long rectangular trough filled with water. The front end is provided with lenses and diaphragms of proper shape and colour to represent the cornea and crystalline lens. Hollow glass lenses are provided to receive the fluids serving as aqueous and vitreous humours, and a movable ground-glass screen takes the place of the retina. With the help of movable lenses of various shapes, which stand in the trough, all the peculiarities and defects of vision can be illustrated. Perfect or defective vision is recognised by a clearness or a blurring of the real images of external objects formed on the ground-glass plate.

The Photo-Micrograph.

The device we illustrate is a plan for taking photographs of microscopic objects without the use of a camera or a microscope. The apparatus consists of a lidless box placed on its side. At the left end it has a square hole cut in the wall, but any aperture will do. A brass plate having an adaptor in it slides in or out on runners, for more easily changing the powers when it is desired to do so. Another long aperture is made at the top side, and it is fitted with a blackened chimney to carry off the heat from a "duplex" paraffin lamp placed inside. Another aperture at the bottom of the right side serves to admit the air to the lamp when the front of the box is covered by the black focussing cloth. Within the box, and attached to the left side, is a carrier, C, for holding the object to be photographed. It moves on a long fine screw, and adjusts the object to the proper focus. Two condensing lenses, L L, one to render the rays of the lamp parallel, the other to condense them on the object, complete the arrangement within the box. The light passing through the objective lens, O, issues from the box in a conical beam, and on the principle of the



magic lantern projects the image on a screen, S, seen to the left of the box. This screen may be a plate of glass, or note-paper, and the image is to be sharply defined by adjusting the carrier, C, behind the focussing cloth, T, which is brought down in front of

the box. The screen may now be removed, and its place taken by a dry gelatine plate, and the exposure accurately timed according to the nature of the object. The only outside light must be a non-actinic red light, for the only white or actinic light falling on the plate must be that of the image, otherwise the photograph will be "fogged," or misty. The developer employed by Mr. White is made by adding one part of saturated solution of protosulphate of iron to three parts of saturated solution of neutral oxalate of potash. The resulting ferrous oxalate develops best when freshly mixed.

A New Voltaic Battery.

Voltaic batteries, after being neglected for electric lighting purposes in favour of dynamo-electric generators, are now seen to possess considerable advantages for lighting isolated buildings. The Duplex Electric Light Power and Storage Company have been among the first to recognise their value for such a purpose, and have introduced a novel battery of great power and constancy. This is the "H E" battery, so named after its joint inventors, Mr. George Holmes and Dr. S. H. Emmens. One objection to batteries for in-door lighting is the noxious fumes given off by the Bunsen and Grove types, that is to say, the types hitherto found best for the electric light; but in the H E battery this fuming is practically suppressed. It also yields by-products during action which may be utilised, and the expense of maintaining the battery recovered. Single and double cells will be found very useful by persons employing the incandescence lamp for microscopes or other minor purposes; and batteries on a larger scale can be employed by farmers or country gentlemen to light their premises, or by shopkeepers in towns who object to the introduction of steam or gas engines and dynamos, with their accompaniments of high insurance, noise, dirt, and smoke.

Photo-Filigrane.

Paper is now "water-marked" with photographic designs and portraits by a process brought out by Mr. Woodbury. The photograph to be treated is engraved on iron rollers by existing methods, and the paper is compressed in passing through them, so that when it is held up to the light the design is visible in light and shade. The effects are pretty and novel; visiting cards are impressed with a portrait of the owner, and letter-paper stamped with a view of the place it comes from. The process is also likely to be of use in manufacturing bank cheques, coupons, and bills of exchange.

Electrotyping Telegraph Wires.

Iron telegraph wires are now covered with a coating of copper by galvanoplasty. The object of the coating is to protect the iron from rusting in the air, and at the same time increase the conducting power of the wire for the electric current. Wires of phosphor-bronze are also beginning to be employed in overland telegraphs, instead of the iron wires universally employed until now. They are lighter, stronger, and do not rust in air; moreover, by a new treatment, they can be rendered quite as conductive as iron.

A Fossil Mine.

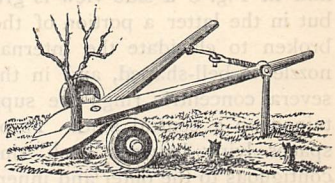
The sandstone quarry at Turner's Falls, on the Connecticut River, in Massachusetts, is a veritable mine of fossils. It was originally brought into fame through the bird-tracks imprinted in its stone. The slabs of dark sandstone with the bird-tracks on them now fetch high prices, some of them being valued at 500 and 1,000 dollars. One slab recently excavated has tracks on it of an enormous bird, which must have been some twenty-five or thirty feet high. The tracks are five feet apart, and measure fifteen inches in length. The delicate tracery of insect-feet, rain-pits, and wave-ripples also invests the slabs with a geological as well as ornamental interest. The whole region is believed to have once been covered by the sea, and the marks remaining on the stone are literal "foot-prints on the sands of time."

A Vast Coal-Vein.

Probably the largest coal-vein in the world has recently been discovered in the Ute Indian Reservation, Colorado. It extends over 1,600 acres of land, and the coal is of a jet-black, semi-bituminous nature, almost wholly free from sulphur. It will smelt iron without coking, and is used at present by the miners to dress their steel drills in lieu of charcoal. Three railroads are now being run to the mineral field so as to tap the supplies.

New Ground Shears.

In the annexed woodcut will be seen a representation of an improved pair of "grubbing" shears, which will be found useful in certain gardening processes which are generally disliked very much, owing to their involving a great deal of stooping. The appliance is specially designed for clearing land of under-growth, weeds, briars, &c., and ought to supersede work usually considered to be of a decidedly laborious character. This invention consists of a heavy pair of shears mounted on a strong, low-set truck. The shears are so formed that they may be employed either for cutting purposes simply or for uprooting, the handles serving as the levers in the latter case. In order to enable heavy brush or stalks that are too strong to be tackled by hand-power alone to be dealt with, the handles are provided with a screw and lever which can easily be brought into action for drawing the handles forcibly together, for the purpose of this special kind of cutting.



Bean Cheese.

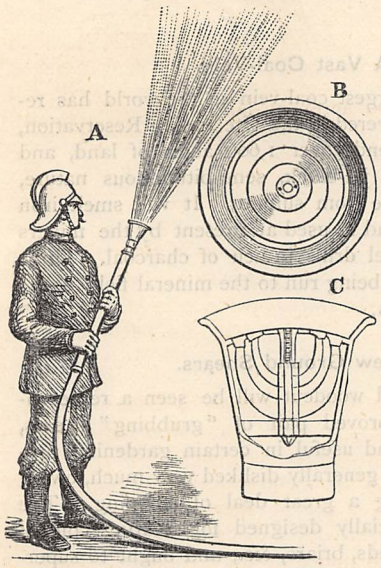
A peculiar bean, from which the Chinese make a species of cheese, has been introduced into South France for acclimatisation. The cheese has a very delicate taste, something like Parmesan, and it resembles an animal product in containing much fatty matter and albumen. The fresh bean is also a palatable vegetable, and the husk serves as good fodder for cows and horses.

A New Anti-scorbutic.

Mr. Robert Galloway, of Dublin, has ascertained that phosphate of potash will restore to salt meat the anti-scorbutic properties which the brine extracts. If the phosphate is therefore added to the soup or gravy made from the salt joints, the danger of scurvy will, he claims, disappear. It is said also to make the salt meat taste more like fresh beef, and hence it will improve the taste of sea-fare.

Novel Nozzle for Fire-Hose.

It is said, on good authority, that the utility of water in extinguishing fires depends, to a greater degree than is commonly supposed, upon the manner in which it is cast on the burning building or other object. When thrown in a solid stream, so to speak, it is much less effective than when "sprayed" and spread out: obviously by the latter method a wider area is covered. The accompanying engraving represents a nozzle constructed in accordance with the requirement mentioned. Fig. A shows a hoze with this nozzle in use; in Fig. B a front and in Fig. C a side view is given of the appliance, but in the latter a portion of the apparatus has been broken to elucidate the internal construction. The nozzle is bell-shaped, and in the mouth of the bell several concentric rings are supported by arms sustained on a central stud. Through the thin annular spaces lying between each ring and the surfaces contiguous to the outer and inner rings, water is propelled in conical sheets, which break up into spray and thus play upon a considerable extent of surface.



Pattern-Printing by Electricity.

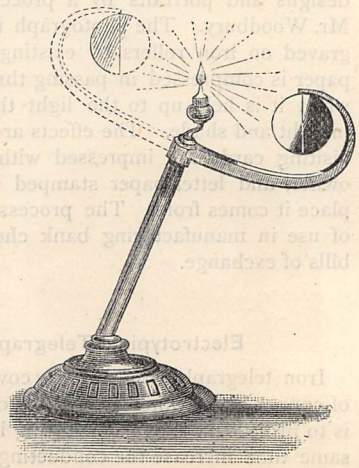
M. Goppelroeder, whose aniline dyes prepared by the electric current attracted notice at the recent Paris Electrical Exhibition, has gone a step further, and now prints patterns in aniline colours within the tissues of cloth or paper, by means of the electric decomposition of aniline salts. Thus an aqueous solution of chlorhydrate, an aniline salt, yielding a black dye when the electric current is passed through it, is taken, and the tissue to be printed is steeped in it between two metal plates, one of which has the pattern cut in relief upon it. This plate is connected to one pole of the battery, and the other plate is connected to the other pole. The current, passing from one plate to the other through the wetted cloth, decomposes the solution along the projecting lines of the metal pattern-plate, and reproduces the design. Colours may also be effaced or blanched in the same way, and colourless patterns may be picked out on coloured cloths.

A Moving Hill.

The Poet Laureate has told us that the "hills are shadows and they flow, From form to form, and nothing stands;" and his words have a very practical illustration in a rambling dune of sand situated in the eastern part of Churchill County, Nevada, U.S. The hill is about four miles long by one wide, and from 100 to 400 feet high. It comprises millions of tons of sand, each particle no bigger than a pin's head, and so soft and clean withal, that it will find its way out of a sack if jolted. The mountain, we are told, is so dense that the sand gives a musical sound under the foot-fall, and often a bird lighting on it, or a lizard running along the slopes, dislodges a train of sand which slides downward with a hum resembling the vibration of a telegraph wire. The whole hill is slowly travelling from west to east under the shifting action of the wind blowing over it. From the time it was first discovered, several years ago, until now, it appears to have moved about a mile.

A Simple Tellurian.

The woodcut illustrates a simple apparatus for showing the cause of day and night, the year and seasons, to a class of pupils. It is designed by Mr. Jeremiah Spicer, of Taylor's Island, Md., United States, and consists, as will be seen, of a stand carrying a lamp to represent the sun, and a movable arm to represent the earth. The arm can be swung round into the opposite position or any intermediate one, so as to cause winter or summer, and the earth can rotate on its axis to produce day and night.



A Chemical Fire-Engine.

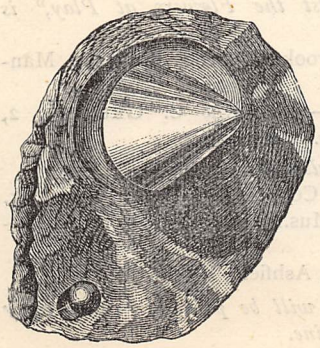
A new fire-engine discharging water mixed with carbonic acid gas, which has powerful extinguishing properties, was recently tried in London. It is the invention of Mr. Foster, and it extinguished a fire in a wooden building fed with tar and paraffin in a few minutes. A man of wood and shavings saturated with paraffin was lighted, and the blaze succumbed in a surprisingly short time to the gaseous water. It is stated by the inventor that 350 gallons of chemicalised water at a pressure of 99 pounds thrown by a one-inch jet or hose is equivalent in its fire-quelling power to 9,000 gallons of ordinary water.

An Electric Amalgamator.

In extracting gold from its ore by amalgamation of the metal with mercury, the mercury gets sluggish in its action owing to a surfeit of copper, iron pyrites, and other impurities. The metal becomes "sickened," as it is termed, and this fact has prevented many valuable deposits of gold ore from being profitably worked. Mr. Richard Barker, F.G.S., finds, however, that when a current of electricity is sent through the mercury it recovers its vigour, and does not again succumb to "sickening" so long as the current is kept flowing. The invention has been taken up by a company, and a public exhibition of the process was recently held at their works near London Bridge. The apparatus consisted of an inclined table about twenty feet long, and varying from three feet to six feet wide. In this table at intervals were placed the "riffles" or baths containing mercury, and over these baths the pulverised gold ore flowed in a constant stream of water. The negative pole from an electric generator was connected to the mercury, and the positive pole was introduced into the water. The current causes a continual agitation at the surface of the mercury, and thus prevents the "sickening," and the ore is kept in movement. It was also shown that batches of mercury sickened with oil, arsenical ores, antimony, and iron pyrites rapidly recovered their pristine vigour.

Curious Effect of Lightning.

At the summit of the Puy de Dôme mountain in France there is an observatory, and on the observatory is fixed a Robinson anemometer, with copper cups which revolve with the wind. Quite recently these metal cups were observed to be carved into curious little pits and nipples, such as the figure illustrates. The effect was produced by a lightning discharge of the gentler sort known as St. Elmo's fire, and the conical form of the projection would seem to indicate a whirling motion of the electric flow.

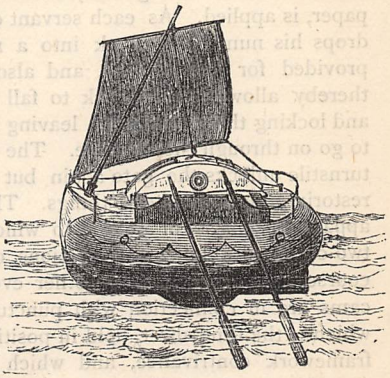


A New Method of Enamelling Water-Pipes.

A remarkable discovery in the art of enamelling has just been made by two inventors in Bohemia. The enamel—the composition of which is at present a secret—is applied direct to the pipes during the process of casting, by covering the sand cores with the composition, and then when the molten iron is poured in as usual, the intense heat fuses the enamel, which at once attaches itself freely to the iron, and detaches itself so completely from the sand that the enamelling is said to be all that can be desired for water-pipes and other industrial purposes. The colour of the new enamel is grey.

A Buoy Life-Boat.

The life-boat which we illustrate consists of a large life-buoy of circular form, with an inner chamber of steel plates having a flat bottom. Below the bottom of the boat is a hollow girder keel, open at the top into the vessel, and two bilge clogs, one at each side of the keel, tend to support it when upon the deck of the ship. A flat-sided dome-shaped erection in the centre gives access to the hold below. The craft is rendered buoyant with air-tanks, and the upper deck is fitted with rowing oars. The advantages claimed for the life-boat are its safety and ease of launching.



A Centrifugal Soot-Collector.

An ingenious appliance for preventing the escape of soot into the atmosphere has been devised by Herr Albert Petzold, a Berlin engineer. It consists of two hollow cylinders, made of sheet-iron, arranged one below the other, but with a space between them rather wider than the diameter of the cylinders. They are placed either in the chimney, or in a chamber above the grate communicating with the chimney. The upper cylinder rests on a plate closing the chamber, except within the cylinder, so that the air around the cylinder is at rest. A band of sheet-brass runs spirally round the two cylinders, giving the smoke a rotary motion, and causing the particles of soot and ash, by centrifugal force, to pass out by the space between the two cylinders, and fall into the chamber outside the lower cylinder, to be removed at intervals by means of a small door.

Making Luminous Paint.

Oyster-shells, cleaned in warm water, and baked in a fire for thirty minutes, are allowed to cool, then pounded fine, and the grey parts removed. The powder is put into a crucible with alternate layers

of flour or sulphur, the lid is put on and cemented with sand made into a stiff paste with beer. When this "luting" is dry the crucible is put into a fire and roasted for an hour, then taken out to cool. The lid is taken off when the crucible is cold, and the white powder obtained is self-luminous. All grey portions are to be discarded. It should be sifted through a muslin strainer, and mixed with gum and water into a thin paint, which when applied in two layers to an object renders it luminous after dark, provided it be exposed to day-light previously.

A Servants' Time Recorder.

The automatic registration of the time a workman or other person enters and leaves a factory is effected by the "workman's time recorder." The apparatus consists of a gate and turnstile to which a tell-tale, in connection with an eight-day clock and roll of ruled paper, is applied. As each servant enters the gate he drops his numbered check into a recess in a table provided for the purpose, and also pushes a lever, thereby allowing the check to fall into a receptacle and locking the gate behind, leaving him no option but to go on through the turnstile. The movement of the turnstile unlocks the gate again but locks itself, thus restoring the first state of things. The self-registering apparatus consists of a clock to which are connected two cams with horizontal motions, one traversing its course in twelve hours, the other every hour. These cams are in connection with puncturing pins, facing which is the time-sheet, held in position by a suitable framework contrivance, and which is automatically moved onwards through rollers, and forwards to the puncturing pins, by the action of the turnstile as every operative passes through. When all hands have arrived the dominoes or checks are found to tally with the record on the time-sheet.

Answers to Literary Queries on page 237.

1. Thackeray.
2. From a palace which stood there for the reception of the Scotch King, when he came to pay his homage to the King of England.
3. Luna in Heaven, Diana on Earth, and Proserpine in Hell.
4. James Hogg, the Scotch poet.
5. The great ash-tree, or tree of life that binds together Heaven, Earth, and Hell. (Scandinavian mythology.)
6. "To match the men." (See "Adam Bede.")
7. Anne Clifford, wife of the Earl of Dorset.
8. "Peccavi"—*i.e.*, "I have sinned" (Scinde).
9. Dr. Johnson's.
10. 150.

Thought-Reading and Will-Power as an Amusement.

To the Editor of CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—About the time the last Part of this Magazine was published, I, together with some friends, had been much interested in the subject of "willing," but had not heard of "thought-reading," and I must confess that the former is much more interesting than the latter. It may be worthy of note that, about the time your article appeared, two sermons were preached in this neighbourhood, in two different churches by two different clergymen, on this subject.

Some of our experiments were very remarkable, and may be of interest to many readers.

After the patient to be operated on had been sent out of the room, it was arranged that he was to be "willed" to open the door of the conservatory. He was then called back, and two persons having placed their hands lightly round his neck, he, after some slight hesitation, went to the opposite end of the room, staying there for a few moments, and then with considerable reluctance turned round, walked to the conservatory, moved a chair out of the way, and opened the door: this all being accomplished without being blindfolded or the eyes closed.

Another remarkable instance was when a young lady was willed to fetch the mat from the hall-door, and place it on a couch in the dining-room, which she did without the slightest hesitation. The same person was on another occasion willed (with her eyes blindfolded) to find a small card-table and turn it upside-down, and then roll up the hearth-rug. She turned the table top-side-turvy, but would not roll up the hearth-rug, although going down on her knees before it.

Further trials were made, among them being the following. While blindfolded the subject was willed to remove a basket from a table in one corner of the room to a chair in another, then take the scoop from the coal-scuttle and place it on a particular chair, both of these tests being most successfully accomplished.

Out of nine persons who have been *willed*, only two have failed to carry out what was desired; but in regard to *thought-reading*, only two experiments have been successful, both "readings" being by one who cannot be "willed" to do anything. It is certainly a very interesting amusement.—I am, Sir, &c.,

R. S. H.

Song Competition.

The Editor has great pleasure in publishing the award of the Adjudicators to whom the 85 *MSS. entered for this Competition were submitted. After a careful consideration of all the settings, the* PRIZE *of* FIVE POUNDS *offered by the Proprietors of* CASSELL'S MAGAZINE *for the best setting of Mrs. Hemans' words, "Child amidst the Flowers at Play," is awarded to*

J. J. ROBERTS, Brookfield, Glossop, near Manchester.

Proxime Accessit—ELEANOR C. GREGORY, 2, Amen Court, St. Paul's, E.C.

Honourable Mention also awarded to

(3) ALICE HELENA COX, 2, Wales Road, Tavistock.
(4) W. CLAXTON, Mus.B. Oxon, St. Michael's College, Tenbury.
(5) C. W. THOMAS, Ashfield, Wrexham.

The Prize Setting will be published in an early Number of the Magazine.

PARDONED.

By the Author of "In a Minor Key," "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," &c.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

INSINUATIONS.

THE dower-house at Carnford was such an abode as one can fancy the Enchanted Palace of the Sleeping Beauty to have been, so embowered in trees that it would have required all the perseverance of the prince of the fairy tale to have discovered its whereabouts. Only it was not a palace at all, but a very comfortable, home-like Queen Anne house, set in the midst of a wood that stretched away on one side nearly to Meriton, on the other to Carnford Towers, where it melted into the park, and contributed to the famous elm ride that was the glory of the place.

The month of May had come in, in its usual fashion —piercingly cold winds, demanding large fires morning and evening, and withal a brilliant sun; the fruit-trees white with snowy blossoms, the golden laburnums shedding their bright petals unstintingly over lawn and park: everywhere a wealth of sweet, faint colour, thrown out by glowing copper beeches, masses of purple rhododendron, and the deep yellow of the countless field-flowers.

Winifred sat in the woods sketching. She could just catch a glimpse of an angle of her present home, framed in a natural archway of overhanging boughs: a pretty, quiet little bit of red-brick, green leaves, and white blossoms, and overhead a sky of clearest blue. It was all so peaceful, so still, so soothing, whilst she herself was far from feeling the same.

These two months at Carnford, what had they brought her? Nothing but conflict and doubt, and a renewal in greater force than ever of the old jealousy and miserable pettiness. Why had she come to this hitherto happy family, only to be an apple of discord among them? Was it her fault that her uncle had not only forgiven her, but had taken her to his heart as had she been a long-lost daughter? Was it her fault that he liked her to ride with him, to walk with him—in fact, to be ever at his side? And, again, was it her fault that she loved him with an intensity that made those hours with him the happiest in her day? —so much so that on her return to the country she had yielded to temptation, and allowed herself to enjoy them. Yet she knew that he was precisely the same man that he was six months ago. He was still overbearing, imperious, unforgiving, but all these faults had now become virtues in her eyes. Hers was a nature that loved to obey where the authority was legitimate, and the will that of a master; and now it was her greatest pleasure to please her uncle.

And yet she must leave him. Day by day Mrs. Everard grew colder to her; day after day she would wing such little shafts at her as women know so well how to let fly at one another; daily and hourly she would interfere to prevent her being with her husband; and more than once she had faintly hinted to her that, had she any pride, she would not stay on where she was not wanted.

And then there was Con. And yet Colonel Everard was all, and more all than he had ever been to Constance. The poor child could not ride and walk with him as Winny could, and she felt, or chose to feel, that her cousin had supplanted her. The whole thing —the petty jealousy, the womanly spitefulness—was utterly distasteful to Winifred, with her large intellectual nature, who would have been far too proud to show any resentment had she been in Mrs. Everard's or Con's place. She was sorry for them both, for she knew they were unjust. Colonel Everard's relations to them were precisely what they had always been: he had merely opened his heart to a new niece.

And there was another reason why she must go. Even as she thought of it she looked round to make sure that the author of it was not by her side, as he so often was. But she was alone with the bees and the insects and the little chirping birds—alone as in the old days at Penruth. She had grown older and younger since then, also softer and gentler. Her lesson had been a hard one, but, as is the case with most hard lessons, the learning of it had brought its own reward. It was in a very different spirit that she sat and thought out her worries to-day from that which she had brought to her troubles last year. To-day she was sincerely anxious to do her duty in a humble, self-distrustful spirit; and it seemed to her that her duty lay in departure. Lord Carnford had been away for the last month, but he had come back yesterday for a few days; he had dined with them last night, and ignorant as she was of the world and its ways, she could not shut her eyes to what must soon follow, nor to the fact that her uncle would wish it to follow. And she knew that she should say "No."

She did not dislike Lord Carnford; on the contrary, she thought him very good-natured. True, he bored her very often, but that she considered was her fault: that she had so little or no knowledge of the different topics belonging to the fashionable world, upon which

he was wont to converse. No, she certainly did not care for him; though, with her beauty-loving temperament—and one that had been starved all its life—the prospect of the wealth, and all it would bring her, the grandeur, the position she would enjoy as Lady Carnford, was not without its fascination for her.

She blushed a vivid crimson of shame as the thought darted into her mind, saying she must indeed have deteriorated, that such things should have any weight with her. Perhaps, had she been older, had she had a longer knowledge of the world, she would not have judged herself with such severity; as it was, she had brought her standard, unbending and rugged as its own rocks, from Penruth, and as yet she had not learnt to veneer it. No, she could not marry Lord Carnford. She would not even whisper to herself where the real obstacle lay, although it, nevertheless, acted as another little spur to send her away.

Her plan was to go to the Cravens, if they could receive her, for a short time, and from thence to seek for a situation as governess to little boys, giving up, at any rate for a time—with a pang second only to that she felt at leaving her uncle—all idea of being an artist. For where was the money for her education to come from?

Her sketch did not get on very fast; one hand hung idly by her side, the other supported her head, grown heavy with thought. So Colonel Everard found her when, a quarter of an hour later, he turned his steps to the wood to seek her. His face was grave to severity as he approached his niece, so absorbed in her reverie that she did not hear his footsteps on the soft moss. He had parted from Mrs. Everard but a few minutes before, and the sting of her words, grown dismally familiar from frequent reiteration, was still rankling in his mind.

"You are going on a fool's errand," she had said, "but with all my heart I wish you luck. It may be you will not find Winifred alone."

It was this last sentence, with its poisonous suggestion, that had printed the frown between his eyebrows, and given him that inquisitorial air, as he drew near to where the girl sat motionless on her camp-stool.

"Thinking, Winny?" he asked, as she started at seeing him close to her. "I have brought you food for further reflection."

Winny turned paler.

"Food for further reflection, Uncle George? What is it? A fresh idea of Mr. Williamson's?" but even as she asked the question she knew that it had nothing to do with the architect.

"It concerns you only. Lord Carnford has been with me."

"Yes?"—but she put her hand pleadingly on his.

"I think you can guess what his errand was. Winifred, my child, he came to ask me if I could spare you to him—to be his wife. I told him to apply to you. As far as I was concerned, I should wish nothing better."

"Oh, Uncle George!"

"Is that all you have to say?" The tone was unusually stern, and it nerved her to courage.

"No," she rejoined, "it is not all. I do not wish him to come to me, for I should have but one answer to give him."

"Take care, Winifred. Think before you speak. What reason can you give me or him for that answer?"

The usually fearless eyes were sunk before his; in vain she tried to keep down the faint pink blush that would spread itself over her face.

"I do not care for him," came the almost inaudible answer.

"And why not? Surely you have had ample time to find out his many good qualities. He is a gentleman; he is not ill-looking; he is amiable: a man of birth, position, influence, free from many of the vices of his order. What have you to say against him?"

It seemed to Winny that her uncle's voice had been rising in a gradual *crescendo* of severity and anger, till it had now reached its culminating point.

"I have nothing to say against him"—her eyes raised to his again—"I am only speaking of myself."

"He has done you a very great honour in asking you to be his wife."

"Every man does a girl honour whom he asks to be his wife."

"What an incorrigible radical you are, Winifred! I suppose you will not recognise that Lord Carnford is doing you a greater honour in proposing to you than a penniless clerk in a public office, or a soldier in a marching regiment."

Winny smiled. "I know it is a great honour, Uncle George. I fully recognise the difference between Lord Carnford and myself. I wish," with a blush, "I could accept him."

Colonel Everard turned his head round, and looked into her eyes.

"And why not?" he asked again searchingly.

"You are *so* good to me," she continued, "and I am only a trouble and worry to you; and yet I can't."

"You cannot give me an adequate reason," he answered coldly, rising to his feet. "The one you bring forward is a lame excuse, childish and unreasonable. I shall say no more; but I distinctly tell you that my wishes are identical with Lord Carnford's—not that you are a trouble to me, but it is a marriage such as you ought to make, and such as would, I am sure, insure you much happiness. I leave it now to your own good taste and good feeling, after having allowed Lord Carnford to pay you attention, on and off, for the last two months;" and Colonel Everard prepared to withdraw.

Winny had never taken her hand from his, and she still held it tightly.

"I could not help that," she said meekly; "I have done my best to show him I did not want him. Dear Uncle George, I am afraid, as I said, that I can give him but one answer; but please, please do not let him put the question to me."

"I wash my hands of the whole business, Winifred. I have told you my wishes."

The words of her long-ago written note, "Un-

questioning obedience as long as I am under your roof," flashed across her memory. Well, she must not stay under his roof: she would keep her word to the very letter; but, oh! how it grieved her to displease him.

Meanwhile, Colonel Everard was walking slowly towards the house again. He, too, was grieved. He had set his heart and his will on this marriage, and he found himself opposed by a will as determined as his own.

Latterly, with that slowness of comprehension that a man displays for the small workings of his own domestic politics, he had at last awakened to the fact that Mrs. Everard had always something to say in disparagement of Winifred, and that the girl's presence was hateful to her; moreover, that Constance, although she contributed no word to these insinuations, did not once lift up her voice in defence of her cousin, but sat by, silent and quiet, tacitly acquiescing in all that was said—very different from her usual blithe chatter.

All this had seemed of very little moment to Colonel Everard. From the first day of their married life, Mrs. Everard had been jealous: jealous of his men friends, jealous even of his dog, madly jealous of other women. He had come to pay no attention to it, keeping it within bounds by the awe with which he had succeeded in inspiring her, but it had been, nevertheless, one of the primary causes of their utter estrangement from one another.

At first, this last outbreak had caused him some amusement, as he reflected that Winny would soon be married, and much as he should miss her companionship, yet it was such a marriage as he should wish for his niece, and one, too, that would keep her within easy reach of himself. He was quite willing to allow that Lord Carnford was not alarmingly intellectual, that he was apt to bring the conversation round to horses and hounds, to such-and-such a run, and such-and-such a find; but, after all, what did a woman want with intellect? Had not Winny, he reflected with pride, enough for them both?

But now the affair had assumed quite a different aspect. With Winifred's reluctance to entertain Lord Carnford's proposal, her strange manner and shyness on the subject, all the innumerable innuendoes, all the insinuations against her made by his wife, would recur to his memory, and rise up in judgment against his niece, gathering considerable weight as he remarked how they had been silently supported by Constance.

One story there was, in particular, that he could not choose but remember, uttered with such passionate persistency and asseverations of its truth during the last three weeks, that, viewing it now by the light of this rejection of Lord Carnford, he felt suddenly persuaded of its veracity. As related by Mrs. Everard, its proportions were, to say the least, alarming, and no one would have supposed that it had been founded merely on the fact that twice, when coming in from her drive, she had surprised Winifred and Roger Champneys conversing together in the woods.

Jumping at a conclusion with feminine rapidity, she had permitted her prejudices to suggest to her that if she had seen the pair together twice, the probabilities were that they met every day. By dint of talking about it to Constance, raking up with it all the old story of Mrs. Smith and her elopement, while kindling a fresh jealousy in her niece's coquettish heart, she succeeded in persuading herself of the perfect truth of her imaginations, which had so grown, that she verily believed in the long intimate *tête-à-têtes*, the warm pressure of the clasped hands, the tender glances that she asserted to her husband that she had witnessed.

Could it indeed be true, he asked himself, that, like her mother before her, Winifred was carrying on clandestine meetings, a clandestine correspondence, with Roger Champneys, as Mrs. Everard affirmed she was? Was he to wake up again one morning, and hear of an empty room, a tear-stained letter? Was he a second time to curse a man that he liked and respected as he did Roger Champneys?

"What is bred in the bone," he murmured between his clenched teeth, reviving all his old hatred for Mr. Smith. Yet Winifred was very different from her mother. His poor sister had always been bright, gay, yielding, easy-going, whereas this girl took life in earnest, and was not one, apparently, who would call wrong right. Yet, what did those blushes, those downcast eyes, that reluctance to permit Lord Carnford's attentions mean? And, on the other hand, was not Roger Champneys a very different man from what he had been this time last year? Then the sight of his cheery, wonderfully boyish face for his age had usually been the signal for chat, and even laughter; now the face, which looked full its thirty years, was as grave as his own, the blue eyes had lost their light, and what little conversation he held was strictly on business. He was always in a hurry to go; he had always some good excuse ready for not dining or lunching with them; but, as far as he could remember, he held but little intercourse with Winifred. Was not that perhaps a proof that the two were sufficiently ashamed of themselves, or sufficiently versed in deceit, not to exhibit themselves in their true colours to him?

Was not that, again, the reason for those frequent excuses for not going out with him, that constant reference to her sketching and drawing that his niece was always making? Were those elaborately framed devices only covers to stolen interviews with Roger? He sickened at the very idea. For one moment he thought he would walk back, surprise her in her leafy retreat, and see if he should not find Mr. Champneys with her; the next he had repelled the impulse with contempt. To act amateur detective was a part he scorned to play. If any one once deceived him, thenceforth he washed his hands of the offender; to spy on him, to hunt out the measure of his iniquity, was what he never could stoop to. In the meanwhile he would wait, with what patience he could muster, and see if his suspicions of his niece were justified. If it were indeed true that she was deceiving him—which he could not bring himself to believe—there was nothing for it: she must go away. He could not keep any one

who sought to impose on him under his roof. Once away from him, she might do as she chose, but as long as she was with him her conduct must be open as the day. He would make her an ample allowance: never again should it be said that any relation of his had been left in abject poverty; but she must go. And this was the girl he had taken to his heart—the girl with such a proud, sensitive face, that he should have thought her incapable of meanness. So much for countenance! He was so absorbed in these thoughts, that he did not know how much time had elapsed since he had left Winifred, till recalled to himself by a sudden crackling of the boughs, a firm, even tread in his vicinity, as from one of the paths converging in the green glade where he stood lost in his reflections Roger Champneys emerged into the bright sunlight.

"Ah!" came almost inaudibly from between the firmly-set teeth, as Colonel Everard, with his watch in his hand, remained standing, without moving, or showing sign that he saw Mr. Champneys.

But he did see him only too well; he was scanning every line, every feature, in his face, asking himself why the man looked ill and haggard, walking listlessly over the blue hyacinth carpet.

"Good morning, Colonel. I wanted to see you."

"Indeed, Mr. Champneys."

Roger stood still and stared. What was the meaning of that attitude of haughtiness, not to say contempt—of the "Mr. Champneys," where it was always either "Roger" or "Champneys"?

But he quickly recovered himself.

"It was a matter of business," he said coldly. "I can wait till another time, if you please."

"You must find eight miles a long distance to walk," with the same frigid half sneer, half smile.

"I did not walk; I left my horse at the 'Carnford Arms,' and took the short cut through the woods."

"Ah! I see; I quite understand. The woods are very attractive at this time of year. Now, if you please, I am ready to hear your business."

There was no sign of guilt, or even of confusion, in Roger's look or manner as he proceeded to unfold his errand. The die, he felt, was cast now. If Kate and Alice went on their knees to him, he could not stay on at Tranmere. He was glad it was settled for him. He felt almost obliged to Colonel Everard, only he was sorry that the man who had always treated him with unvarying courtesy should for some slight caprice have, even momentarily, forgotten his gentlemanliness.

It was a long, uninteresting matter of rents and repairs that Roger had come over about—one that would far better have been transacted in the house, but that Colonel Everard seemed glued to that green ride.

Up and down the two men walked for more than an hour, neither of them relaxing for one moment the purely formal tone they had adopted towards one another. Roger did not guess that it required all Colonel Everard's self-control not to burst into a passion of invective against the man who had dared to play a clandestine part with *his* niece, that the hand which held his walking-stick was quivering with rage, and that the icy formality of his tones was his only safeguard against altogether forgetting himself.

The bright sun came pouring down on both their heads, but they heeded it not; the little rabbits scudded in and out of the ferns, the bees and gnats hummed and buzzed about their ears, and still they walked on. But they were not to be wholly uninterrupted. First of all came Lord Carnford, hurrying along the public path that ran through the woods, looking eagerly to the right and left, if he might but espy a well-known black hat and dress. Colonel Everard smiled bitterly as he saw him disappear among the trees, to be soon followed by Con, who came limping down the glade to summon her uncle to some one who wanted to speak to him. Her face brightened when she saw Roger.

"Ah, Mr. Champneys! have you thought of my mole-skins yet? It will take some time to collect sufficient for a jacket."

Roger was forced to confess that, for the second or third time, he had quite forgotten the mole-skins, but he would speak to the keeper about them the very instant he got back to Tranmere.

"I suppose you stay to tea, don't you?" asked Constance. "I want to talk to you about Fizz. I am dreadfully afraid that he has got the distemper."

"No, not to-day," he replied hastily. "I must be back at Tranmere in good time. Roberts will be able to tell you more about Fizz than I can."

"I believe you have sworn never to take a meal in this house," she rejoined, laughing. "You have always some excuse ready."

"It is the spring, you see, Miss Everard, which gives me plenty to do; and I have very little time for tea-drinkings."

Throughout this dialogue Colonel Everard had stood by sombre and grave, but now he interposed.

"I think we have finished our business," he said—"Good-bye;" and, taking Con's arm, he walked away towards the house, whilst his niece was secretly puzzling herself over his very abrupt dismissal of Mr. Champneys.

There was a suppressed excitement about every member of the family just then. They all knew on what errand Lord Carnford—who was not reticent, and who had confided in them all in turn—had sped; and although Mrs. Everard, and even Con, had fully made up their minds about Winny, yet they could not help feeling just a little hopeful as to the results of these overtures, so alluring in the prospects they offered.

To all her insinuations, or rather her fabrications, respecting Winny, which had been met by her husband with a derisive smile and exasperating silence, Mrs. Everard had found in Constance a listener. Once or twice she had attempted a somewhat feeble defence of her cousin, suggesting to her aunt that Mr. Champneys seemed, as a rule, very indifferent to Winny, until overborne by the weight of counter-evidence. Besides, her woman's instinct,

quickened by jealousy, told her the indifference was assumed, and thus she too had a fresh grudge against the cousin who had turned up so inopportunely.

Not that she was in love with Roger Champneys; but he was an old friend, whom she had always regarded as her own property, and, thorough-going little flirt that she was, she liked to have every man at her feet, and it was beyond her power of forgiveness to pardon Winny for supplanting her, first of all with her adored uncle, and in the next place with the friend of her childhood, Mr. Champneys.

So she too rejoiced to think that perhaps—alas! only perhaps—in a few months' time her cousin might be reigning at Carnford, and she should have resumed her place at Tranmere.

Could neither she nor her aunt guess that those two luckless meetings between Roger and Winifred, witnessed by Mrs. Everard, had been purely accidental, and that the conversations described by her as so long, intimate, even affectionate, had been confined to a few brief words of the most commonplace character? Could neither of them remember, either, how thoughtful Winifred was for them both; how soft and gentle she had grown; how consistently she sought to put herself in the background, and to give her cousin the first place?

"COLONEL EVERARD, WITH HIS WATCH IN HIS HAND, REMAINED STANDING WITHOUT MOVING" (p. 324)

Con did remember, and hated herself for the bitter thoughts she entertained towards Winifred—so strong and beautiful—who had only to show herself to at once eclipse her poor, weakly cousin, even in those affections which had been hers for years.

"When she is Lady Carnford," she would think to herself, "and I have Uncle George once more to myself, I shall love her dearly again; but now—— Ah! why did she come here to disturb us all? We were so happy without her."

Silently she and Colonel Everard walked back to the house. Somehow she felt that her uncle was not to be spoken to just now; something evidently connected with Mr. Champneys had put him out.

But Mrs. Everard had no such fears as she advanced to meet her husband up the gravel drive.

"Lord Carnford is gone to look for Winifred," she said in a stage whisper, accompanied by sundry mysterious signs. "I told him he would find her sketching somewhere in the wood. He can have come but on one errand, I imagine."

"No doubt you are right. Con, my dear, just go up to the house, will you? and tell Mr. Groves that I will be with him in a few minutes."

Con obeyed, and Mrs. Everard seized her husband's arm to keep him by her side.

"It is quite a relief," she said, heedless of his lowering brow, "to have you, if only for five minutes, to myself. George, have *you* any hope that Winifred will accept Lord Carnford?"

"I do not know what she may do."

"But I can guess; she will refuse him. Ah!" as he made a gesture of annoyance, "you cannot bear a word against your new favourite, but I tell you, and have told you, she is unworthy of all the affection you lavish on her. She does not care for you; on the contrary, she dislikes you, and formerly she made no secret of it. She has thought better of it since then, and, at any rate, has found it more convenient, and certainly far pleasanter, to pretend repentance; all the time taking you in, and making a tool of that poor weak man, Roger Champneys. No, you shall *not* go," as he sought to free himself from her grasp. "Some day, when your sister's miserable story is repeated over again, you will be sorry you have not listened to me."

There was a dangerous light in Colonel Everard's eyes as he turned round and confronted his wife.

"Be silent!" he said, in a low tone of concentrated passion. "My sister is dead. Remember that; and do not mention her again." And before she had time to recover her shrinking from the contempt expressed in every line of his countenance, he had broken away from her, and was walking towards the house.

The poor woman looked after him with eyes haggard with jealousy. That look had revealed to her how pitiful, how contemptible, she seemed in her husband's eyes, and a little cry burst from her lips. The small feeble nature that, by its weak flutterings, had managed to estrange the higher one to which it was linked, was crying out for something, it hardly knew what.

"If she had not come between us!" came the untrue exclamation, and at the moment that it was uttered Mrs. Everard firmly believed that until Winifred appeared upon the scene she and her husband had not been the perfectly separate individuals they were at this moment. Through her whole life she had deceived herself, but never more so than now, as she gazed after the receding figure; and a final gleam of triumph passed over her features as she reflected that she thought she had got rid of Winifred, although it might be at the expense of a little extra contempt on the part of Colonel Everard.

Con came out to meet her; she felt restless and unsettled that afternoon.

"There is thunder in the air, Aunt Milly," she remarked, with a comical glance.

"Indeed, my dear! Let us make haste in," and Mrs. Everard commenced walking with rapid steps towards the house.

Con shrugged her shoulders.

"I ought to have remembered she never understood a joke, much less a metaphor," she murmured. "This time I thought it was quite plain, since, if I am not mistaken, she has had a hand in brewing it herself." And with slow meditative steps she was preparing to follow her aunt, when she thought she would change her mind, and take a turn among the hyacinths. She should be all alone. Mr. Champneys was gone home; she would carefully steer clear of Lord Carnford and Winny; and perhaps when she went in again she might hear good news.

"Ah! if it would only come all right," she muttered, as she threaded her way among the low hazel-trees, "I should be quite happy; and how I should love Winny! I do love her, as it is: that is the worst of it; and yet—and yet—I *hate* her!"

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

AMONG THE HYACINTHS.

IN spite of his alleged hurry to be back at Tranmere, Roger Champneys remained rooted to the spot where Colonel Everard and Constance had left him.

How long he stood there, thoughtful and immovable, he neither knew nor cared; of one thing alone he was conscious: he was going to leave Tranmere, and the sooner he went the better.

Let him only put as many miles as he could between himself and the sweet proud face that was at once his "joy and his pain," as the German poet has put it, and then perhaps in the long years to come he might meet her again as Lady Carnford, her shapely head adorned with the diamonds that would sit so well on that dark auburn hair, on that long white throat, and feel that all was for the best.

At present he could not feel it. Life had been hard for him, he inwardly cried, and, for almost the first time, a feeling of indignation against the father who had saddled his son with a lifelong burden rose within him.

He was not himself, our poor Roger: he was sore at heart. He had fought his battle bravely and honourably hitherto. No one had guessed his secret, but it

had corroded his sweet wholesome nature, so that he could hardly bear the two pairs of loving eyes constantly fixed on him at home, asking as plainly as they could speak what ailed him.

The great stable-clock at Carnford boomed out five o'clock, and he was still standing there. The sound aroused him to the fact that he had promised to be back at Tranmere by 5.30, and with a feeling of anger against himself for his absurd waste of time, he was about to retrace his steps through the wood, when he was arrested by the appearance of "Smoke," a large colley dog, for the last two months Winifred's inevitable precursor.

He was followed closely by his mistress, issuing from one of the numerous paths that converged on this long green ride, which, if you followed far enough, would land you in the town of Meriton.

Yes, there she was, close by him now: her camp-stool hung over her arm, her sketch-book in her hand; in her hat a bunch of anemones, at her throat another twin bunch, standing out against the black lace that, wrapped high round her throat, served to throw out the deadly pallor of her face, the dark shadows that lay under her eyes.

He took it all in: every line, every feature. It was the last time, he said to himself, that he should see her; let him photograph her, as she stood there, for ever on his brain. But these reflections lasted but one moment, and then her voice broke upon his ear. He half turned round, as had he not known she was there, as had she uttered some portentous words instead of the common-place "How do you do, Mr. Champneys?" as he threw his head back, a gesture which was natural to him.

With a forced smile he approached, and took her proffered hand, brown from the spring sun, but perfectly shaped, as everything about her was. There was a wistfulness in her eyes, a quivering round her mouth, to-day, which reminded him of last autumn, when the sight of her pale face and large sorrowful eyes had seemed as though they must be the last straw that would break the back of his resolution.

They were both embarrassed: Winny, because she had but just come from a trying interview with Lord Carnford; Roger, because he had to keep up his self-imposed part of indifference.

"I did not know you were here," she said at last, which, after all, was but a short pause.

"I had to come over on particular business," he answered; "but I shall not repeat the experiment oftener than I can help: it is too far."

"Yes, it is a long distance," she replied absently; then abruptly—"I want to return you your book, Mr. Champneys, for I do not know when I may be over at Tranmere."

"Oh! please, keep it. Do you like it?"

"Immensely. I sat up till one o'clock one night to finish it. You will hardly believe it, but till I came to Tranmere I had read very few works of fiction; and hitherto I confess I have not cared for them much, but this one, this 'Mill on the Floss,' is something very different."

"You would find novels—at least, nine out of ten—insipid, I should think, after the old Greek plays that you have been accustomed to read; but there is the same chord struck in the story you have read, the same outcry of suffering, striving humanity, that the old Greeks felt so keenly, and which makes the ordinary novel, terminating with its weddings, its bell-ringings, and all its untrue paraphernalia of happiness and contentment, so nauseous."

He spoke fiercely, almost savagely, but Winny understood him. Had she not felt precisely the same when hurried on by Mrs. Everard "to the end, my dear: I want to see if they all marry and are happy," as though the latter were the inevitable result of the former?

"That is the stamp of story my aunt delights in," she answered, with a smile, "and of which I have read scores aloud to her since I have been with her."

"When one is older, and has done with the shoals and quicksands of life, I suppose it is not pleasant to be reminded of them. Better look to the sunny side, and try and believe that the world is made up of happy couples and orange-flowers, even if one knows it to be untrue."

"To say nothing of regarding the shoals and quicksands with a very different eye to what one did when one was passing through them. That is one thing to look forward to when one grows older: a truer view of one's past life."

"And a more perfect appreciation of its mistakes," added Roger bitterly. Winny gave a little shiver.

"If one could only know——" she began, then broke off suddenly. "I must fetch your book, for I may—I may—not have another opportunity of returning it to you."

He looked up in astonishment. Did she guess that he intended to leave Tranmere?

"I mean," she continued, "that I may go away—on a visit," she added; "and I should like to clear up all my affairs before I leave."

"Would you," he asked, and blushed like a girl, only she was not looking at him, "keep the book? I should be so glad if you would," with an attempt at easy indifference, "for we have two or three copies of it at home, and it is a matter of difficulty to know where to stow away our conjoint libraries."

Winny's eyes brightened. She saw no harm whatever in accepting a present thus frankly offered, although she was conscious of a thrill of pleasure which the gift hardly warranted.

"Oh! thank you so much. If I am really not depriving you of it, I should like it of all things. It is a book one could read over and over again. Ah! what is that?"

"That" was a shrill scream, which came ringing through the wood, a woman's scream, followed a minute afterwards by a second, in which they fancied they could detect the word "Help!"

Simultaneously they set off in the direction from whence they fancied the sound proceeded.

"It's Con," panted Winny, as she ran lightly along;

"she must have fallen down and hurt herself. Where are you, Con?" she cried. "We are coming." But there was no answer, only the low hum of the gnats, the cooing of the wood-pigeons.

"We are going the wrong way," she said, as she stopped to listen. "She must be somewhere towards the 'Hermitage.' Con," she called once more, "where are you?"

"Here," came back the cry, audible enough this time. "Make haste!"

Light as a roe, Winny flew along the devious paths, with Roger close behind her. Once he stooped to pick up something that fell from her as she raced along, stuffing it into his pocket, and quickly catching her up; the next turn brought them to what they were seeking.

There lay Con, stretched helplessly on the ground, her face, from which all colour had fled, contorted with pain; Fizz barking fussily round her, stopping every now and then to snap at a gnat, or consolingly to lick his mistress's face.

As they entered on the fern-fringed path across which she lay, there was heard a mighty crackling of bushes and rending asunder of boughs, as from amongst the dense foliage emerged Colonel Everard, who, summoned like themselves by the cry for help, and disdaining the roundabout tracks, had plunged straight into the thick underwood. He was followed immediately by his dog, who at once proceeded playfully to quench Fizz's weak little yelps by rolling him over and over on the soft moss, a pastime in which Smoke would soon have joined, had he not been quelled by an imperative gesture from his mistress.

Colonel Everard's first glance was not for Con; it was directed with a scathing, withering contempt on the pair who were advancing from the opposite direction to proffer their help.

"What have you done to yourself, my child?" he asked, turning his eye from this unwelcome sight to Con, his kindly tone belied by his gleaming eyes, by the drawing together of the massive black eyebrows.

"I think I have half killed myself," responded poor Con, with a groan, but with her eyes also fixed on Roger and Winifred, who had drawn close to her now. Where had they come from? she was mentally asking. Surely Mr. Champneys had gone home long ago? had he not said he was in a hurry?

Meanwhile Winny, perfectly unconscious of the inward agitation she was causing, had knelt down by the side of her cousin, and was proceeding quietly to examine her hurts.

"You have sprained your ankle, dear," she said, drawing out her pocket-handkerchief, and giving it to Roger. "Mr. Champneys," she continued, "will you go and dip this in the 'Lover's Pool'? It is close by, here to the right; and," turning to Con, "I will bind it round your ankle, and then we must see about getting you home. I think, Uncle George," looking up shyly at Colonel Everard, who stood there stiff and stony, "the cold water will do it good; don't you?".

But her uncle did not answer. He was struck dumb by the amazing audacity of his niece. He had no shadow of doubt now as to her clandestine meetings with Roger. Had he not quitted Mr. Champneys an hour ago, leaving him to retrace his steps as fast as he could towards Tranmere; and lo! here he was once more, not alone, but with Winifred, with whom, no doubt, he had been conversing ever since he left him. No wonder she could not care for Lord Carnford!

Winny noticed his silence, and felt, what was an unusual thing for her, the hot tears rising to her eyes. She attributed it to his annoyance at her refusal of Lord Carnford, and it grieved her. If he would only not look at her like that! She had done nothing to merit the contempt that spoke from every feature—except, indeed, that she had not kept her word. She had not "yielded him unquestioning obedience," but that would soon be put straight. In a day or two she would no longer be an inmate of his house, and at the thought the tears welled up afresh, so that she had to bend over Con's ankle to hide them.

"How does Mr. Champneys come here?" asked the latter amid her groans, whilst Winny was employed in tenderly getting off her shoe. "I thought he was gone home long ago."

"I don't know," answered her cousin, truthfully enough. "I met him——Oh! thank you, Mr. Champneys; how deliciously cold! This will do you good, Con dear," as she took the dripping handkerchief from Roger's hand, and with the decision and firmness that characterised all her actions, bound up the bruised ankle, eliciting a smile of gratitude from her poor little cousin.

At the same minute, Roger, who had been playing with Fizz a little apart, raised his hat to say "Good-bye." "Unless," he added, "I can be of any further use?"

"None, thank you," returned Colonel Everard, with the same coldness he had displayed throughout the morning, whilst Con, wondering at her uncle's altered demeanour, stretched out her little hand gratefully.

"Good-bye, Mr. Champneys; thank you very much. If I am condemned for weeks to the sofa—the thing of all others I hate most—you will bring my dear Alice over to see me, won't you?"

Roger murmured something unintelligible, which might or might not be an assent; and then, with a spasmodic "Good-bye, Miss Smith," he had dived into the bushes, and had disappeared.

Without a word Colonel Everard took Constance in his arms and, followed by Winny, commenced walking with her swiftly towards the house, the three dogs executing a kind of war-dance around them.

Tea had been ready a long time, but Colonel Everard would not have any. He was going into Meriton, he said, for the doctor, and, without once addressing Winny, he left the house, after having consigned Con to the care of her aunt and maid.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

"I AM GOING AWAY."

TWO days had elapsed since the unlucky meeting in the wood, during which time Winifred had received

an answer from Mrs. Craven, begging her to come to them at once, and stay as long as she liked.

Her resolution to leave Colonel and Mrs. Everard had grown and strengthened under her uncle's strangely altered manner towards her. During these two days he had neither looked at nor spoken to her, beyond what the merest exigencies of politeness required, and this virtual sending her to Coventry had roused her old defiance and resolution, though in a modified form. She could not stay to be so treated, even if she had not already made up her mind to go.

She was standing now in her uncle's sanctum, with the intention of apprising him of her resolution: a feat not so easy to perform, now it had come to the point.

"I won't keep you above two or three minutes, Uncle George," she commenced somewhat haltingly, as he looked his surprise at seeing her, "but may I speak to you?"

"Certainly, I am at your service," and Colonel Everard turned from the contemplation of a letter that he held in his hand, and directed his glance towards his niece. She was not come to make confession and to sue for pardon, evidently, as she stood before him, quiet and resolute, with the old pride in her face, belied only by the quivering of her under lip, her two hands locked together, her whole attitude half-defiant, half-pathetic. There were dark shadows under the wistful eyes; the usually white eyelids, with their long black fringes, looked suspiciously brown; and a little tremulous half-sigh, half-sob, escaped involuntarily as she spoke from between the firmly-set lips, that could not quite overcome their child-like droop at the corners. The somewhat squarely-moulded chin, with its deep dimple, was slightly raised, giving an appearance of obstinacy to the whole *pose*, that made Colonel Everard resolve that the affection he bore his niece should not influence him for one moment in the decision he had formed.

"Won't you sit down?" he continued, with formal courtesy, so different to the tone and manner he had adopted of late towards her, and causing a little shiver to pass over her, as it recalled those dismal days of her first arrival at Tranmere, when his icy tones had made her clench her hands and inwardly vow she should always hate him. She did not hate him now: far from it; nevertheless, her independence revolted against this treatment, which she had not merited. Up went the chin a shade higher.

"No, thank you; I would rather stand. I have something to say to you. I am going away."

She brought it out with all her former abruptness. It was her only safeguard, otherwise she felt she would have burst into tears.

Colonel Everard glanced at her, then at the letter he held in his hand. It was a strange coincidence. His eye fell on the words, standing out distinctly in Roger's bold handwriting, "Much as I regret having to take this step, I feel that I must leave Tranmere." He did not finish the sentence, but turned again to Winifred, his countenance disfigured by an ugly sneer.

"I was expecting this," he said, and involuntarily he placed the sheet of paper out of her sight. "When do you intend to go?"

Winny was taken aback. Inexpressibly hurt and mortified as she had been for the last two days by her uncle's inexplicable behaviour to her, the absolute silence he had maintained towards her, she had hoped that this interview, and her avowed intention of going away, might bring about some explanation, some kind word, or gleam of his old tenderness for her; but of that there was none. She could have groaned aloud at his anxiety to be rid of her, and at the hardness expressed in every line of his face. The remembrance of her mother flashed across her, and she knew she had offended him past all reconciliation. It was well, she felt, that she had taken the initiative, otherwise she might have been sent away. Her colour rose and her eyes flashed as the whole wretchedness of being a dependent swept across her, to be succeeded by a tender recollection of all she owed her uncle. She did not love him one jot the less for his unjust behaviour, although, in justice to herself, she could not submit to it. She strove to speak quietly and humbly, but the words came out with a jerk, after all.

"To-morrow, if you like; I am ready to go at any minute."

He looked at her again. Had he any right to turn this girl, to whom he had promised his dead brother-in-law to give a home, out of his house, without asking her a single question as to where she was going? Was he to let her throw herself away upon Roger Champneys without a word of warning or counsel? It was his way, had been so all his life; yet in this instance he would do violence to his feelings, and not let her go altogether without stretching out a finger to show her the way; for a week ago he had loved her. He knew he did so still; he knew that he should not easily forget her, that he should miss the soft low voice, the quick understanding, the courage and spirit that shrank from nothing, the perfect belief and trust in himself that led her to do anything he bid her, without questioning; and yet she must go. But she should not depart without some light to show her the right path.

"And may I ask why you are come thus abruptly to announce to me your departure?"

"Don't you know?" she asked, with a gleam of hope in her eyes. Resolved as she was to go, it would have been very sweet had she been bidden to stay. "I have forfeited my right to stay here. It is quite just," she added, "quite just."

Were not these words tantamount to a confession of guilt? Could they bear any other construction? He thought not, but to a certain degree the matter was taken out of his hands. She was evidently determined to go away, and, under the circumstances, he would not detain her. But first of all he must ascertain whither she intended to repair. Roger would not be leaving Tranmere for some little time, probably; Winifred was going to-morrow or the day after. Where would she spend the interregnum?

Hardly at the Cottage; even her audacity would not carry her so far as that.

"And where are you going to?" he asked, going straight to the point.

"To my cousin, Mr. Craven," she answered, "for the present."

"For the present, exactly; and then?—if I may ask the question."

Winny felt the foolish hot colour mounting to her cheeks. Why should she hesitate to tell her uncle she meant to go as governess to little boys, where her Latin and Greek would stand her in good stead? Why should she fear that his aristocratic prejudices would be shocked at the idea of her earning her daily bread? Nevertheless, she did fear to shock them.

"I shall—I shall—look about me," she answered vaguely.

But Colonel Everard hardly heeded her answer; he had noted the tell-tale blush, and considered it conclusive.

"Oh!" was all he said; but he sat down, as much as to say that the interview was ended.

Still Winny lingered; she had evidently something more to say.

"Uncle George," she brought out at last—and her voice was rough and husky—"I want to thank you, to tell you how grateful I am for all your kindness"—she drew a step nearer, and put her hand on his arm—"but I do not know how. I wish, oh! how I wish that I could have followed your desires; but——"

Here she gave up, stultified by the stony glance that met hers.

"But it was quite impossible, I suppose?" said the cold sarcastic voice.

"Quite impossible."

"Well, then, there is nothing more for me to say," he answered. "You have chosen your own path; I hope you will be happy in it. Meanwhile, I give you no advice. You know right from wrong as well as I do. You are no thoughtless, light-hearted child, like Constance, who might commit an indiscretion from sheer impulsiveness, but whose heart is in the right place." An expression of pain swept over Winny's countenance, but she said nothing. "You are a woman, although you are only—I forget how old."

"Nineteen," she murmured.

"Although you are only nineteen; and one not to be deterred by any words of mine from the line you chose to adopt. Only remember, you have wilfully and willingly severed yourself from me and mine: first of all by your conduct, and lastly by your own act and deed."

"I know I have," she answered gently. Could she tell him that she was leaving his house for various reasons, but chiefly because his wife made it impossible for her to stay there? "By my own act and deed," she continued; "it has been entirely my own doing."

He sat down for the second time, with the newspaper in his hand, and turning his back to the door and to herself; there was no choice for her but to leave the room. Evidently she would hear no kind word, win no kind glance, if she stayed there for a month. She had failed to carry out his wishes: that was enough.

Yet she could not leave him altogether like this. She stole up softly behind his chair, and before he was aware of it, had thrown her arms around his neck, and was pressing a long kiss on his forehead. He was so utterly unprepared and taken aback that, for the moment, he did not attempt to disentangle himself from the embrace; perhaps he was not altogether incensed at it. When he had recovered himself, and laid down the newspaper with the view of freeing himself from the obtrusive caress, it had ceased. The door had opened and shut again: she was gone. Well, he was glad the interview was over, for had it not wrung his very heart-strings? Not that he would confess such a thing, even to himself; nevertheless, his memory would travel back to that fatal evening, twenty years ago, when his sister Winifred—with, for her, unwonted seriousness—had bidden him good night, and showered on him just such hot passionate kisses as those the traces of which he still felt on his face.

"I am glad she is going to Craven," he muttered, under his breath; "he is a gentleman." And then, angry with himself for all the thought and worry he was wasting on an unworthy girl, he returned afresh to the sheet of blue paper he had been studying so intently when she came in.

"MY DEAR COLONEL EVERARD (wrote Roger in the bitterness of his heart),—I am afraid that I no longer give you satisfaction as your agent. Your manner the last time I was at Carnford pointed so undeniably to this fact, that there is no choice left me but to resign my situation. Much as I regret having to take the step, I feel that I must go away from Tranmere. I need hardly say that I am anxious to consult your convenience, and am willing to remain on here for any length of time, till you have found me a successor.

"I cannot close this letter without thanking you and Mrs. Everard for the invariable kindness you have hitherto shown to me and my sisters.

"I beg to remain, yours truly,

"ROGER CHAMPNEYS."

He had expected this letter, which his own temper had brought about, and now it had come he did not like it. It was all very well to talk about his successor, but where should he find one so able, active, or conscientious as Roger, with the same untirable energy and practical knowledge? Of course he must go: it was evident he had always intended to do so. Was it not the main part of his preconcerted plan with Winny? although he chose now to make Colonel Everard's manner last Tuesday the pretext for his resignation. Well, he must cast about for another agent, and that soon; not for one moment would he be beholden to the man who had deceived him. He rang the bell, and ordered round his horse. He must ride over to Meriton, and from thence to Tranmere, at once.

Only one horse to-day, as it had been for the last three days. Never again would he gallop down the elm ride at Carnford with his niece, and see the light in her eye, the faint colour in her cheek from the exercise, and hear her low, joyous laugh, like her mother's. His hand lay on the last and most glaring proof of her deceit.

It was a book bound in cloth, that had once, no

doubt, been of a deep maroon shade, but which had faded now to a dull greyish-brown. Only half an hour ago his wife had brought it to him, with an air of triumph on her face that had inexpressibly irritated her husband.

"See what I found just now, George," she had said, "left in the large basket for flowers which Winifred, with her usual carelessness, had carried up to her room, instead of leaving it in the hall;" and opening the book at the fly-leaf, she had revealed to him the words, "ROGER CHAMPNEYS, 18—," whilst in the corner, in small but unmistakable letters, was inscribed, "W. S., May, 18—"

Meanwhile, slowly as in a dream, Winifred ascended the stairs towards her own room. There were no tears in her eyes, only a dull, dumb pain at her heart —utter disappointment throughout. Arrived in her domain, she sat down by the window, looking out on the fair green woods with a heavy vacant glance. Afar she could see the towers of Carnford, a stately, ugly building, painfully modern after Tranmere, but not without a certain grace of its own, as seen gleaming above the masses of foliage that framed in the dower-house. Down in the garden below she could just catch a sight of Constance, as she lay on her wicker sofa, trilling out, in spite of her sprained ankle, a joyous little French song, of which the ever-recurring refrain, "*Où voulez-vous aller?*" smote idly on her ears.

Con was glad; her aunt was glad. "Was her uncle also glad that she was going away?" she asked herself. Had she been with them all nearly a year, to be sent away with laughter and song instead of tears?

"*Où voulez-vous aller?*" came floating through the open window, and simultaneously there was a gentle whine and scratching at her door. She rose up to open it, and in walked Smoke, her own faithful colley, and straightway laid his beautiful head upon her knees, and gently licked her hand.

"Ah! my darling, my darling! what shall I do with you? I may not take you to London: you would be stolen, my beauty; and what could a governess do with a dog?" and Winny slid down on the floor, and clasping her arms round Smoke's neck, laid her head on his, and let the hot, so long restrained, tears pour forth. The great sobs came thick and fast, yet Smoke never stirred till the tempest was past, save now and again gently and consolingly to lick her hand, till at length she raised her head and, throwing it back, sprang to her feet.

"Are not you ashamed of your mistress, Smoke?" she asked. "After all, I have done nothing to reproach myself with; but what breaks my heart is to go away in his displeasure. I never thought he would look at me with those cold eyes again, or speak to me as he did this morning; and all because I cannot marry a man I do not care for;" and involuntarily her eyes turned to the window, from whence she could see Carnford Towers.

"It would have been very nice," she murmured, "to have had a home of one's own: to be subject to no more caprices, no more jealousies; and yet"—a burning blush rose up to her very eyes—"what a motive for marrying! How any one must despise themselves afterwards, must they not, Smoke? I was sorry for him, too: very, very sorry, for he has always been kind and nice; but he had much better marry into his own order, as Uncle George calls it, and in a month's time he will have forgotten me. I wonder if *every one* will forget me—if Alice and Kate and my little Jim will—and Smoke alone remember that he once loved me."

Meanwhile Constance had finished her little song, and had relapsed into silence, a silence interspersed with various little sighs, till roused by the appearance of her aunt standing at the window, and making sundry unintelligible signs before stepping out on the lawn.

"What is it?" cried Con; but Mrs. Everard only put her finger to her lips, and approached quite close to the couch, trying in vain to disguise the gladness she felt.

"Winifred is going away!" she whispered: "going of her own free will; in fact, she asked to leave us."

"Going away!" said Con in dismay, raising herself from her recumbent position, and looking her aunt in the face. "Going away! Why, Aunt Milly, I thought she had nothing in the world!"

"No more she has," answered Mrs. Everard, somewhat viciously, "not a sixpence. She is entirely dependent on us, and nicely she requites us; but now she is going to those people, those relations she found in London."

"The Cravens?"

"Yes."

"Will she live with them altogether?"

"I don't know, my dear," mysteriously. "I am never told anything, and I do not inquire; but I am thankful, for very many reasons, that she is going from here. She quite bewitched your uncle, and she had far better live among her father's queer relations: artists, and such-like."

"I wonder if she will turn artist herself," mused Con; "she draws so beautifully. How foolish of her not to accept Lord Carnford! though, if what Aunt Milly says is true," and a dark shadow flew over the childish face, "of course she could not."

Aloud she said, "We shall miss her, Aunt Milly: she is so clever, so thoughtful for both you and me. I do not wonder that Uncle George likes her society;" and then involuntarily there broke a smile over her face—"Ah! I shall have him all to myself now;" and again she burst into "*Où voulez-vous aller?*"

Colonel Everard came walking over the grass; his face was rigidly grave.

"I am going to Tranmere, Constance," he said; "have you any behests?"

"Yes, I have," seizing his hand. "Tell Roger Champneys to bring Ally over to see me."

"I am not going to the Cottage," with a frown—"what I meant was that, of course, I go through Meriton."

"I don't suppose you could match crewels, could you, now?" But there was no answering smile.

"I dare say not," he said, and turned away indifferently, walking with slow, listless step towards his horse.

"The fact is," she answered vaguely, "I really know nothing about it. Winifred always looks to it; but of course she is out of the way when she is wanted."

Colonel Everard knit his eyebrows. "It seems to me," he said, "that Winifred does everything in the house. I wonder how you will get on when she is gone; and yet you are in a mighty hurry to be rid of her. Perhaps then you will hand over your rightful duties to little Constance." And with this remark he mounted his horse, and rode off.

"WINNY SLID DOWN ON THE FLOOR" (*p.* 331).

Con followed him with her eyes. "He is dreadfully cut up at her going. I wonder if he looks like that every time I return to Aldershot."

It was full ten minutes before he got off, for he was detained at the door by his wife, who had at least a dozen commissions for him to do in Meriton, accompanied by such confusing directions as made him ask with severity why they were not written down.

An hour afterwards, Winny issued from the house, followed by Smoke, and bearing in her hand a small basin of cold water. Her face was pale, but showed

otherwise no trace of the violent storm that had so lately swept over it, whilst forehead and eyes lay enshadowed in the brim of her large black hat.

"I am come to moisten your ankle, Con dear," she said as she approached the wicker couch; "the sun must have made it hot and dry." And she placed the basin of water on a chair, preparatory to using it. Con felt herself blushing a hot, guilty blush of self-contempt.

"Oh, Winny!" she said confusedly, "please do not trouble yourself. Baker will look after me. You are very kind, but I do not like you to wait on me."

"It is no trouble," she answered gently, and there was a tone in her voice that smote reproachfully on Con's ear. "Baker is at her dinner now; and—and—Con dear," with a sudden break, "you will let me do it for you this time, won't you? I am going away to-morrow."

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

ON THE MAKING OF PATTIES.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY," "CHOICE DISHES AT SMALL COST," ETC.

THERE are perhaps few dishes that differ more than those which may be described generally as patties. There is the patty from the pastry-cook's, a lump of pastry separated from a smaller round knob, which rests on the top, by a wafer of some unknown substance which is the inside. These patties are, fortunately, going somewhat out of fashion. There is the country home-made patty, shaped like a mince-pie, containing sufficient paste in itself, under different manipulation, to make enough patties for a good-sized foreign table-d'hôte; and there is the real, genuine article, rarely met with in private houses, in which a good table-spoonful or more of some delicious forcemeat is enclosed in a pastry case so light and so delicate, that we are scarcely conscious of its presence after we get it in our mouths.

In making patties the cook's first and great difficulty is the cases. I would strongly advise you when possible to buy these ready-made, and fill them yourself. I will not now enter into the difficult operation of making puff paste, and cutting out little rounds of paste about three inches in diameter and rather less than half an inch thick; then making another round cut ⅛ inch deep and two inches in diameter on the top, and baking the paste in an oven heated up to 300°; but I will suppose the cases ready, and will try and give a nice list of forcemeats for filling them.

It is often very convenient to have a receipt for a nice little entrée that can be made at five minutes' notice, and if there are a pastrycook's and a butcher's within an easy distance, few entrées are better than marrow patties. We will suppose, therefore, that eight empty patty-cases have been obtained, which ought not to cost more than a shilling, as well as a marrow-bone containing good beef marrow.

First scoop out all the marrow, and cut it up into small pieces about the size of dice. Next, rub a chopping-board with a slice of onion, and then chop up on it sufficient parsley to fill a dessert-spoon when chopped. Next, take a small saucepan and fill it with hot water, and put it on the fire till it boils. Then throw in the pieces of marrow, and let them just cook through. This will take about a minute, not more, for if you let it boil too long the marrow will melt and float in the shape of grease on the top of the saucepan. Next, have ready a warm basin with a strainer over it. Drain off the marrow into the strainer. The boiling water that runs through will help to make the warm basin thoroughly hot. Empty the basin, and turn the pieces of marrow into it. Add the chopped parsley, slightly flavoured with onion as we have described, some pepper and salt in equal quantities, a good brimming salt-spoonful of each; and also add the juice of half a lemon. Next, take two forks and toss the whole very lightly together, taking care not to break the pieces of marrow; when mixed thoroughly, fill the patty-cases, and put them in the oven till the pastry is hot through; as soon as this is the case serve them, as should you keep them in the oven too long the effect would be the same as if you kept the marrow too long in the boiling water—viz., the marrow would run to grease. These patties are as delicious as they are cheap and easy of construction.

Perhaps the most favourite patties with the majority of people are oyster patties, but then it is not always easy to get oysters. A very good substitute for fresh oysters can be made by taking a small tin of preserved oysters and another of mushrooms.

Take half a pint of milk, and let it boil. Next, open the two tins and pour the liquor into a small saucepan, and if there is too much in quantity let it boil away till there is about a quarter of a pint left. Add this to the boiled milk and put in the oysters, and let it boil up, and then strain it through a wire sieve, and rub all the oysters through the sieve, thus making them into pulp. Next, chop up the mushrooms into small pieces about the size of the top of the little finger, and add these to the milk and oysters. Then get some butter and flour, about equal quantities, and dissolve the butter and mix the flour well in, and use enough of this to thicken the oyster and mushroom liquor, &c., till it is as thick as good double cream. Add a very little cayenne pepper, a tea-spoonful nearly of black pepper, and two good tea-spoonfuls of anchovy sauce, taking care to shake the bottle well first. Now add a little lemon-juice, about a tea-spoonful, two yolks of eggs, stir well in, and the

mixture for our oyster patties is ready. If you taste it, you will find that it has a strong, full oyster flavour that quite overpowers every other. Fill the patty-cases full with this mixture, and make the patties hot through in the oven. Unlike marrow patties, they can be warmed up the next day should any be left. In this case scoop out the inside, and make this hot first. Then warm the nearly empty cases for a few minutes, put in the hot inside, and make hot through.

Some very nice, but decidedly rich, patties can be made from the soft roes of fresh herrings, and when herrings are in season these patties are exceedingly cheap. First, get a little clear stock, uncoloured—for instance, a quarter of a pint of the clear part of beef-tea, or veal-tea, when it has settled, or the liquor in which a few fowl-bones have been stewed, taking care that the stock or liquor is only very slightly flavoured with onion. Add some of this, say a quarter of a pint, to half a pint of milk boiled separately. Next, thicken this mixture with some butter and flour, mixed similarly to that used in the previous receipt. Have ready the cooked soft roes of some fresh herrings. For instance, save two out of a dish of fresh herrings that have been grilled for breakfast or lunch. Next, rub a chopping-board with a slice of onion—if no onion has been used in flavouring the stock—and chop up about enough parsley to fill a dessert-spoon. Add, say for six patties, a salt-spoonful of pepper, and another of salt, and the chopped parsley to the thickened milk and stock. Make it hot, and add the soft roes of the herrings after cutting them up into small pieces about the size of the top of the first finger. Toss this mixture lightly without mashing up the pieces of soft roe. Fill the patty-cases and warm them up in the oven, and serve with some crisp fried parsley. These patties are rather rich, and *occasionally* have a slightly oily taste, owing to the herring-roes containing fish-oil. Indeed, sometimes you would imagine that the liver of a codfish had been used to assist in making these patties.

In making both lobster and shrimp patties, it is essential to have "lobster butter." This is made by mixing the red coral of a lobster with some butter, and pounding the two in a thick basin, or with a pestle and mortar, till you get a substance that looks like red paint. A small quantity of this is exceedingly useful in making, not only shrimp and lobster patties, but also shrimp and lobster sauce. It will keep good for weeks, and even for months, if a little cayenne pepper is mixed with it. In making lobster patties, first put by sufficient of the white meat to put in the sauce when made. Next, take some of the shell, about the head part, and break up all the little claws, and put them to stew in some milk, occasionally pressing them with a fork. By this means the milk gets impregnated with the flavour of the lobster. This should now be strained off, and coloured with a little of the lobster butter till it is a nice bright red. It must be then thickened with some butter and flour, and the pieces of the cut-up meat of the lobster added to it, as well as a little cayenne pepper, a little anchovy sauce, about a tea-spoonful to six patties, and a few drops of lemon-juice.

The same principles should be adhered to in making shrimp patties. The shrimps must, of course, be first picked, but do not throw away the heads, as these should be stewed and pressed in some milk, by which means a strong shrimp flavour will be given to the milk. You must then proceed exactly as in making lobster patties, only do not use quite so much lobster butter. Shrimp patties should not be so bright a red as lobster patties. It is, perhaps, also advisable to use rather less anchovy sauce, as the flavour of shrimps is delicate and very easily overpowered.

Some very nice patties can be made, too, from the remains of a cold boiled or roast fowl. First scrape all the meat off the bones, and put the bones on to stew with a piece of lean ham, or a bacon bone, a little parsley, and one onion. Add to this the liquor of a tin of mushrooms, a small tin will do, and cut up the mushrooms, and mix them with the pieces of fowl, and if possible a little chopped ham. When the bones have stewed a long time, and when you have boiled the liquor away till there is very little left, mix the strong reduced stock with half a pint of boiled milk. Thicken this with some butter and flour, add a very little chopped parsley, and then the pieces of chopped mushrooms and chicken, and fill the patty-cases.

Of course, a few pieces of black truffle chopped up and added are a great improvement, as well as the few pieces of ham chopped small, but you must be careful that the ham is of a good flavour. Some of the modern hams, when their lean is chopped up and added to anything, give a peculiar flavour, which suggests the idea that some meat has been used which had been kept too long. Good, sweet York hams *may* exist now, like what I can remember twenty years ago, but I do not know where they are to be obtained.

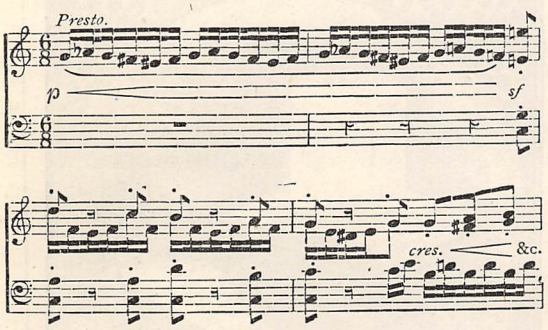
Cold turkey, if treated the same way, will, of course, make patties quite equal to chicken patties, but you should let the bones stew a long time.

Some years ago, but not very recently, a very common, or rather a very popular, patty used to be met with, known as a savoury patty. As the name implies, the contents were not always the same. In fact any kind of rich forcemeat would do. The remains of cold turkey, including some of the veal stuffing, some chopped ham and mushrooms, would make a good forcemeat.

In making this kind of patties, a little good, rich, brown gravy can be mixed with the forcemeat, and some more poured in at the finish, so that a little runs over into the dish.

As a rule, patties always look best served in a silver dish, and should be ornamented with a little fried parsley. Another very bright and pretty garnish to a dish of patties is a small red crayfish, placed one in each corner of the dish and one in the middle. These are a particularly suitable garnish when the patties are made from lobster.

THE PLEASURES AND PROFITS OF BEE-DRIVING.



"WHAT a quaint name that pretty 'Lied' of Mendelssohn's has that Dora is playing!" said one of a number of ladies who had met for a working party in a pretty suburb of a Devonshire town.

"What, 'The Spinning-wheel'? Yes, I always think that name so emblematic of that air," observed Mrs. Seymour, the lady of the house.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Lawrence, the first speaker. "I have always heard it called 'The Bees' Wedding,' and I think the musical hum all through it so descriptive of the swarming bees."

"Talking of bees," said a third person, who had been too intent on counting the stitches of her work to speak hitherto, "I wonder what you would all say to *driving bees*. That has been my amusement lately."

"We heard you had been very busy about your bees," said little Mrs. Lawrence; "do give us your experiences."

"This is the time to take the honey," said Mrs. Dalzell; "and the ignorant people kill the bees. I drive them to save their lives. My brother is as wild about bees as I am, so, though he lives here in Plymouth, and I at Ivydale, ten miles away, yet we work together as much as we can. I bought a swarm of bees last year from a dealer to start with. They were not Ligurians, as he pretended, but they have done well. I keep them in one of the Irish combination hives, one of the latest improvements in bee-boxes, and I think it extremely good."

"I should be afraid to meddle with them as you do," said Mrs. Seymour.

"It is only a matter of courage first, and then habit," said Mrs. Dalzell. "Only move quietly, and do not wave your hands about; they will seldom touch you."

"But do you not get stung sometimes?"

"Very seldom; and if it happens, the juice of an onion rubbed on the place at once allays the irritation. I will tell you just what I did one afternoon. I started after an early dinner to the first of two farmhouses where I had arranged to drive the bees, as they wished to take the honey. I reached a farm where I had found only an old woman, the farmer's wife, when I first called there. She had been rather doubtful at first, wondering, I suppose, to find a lady doing such a thing: also she had been anxious to know how much I charged, and seemed still more surprised when she found it was free gratis, but that I wished to save the lives of the bees; in this she readily concurred.

"But now, on my second appearance, I found quite a party assembled to see the performance. They greeted me, and then we proceeded to the hives, and I began my work. I tied a veil over my wide-brimmed hat, and turning up the collar of my jacket inside, fastened it round my neck. Over the wrists of my thick gloves I tied my sleeves."

"And what about the skirt of your dress? I suppose they never fly so low," said Mrs. Lawrence.

"Indeed they do, my dear, and there I was at their mercy, as they could and did sting me above the tops of my boots; but I am getting hardened to such things. Well, I lighted some brown paper, and quietly lifting one side of the hive, let the smoke escape among the bees. At first there was a great buzzing, which presently died away. Then I lifted the hive, and reversing it, placed the clean bee skep I had brought over it, joining them on one side by sticking a skewer through both, thus making a sort of hinge, whilst I slightly opened them on the other side to see how matters progressed. The bees were not *stupefied* by the fumes of brown paper, but it appears to frighten them, and they become bewildered. I tapped constantly on the straw butt in which they were, and which you will remember was undermost, and that completed their consternation. Presently one or two, and then more, began to ascend into the clean hive, and soon they gave a tremendous hum like a universal shriek of fear, and went up in a swarm into their new quarters. I put the new butt on the stand where they had been reared, and left it there for half an hour for any stragglers to go in.

"In the meantime my brother had arrived on the scene, and truly I was glad; for at one time I had feared the hives seemed slipping from my grasp, and it was evident I should not get any help from the farm people."

"But what is generally done with the bees?" said Mrs. Seymour.

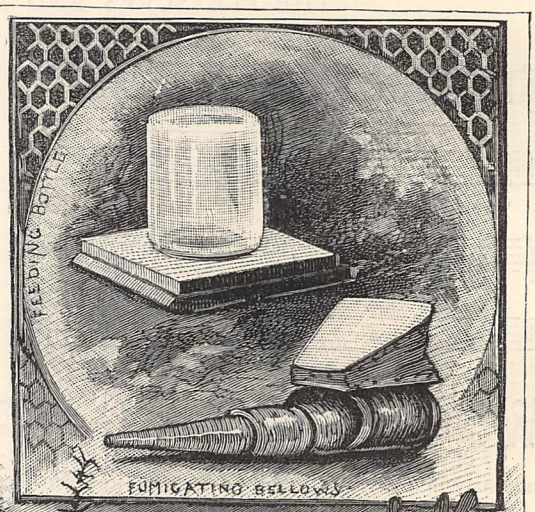
"In September, after the bees have settled for the night, they are smoked with sulphur till they are quite stupefied, and then the butt is turned up and all the bees are shaken into a hole in the ground which has been previously dug for their reception, and covered up with earth. Of course they are all killed."

"Besides the cruelty," said Mrs. Dalzell, "think of the waste! I have five good swarms to start with next year, just by driving instead of killing them. After my brother came we got on more rapidly. He had brought two more butts, and altogether we hived five swarms that evening, going on from the scene of our first labours to another farm not far off. As it was getting late, I told Edward we must then go home; so

he took two of the bee-skeps, and I carried the other."

"But how did you carry them?" said Mrs. Lawrence.

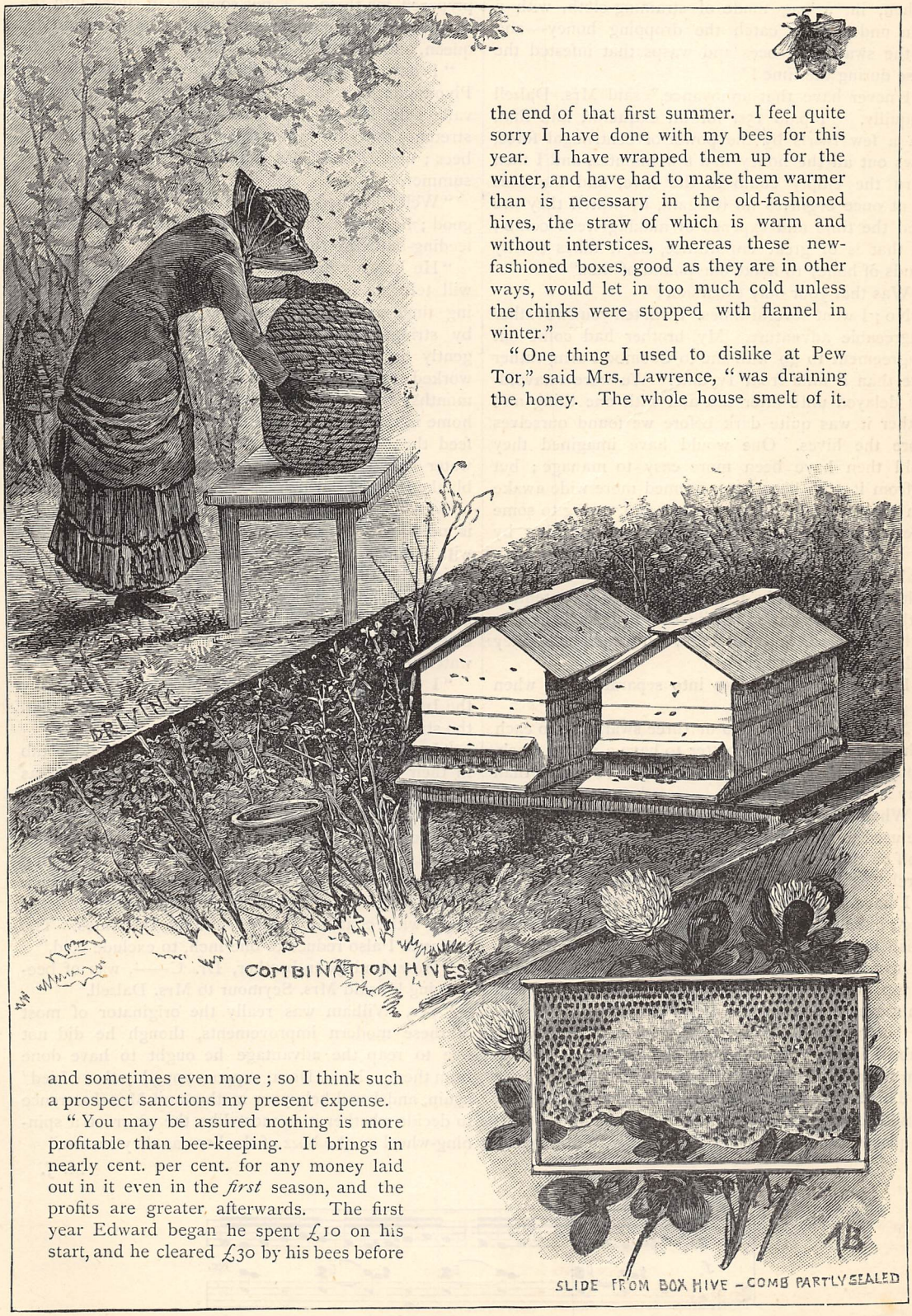
"As soon as we had bees enough in one hive, I tied a cloth over the open part of it, brought the ends to the top of the butt, and so made a handle by which to carry it. One or two



escaped, and I was stung slightly, but I do not call that anything, and it was worth the little inconvenience to have saved the lives of all those poor hard-working bees, who deserve something better than to be smothered as the *finale* of all their summer labours."

"But as they could not live in an empty box, what did you do with them?" said Mrs. Lawrence.

"There were sheets of printed wax already placed for them in their new abode—the Irish combination hive-box in which I placed them next day—and as at this season of the year they cannot make sufficient honey from flowers to keep them all the winter, I made syrup for them, and fed them. I used nearly seventy pounds of best lump sugar for those bees. This sounds extravagant, but if I have an ordinarily good summer, which we may expect after this wet one, those bees ought to give me from eight hundred to a thousand pounds of honey, which sells here, as you know, at 1s. 6d. a pound,



the end of that first summer. I feel quite sorry I have done with my bees for this year. I have wrapped them up for the winter, and have had to make them warmer than is necessary in the old-fashioned hives, the straw of which is warm and without interstices, whereas these new-fashioned boxes, good as they are in other ways, would let in too much cold unless the chinks were stopped with flannel in winter."

"One thing I used to dislike at Pew Tor," said Mrs. Lawrence, "was draining the honey. The whole house smelt of it.

and sometimes even more; so I think such a prospect sanctions my present expense.

"You may be assured nothing is more profitable than bee-keeping. It brings in nearly cent. per cent. for any money laid out in it even in the *first* season, and the profits are greater afterwards. The first year Edward began he spent £10 on his start, and he cleared £30 by his bees before

I had the crushed comb hanging for days in the kitchen, in a bag made of straining-cloth, with a basin under it to catch the dropping honey—and oh, the swarms of bees and wasps that infested the house during the time!"

"I never have that annoyance," said Mrs. Dalzell tranquilly. "I paid 15s. for an extractor, and that, with a few twirls by the power of centrifugal force, draws out all the honey in a few minutes, and I then return the empty comb to the hive, and the bees can at once begin to fill it again, by which they are saved the time and expense of making fresh comb; and that is of great importance, as it takes twenty pounds of honey to make one pound of wax."

"Was that your only excursion?"

"No; I went several times. I will tell you one rather disagreeable adventure. My brother had come out by agreement to go with me to Coombe Farm, rather more than a mile from Ivydale. We were unavoidably delayed until after tea, and with one thing and another it was quite dark before we found ourselves before the hives. One would have imagined they would then have been more easy to manage; but far from it—the bees never seemed more wide awake than they were in a few minutes, and, owing to some imperfection in the smoking (we were working by the light of a lantern), they flew about more than usual. I had to beat a retreat once, they stung my ankles so badly. We required our whole attention for the bees. It was so bewildering to hear them buzz in the darkness, and not know on which side they would make their attack."

"Did you put your bees into separate hives when you got home?"

"No; I always put two or three swarms into each Irish hive, as it is much better to have a strong stock. It pays to have two or three full hives rather than many scanty stocks."

"When I was at Pew Tor," said Mrs. Lawrence, "we used to notice that five swarms out of seven would go off on Sunday morning just as we were starting for church."

"I have heard other bee-keepers remark the same thing; but I select my own time for swarming. When I wish for a swarm, I put on my bee-dress and go to the hive, which is like a large square box, open at the top and bottom, with grooves at the sides fitted with movable slides, which I can draw out at pleasure. On the top of this box of slides filled with bees and combs, I lay several doubles of blanket flannel to keep them warm, and the cover of the hive is placed over all. This blanket coverlid then I lift gently; I take out one slide after another till I find the one on which is the queen bee. I then put the slide with the queen and some more, with brood-comb, into an empty hive prepared for them. I put some clean slides into the bereaved hive, the inmates of which soon raise another queen, and work goes on as before.

"I have a great advantage over my brother in Plymouth; though Ivydale itself lies in a wooded valley, the heights are close, from which the moor stretches away for miles, and I get the heather for my bees; now Edward has to take his to the moor in the summer."

"Well," laughed Mrs. Lawrence, "that is rather too good; he treats them like his children: has he a feeding-bottle for them?"

"He has, my dear, and so have I for my bees. I will tell you how he moves them. When the working time came this spring he had his hives slung by strings in a spring-cart, and then they were gently driven to a cottage at Bickleigh, where they worked the moorland flowers for three or four months; then they were brought back to their usual home in the nursery garden. When it is necessary to feed the bees, as I have done lately, with sugar and water boiled to syrup, I cut a square hole in the blanket coverlid, which exactly fits the feeder, a square of wood with a zinc plate in the centre, half of which is perforated. Connected with this is a bottle filled with syrup, which has also a perforated top, out of which the thick liquid slowly oozes, and would drop through the tiny holes of the zinc plate but for the hundreds of little tongues applied to the under side directly the syrup appears. It is most amusing to watch them."

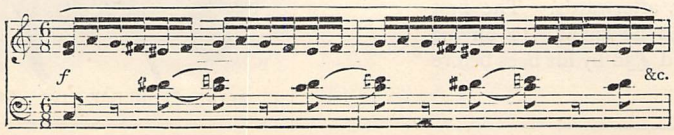
"I cannot understand," said Mrs. Lawrence, "why the Irish hives should be so very much colder than the straw ones."

"In the old straw hives, bees are left to build comb in their own way, which they do as close together as possible, and this increases the warmth; but in the artificial life I have been describing, *our* convenience is more studied than that of the bees, and the slides are placed further apart for convenience in moving them. I bring the ends of the coverlid down and tuck round the sides of the hive, placing also small bags filled with chaff on the top and at the sides. The entrance I also reduce to one inch, to exclude cold."

"How fond your brother, Dr. C——, was of bee-keeping!" said Mrs. Seymour to Mrs. Dalzell.

"Yes, William was really the originator of most of these modern improvements, though he did not live to reap the advantage he ought to have done from them. Now, Dora, suppose you play that 'Lied' again, and I will help your mother and Mrs. Lawrence to decide whether it is most like the whirr of a spinning-wheel or the buzz of the bees as they swarm."

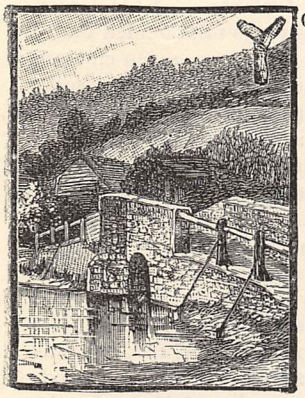
M. J.



EDITH'S FAITH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GOURLAY BROTHERS," "MADGIE'S HERO," ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.



"YOU will be back as soon as you can, Edith? You know how I dislike being left alone." Mrs. Bertram spoke fretfully, and looked as if she rather resented her daughter's going out at all. "And you will think over what I have said to you about Dr. Ashby? You know, my dear, some one must make a sacrifice; I'm sure I'm willing to do anything, but what is there a helpless invalid can do? If you would only look at the matter from a reasonable point of view you would not hesitate. Just think of Blanche and Eva, what is to become of those poor darling children?"

Edith sighed deeply; she had been thinking of the children all the morning while teaching them their lessons and correcting their exercises, trying to coax Bee to practise, and Eva to get through her French verbs, thinking what a comfort it would be if they could both be sent off to a good school, where they would be taught obedience; for though she had all the trouble, she had not the slightest control over them. It only seemed like playing at lessons to have Edith for a governess, while to her it was weary, wearing work, added to all her other anxieties and worries. For everything seemed to fall on Edith's shoulders. Mrs. Bertram was a fretful, rather selfish person, who suffered from nervous headaches, and on the strength of them took very little interest in the affairs of her small and straitened household, except to perpetually find fault, and grumble at the hard fate that had placed her in such circumstances.

She was a pretty woman, with soft fair hair and violet eyes, and useless little white hands; and though Edith Bertram felt it keenly when her father brought home a young wife to the Dingle, she did not wonder when she looked at the pretty clinging girl who looked little older than herself, and seemed so sweet, shy, and amiable. Edith was fifteen, and her step-mother twenty-two, though she did not look nearly so old. And just at first things went on smoothly enough at the Dingle. Mrs. Bertram made no changes, and Edith was still housekeeper, and took care of her father as she had done for five years, ever since her own mother had died. But after a few months the sweetness and shyness rubbed off, and Mrs. Bertram exhibited a sharpness of temper and petulance of manner that was anything but pleasant. The doctor, amiable and easy-tempered to a fault, gave in to her in everything. First she had Edith's drawing-master sent away, as she thought it mere waste of time and money; then the music-teacher was dismissed on the plea that, as Edith was not going to be a musical governess, it was absurd to keep on learning, as she played quite well enough already. Then Mrs. Bertram began to find fault with Jack Clifford, the doctor's assistant, and made it so unpleasant for him that he declared one day he could not stand it any longer.

"I've made up my mind to go to the Cape, Edith, to make my fortune," he said; and she could only bid him good-bye, with tear-dimmed eyes and faltering voice. She could not ask him to stay, for it did not seem like home at the Dingle, and all her authority was gone.

"But I'll come back, Edith," Jack added, holding both her hands. "I'll return to you. Will you trust me, darling, and wait?"

"Yes, Jack, I will," she replied simply. And the next day he left with a formal farewell. Only Edith knew what a disappointment it was to Jack, and how all his hopes were blighted and his plans altered. The doctor had promised to make him his partner, and that one day he should succeed him, but for some inexplicable reason he had been cold and distant of late, and it seemed a positive relief when Jack was gone.

Six months after, the bank in which Dr. Bertram had deposited the savings of his whole life, and Edith's fortune inherited from her mother, failed suddenly; everything was lost, and the doctor never recovered the shock of it.

"If I only had Jack to stand by me, I might have borne it," he said sadly; "he would have been a son to me in my adversity;" but Jack was gone none knew whither, and Mrs. Bertram began to dimly realise that she had done a foolish thing in driving him away, for the doctor grew every day more feeble, and at length was forced to sell his practice and house, and move into a tiny cottage on the outskirts of the village, where after a few months he died of a broken heart. The money he had received for his practice and the Dingle, and an insurance on his life, was all he had to leave his wife and children, and invested in the most careful way it brought them in less than a hundred a year. Poor Edith found it hard work to make both ends of such a narrow income meet, and after a few months she found it absolutely necessary to do something to earn more money. She could not go away as a governess, first because her step-mother had cut short her education at the most critical time, and besides she could not leave her little sisters. But her music she had always kept up, and the village church happening to be in need of an organist, the vicar offered her the situation, which she

gratefully accepted; and after a time she secured a few music pupils, and in that way helped out their narrow income. But the hardest work of all was teaching and taking care of Blanche and Eva. They were pretty, wilful, spoiled children, indulged by their mother, and unaccustomed to any sort of control or discipline. During the doctor's life-time they had a nursery governess, and Edith never imagined till she came to have sole charge of them how much poor Miss Lee must have suffered at their hands.

There was but one bright spot in the rather wearing monotonous life, the daily walk with the children. For their health's sake and her own, she made a point of taking them out every fine day for a ramble through the woods and shady lanes. Ashmead was in the centre of a beautiful country; not a railway in sight; no smoke from furnace or factory stained the clear pure air; nothing but rich cornfields, fertile valleys, cool shady woods, and mossy lanes, with a merry little brook flashing like a gleam of summer lightning through the meadows. It was a positive delight to saunter idly along in the glorious sunshine, and gather the wild-flowers that grew so luxuriantly at their feet, and weave ropes and chains and wreaths of blossoms. It seemed like new life to get clear of the house, with its narrow confines and sordid cares; and of late there had come a new element of distress into poor Edith's existence. For a whole year Dr. Seymour Ashby, her father's successor, had been a constant visitor at Eglantine Cottage. It was amazing how many excuses he found for calling at first, and how soon he began to call without an excuse, and one day he proposed in due form to Mrs. Bertram for Edith, and she gave him every encouragement to try his fortune for himself.

"Of course you'll accept him, Edith," she said eagerly. "It will be such a blessing to us all. Dr. Ashby is young, rich, clever, handsome. What more can you possibly want? And he really loves you most devotedly."

"But I don't love him," Edith replied.

"Then you ought to, and I'm sure you will in time; and besides, as I said before, some one of us must make a sacrifice for the children's sake. Do think it over before he talks to you, Edith."

"Yes, I'll think it over," was the somewhat weary reply, as Edith put on her hat and took up her basket, to join the children who were waiting impatiently outside. But it was not of Dr. Ashby, but of Jack Clifford that she thought, as she sauntered through the fields—Jack who had left her six years before to make his fortune, and despite his promise had never returned.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

KNEE-DEEP apparently in the golden full-eared wheat, Edith and her sisters sauntered idly along, Eva first gathering the brightest of everything till her basket was full to overflowing—scarlet poppies, Marguerites, graceful clematis, rich leaves mellowing with the first early autumn tints, long trailing sprays of amber-veined ivy, and nodding golden grasses—all sorts of wayside and woodland treasures. They were returning from Hazeldell Farm, where the children had rested for half an hour, and eaten home-made bread and butter, and drunk milk with the yellow wrinkled cream on it, and helped themselves to the remains of the late amber gooseberries that bordered the garden path. It was always a treat to go to Hazeldell Farm, but had Edith known that there were seven children ill in the next farmhouse she would have chosen some other direction. She had tried to think Dr. Ashby's proposal over calmly, and it certainly seemed a safe and easy way out of all their difficulties. He was rich and willing to undertake the children's education; he would make an addition to Mrs. Bertram's income, which would enable her to live in comfort at some watering-place (though Mrs. Bertram meant to make the Dingle her home); everything he proposed was kind and thoughtful, and she was very grateful, but in heart she felt she did not love Seymour Ashby, and, what was more than that, she never should love him. Friendship, esteem, affection perhaps, she might in time be able to give him, but no second growth of love would ever spring up in her heart. Edith's was an intense, patient, faithful nature, giving much and exacting little in return. She was willing to wait, as she had promised Jack Clifford, to wait all her life if need be—but there were the children and her stepmother helpless and dependent on her. Clearly some one would have to make a sacrifice, and with equal clearness Edith saw that it must be herself. So she resolved to accept Dr. Ashby's proposal, and tried to assure herself that she was acting for the best.

Presently she heard a step behind her on the narrow path, and looking round she saw the doctor approaching: a tall handsome man, dressed in a suit of tweed, with a glengarry cap pulled over his eyes: as different from his predecessor, Dr. Bertram, as a man could be, but with a dash and cleverness men of the old school never possessed.

"I have been trying to overtake you for ten minutes, Miss Edith," he said, falling just a step behind, for the path was too narrow for two. "I have something of importance to say to you."

"Yes, doctor," she replied calmly, though her heart beat fast, and every trace of colour left her face.

"You know what I would say, Edith—you must have seen during all those months how I love you. I want you to be my wife. Your mother has given me permission to address you, and given me some little reason to hope that you would listen to me. Tell me, Edith, can you or do you care a little about me?"

For a minute or two Edith was silent, then she told him all the truth, how they were situated, how she had liked Jack Clifford, but for six years had not heard anything of him, and how, if she consented to be his wife, he must be content with mere esteem and affection, for she had no love to bestow.

"You are honest, Edith, and truthful," he said, in a very low voice, "and I thank you for the confidence you have reposed in me, but I must think this matter over. I love you far too well to risk your happiness in

"SHE HEARD A STEP BEHIND HER ON THE NARROW PATH."

"*EDITH'S FAITH*" (*p.* 340).

any way. Six years is a long time to be faithful to a silent lover, Edith."

"We were scarcely lovers, doctor," she replied, with a sad little smile. "Jack just said, 'I'll come back, Edith; will you wait?' and I said I would—that was all. But poor papa was alive then, and we were rich: now everything is so different. For myself, I am content as I am, but the children!"

"Ah, yes, the children—something must be done for them. They are far too much for you. Did you say Jack Clifford went to the Cape, Edith, and that you never heard from him?"

"Yes, he said he was going to make his fortune in the diamond-fields, but he never wrote, so I dare say he was not successful, poor fellow. Indeed, I think he must be dead."

"I think not," Dr. Ashby replied thoughtfully. "Once more, Edith, I thank you heartily for your candour and confidence, and I will come to you for your final answer at the end of a month. Till then, good-bye," and the doctor lifted his cap, and turned down a by-path that led to the Dingle, and poor Edith went home more perplexed than ever.

* * * * * *

"It's a whole month since we've seen Dr. Ashby—whatever did you say to him, Edith?" Mrs. Bertram said one evening; "the house has seemed wretchedly dull without him. You did not surely refuse him point-blank?"

"No, I did not refuse him," Edith replied wearily; she had answered nearly the same question every day for four weeks, and was tired of it. She was looking pale and worn, but Mrs. Bertram never had eyes for any one's illnesses but her own.

"Mamma," Eva cried, bursting into the room, "here's the doctor and another gentleman!" And Mrs. Bertram smoothed her fluffy hair and put on her amiable smile, while Edith's heart began to beat fiercely. She had thought the matter over from every point of view, and at length come to the conclusion that it would be positively wicked to marry the doctor while Jack Clifford was so much in her thoughts, and, come what might, she would not do it.

Presently he came in alone, and, after a few moments' conversation, he asked her to walk with him for a few minutes in the garden. She went at once, longing to have the interview over, and burst into the subject directly. "I cannot be your wife, Dr. Ashby; I think it would be wrong of me to accept your proposal, feeling as I do. Please try and forgive me, and let me go."

"First, let me introduce my friend," he said, laying his hand on her arm, "and my new assistant—the work of Ashmead is rather too much for me—Miss Bertram—Mr. Clifford."

"Jack!" In a moment she was in his arms, her face hidden on his shoulder, all the long years of absence and silence forgotten. She only felt that he had returned, and she was still free. Later she learned how it all came about—how Dr. Ashby saw an advertisement in the paper, and guessed that "Jno. C." must mean Jack Clifford, lately returned from the Cape, and several old letters he discovered in a drawer in one of the rooms of the Dingle convinced him that there was treachery at work somewhere. So he just engaged Jack, and then told him all about the Bertrams, and how Edith was still faithful to him, though she never received one of his letters.

The result was a very quiet wedding in Ashmead Church, and on that day Dr. Ashby handed over the Dingle and the practice to his partner, and went to travel in South America, promising to return about the time Blanche was seventeen. Both the children he placed at school, and Mrs. Bertram, feeling very much ashamed of the part she had played in intercepting Jack's letters, left Ashmead, and in a few years married a retired merchant at Brighton, and so never troubled her stepdaughter further.

Jack Clifford is fast becoming the most popular doctor for miles round, and when Seymour Ashby returns, if he ever does, he will find the practice greatly extended. Edith is perfectly happy in her old home, the Dingle, and never for a moment has regretted her perfect faith in Jack.

THE AIR WE BREATHE IN-DOORS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE following colloquial tid-bit was related to me by a country practitioner. It is rather amusing in its way, and shows the kind of prejudices which medical men have often to do battle with in the discharge of their duties.

First Member of a Bricklayer's Club.—"Doctor been to your 'ouse again, Gaarge?"

Second ditto.—"Ay, Bill, that he ha,' and on the rampage as usual. He says I can't expect my wife to git well if I doan't give she wentilation; says he has a good mind to poke his stick through a pane o' glass, like somebody else did—which I'd like to catch him, Bill. An' he says we shouldn't use the water out o' t'ould pond. Now, Bill, I looks on the matter like this 'ere. My father never used nought but the water out o' t'ould pond, it never did he any 'arm as I knows on, and what's good enough for my father is good enough for me."

First Speaker.—Right you be, Gaarge. But them doctors must grumble. Fac' is, they gives you physic, and if it doan't do no good, they rounds on you at once and puts the blame on the windows, or the water, or the wentilation, or summut."

It would be well not only for medical men, but for society at large, if such ignorance and prejudice as this were entirely confined to the lower classes. Unhappily it is not. The bugbear cold shuts the doors and hermetically seals the double windows of many of the best houses in town and country. The air we breathe in-doors is seldom or never pure ; it may support life after a fashion, as muddy water will the life of a fish, but that is all you can say of it. It may not in itself be positively poisonous, but it is nevertheless often eminently well suited to the propagation of the germs of disease. It is on foul and unwholesome air that these live and multiply. It should be remembered that the obnoxious gases emanating even from sewers are not *per se* capable of breeding fever when breathed, but it is in them that fever-germs float and live ; they are to these germs what the soil around it is to the plant. It is for this reason among many others that the sense of smell was given us, to enable us to distinguish between what is poisonous and what is wholesome. There is an analogy between taste and smell in this respect ; we should never eat anything that is unpalatable, and we should never, if we can possibly avoid it, inhale an evil odour.

Let me here mention parenthetically a mistake that is very commonly made by people, male or female, who, bent on missions of charity, have often to pass through obnoxiously-smelling streets or lanes, or stand for a time in rooms that call aloud for aid from disinfection, viz., that of trusting for safety to the use of eau-de-Cologne or other perfumes with which the handkerchief has been damped. A perfume is not a disinfectant, it does not kill but merely disguises the poison inhaled. At the same time I should say that a good colourless and perfumed disinfectant in the shape of a strong tincture or spirit, that could be sprinkled on the clothes and poured on the handkerchief, would be a great boon to all who are in the habit of visiting for charitable purposes the poor and ailing.

All the nerves of sensation, such as those of the eye, the ear, nose, and palate, are capable of a very high education ; the acoustic organs of the great musician and the eye of the colourist furnish us with proofs of the truth of what I state ; but delicate nerves are easily trained to the wrong as well as to the right, and what is more, they are often easily dulled and blunted. The sharper the edge of a cutting instrument, the more easily is it spoiled. The olfactory nerves, for example, seem to get inured to unwholesome air after a time ; or, what is much the same, the brain becomes incapable of taking cognisance of the impression. A person may be sitting in a room or railway-carriage, and feeling rather comfortable than otherwise in an atmosphere that a person coming directly in from the fresh air finds suffocatingly unwholesome.

I have used the words "rather comfortable" in my last sentence, and if we were to analyse the feeling of comfort which some people enjoy in bed-rooms in which a fire or a lamp is burning, and all fresh air excluded, we should, I think, find it very illusory indeed. It is occasioned partly by warmth and partly by the amount of carbonic acid gas in the room, which being inhaled acts as a narcotic upon the blood and nerves. Carbonic acid gas is certainly a narcotic, but it is a narcotic *poison ;* it is this that kills many infants who are found dead beside the nurse and are said to have been overlaid. In the far northern regions of our own islands, many people are in the habit of going to sleep with their heads entirely buried in the bed-clothes, especially in winter time. Warmth is thus induced, and the re-breathing of the carbonic acid gas exhaled from the lungs acts as a narcotic. But the practice is a dangerous one, no doubt cases of death in bed are sometimes due to it from failure of the heart's action, and it is at all times a most unhealthy one.

What we ought to have in the rooms we sleep in at night is pure air combined with warmth.

The practice of sleeping with the windows of the bed-room open is a good one during the summer months, or all the year round for those who can stand it. But it must not be forgotten that a certain uniform degree of warmth is necessary for the health of the sleeper as well as fresh air. And the liability to sudden changes in the temperature of the atmosphere must always be borne in mind. The air when one goes to sleep may be deliciously temperate, but a chilling frost may come before morning and smite the helpless sleeper as it does a plant or flower. But with a proper system of ventilation, and a proper degree of warmth, a bed-room is very easily rendered both habitable and healthful. As regards warmth we must not go to extremes. It is better the room should not be too hot at first, but the fire should be banked so that it shall maintain the warmth of the room all the night.

Some use stoves instead of open grates for the purpose of conserving the heat. This a stove certainly does, but the heat it throws out is a dry and unwholesome one, and though this can be remedied, and means adopted for moistening the air, a stove is not so good a ventilator as a grate. Worse by far than the ordinary coal-stove is the gas or petroleum apparatus. No one who permits a stove of the kind in his sleeping apartment, *without some scientific system for carrying away the foul air that it generates*, can expect to awake in the morning feeling a sense of refreshment and renewed strength.

Curtains all round beds are very objectionable, for if they do protect from draughts, they exclude the fresh air on which health and life itself depend.

Burning a lamp or gas all night is a most objectionable practice, and I hardly know which is the worst ; the lamp probably, but ordinary gas in burning gives off carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, sulphurous acid and other gases, and of course uses up the precious oxygen in the room. It has been estimated that a gas-light of about eight-candle power gives off as much carbonic acid as six men would.

The uneducated cannot quite grasp the idea of the breath of their own bodies being so poisonous as it is. The air that comes from the lungs is colourless and invisible even as that which was inspired—yes, but nevertheless it is very impure indeed. Says a recent writer : " If all the carbonic acid gas that a person exhales in twenty-four hours could be collected, and the

carbon extracted therefrom, the latter would be equal in weight to half a pound or more of charcoal, and this quite independent of the other obnoxious matter given off by the lungs."

Sleeping in bed-rooms which are lighted and warmed artificially, without being properly ventilated, tells against the health in two ways, for the air is not only poisoned by the carbonic acid given off by the fire and lamp or gas, but these latter also deprive it of a deal of its oxygen.

Air in-doors is undoubtedly impure, and incapable of supporting life healthfully, if it contains ten parts of carbonic acid in ten thousand. Well, to say nothing of other impurities, I do not think it would be above the mark to reckon thirty parts instead of ten to the air of ordinary school-rooms, public buildings, theatres, and other places in which crowds assemble, and the atmosphere of nineteen out of every twenty bed-rooms is just as bad.

We have at all events in scientific ventilation a remedy for the impurities of the air caused by the deadly gas carbonic acid. In a well-ventilated room this is carried off up the chimney, or outside somewhere, it matters little so long as it does go, and so long as pure, wholesome, breathable air takes its place. Bed-rooms, by-the-by, are too often ventilated, as it is called, through doors that open into passages, themselves probably highly impregnated with unwholesome odours and bad air. The system of ventilation in many hotels, for example, is faulty in the extreme, and the bed-rooms when untenanted are very often completely neglected, so far as the purity of their atmospheres is concerned.

The air we breathe in-doors is often poisoned by noxious gases emanating from the drains, and not from these alone, but from everything fluid or semi-fluid or damp that is capable of giving off either vapour or odour. Even the odours from the kitchen ought to be prevented from entering the living-rooms.

Want of cleanliness—perfect and complete cleanliness—tends also to poison the air. We should remember that an atmosphere impregnated with dust is not a wholesome one, especially if that dust is occasioned by the disintegration of substances in the room. But I may safely say that dust and dirt are convertible terms.

Although I do not wish to touch upon the subject of ventilation in this paper, I must remind my readers that the object and purpose of all ventilation should be to obtain pure air of a uniform temperature; and that this air should be equably diffused, and never amount to an actual strong current or draught, that may come in contact with and chill the body of the inmate.

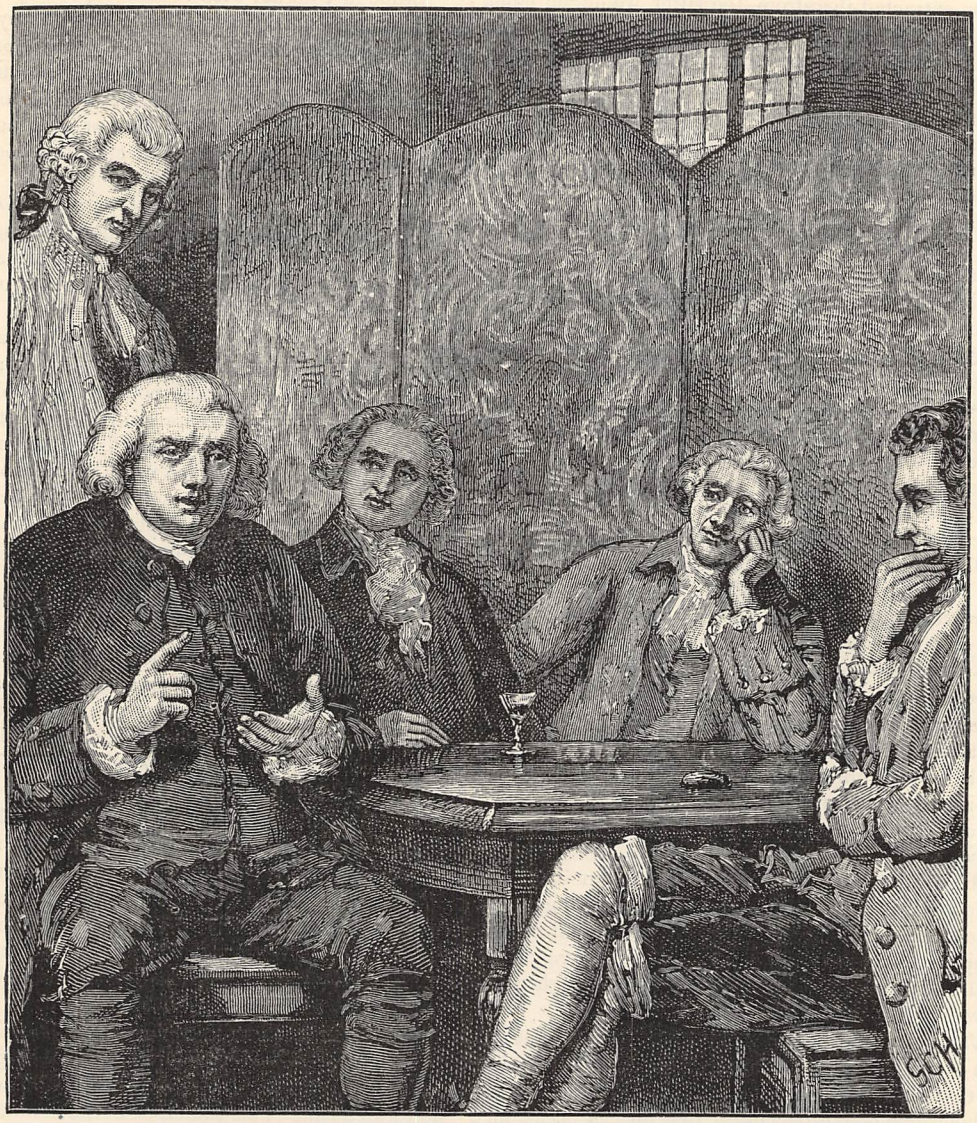
The air in the house should be pure *all throughout.* It is folly ventilating one room and neglecting others; the law of diffusion of gases militates against any such plan, and the atmosphere of a house ought to be pure and wholesome from attic to basement. This is very seldom the case; on the contrary, the air of one apartment often poisons that of another; and accidents to drains periodically poison the whole. Very large houses or mansions are sometimes most faulty in their drainage, and outbreaks of fevers are not unfrequently the result of this, so much so that to reside in some of these is quite as dangerous to the health as to reside in one of the poorer districts of London.

The air we breathe in-doors cannot be too often renewed nor too carefully regulated while sickness prevails; but more especially should the ventilation be attended to when that sickness is in the house in which we live. It gives a patient a far greater chance of life if, when ill, he is put in a room with a southern or south-western exposure—a room from which the carpet has been removed, the floor being kept spotlessly clean, and every unnecessary article of furniture taken away, and every curtain or hanging, that may collect dust, taken down. The room should have a cheerful appearance nevertheless; nothing should be left a moment therein that may taint the atmosphere; and such a thing as a slop-pail should never be seen inside its door. A plentiful use of disinfectants should be made, and if the illness be of an infectious character, a screen should be hung before the door, and kept damp with some disinfectant.

It is a well-known fact that a window may be opened wide without fear of cold or draught, if the space be covered with a wire-gauze screen or piece of perforated zinc. This should be borne in mind by those who wish to awake of a morning feeling refreshed and comfortable instead of tired and jaded and sleepy.

DOCTOR JOHNSON ON THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

AT the present time, when the topic of intoxicating drink is occupying more attention than it has ever done in the history of mankind; when physicians of the highest standing in the world of medicine are pitting the stern authority of science against the insidious attractions of alcohol; when Captain Nares proves that the austere cold of the North Pole can be best encountered without the aid of "strong waters;" when Lord Wolseley, of Cairo, wins Tel El Kebir, amid the burning sands of the East, upon diluted tea; when the advance of the Blue Ribbon Army has become as imposing a fact as the Holy Crusades; when the genius of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is called upon to face a grave fiscal difficulty, all brought about by the great decrease in the Excise returns; when Sir Wilfrid Lawson has grown quite as much an institution in the House of Commons as the Prime Minister, or the Speaker—it is, perhaps, neither uninteresting nor inopportune to focus what the great and good moralist, Doctor Samuel Johnson, said on the Temperance Question,



DOCTOR JOHNSON AND THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

anticipating by his sagacious utterances these days of Total Abstinence Societies and Bands of Hope. It is, perhaps, matter for wonder that his wise conclusions on this debatable subject have never before been grouped together. The maxims of Solomon about the wine that is a mocker, and the strong drink that is raging, and the lines that Shakespeare puts into the mouth of *Cassio* to *Iago*—"O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!" together with that eloquent regret that "men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains," have often served to "point the moral and adorn the tale" of the fervid temperance advocate. Doctor Johnson anticipated Dr. Richardson, Dr. Andrew Clark, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson. He was a temperance preacher, whose sermon was never intemperate. He lived in a wine-bibbing age, when to get "drunk as a lord" was a fashionable fact, and when to be "a three-bottle man" was to graduate for the amenities of the dinner-table. His was the age of taverns. The famous club he founded was held at the "Mitre." His best friend was Mr. Thrale, the brewer, whose executor he became. Yet, among the multitude of sayings of the Fleet Street philosopher, enshrined in Boswell's surpassing biography, there are none which are at once so convincing and conscientious, none which will more profitably repay thoughtful reflection, than those bequeathed to us as to what the doctor said on divers occasions upon the subject of inebriating beverages. Turning over casually the pages of my beloved Boswell, and reading them in this connection, I find much worthy to extract

in a concentrated form under the heading of this paper.

Permit me, as modestly as I may, to string together one or two of these exceedingly precious pearls. The period is 1772. Doctor Johnson is in his sixty-third year. The scene is the "Crown and Anchor" tavern, in the Strand. The company consists of Lord Elibank, Mr. Langton, and Dr. Vansittart of Oxford. Of course, the faithful Boswell is present, as he will be in all the following conversations. "A gentleman having to some of the usual arguments for drink added this: 'You know, sir, drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable. Would you not allow a man to drink for that reason?'—Johnson: 'Yes, sir, if he sat next *you*.'" A *jeu-d'esprit* this, I take it, that is scarcely in accordance with what the dogmatic doctor's critics delight to describe as his "elephantine wit." It must be remembered that Johnson in his earlier years drank wine and other liquors; but, as he told Miss Macleod, when in the Hebrides, "I took the opportunity of a long illness to leave it off. It was then prescribed to me not to drink wine; and having broken off the habit, I have never returned to it." And, speaking of this Scotch tour, Boswell remarks that when Johnson was staying with Sir Allan M'Lean, "we only regretted that he could not be prevailed upon to partake of the social glass. He urged that 'in proportion as drinking makes a man different from what he is before he has drunk, it is bad, because it has so far affected his reason.'"

Johnson is supping at the "Crown and Anchor" tavern. Sir Joshua Reynolds is one of the company, as also is Lord Dunsinan. Boswell reports: "We discussed the question whether drinking improved conversation and benevolence. Johnson: 'No, sir; before dinner men meet with great inequality of understanding, and those who are conscious of their inferiority have the modesty not to talk. When they have drunk wine every man feels himself happy, and loses the modesty, and grows impudent and vociferous, but he is not improved: he is only *not* sensible of his defects. . . . I admit that the spirits are raised by drinking as by the common participation of any pleasure; cock-fighting or bear-baiting will raise the spirits of a company as drinking does, though surely they will not improve conversation. . . . After a ten years' forbearance of every fluid except tea and sherbet, I drank one glass to the health of Sir Joshua Reynolds on the evening of the day on which he was knighted. I never swallowed another drop till old Madeira was prescribed to me as a cordial during my present indisposition; but this liquor did not relish as formerly, and I therefore discontinued it.'"

Following Boswell's honest register, we find Johnson at General Paoli's. The company numbers Sir Joshua Langton, Marchese Gheradi of Lombardy, and Mr. John Spottiswoode. "Wine," says Johnson, "makes a man better pleased with himself. I do not say it makes him more pleasing to others. The danger is that while a man grows better pleased with himself he may be growing less pleasing to others. Wine gives a man nothing. It neither gives him knowledge nor wit. It only animates a man, and enables him to bring out what a dread of the company has repressed. It only puts in motion what has been locked up in frost." Spottiswoode remarks, "So, sir, wine is a key which opens a box; but this box may be either full or empty?" The Doctor replies, "Nay, sir; conversation is the key; wine is a pick-lock, which forces open the box and injures it." When Boswell had some intention of representing his native county in Parliament, Johnson, in a letter pregnant with other sage counsels, remarked, "One thing I must enjoin of you, which is seldom observed in the conduct of elections; I must entreat you to be scrupulous in the use of strong liquors. One night's drunkenness may defeat the labours of forty days well employed." Boswell seems to have been the recipient of much advice of this description. Here is a further sample:—"As we drove back to Ashbourne, Dr. Johnson recommended to me, as he had often done, to drink water only; 'for,' said he, 'you are then sure not to get drunk, whereas if you drink wine you are never sure.'"

Boswell proceeds to cite, as an instance of drink not shortening life, the case of a certain Scotch lord. Johnson, with his usual intelligence and accuracy of inquiry, asks, "Does it take much wine to render him intoxicated?" Boswell answers, "A great deal either of wine or strong punch." "Then," says Johnson, "that is worse; a fortress which soon surrenders has its walls less shattered than when a long obstinate resistance is made."

Edward Bradbury.

HOW I FURNISHED.

No two people ever furnished exactly alike, hence I suppose it is that no golden rule is offered by their elders to innocent young householders when they set about feathering their first nest. So much depends upon the ways and means that perhaps it is unnecessary to lay down any hard and fast line to be generally followed, for what is within the reach of one is out of the range of another. In brief, circumstances alter cases, and as a result the inexperienced find themselves driven upon their own resources, which means that in despair they take advantage of the convenience of the "throughout" furnishing firms. But with regard to myself I determined that I would not pursue this ready-made mode of making my house habitable. Its rooms, argued I, need as much consideration in respect to colour and cut as I exercise when giving my tailor an order. A very laudable determination,

no doubt; but few of my friends could help me with their advice; at least, it was so inapplicable as to be useless, for one said, "Young people should be modest; go to second-hand dealers, and attend auction sales." Another observed, "Don't get too much furniture. I did, and now find I don't use one-half of it." A third advised me to go in for comfort and eschew elegance; whilst a fourth, newly married, informed me that his wedding presents had been so numerous that he did not think he should have to trouble about ordering furniture at all.

Friends proving of no service, I next looked up the literature on the subject, but found nothing to guide me, the same reticence distinguishing every writer. Pots, kettles, and pans were perhaps, I began to think, too commonplace to be written about. The only light which illuminated my darkness was that proceeding from furnishing catalogues and radiating from shop-windows. Finally, after much consideration, I determined to follow my own plan, and take no one into confidence, consult no one except my wife, and ask no one's opinion until all was complete. Now I will proceed to give a general outline of my operations.

First I chose my house. It needed thoroughly doing up. The wall-papers, moreover, were most Philistine, and the painting of the woodwork on a par. By an arrangement with the landlord I secured the selection of every paper to be used, and the choice of every paint-colour. We decided first upon the tone of the dining and drawing-rooms, which opened into one. We hit upon sage-green. It was a most important point, and made the rest of our labours easy. In preference to a set pattern a small running design was picked out, and in the end it proved a cheaper paper than that fixed upon by the landlord. So at the outset we learned that the exercise of one's own taste did not mean necessarily increased expense. This was satisfactory; for I feel sure that many people swallow down their own tastes when an outrageously ugly thing is submitted to them as desirable on the score of economy. I do not believe in such economy.

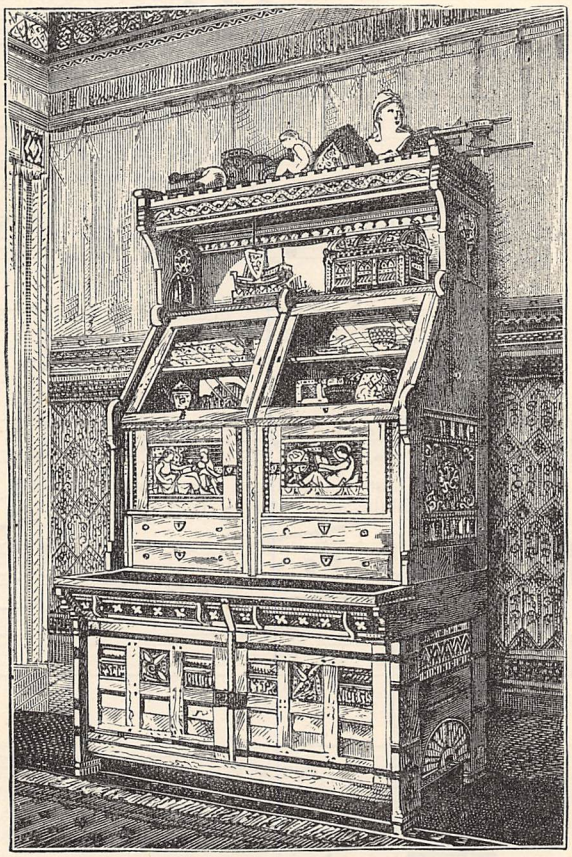
All through the house we gave the decorator this or that instruction, and at the end of the business were told that the gratification of our own desires had cost us a very small sum indeed.

In the meantime I had made up my mind to expend so much and no more upon furnishing. Accordingly, in a manuscript book, each room having a separate page or pages, I prepared an estimate, putting down every necessary that I could think of. Totalling up the entire book I satisfied myself that the aggregate sum was well within the mark. Then I set a cross against such of the items representing goods that I should wish to last for years, and, if possible, to improve with age. These were the dining-room and bed-room suites. Duly armed with my prices I went to a reliable manufacturer, and said, "Can you supply me with these goods at my figures? I wish for the best material and workmanship rather than ornament, and the furniture must be all in a certain style." The manufacturer met me fairly, and I have no reason to think this mode of ordering was more expensive than buying second-hand goods, although one individual damped me by saying that it would be impossible for me to get the things I wanted at my estimate. However, I convinced him to the contrary, for style does not of necessity consist in ornament; and it is possible to obtain a really good piece of furniture, made to order to, say, a simple Early English pattern, at the same cost as a more elaborate but less pleasing article, turned out by the gross and adorned with carving and mouldings to catch the taste of the many.

The outlines of the interior of the house having been thus arranged for, it was my next care to provide for every detail that might afterwards present itself, and it was astonishing to find how many and various these odds and ends were, and what a respectable sum they cost me: curtain-hooks, clothes-hooks, kitchen-hooks, brass-headed nails, tin tacks, and a thousand and one little things which every house requires, and which I should ask pardon for mentioning but for the fact that in laying out money these trifling items are apt to be forgotten, or taken into no account as of small consequence. I dare say it is because these etceteras are not unfrequently left unprovided until their need is felt, that gives rise to the lugubrious cry which more than one individual has raised in my hearing —"Furnishing! Ah, you never know when you have finished," and from the sigh which accompanies the exclamation I take it that the oddments make rather vexing demands upon a housekeeping purse not intended to defray such expenses. For my own part I intended that my agreed upon sum should cover everything, and if anything had to be excluded it should not be necessaries, but luxuries. There was one great item in the estimate upon which, like a Chancellor of the Exchequer, I played—viz., the piano. This instrument was the last article of furniture to be ordered, and the price of it was determined by the unexpended balance at our command. At times the piano loomed very largely upon us, and seemed quite within our grasp; at others it receded into dim distance, and became almost illusionary. Just accordingly as our estimate was exceeded or economised upon so the piano ran up and down the scale, from the impossibility of procuring it to the certainty of its actual possession.

Putting the estimate to the test we learned that it could be depended upon in respect to the drawing, dining, and bed-rooms. Where it was all at fault was in what I may call the Commissariat Department. Kitchen utensils and table furniture are of themselves so familiar that of course they could not be forgotten; yet, as a matter of fact, most of them were. And on this point I advise "those about to marry" to view the furnishing lists, wherein pretty little estimates may be found ready prepared, with considerable care, for they are by no means exhaustive, and it is most annoying to encounter deficiencies when all one's money is gone. If you want to avoid such vain regrets as that an ornamental article of furniture has been purchased in place of forgotten essentials, you must look things boldly in the face and see that *everything*—even to skewers—goes down in the estimate.

In the ordering of our furniture from makers recommended to us, two things were most helpful: first, the estimate, in keeping well within our means; and secondly, the style we had resolved upon. With a sage-green back-ground to consider, we were not perplexed when plunged into the wealth of warehouses displayed in numberless textures, colours, and shades. It was not a matter of choosing between this and that, but of finding the actual thing for which we were in search. We had what we wanted in our mind's eye, and in most cases we found it. Then, again, having gone in for Early English, we were spared the envy that we might have felt upon inspecting Persian saddle-bag-covered couches and chairs, which may have been beyond our pocket; for Persian saddle-bag velvet would not harmonise, and therefore to us it was of no value. Throughout the main idea kept in view was that of harmony—*i.e.*, that each article should contribute its appropriate quota to the general effect, and that none be allowed arrogantly to claim more than its fair share of attention.



In the arrangement of our rooms I designed that each should have its distinctive character. Hence, the dining-room was quiet and more formal than the drawing-room; the latter, however, in opposition to popular custom, I did not make light, yet sought to impart to it a comfortable appearance by varying the shapes of the chairs and the design of their cretonne coverings. For the rest the carpet and the wall-papers were the same as those in the dining-room. The reason for this identity was that on opening the two rooms into one, and slightly shifting the furniture in the dining-room, there should not be too great a dissimilarity in the styles. I dare say by this time it will have been perceived I am writing for people of moderate means and unambitious aims.

We were careful not to allow green to run through the whole house, and some rooms were accordingly allowed other dominant colours—the bed-rooms having the more delicate shades, and the sitting-rooms the warmer tints. It is not my intention to catalogue the several apartments and their contents, for what has pleased me may not please others. One or two suggestions, however, perhaps I may offer. For instance, the hall being narrow, I revolted at the thought of a hat-stand with which my furnishing friend would have supplied me. In substitution I placed a small umbrella-rack and hat-pegs out of sight of the door, and a curtain running on a brass rod lent an artistic effect to the foot of the stairs. On the staircase a small bracket with a flower-pot occupied a corner, and on the first landing was a hanging book-case, with blue china on the top shelf. Now, I name these things for the reason that they were the most noticed by visitors, who seemed struck with the notion of meeting with books on a staircase, &c., and I have also to remark that the effect produced was at a most inexpensive outlay. Thus I claim that one's house may be rendered artistic and attractive without lavishing on it an abundance of gilt and a profusion of primary colours.

There was another delusion I set my face against—viz., the "spare room." A spare room I could not afford, but a visitors' room I admitted was necessary. Visitors, however, were not likely to be frequent, and I was not disposed to maintain a room in solemn state for use three or four times only in a year. Therefore the visitors' room was so arranged as to be convertible from a sitting into a bed-room whenever necessary. The dressing-chest was placed unobtrusively in a corner, and the marble-topped wash-stand, deprived of its ware, was made to resemble, by the addition of flower-glasses, a console table.

It was in this way that I made my capital at command sufficient for every purpose, and, as the result, my home is quite as attractive and as rest-giving to me as the richly upholstered retiring-rooms of ducal mansions, no doubt, are to the favoured possessors of unlimited wealth.

Herald of Summer.

Words by GEORGE WEATHERLY. *Music by* CHARLES BASSETT.

M. ♩= 96.

PIANO.

p

Gracefully.

mf

1. Come to us, swallow, Hast - en your flight! Sum - mer will fol- low,
2. Hail to you, swallow, Swift in your flight! Hill - top and hol-low

mf

Glad-some and bright! O haste, swift-winged com - er, We long for your reign!
Flash in the light! O blithe-some new - com - er, All hail to your reign!

cres.

Her - ald of sum-mer, come now a - gain,..... come now a - gain,
Her - ald of sum-mer, wel-come a - gain,..... wel - come a - gain,

cres.

poco cres. *rit.*

come now a - gain! O her - ald of sum - mer, come, come, now a -
wel - come a - gain! O her - ald of sum - mer, O wel - come a -

poco cres. *rit.*

M. ♩. = 90. *Lightly and with vivacity.*

- gain. How we re - joice as the win- ter days van - ish, And we're
- gain. Joy fills our hearts, for the gloom has de - part - ed, And the

Lightly. mf

freed from their cloud and sor - row, For summer, bright sum - mer, the darkness will ban - ish, And our
sum - mer has chased away sad - ness, And brightly the gleam of the sunlight has dart - ed Thro' the

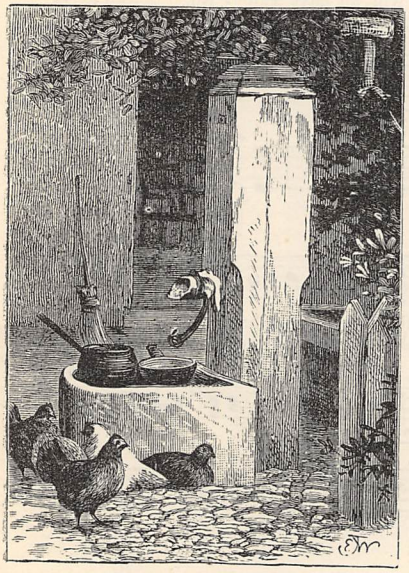
care will take wings and a - way !..... So is it, swal - low, with hearts full of yearn - ing For a
rift in the clouds a - bove !..... Hail to you, swal - low, sweet her-ald of sum - mer, With your

bright and a glad to - mor - row, We watch in the sky for your promised re- turn - ing, For we
pro - mise of mirth and glad - ness ! All hail to you, swal - low, most welcome new-com - er, With your

know you will come some day, For we know you will come some day !
mes-sage of life and love, With your mes-sage of life and love !

HOW TO KEEP POULTRY FOR PROFIT.

BY LEWIS WRIGHT, AUTHOR OF "THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF POULTRY," ETC.



THE extent to which poultry has been cultivated during many years merely for exhibition purposes, has beyond all doubt made many people more sceptical even than before as to the possibility of fowls "paying" for merely practical purposes, and perhaps more is said now about "eggs costing sixpence each" than ever before. The matter really stands much as it always did. People who manage their fowls will make them pay, as a great many balance-sheets honestly published every year amply prove; people who do not, cannot make them pay, and that is no new thing either. Perhaps the owner is rather more likely now than some years since to hear about some pure breed or other; and as these pure breeds have been kept for years, and purposely cultivated for quite other purposes than eggs, he is a little more likely than formerly to get hold of fowls which do not lay remarkably well; but even these will generally pay with good management.

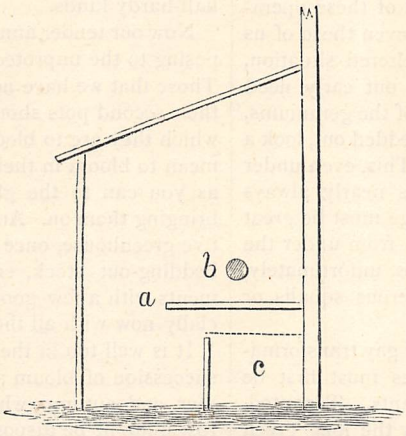
Let us first see what are the usual kinds of bad management, that these may be avoided. First, fowls are often insufficiently housed. That always brings bad luck, except in the rare case of birds brought from a farm, and which can have almost the liberty of a farm—those conditions sometimes seem to make up for almost anything. Next, it is very common, after getting the fowls, and fussing a great deal over them at first, afterwards to leave them to themselves or to the servants. Now fowls have few wants enough, but those are imperious; and not one servant in a thousand can or will satisfy them. Unless one of the elder children has a positive fancy for the work, they never ought to be kept unless one of the heads of the family means constantly to attend to them. Lastly, in mistaken kindness, fowls are very often grossly over-fed. They may also be half-starved, of course; but that does not occur nearly as often as the other fault.

Let us first see to the housing. Unless as much space as a strip all across the bottom of a small garden (say eighteen or twenty feet wide) can be given, fowls ought not to be kept. They are naturally active, and in a miserable wet and filthy wired place a yard wide by a couple long, no one can reasonably expect anything but ill-health. A wooden fowl-house, four to six feet wide, off one end of such a strip of garden will be enough for half a dozen; and, again, more ought not to be kept unless the space is more also. But that house must be tight, with no cracks or other draughts in it, or place where air can enter except a hole in the bottom for the fowls, and some ventilator near the top; and the perch must be so adjusted that they are not in the natural draught between. A capital plan is to make a broad shelf half a yard from the ground, at the back, and about as wide; put the nests under this at the back, and the perch a few inches above it, as in the diagram. Then the shelf can be sprinkled with sand or ashes every morning after scraping off all the droppings, which must be done every day, putting them on the garden. All will be easily cleaned, and all will be to the back, with the front space clean and clear.

This cleaning every day is a necessity for health and profit, and applies virtually to the run as well, if it is as small as supposed. It should be roofed to keep dry, the splash as well as the drip being kept out by a bottom board, and well stocked with loose dry earth or ashes—earth far the best. This can be raked every two or three days, dug up every now and then, and two or three times a year flung out and changed for fresh dry earth from the garden; or if there is a good dry ashes bin, this will do, clearing all out as soon as a fresh lot is ready, since damp and foul ashes breed parasites. One small hard place can be kept clear to feed on, and for the fountain; it should have also a broad earthenware saucer, kept well replenished with gritty gravel, old pounded mortar, and pounded oyster-shells. The particles of gravel are "hen's teeth;" the rest will be wanted for egg-shell. To some all this will seem great trouble, while others will think nothing of it. It is just the sort of thing no servant can be depended upon to do; and those who object to it had better not keep fowls. To lay out the place so that the fowls will neither get wet nor exposed to draught, and to attend to cleanliness regularly and scrupulously, are the primary essentials. Feeding is very little trouble, and bringing in eggs is less; the burden really lies in the constant cleaning and care. Those to whom such will *be* a burden should not undertake it.

Drink is simple enough: perfectly clean water in the fountain every day, without exception; it is easily remembered, and easily attended to. But food requires some reflection. Fowls kept in confinement like this must not be fed on whole grain, though that may be their natural food; for they are not kept under natural conditions. We may give them gravel, but they will eat far less of it than if at large, and their

whole system is less hardy. Their first meal in the morning must consist of what is usually called "soft food" of some kind. In nearly every house there are a few scraps of various sorts—leavings of vegetables, a few crusts and crumbs of bread, and perhaps a stray corner of pie-crust, now and then an odd potato, and so on. Now, if one vessel be kept for these odd things (only it must be kept sweet and healthy as if for your own table, and scalded in the same way), you cannot give the fowls a better breakfast than all this mashed up warm, with a little hot water if necessary, and well mixed with what is variously called in different places sharps, middlings, coarse country flour, and even pollard in some towns, though pollard is properly the coarse bran, which is quite unfit. The proper stuff is something like very fine bran, only more pinky, and with some flour in it. Half of this and half of the house-stuff make about the best food that can be had if it is enough; if it runs short, it can be made out with a little barley-meal, or some of the crushed biscuits sold as poultry-meal. This ought to be given as early as possible after the fowls are up. And one more meal of some grain, *not* maize—it may be old wheat, or barley, or heavy white oats, or dari, or buckwheat—must be given about half an hour before the fowls go to roost.



They only need these two meals a day of solid food, and more does them harm, unless the meals are very sparing ones indeed. That would be best of all, but nearly all people who have fowls in confinement, if they feed them three times a day, give them considerably too much. They must have enough; but that means keeping them hungry, and in fact almost ravenous for food; and hardly any other rule can be given, they eat so differently according to their size, breed, and whether they are laying or not. Perhaps on an average a mass of crumbly paste about as large as a small orange, in the morning, and a largish wine-glassful of grain at night, is as near the general mark as can be stated. But besides this regular feeding they must have some fresh green food every day, best perhaps in the middle of the day between the meals; and if any scraps of meat are minced up and given at the same time, there will be the more chance of eggs. From any well-ordered average house they will never get too much of this.

If good fowls are procured and treated like this, they will *pay;* and that brings us to the fowls. The main points of importance about these are, that they be both young and well nourished. There is no certain test of age, whatever people may say, though the legs of young hens look softer and fresher, and there is also a young and an old look about the face. Testimony must chiefly be depended upon, and ought to be, if respectable people vouch for anything. But this really is a chief thing, because an average hen only really pays for two seasons—the year following that in which she was hatched, and the year after. She ought not to be kept beyond that time; and, of course, to buy one which has already yielded all her profit cannot turn out well. When fowls are purchased in autumn, they should be those hatched the same spring, pretty early, but not too early—say, from March to early April—which will begin early to lay winter eggs. If in the spring, then get pullets hatched the spring before, which need not be so early. As a rule, early hatching means winter laying, but not so many eggs in the spring and summer after; while April and May chickens lay less or none in winter, but more in the summer. It is much the best for beginners to start in the spring, because they have something to learn and probably some mistakes to make, anyhow. In spite of all these, in spring and summer they will get eggs with almost any fowls, and under very middling management; and that is a great encouragement.

Good cross-bred fowls will generally lay very well, and are cheap. Got from a farm where they are really fed, such are almost always healthy and profitable. If any distinct breed is got, the non-sitting breeds suited for confinement should be chosen, as chickens can hardly be reared, and to have hens getting "broody" is both trouble and loss. The sort of hen called "Black Spanish" generally does well, but is not the true Spanish, having a red face instead of white, and only white ears; fanciers call it the Minorca. A similar fowl, called the Andalusian, of a blue-grey colour, is also a good non-sitting layer of large eggs. White or brown Leghorns also do well; and, if kept *very* dry, Polish. Hamburghs seldom thrive unless they can run at large. Crosses between some of these breeds generally lay better still, recovering those laying qualities which fanciers have sometimes lost by breeding for other objects; such a bird has been known to lay 200 eggs in a year. High-priced fancy fowls should be avoided. Good crosses can almost always be obtained with a little trouble, or even from a study of the advertisements in the poultry papers.

If there are more eggs than are wanted for immediate family use, they may be either preserved for winter, or sold. Often some neighbour is very glad of any that can be spared; but if direct private disposal is objected to, the family grocer, if he has at all a respectable connection, is generally only too happy to give a good price for all that can be thus personally warranted as new-laid. What are *called* "new-laid eggs" are so often a delusion and a snare, that even a few of known genuineness, as soon as it is known they can be had, are usually sought after with eagerness, always at good, sometimes at very high prices.

OUR GARDEN IN MAY.

THE days of the month upon which we have just entered are among the longest of any that we have in the year, and are therefore almost the busiest that we have in our all-important acre of land. Our greenhouse then—for we are still bound to make that one of our first considerations—is, at all events for the first half of the month, nearly at its fullest.

We are preparing for our final bedding-out, and it may be that we still think it prudent, during the prevalence of those notorious east winds, to postpone the last of these operations for a few days longer. And yet even those of us who, rejoicing perhaps in a more sheltered situation, have been venturesome enough to bed out early need not take any real alarm because some of the geraniums, or the stock in general that has been bedded out, look a little blackened or disposed to droop. This, even under the most favourable circumstances, is nearly always the case; for, bear in mind, the change must be great for all flowers when suddenly removed from under the protecting glass, and exposed perhaps, unfortunately, on their first night out, to some boisterous squalls or some chilly east winds.

By way of preparation, then, for our gay transformation scene, the flower-beds themselves must first be got in readiness for their new occupants. Tenanted, however, they probably are already by the long green and untidy-looking foliage of our bulb show that has for some time past lost the best of its beauty. Now we must be careful, in our hurry for a change, not to damage these bulbs, our tulips, hyacinths, crocuses, and all our early spring flowers—least of all must we proceed to clip off with our shears the foliage itself. The bulbs, then, must be carefully lifted, and the already ripening foliage allowed to die down by itself after your bulbs have been all stowed away in your potting-shed or out-house. Some, however, recommend leaving some of the crocus bulbs, for example, in the ground, and then tying the straggling foliage neatly together so as to keep it off the ground, and thus allowing proper space for the bedding-out flowers to go amongst the bulbs. But in addition to this having at best a very untidy appearance, there is also the risk to be run of plunging the trowel through the bulbs themselves in all directions when bedding-out, so that by far the better, the safer, and the neater plan is to lift the entire stock of bulbs.

And next, the soil itself should be got into a good pulverised state: it will never do to have it hard and lumpy when bedding-out, and the bulbs once removed you can fearlessly turn over your bed and get it into proper order for the reception of the greenhouse stock.

And then, as to the actual bedding-out itself, much may be said which is most important, and not to be overlooked. Avoid overcrowding, for recollect that in two or three months' time your plants will have doubled or trebled themselves in size: then have colours properly blended, and do not, for instance, have a bed of pink by the side of scarlet geraniums.

Finally, do not mind the trouble of pegging down some of the more obstinate shoots of your flowers when once put in, for by this means you will be more sure of a uniform height in your entire stock, which a careful watering when all is done ought certainly to insure—a gratifying reward for the pains you have been at. And, as we have often before remarked, we ought always to supplement our bedding-out stock by a plentiful supply of annuals both of the hardy and half-hardy kinds.

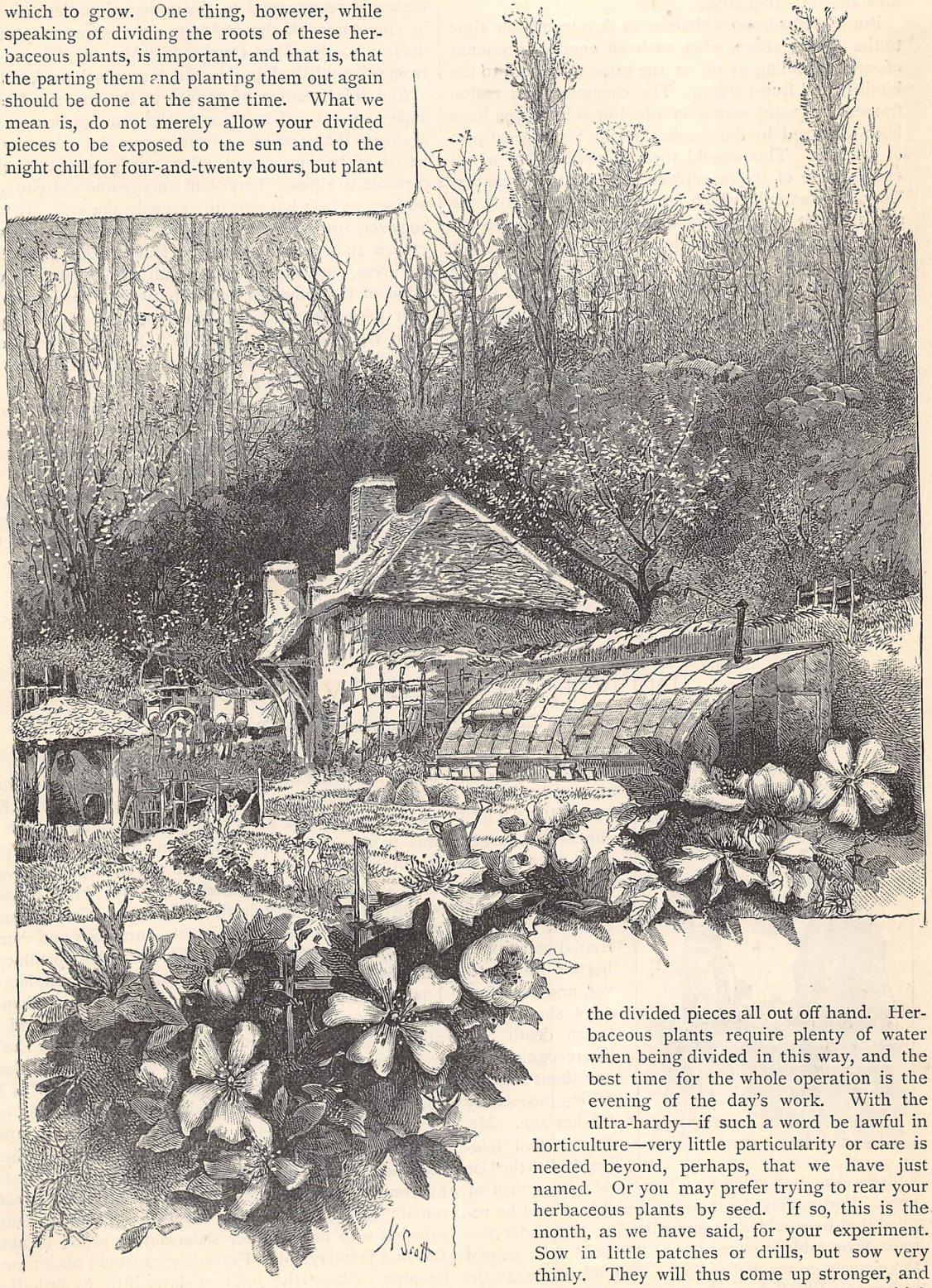
Now our tender annuals, of course, we are not yet exposing to the unprotected uncertainty of May weather. Those that we have not yet changed from their first to their second pots should now be shifted to the pots in which they are to bloom, and annuals in pots that you mean to bloom in their pots should be placed as near as you can to the glass itself under which you are bringing them on. And then, bear in mind, our diminutive greenhouse, once nearly emptied of our ordinary bedding-out stock, enables us to try several experiments with a few good and tender flowers, and especially now with all the best of the year before us.

It is well too in the garden to try to have a constant succession of bloom at least through the spring, summer, and autumn, while many, thinking of Christmas roses, might be disposed to add the winter as well. A garden completely stocked from end to end with nothing but geraniums and verbenas, which go largely to make up an ordinary bedded-out garden, would really leave little room in which to vary the bloom at all, so that we do not intend to be in the least disappointed if our limited glass only allows us to preserve a few bedding-out plants. Or again, a few seeds sown, say in the month of March, in pots and in our greenhouse will enable us to turn them out in the present month or in the third week of it, and dot them all about among our herbaceous plants—such, for example, as our sweet peas and lupins, China asters and ten-week stocks, &c. And, in addition to this, were we to sow a few of these seeds this month in the open ground they will bloom and thrive well when those that we have just now spoken of are beginning to look nasty and shabby.

We alluded just now to herbaceous or hardy perennial plants, upon which, after all, so many of us largely depend for a certain floral display. This is the month, then, for sowing all kinds, and of parting any that have gone out of bloom if we want to increase our stock by propagation.

The pieces you plant out ought not to be too small. You ought, however, to have a good lump of heart and a fair piece of root, and then you should certainly be successful in rearing a new plant. But insure a good

situation, a reasonably good soil, and room in which to grow. One thing, however, while speaking of dividing the roots of these herbaceous plants, is important, and that is, that the parting them and planting them out again should be done at the same time. What we mean is, do not merely allow your divided pieces to be exposed to the sun and to the night chill for four-and-twenty hours, but plant



the divided pieces all out off hand. Herbaceous plants require plenty of water when being divided in this way, and the best time for the whole operation is the evening of the day's work. With the ultra-hardy—if such a word be lawful in horticulture—very little particularity or care is needed beyond, perhaps, that we have just named. Or you may prefer trying to rear your herbaceous plants by seed. If so, this is the month, as we have said, for your experiment. Sow in little patches or drills, but sow very thinly. They will thus come up stronger, and you will have less occasion to thin out, which

would certainly have to be done if you sowed in the mustard-and-cress style.

But it seems impossible now to devote all our time to the flower-garden, when such an enormous amount of work is calling us off at the same time both to the kitchen and fruit-garden. The cucumber and melon frames, for example, may in a bad or cold season have been damaged by the manure having lost a great part of its heat. This should then, if possible—or at all events some of it—be replaced by hot stable manure. That, for example, which projects beyond the frame and in front of it should be got away, and even the whole heap might be slightly undermined, and the hot dung then put in its place should be pressed closely against the whole mass. The back of your frame should be served in the same way. All this, however, may have come from being too much in a hurry earlier in the year in erecting a hot-bed at all. For ordinary gardening purposes we never set them up much before the third week in March. All the early-growing crops should be gone over for the purposes of a careful weeding and thinning. In a really dry season—an event now unknown to us for many years—some watering may be necessary and a little earthing up given to all crops that are sown in drills, while the soil between all the rows should be well stirred up, as all this may lead to the discovery and consequent destruction of vermin that are secreting themselves for a good opportunity of a raid. On the unpleasant subject of vermin we would recommend to the notice of gardeners who, in common with the children, are anxious to protect the fruit-garden, Miss Ormerod's "Manual of Injurious Insects," published by Messrs. Sonnenschein & Allen.

And this mention of vermin in the month of May makes us run off at once to the fruit-garden to see whether that terrible green caterpillar intends to let us off this year, and allow our gooseberries and currants to ripen. Persistent energy and activity can, we fear, at best but partially remedy the evil. Better, however, surely, to have a thousand caterpillars in the garden than fifty thousand. Hand-picking, shaking the trees, soot, lime, dusting with white hellebore, are some of the remedies known to us, and tried by us all with varied success. As the moth deposits her eggs upon the gooseberry-leaves in July and August, one suggestion has been to burn the leaves themselves in the early part of the autumn.

The strawberries, too, should be this month deprived of their runners. If our idleness allows them to remain on, it is our own fault if our strawberry crop be scanty both in quantity and quality.

And yet the old consolation so often, or nearly always, holds good, for somehow "things all come right in the end," and how often does it happen that if we fail in one crop we have a superabundant supply of another!

DOWN IN THE WORLD.

By the Author of "But for Ilion," "How Vickerscroft was Redeemed," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

MR. FRASER IS ASHAMED OF HIMSELF.

MRS. FRASER'S illness had turned out very much more serious than Dr. Gregson anticipated. She had fretted and fumed herself into a fever, and for many days she lay between death and life, recognising no one about her, and calling incessantly for her son. Mr. Fraser had telegraphed to the last address Alec had given him, urging him to return at once. Fortunately the message found him, and he replied that he would start immediately; but under the most favourable circumstances it would take nearly three weeks to reach England. Nell felt she was safe at her post till all danger was over, and Mrs. Fraser in a fair way of recovery. During the latter part of her illness she had taken a great fancy to the nurse; her soft voice soothed her in spite of herself, and Nell's touch was always light and gentle. But although it was pleasant to have a fractious patient amenable to authority, it made it hard for the nurse, who never seemed to get one moment's rest, for Mrs. Fraser would not even take a drink from any other hand; and, worst of all, in spite of Nellie's entreaties and commands, she would speak of her son—his obstinacy, his folly, his ingratitude—for no one but herself knew how Mrs. Fraser had toiled to secure for him the hand of a lady of title. "And that Brand girl spoiled it all," she generally added; "and I have no doubt she's with him now, and keeping him from me!" All that was very hard to bear, and Nell felt sometimes as if she must run out of the house straight to Doris, or Davy, or somebody, and cry out all her trouble and indignation. She had never done anything in her life, she felt, to cause her to be so cruelly misjudged; but, on the other hand, it was so evidently her duty to remain at her post. Dr. Gregson was more than satisfied with her, and her sister-nurses proud of her. But in a few days Mrs. Fraser's eyes would once more be able to bear the light of day; little by little the blinds would be lifted, and the gloom of the darkened chamber exchanged for sunlight, and Nell felt she

could not hope to escape recognition any longer. Her sister's marriage formed a very reasonable excuse for her leaving, and the lady superintendent had arranged for Miss Astley to take her place, if indeed it was necessary, for Susan was quite capable of taking care of her mistress if she was only reasonable. Doris was to be married on Wednesday; and on Saturday Nell had arranged to leave Buckingham Square and go straight down to River View, Lady Cheston having kindly promised to send the carriage for her. Mrs. Fraser was angry and indignant, and at first refused point-blank to allow her to go. However, Nell gently pointed out that Mrs. Fraser had no power whatever to detain her, and that she had already remained longer than the urgency of the case required. While they were speaking Mr. Fraser entered the room with a telegram in his hand.

"I have just had a message from Alec, Jane. He has reached Queenstown safely, and hopes to be with us to-morrow evening."

"Put up the blind, nurse; I must read the message myself," Mrs. Fraser cried, pushing aside her bandages. "Give it me, James."

Nell pulled up the blind a little way, and stood in the shadow, while Mrs. Fraser gave back the message to her husband with a sigh. "I can't tell one word from another, James. Go to the window, and read it to me word for word."

Mr. Fraser did so, and in crossing the room happened to glance at the nurse, who stood pale and trembling by the window. For a moment he stared at her in a dull, stupid sort of way, crushing the message in his hand; but in a moment he opened it out, and read it slowly. Then he gave it to his wife, that she might feel though she could not read it, and left the room, still glancing at Nell in a strange, questioning way.

"You see, nurse, now my son is coming home, I cannot possibly let you go," Mrs. Fraser said, in her old imperious tone. "I shall require you more than ever. I'll double your wages if need be, but you must stay."

"I'm sorry that's not possible, madam, but you will find the lady sent by the Society in every way efficient;" and fearful of trusting herself to say more, she hurried out of the room, only to meet Mr. Fraser pacing up and down the corridor, evidently waiting for her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, laying his hand on her arm; "you—you surely are Ellinor Brand, Ernest Brand's daughter?"

"Yes, Mr. Fraser, I am, and a member of St. George's Nursing Society. When I came here I had no idea who the patient was, but I saw there was no possibility of Mrs. Fraser recognising me for a time; so I remained. I am leaving within an hour."

"No, no; my discovering your secret need not drive you away. I wish I had known it sooner; I wish——Miss Brand, it was truly kind, truly generous, of you to come and nurse my wife. I wish I could express my gratitude to you."

"You can prove it by saying nothing of your discovery," Nell said eagerly. "Promise me, Mr. Fraser, that you will not breathe a word of who I am, either to Mrs. Fraser or any one else, and I shall be truly grateful."

"I don't think I can promise you that, Nellie. My wife has been very hard on you, and in the interests of common justice she must be undeceived; but come into the study with me for a few minutes; I have something to say to you."

"About his son, of course," Nell thought, as she followed him. "Poor old man, how miserable he looks!"

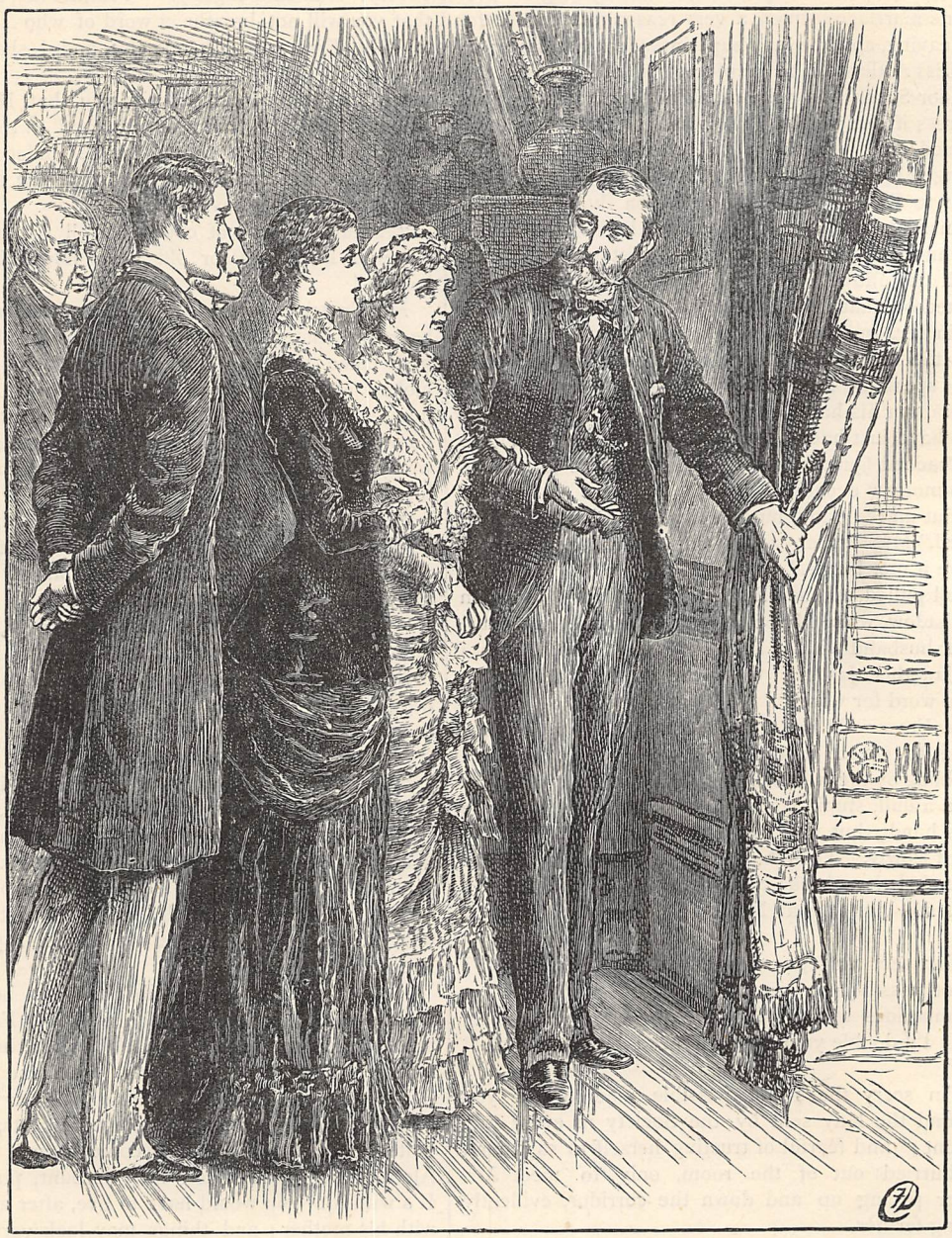
Mr. Fraser was truly and genuinely miserable, and heartily ashamed of himself; never did his selfishness come home to him so thoroughly as when he looked at his old friend's daughter, in her simple nurse's dress, and with her white, worn face and heavy eyes, and remembered the four weeks of work, worry, and incessant mortification she had endured at his wife's hands. "And all the time her own dear father requiring her care and attention," he thought, "while the poor child is not even aware of his existence. Perhaps, if I had only done half my duty, how different it all might have been!"

"I feel completely ashamed, my dear," he said, after a few moments' silence. "I don't know where to begin to excuse myself. I wish you had been a little more free and friendly with us, Nellie; but no, the fault was all my side—all. Your dear father and your most worthy grandfather had been staunch and loyal friends to me when I was sorely in need of them, and I——You must try to forgive me, Nellie, for I have no excuse to offer; and I never thought, my dear, that things were so bad that you should become a nurse" (a nurse, to Mr. Fraser, was simply a nurse, and nothing more). "Why didn't you let me help you, Nellie? Why in the world didn't you marry Alec?"

Nell was silent; she couldn't tell him because his wife had insulted her grossly, and Mr. Fraser continued speaking, more to himself than to her. "The mother would have got over it when she found the thing was done. She's a little singular"—so Mr. Fraser mildly put it—"in some respects, but I'm quite certain she'd have come round. Besides, Alec ought to be taken into account, poor fellow. It's with him you would have to live, after all, and not with his mother; and things may look very different for you from a worldly point of view very soon, Miss Nellie."

"I suppose you allude to my sister's approaching marriage with Mr. Cheston; but I don't see that will make any practical difference in my position, Mr. Fraser."

"No, I was not thinking of that; but if Miss Doris is about to become the wife of Mr. Frank Cheston, I congratulate her and you. It's a good thing in every sense of the word; but there's another reason. Has it never struck you that perhaps the *Europa* was not lost, after all, or that perhaps some of her passengers escaped. Even now your father may be making a fortune for you somewhere. It's possible, you know."



"ONE DAY THEY ORGANISED AN IMPROMPTU PARTY . . . AND WENT DOWN TO SEE HIM" (*p.* 362).

"But hardly probable, Mr. Fraser," Nell replied sadly. "If indeed our dear father were alive, it would give the world a very different aspect, and life might then be worth the living; as it is——Mr. Fraser, have you heard anything? Do you think my father is alive?" she cried, startled by something in his face.

"Yes, Miss Nellie, I think so. I am certain he was three weeks since. I can't give you any more particulars now;" and Mr. Fraser grew positively brick-red as he remembered that he did not even know Ernest Brand's address. "In a week, I hope—confidently hope—to be able to give you fuller information, or perhaps put your hand in his. So cheer up, my dear, and look for brighter days, and prepare to lay aside this"—touching her dress—"for, though you have been a ministering angel to us in it, I want to see you in something brighter and better."

Nell scarcely heard a word he said; her thoughts were entirely with her father. To have him again to love her and care for her, stand between her and

such cruel trials as refusing Alec and the interview with his mother had been, would be more happiness than she had ever dared hope for. Then to have him with her once more, to live in some quiet, remote place, where she could work for him, wait on him, make his home happy, and compensate for all his grievous trials and troubles: the very thought brought tears of joy to her eyes.

"Mr. Fraser, how can I ever thank you for this good news!" she faltered, holding out both hands. "I have no words now to express my gratitude."

"I deserve none, my dear, not an atom," he said, truly enough; "but if you think you owe me any, pay Alec. Yes, give poor Alec some compensation—pay him, my dear."

At that moment Lady Cheston's carriage was announced, and Nell was spared the pain of assuring Mr. Fraser that she never meant to see Alec again, though her heart throbbed fiercely at the thought that he was coming back again. "But I shall have father—I shall have father," she repeated to herself as she was driven down to Richmond; and the thought of his return seemed to rise like a breakwater between her and all sorrow and trouble in the future. First of all she meant to tell Doris, but a little reflection convinced her that it would be better not. "Of course she would not feel so interested as I do: she has so much to occupy her now; and then, perhaps I might feel cross with her. No, I'll keep the precious secret all to myself: at least till I know something more definite. Only one little week to wait, and then ——"

At this point of her reflections the carriage drove up to River View, and Doris and Lady Cheston were standing at the door waiting to receive her.

"Why, darling, how well you look!" both cried simultaneously; and indeed Nell's good news of the morning had brought a sparkle to her eyes, and a colour—long a stranger—to her pale cheeks.

"You don't look much as if you left a sick-room, Nell. I expect you've been having a good time in Buckingham Square," Doris cried; and Frank, who stood a little in the background, waiting to be introduced to his new sister, smiled very knowingly. Nell's bright looks accorded wonderfully with a message he had received that morning from Alec Fraser, announcing his return, and inquiring after the Brands. Frank alone knew that Mrs. Fraser had met with an accident, and been very ill in consequence, and that she lived in Buckingham Square; for Nell, with a most unusual reticence, shrank from mentioning the name of her patient, and Doris and Lady Cheston were far too much absorbed in preparations for the wedding to inquire.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

MR. BRAND BEGINS TO FEEL LIKE HIMSELF AGAIN.

MR. ERNEST BRAND was not a proud man where money matters were concerned, and when, the day after his arrival at Clematis Villa, old Davy pulled Mr. Fraser's cheque out of his pocket, quite by accident, and proposed returning it, Mr. Brand declared he'd do no such thing. "Why on earth should I, Davy?" he reasoned. "I want everything, and this twenty pounds will help. Fraser might have made it fifty, it's really unlike him to behave so shabbily. However, a man can do a good deal with twenty pounds when he's reduced to it." And Mr. Brand really did work wonders with it. At the end of a week he appeared in a new and fashionably-made suit of clothes, well-fitting boots and gloves, irreproachable hat and umbrella, his ragged beard trimmed into order, and his hair brushed to its state of pristine gloss. Older, thinner, bronzed by exposure, and with some deep lines on his forehead, Mr. Brand still looked a handsome man and a gentleman, and he surveyed his appearance with pleasure in the little mirror over the fire-place in Davy's sitting-room.

"Now then," he said, with something of the easy, gracious tone of command he had been wont to use when speaking to his employés—"Now then, Dunderdale, I'm looking something like myself again, and, what's better, feeling so. The week's rest has unquestionably set me up, and the question that naturally presents itself is, What am I to do?"

"Get a paper," Davy suggested; and just as Nell and Doris pored over the advertising columns of the newspapers in the little parlour, so their father studied them day after day for a week, without finding anything at all likely to suit him, or that he was likely to suit. Mr. Fraser had never written, or offered any further marks of interest or friendship; and Mr. Brand had kept equally silent. He resented secretly the prosperous man's patronage, but he was half ashamed to own that it had the power to hurt him; and he was just coming to the conclusion that he would have to put his pride in his pocket, and apply personally for occupation at Tollman's Wharf, when an advertisement caught his eye which seemed just the thing for him: an agent was required to take charge of a small country estate, and superintend the improvements and alterations of the house, during the absence of the owner; a gentleman of taste and some knowledge of artistic decoration preferred.

"Just the thing for me, Davy," Mr. Brand said, as he prepared to start for the office of the solicitor mentioned in the advertisement. "The salary is moderate, but there's a comfortably furnished cottage, which will be charming for the girls; and they will enjoy getting back to the country so much."

It was characteristic of Mr. Brand that he was always sure of everything, and hoped so long as there was a possibility of the thing hoped for being attained by natural, or even supernatural means. Both Davy and Captain Laffin, of course, knew all about the approaching marriage of Doris, but by mutual consent they were silent on that point, both feeling that it would be infinitely better for Mr. Brand to have some fixed and definite occupation before he made them acquainted with his return. If Doris were married to a rich man, Mr. Brand, who had very vine-like tendencies, would think it the most natural thing in the world for Nell to live with her

till she was married too, and then there would be no such pressing necessity for him to exert himself.

"But Miss Nellie isn't that sort," Davy said confidentially to the captain; "she would never consent to live on her sister, though she'd share a crust with her father."

So Mr Brand set off to inquire about the situation, and the solicitor thought he really was perhaps the man to suit. He was interested in his appearance and strange adventures, listened to his history of the loss of the *Europa*, and how all his prospects were ruined. "And here I am now, sir, sadly in want of a home for my two daughters, and this seems just the very thing. As for references, most City men have heard of Ernest Brand and his misfortunes, but no one can say they lost a crown by him."

"I really think you would suit, Mr. Brand," the solicitor said, after a few minutes' reflection, "if you would care to call on my principal. He is at his chambers this morning, and would see you. He is to be married in a week, and is going abroad with his bride, and he wants this new estate he has bought put in order against his return. The estate itself is tolerably well managed, but the Grange, as the old house is called, is in a sad state, and he wishes it thoroughly restored, decorated, and all that sort of thing. He bought it cheap, and has plenty of money to spend on it. I really think you should go and see him. He has the plans at present by him, making some suggestions and alterations."

Mr. Brand took the card and address handed him by the solicitor, and set off in high spirits. He had no difficulty in finding the chambers of Mr. Frank Cheston, and was soon seated before the gentleman himself, who was bending over the identical plans, with a pencil in his hand.

"I have come from Mr. Stone," he said, bowing courteously. "He informs me you are in want of an agent, and is good enough to say he thinks I am likely to suit you."

"Yes," Frank said, almost mechanically, staring blankly at the card before him—"Mr. Ernest Brand. The name sounds familiar to me."

"It is familiar to a great many people, Mr. Cheston, owing somewhat to the misfortunes which have persistently followed its owner, rather than to any merits he may possess," Mr. Brand said, a little sadly. "I have only just returned to England, after suffering perils by land and by sea that I will not weary you by reciting. I come back ruined, disappointed, more bankrupt in everything than when I started: to find my dear wife dead, my two daughters out in the world earning their daily bread, my old friends all unmindful of me, and but one solitary servant faithful. I want to find a home for my girls. They were not brought up to toil amongst strangers, Mr. Cheston; and this agency of yours seems the very thing—quiet, secluded, and a furnished cottage. It is very tempting. I cannot acquaint my children with my return—for they believe me dead—until I have a home to take them to. I believe I am fully capable of doing the work you require. Now you know my circumstances, Mr. Cheston, do you think I am likely to suit you?"

"Are you—are you Ernest Brand that sailed for China in the *Europa* nearly two years ago?" Frank cried, standing up, and holding out his hand. "If so, let me be the very first to welcome you home."

"I am, indeed, that most unhappy and unfortunate man, Mr. Cheston; and, alas! I have no home to be welcomed to. I am down in the world, and up to the present my attempts at rising have not been very successful."

"But that's all over, my dear sir!" and Frank wrung his hand heartily. "Why, is it possible that you are actually back safe and sound, and the dear girls don't know? How could you have kept from flying to them at once?"

"If you saw me when I arrived at the East India Docks, Mr. Cheston, you would not be surprised that I declined to run the risk of repudiation: gaunt, unkempt, clad in a ragged guernsey, with a red worsted muffler round my neck, without even a solitary penny in my pocket. Just think of my intruding in that plight on my fastidious Nell and Doris. Why, they would have been frightened out of their very lives. No; I wrote to a man whom I deemed my friend—who owed me many obligations—but he neither came nor replied to my letter. But old Davy Dunderdale found me in my solitude and destitution, and, like another good Samaritan, took me in, bound up my wounds, and treated me with the most generous hospitality." (Mr. Brand did not add that he took all Davy's kindness and attention as a matter of course.) "After a little reflection, it seemed to me far the best plan to secure some occupation and a fitting home for my daughters before I made them aware of my existence. Have I your approval so far, Mr. Cheston?" Mr. Brand asked, with the air of a man who knew he had behaved with great magnanimity, and expected to have it appreciated.

Frank answered him that he thought he had behaved very nobly, and then went on to tell him of his acquaintance with the girls. "In fact, Mr. Brand," he said, with his pleasant kindly smile, "I am about to enter into very near relationship with you. Next Wednesday I shall make Doris my wife, and it is for her reception I want the Grange fitted up. I hardly like to suggest it, but if you still would care to make it your home during our absence, it would give me great pleasure: of course, not as my agent, but as my wife's father."

"You are very kind, Mr. Cheston, and I heartily thank you for your proposal, though I am sorry to lose my little Doris just as I have found her. I think she is going into good hands. There is no one thinking of running away with Nellie, I hope?"

"I'm not so sure of that," Frank replied, with a sly smile. "But you will have her for a little while, perhaps, and then your home will be with us, with an occasional visit to my mother, whom I am sure you will like. And now, will you come down to River View with me to-day? Nell and Doris are both there with mother, up to their eyes in wedding finery."

"And my sudden appearance will upset all their plans and arrangements, and the dear children will do nothing but hang round me and weep," Mr. Brand said, with something of his old horror of a scene. "Don't you think you had better prepare them just a little, Mr. Cheston?"

"Well, perhaps it would be better," Frank mused, with some latent dread of heroics or hysterics, or something that might possibly postpone his wedding. "Suppose we get up a little plot, Mr. Brand, and I don't introduce you till my wedding morning; then I can tell Nell that if I do take her darling sister, I give her instead an equally loved father. Then you and she can stay with my mother till it's quite convenient for you to go to the Grange. I'll see you in town every day, and we can look through the plans at our leisure. Meantime, Mr. Brand, you must permit me to be your banker. I can imagine how uncomfortable it is to feel yourself totally shipwrecked, looking round vainly for the ordinary necessities of life—which one can hardly do without;" and Frank wrote a cheque, the magnitude of which astonished Mr. Brand, and sent him in anticipation into boundless extravagance. One thing he resolved: his girls should not be ashamed of him when he appeared suddenly at the wedding.

Then they went and had luncheon, and Frank felt really proud of his future father-in-law: he was such a genial, handsome, well-bred man, although he had not Nell's spirit of proud independence; but Doris was in many respects like her father: she could accept favours and benefits with a grace that made the donor feel that the kindness was all on her side, while Nell shrank from benefits she could not return as from blows.

At a hint from Frank, Mr. Brand expressed his intention of putting up at an hotel somewhere near the Temple; Clematis Villa was so very out of the way. Then, with a careless laugh, he said he would go and purchase a wardrobe, and a bag to put it in, and say good-bye to Davy and Camden Town. He had money in his purse once more; the responsibility of his daughters was off his mind; and Ernest Brand felt as happy and as contented as if no shade of sorrow had ever touched him in his life, and looked forward to the romance of meeting the girls, amid bridal wreaths, orange-blossoms, and all the concomitants of a fashionable wedding, with no small delight. He felt quite confident of showing to advantage on an occasion like that.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

THE DARKENED CLOUD SHOWS HER SILVER LINING.

By various hints and innuendoes Frank Cheston had given the ladies at River View to understand that a very great surprise awaited them on the morning of Wednesday. "Prepare yourselves for a very, very great surprise," he had said; and Nell blushed up crimson, for she fancied he could refer to nothing but the presence of Alec Fraser; and though she knew now that he was a very great friend of Frank's, she heartily wished circumstances of some sort would arise to keep her from being present.

Doris did not think much about the matter. Frank's surprises lately had taken the form of bracelets and earrings, and the crowning triumph would doubtless be a diamond necklace.

The wedding was to be a comparatively private one. Three Richmond young ladies, friends of Lady Cheston, were to act as bridesmaids with Nell; four masculine friends of Frank's were to bear them company. Old Davy, Captain Laffin, his two nieces—elderly, inoffensive girls—and some half-dozen local celebrities had also been invited, and that was all. In the evening there was to be a party, which many City magnates and their wives and daughters would doubtless grace, and then it would be all over. Doris and Frank would be on their way to Paris, and Nell told herself she would have time to go to Tollman's Wharf, to inquire whether there was any fresh news about her father.

Once Lady Cheston asked who was to give the bride away, and Frank replied carelessly that he had provided for all that; also mentioned incidentally that Alec Fraser was to be his best man, so that could not be the surprise he still kept hinting about.

The marriage was to take place at eleven o'clock, and precisely at ten Frank drove up to the house in a close carriage, got out, accompanied by a gentleman who carried a huge bouquet, and seemed in the highest possible spirits. Just as they entered the drawing-room Lady Cheston joined them, looking almost like a bride herself.

"Mother dear, here's the gentleman who has promised to give me Doris this morning. Mr. Brand, let me introduce you to my mother, Lady Cheston.—Mr. Ernest Brand, mother, who was not lost in the *Europa* after all, but is here, safe and sound, to wish us joy today."

"Father!" It was Nell who came flying into the room in her white wrapper, her beautiful hair tumbled over her shoulders. She had heard his voice or step, or some instinct made her aware of his presence, and she flew to the drawing-room, and was sobbing in his arms. Lady Cheston, half laughing, half crying, ran up to Doris, and Frank made his escape, laughingly reminding them not to be a minute later than eleven, and they could have all their explanations after.

Presently Doris came down, half-dressed too, and in a moment Ernest Brand had both his girls in his arms, his tears falling on their upturned faces, while Lady Cheston sobbed sympathetically in a corner.

Presently he disengaged himself gently. "My darlings, here you see I am, safe, sound, and well; explanations will do later on. So just run off and get dressed, or you'll be late. And pushing them from him with a playful wave of his hand, he pointed to the huge bouquet. "Whoever is dressed first shall have it," he cried gaily. "Now then, my dears, get off."

Doris needed no second bidding; she was anxious to get into her most lovely satin dress: in fact, she was in such a whirl and flutter of excitement that she scarcely knew what she was doing. Nell would have lingered beside him, just to look into his eyes, hold his hand,

and assure herself beyond question that it was he, but she consoled herself with the thought that she would have him all to herself in the afternoon. Besides, the other bridesmaids had arrived, and Lady Cheston was dressed, so that they had not a moment to lose. Nellie, of course, was down first, and claimed the huge bouquet, which was meant—for Doris was already supplied; and then, when the carriages were at the door and every one waiting, the bride came down in her lovely dress and snowy veil and gleaming pearls, and put her hand lightly on her father's arm. "Dear old dad, this is all I wanted to make me perfectly happy," she said as she took her seat beside him, while the others hurried into their carriages, and soon they were at the church. How it all happened Nell could never explain, but she found herself leaning on Alec Fraser's arm, and could distinctly hear her heart beat as she walked up the aisle beside him. And when the solemn service was gone through that made Doris Brand, Doris Cheston, and they were all once more returning to River View, Alec was still by her side, and Lady Cheston and her father were chatting as if they had known each other all their lives.

And it really was quite a gay wedding, after all, and the bride and bridegroom departed amid ringing laughter, and a perfect downpour of rice, comfits, and satin slippers; then, with barely time for a rest, the ball guests began to arrive, and Nell danced till long past midnight, without being quite able to realise whether it was all a dream or not. At last Alec led her out of the improvised ball-room, and wrapping a fur cloak that he found in the hall round her carefully, he led her out through the dining-room window to the terrace, and down to the river.

"Nellie darling," he whispered, "look at me. Tell me, are you not a little glad to have me back again? Answer me, dear. Must I go away again? I have your dear father's permission to speak to you. Oh, Nell! don't spoil *all* our happiness by being unkind. One little word: 'Yes,' or 'No,' Nell; but I must have it."

"Yes!" She tried very hard to make it "No," but she couldn't; and so, with the clear stars shining down on them, and a full moon just dipping behind the trees of the park, they silently sealed their betrothal, and left explanations for a more convenient season. The darkened cloud had showed her silver lining for Ellinor and Doris Brand.

* * * * * *

"I really don't see what there's to wait for, darling. I'm sure you've put me off long enough. What do you say, Lady Cheston?"

"'If 'twere done, when 'twere done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly,'" was the laughing reply. "Nellie dear, you might just as well give in, for we're all against you."

Nell laid down a letter she had been reading. It was from Mrs. Fraser—a stiff, formal acknowledgment of her son's engagement, and a regret for any unpleasantness that might have taken place between her and Miss Brand; also an apology for not calling, on the plea that she was on the eve of starting for the South of France for the more perfect restoration of her health. It was not a satisfactory letter by any means, but taking into account the person it came from, it was a concession; and Nell accepted it as such, and buried the hatchet for ever between herself and Mrs. Fraser; and as there was really nothing whatever to wait for, she and Alec were married very quietly one morning.

Old Davy stood beside her with tears in his eyes. "I never thought to see it, Miss Nellie," he cried, "and never imagined I could bring myself to consent to it; but to make you happy, Miss Nellie, I'd forgive *anybody* anything, almost." But it was easy to see that it required a very great effort on Davy's part to be cordial to Alec Fraser and civil to his father. He had a retentive memory, and although he never forgot a kindness, neither did he readily forgive an injury, and he felt himself keenly and personally aggrieved by Mrs. Fraser's behaviour to his young ladies. Had she been of the wedding party, it is very doubtful whether, even to please Nell, he would have consented to be present, and certainly he would have made some unpleasant remarks. Neither could he easily condone Mr. James Fraser's neglect of Mr. Brand. Whenever he thought of it—the poor shipwrecked wanderer in the seaman's home, solitary and destitute, and the wealthy City merchant who owed almost all his success in life to Mr. Brand and his family—down came the old fiddle, and Davy wrung from it the harshest and most discordant sounds it was possible for a stringed instrument to emit. Upon such occasions Captain Laffin would join him, and then, for a good ten minutes, James Fraser's ears might have tingled.

But Nellie entreated and made excuses, and tried in every way to smooth matters over, finally declaring that if Davy did not make friends and be present at the wedding she would not be married at all.

"As if I could have you and Alec bad friends, Davy!" she whispered. "Why, I shall want you to come and live with us. So you think, because I have had my own dear father restored to me, that I can ever forget the time when you were father and mother to us both; when but for you—indeed, Davy, but for you I tremble even now, in the midst of my great and unlooked-for happiness, to think of what might have become of us," and she laid her face caressingly on the old withered hand.

"I don't think you're ever likely to forget *anything* you should remember, Miss Nellie," the old man replied, touched by the grateful affection of her words; "but what you ask of me is hard."

"But, Davy dear, how can you hope to be forgiven yourself if you don't forgive others?"

"That's quite another affair, Miss Nellie; but I will say that if I acted like some people, I would not expect pardon; I couldn't, in common honesty, ask for it. It may be very true, as you say, that more ills are wrought by want of thought than by want of heart, but that only makes matters worse in my eyes. No business person should be thoughtless; it's a crime. Well, well, dry your eyes, child. I see tears in them too often with sore reason to cause one single drop to dim their brightness now. I'll forgive all the Frasers

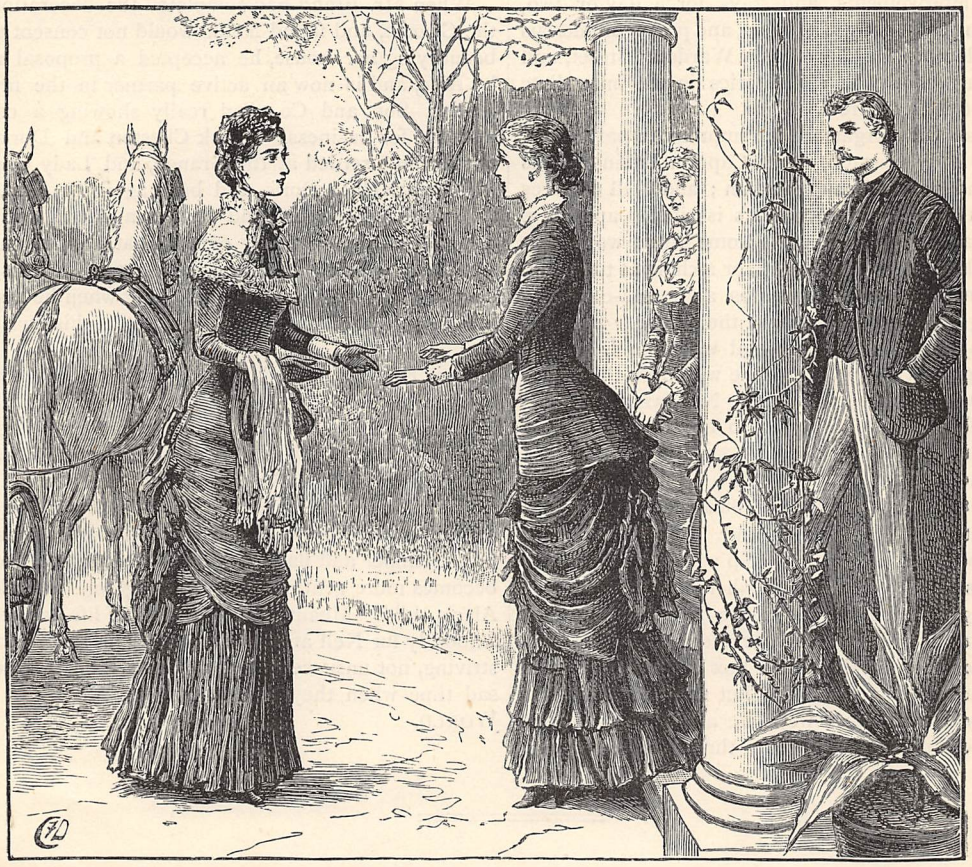
in the universe rather than cause you one moment's pain."

"I knew you would," Nell cried triumphantly; "and now, Davy, you will come and live with us. Both Alec and I wish it. It seems so sad for you here all alone; but it's not that; you know that I love you dearly, and I want to try to do a little to make up for all your kindness to us."

bright to remember the sad days we have had here, but you will, and we'll talk them all over."

"And go together to Highgate, Davy," Nellie added in a sad whisper. "Yes, you and I will have many quiet hours together, if you have quite made up your mind not to come and live with us."

"I'm too old to be transplanted, Miss Nellie; I couldn't take root again—better leave me as I am;



"DORIS AND LADY CHESTON WERE STANDING AT THE DOOR WAITING TO RECEIVE HER" (*p.* 357).

"You've done more than enough, Miss Nellie, and it's only yourself would think of having a cranky old man——"

"That's a delusion, Davy."

"A cranky, sour, suspicious old man to live with you. But bless your dear warm heart, Miss Nellie, I couldn't do it. Your fine house and your fashionable ways would drive me mad in a month. No, no, my dear, let me stay here in my own little house, and be happy in my own way. As for being lonely, why, I have the fiddle, and the captain and his girls; and I'll often pay you a visit, and you'll come and see me sometimes when you have an idle hour—in your own carriage maybe; and Miss Doris will come flashing in like a ray of sunshine—not like you, Miss Nell—she's too

but if you really wished me to go and live atop of the Monument, with only a chair-bedstead, why, I'd do it.'

"I believe you would, Davy, since you left your own house and went to lodge with your greatest enemy to oblige me," Nell replied. "I will not press you any further now, since you have conceded so much, but I do not despair of carrying you off some day, at least on a visit."

"We'll see, Miss Nellie, we'll see. I don't say that there's *no* occasion on which I'd consent to go to see you," and then he shook his head and refused to give any further explanation.

Nell and Alec went to Scotland for their honeymoon, in spite of Doris and Frank Cheston's entreaties that they would join them in Paris. For six weeks

they idled amongst the lakes and mountains, and the rest and fresh invigorating breezes soon brought back the roses to Nell's cheeks, and the bright sparkle to her eyes.

When they returned they found Mr. Fraser had taken a house for them in Kensington Gardens, and furnished it in magnificent style; and during his wife's prolonged absence in Mentone he spends the greater part of his time with them. Mr. Brand often comes up to town from his superintendence of the Grange improvements, and stays for a day or two, discoursing eloquently of high art, and paying numerous visits to deceptive old shops in Wardour Street, and insinuating *bric-à-brac* depositories in the immediate vicinity of Oxford Street.

One day they organised an impromptu party, consisting of Lady Cheston, Davy, Captain Laffin and his nieces, and went down to see him; and Nell declares the result of the improvements is simply appalling, and if Frank don't soon come home there won't be a room in the house fit to live in, or a chair fit to sit on, while monstrosities in blue china and terra-cotta are spreading all over the place like the plague. But Mr. Brand enjoys it very much, and when he has done decorating the Grange he says he will take the house in Kensington Gardens in hand. Nell, who loves ease and comfort, means to cling to her low, soft, easy chairs, and laughingly declares she'll never make a fetish of a china tea-pot.

Nearly all the business carried on at Tollman's Wharf is transacted by Alec Fraser, and Mr. Fraser, senior, merely goes to the office to gossip with his head clerk. Nellie has plenty of time during her husband's absence for visiting, and does not forget the Training School of St. George's Nursing Society, or Clematis Villa. The dapper footman who sits on the box is none other than Slack, who has deserted Davy, but waits on him most attentively when, once a week, he and Captain Laffin dine at Kensington, and recount thrilling tales of their old feud now entirely healed. Occasionally Dr. Gregson pays Mrs. Fraser, junior, a visit, and compliments her on her skill in nursing; and more than once he intimated to Alec that, had he not stepped in so inopportunely, he had meant to transfer Miss Brand to Dover Street. Now both Nellie and Alec accuse him of serious intentions of transfer regarding Lady Cheston, and he does not deny the imputation, but she emphatically declares that she has no intention whatever of altering her condition.

When Mr. Brand had completed the decorations at the Grange, and found Nellie would not consent to his beautifying her house, he accepted a proposal made by Alec, and is now an active partner in the firm of Fraser, Son, and Co., and really showing a certain aptitude for business. Frank Cheston and Doris are comfortably settled at the Grange, and Lady Cheston flits from Nell to Doris, and back again to Nell, with true motherly interest, and bustles about in anticipation of certain important events that are impending. Old Davy calls every day at Kensington Gardens, and declares that the time is approaching when he may be induced to remain a night from under his own roof-tree.

Mrs. Fraser returned home physically the better of her visit to Mentone; but amongst her own immediate friends she is regarded as almost a martyr—certainly as a person who has heroically endured much suffering. She calls occasionally upon Nellie, but the intercourse between them is never likely to be very cordial, unless some little peace-maker softens the proud temper and hard heart of Alec's mother, and she becomes more gentle and forbearing for the sake of Alec's child. Meantime, the wheels of life turn round smoothly for Nell and Doris, and their husbands are striving, not unsuccessfully, to make them forget the sad time when they were alone and DOWN IN THE WORLD.

THE END.

---

*SIGHTS AND SCENES OF THE NEW WORLD: UP THE HUDSON.

BY CATHERINE OWEN.

AMERICANS are said to be a boastful people, loth to let the light of their country be hidden under a bushel, and numberless stories are rife tending to show that as a nation they are apt to claim for their country its due. Yet my first thought, when I saw the magnificent river Hudson, was that they have been very modest about what is really great and grand, and boast only, if boast they do, about what needs bolstering up with loud praise.

We have all heard a great deal about American hotels, American freedom, and American improvements; but how many Englishmen know that, running through New York city, and indeed through New York State, is a river so beautiful, that if it were situated anywhere in Europe half the world would be going to admire it: a river which Germans, fresh from their own loved Rhine, yet declare finer than that storied stream? It only lacks the ruins!

But if the beautiful Hudson had the associations of the Rhine, and had been made classic at every point with legend and poetry, then indeed would the lovely German river have to look to its laurels; for with all the natural beauties that the Rhine can boast, the Hudson has the added ones of stately breadth and pellucid waters.

Through the city its banks are, of course, devoted to commercial purposes; it is indeed a great com-

* American copyright secured.

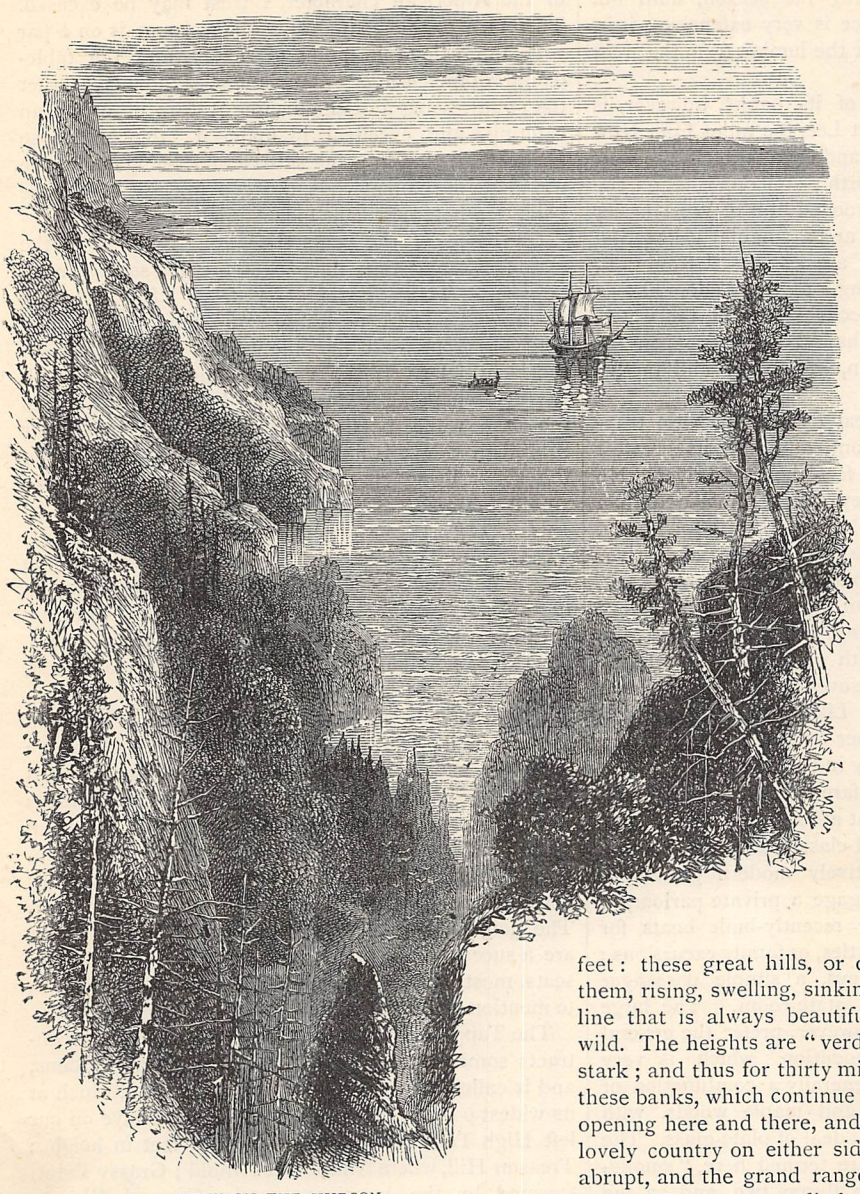
mercial highway, and during the season, until obstructed by ice, its commerce is very extensive; it is, besides, the natural outlet for the lumber from the great forests of the North.

The commercial aspect of its banks, however, is soon left behind, and at Fort Lee, ten miles from New York, the Palisades begin, and extend along the west bank fifteen miles to the north; and opposite, on the east bank, are the green wooded hills of Westchester county. These Palisades are a singularly beautiful feature of the scenery, and are so named from their precipitous character, rising, as they do, like a mighty wall from 200 to 500 feet out of the water, on which their frowning shadow is reflected; glittering brilliantly in the sun, or gloomy and threatening in shade.

For fifteen miles this great dyke of basaltic trap-rock extends its rugged front, attaining its greatest height at Indian Head, 550 feet above the river. No more delightful water-journey can be imagined than to take the day boat from New York city to Albany. These boats are, to people whose idea of a river steamboat may be drawn from our tiny Thames craft, well worthy a few words of description. They are very swift, very large—varying, I believe, from 250 to 295 feet in length, the width of the latter boat (the *Albany*) being forty feet, or seventy-five at the widest point, including the wheels. Like all American travelling accommodations, whether by rail or water, there is an almost needless luxury in the fitting up, and the simple payment of an equal fare entitles the passenger to all the privileges the boat affords; in other words, there are no first and second class. The only distinction, and one of comparatively modern growth, is that those who wish can engage a private parlour, of which there are several on recently-built boats for the use of invalids, bridal parties, or family excursions; and in taking night journeys, a simple passenger ticket does not entitle to a state-room. The large majority of day travellers, however, prefer the general deck and saloon accommodation, which is very gorgeous. The walls are generally a combination of mahogany or walnut, ash, and maple woods, with abundant carving, and a great deal of plate-glass. The smoke-funnels, or, as they are termed here, "smoke-stacks"—of which there are always two, and on the larger boats three—are disguised, where they go through the saloon, by carved wood, mirrors, and so forth. Handsome Axminster carpets cover the floors, velvet or satin brocade covers the easy chairs, settees, &c., on which antimacassars are thrown; in short, these steamers are fitted up as handsomely, and with the same disregard of cost, as the Brobdignagian hotels. But the thing which I think must strike all visitors to the country is the fact that, although the utmost liberty is accorded, and no distinction of persons whatever is made, there is no abuse of articles; the cushions are never cut, or if ever, in all the travels I have made in the States, covering many thousand of miles, over a period of twelve years, I have never met with a single instance of wanton misuse. This is a digression which, as it is an index of the American character, I trust may be excused. To return to the boat. The dining-room is on a par with the saloon in point of luxury, and the table-d'hôte dinner served, abundant—redundance, rather than stint, being a distinguishing feature of American catering—and excellent in material; the failure, so far as it does fail in being satisfactory, being due to the use made of the materials, the cooking and bill of fare being too heterogeneous for fastidious tastes.

On some of the boats the dining-room is on the main deck, and thus no part of the fine scenery need be lost. These boats carry from 1,800 to 2,000 passengers; and as these "floating palaces," as they are somewhat magniloquently called, glide on the beautiful river, the eye is almost fatigued with the ever-changing beauty of its banks. This is less the case while passing the Palisades; once their rugged grandeur is fixed in the mind, one can look on the softer loveliness of the east bank and enjoy its varied charms, as we pass the lovely villages of Inwood, Fort Washington, Westchester Heights, Yonkers, and Tarrytown, and many others; some crowning a high bank or headland, others clinging to the side of a rock, and others again seeming to nestle between the rolling hills, half hidden in greenery. And then, after some twenty miles of such journeying, the Palisades—which have formed the west bank so far, shutting out the western sky—suddenly end, and the soft hills of Rockland county open before us; while far beyond in the blue distance is the hazy outline of the Ramapo Mountains. The river here widens into a lake or bay, four miles wide, called "Tappan Bay," or "Tappan Zee." I may here state in parenthesis that the end of the Palisades forms the boundary between the States of New York and New Jersey. The heights on either side this broad stretch of water are a succession of thriving towns or beautiful country seats, most of them worth describing, yet too numerous to mention in the limits of an article like the present.

The Tappan Zee extends for some ten miles; it contracts somewhat at Croton Point, and again widens, and is called for some miles Haverstraw Bay, which at its widest point is five miles wide; and we have on our left High Torn Mountain, a peak 850 feet in height; Treason Hill, where André met Arnold; Grassy Point, stormed by the Americans, under General Wayne, in 1779; and on the right or east bank, Teller's Point, Croton Village, Verplanck's Point, and many other "Points," I only naming those of historic interest; and then still on the east bank we come to Manito Mountain, and Peekskill, one of the most beautiful of the Hudson villages, which are all so lovely. And then, so suddenly that it would seem as if we had come to the end of our journey, and there was no outlet from the lake we appear to be in, the river contracts to a narrow channel, scarce half a mile wide, overhung on either side by the grand and rugged crags of Donderberg and Anthony's Nose: the former, on the west bank, 1,098 feet high, the latter 1,220 feet, above the river. These two mountains seem to form the portal to the famous Highlands of the Hudson, and once we pass them we enter



VIEW ON THE HUDSON.

upon some twenty miles of fairy-land. The river winds among a succession of beautiful scenes, wooded islands, bluffs, cliffs, coves, and so constantly widens and contracts, so winds hither and thither, that it seems repeatedly as if the steamer could not possibly pass through the narrow channel ahead. The bluffs will appear to meet as if they were the boundary of a lake, or an island stretches across the river, concealing the channel, which is only narrow by comparison. Many spots of interest are thus passed, the most interesting, to English people, of all on the river being perhaps Sunnyside, the home of Washington Irving, which is near Tarrytown; and to juvenile readers, that of Miss Warner, author of the "Wide, Wide World;" while to Americans, West Point, the great military Academy of the present day, a sort of Trans-Atlantic Sandhurst, and the principal strategic point during the Revolution, will always be one of the principal attractions of the Hudson. It is situated at one of its most beautiful points, the view from it looking south being very fine.

Having reached the two mountains which may be said to form the northern entrance to the Highlands—the one on the east bank, Old Cro' Nest, rising 1,418 feet out of the water, and Breakneck Mountain on the west, 1,187 feet—we come again on new scenes of beauty. The Storm King, 1,529 feet high, the northernmost point of the Highlands, is confronted on the opposite bank by the South Beacon Hill, 1,685 feet high, and a short distance from it North Beacon, 1,471 feet: these great hills, or downs as we should term them, rising, swelling, sinking with a softness of outline that is always beautiful and grand, but seldom wild. The heights are "verdure-clad," never barren or stark; and thus for thirty miles more we glide between these banks, which continue high and often precipitous, opening here and there, and giving us glimpses of the lovely country on either side; then they become less abrupt, and the grand range of the Catskills, looking at first like great cumuli clouds, come into view.

The Catskills, of which in this paper it is impossible to give any description, are at their highest peak 4,000 feet above the river, and are the only part of all this beautiful region made classic by the enchanter's wand of genius, being, as they are, the scene of Washington Irving's delightful legend, "Rip Van Winkle."

With the great ranges of the Catskill Mountains always looming in sight, and their forms ever changing as one point after another comes into view, we approach Albany, which is, strange to say, the capital of New York State, the seat of State Government, just as the small city of Washington is the capital of America.

Before reaching Albany, however, we pass the Beeren, or Bear Island, which is the meeting-point of the four counties of Albany, Renssellaer, Columbia,

and Greene, and the site of the "Castle of Renssellaersteën," from whose walls, in the days when New York was New Amsterdam, as we read in "Knickerbocker's History of New York," Nicholas Koorn, the agent of the patroon Van Renssellaer, used to compel passing vessels to dip their colours and pay tribute to the old Dutch freebooter, reminding one of ancient baronial doings on the banks of the "beautiful Rhine."

Beyond Albany, although the river flows for 180 miles north of that city, it is not navigable for steamers or large craft, being broken by numerous falls and rapids.

Although I have tried to give those who may never go "up the Hudson" an idea of its beauty, I am aware that to those who have seen it the description may seem feeble; so difficult is it to describe the charm of that winding river, now a lake and now a strait, or by saying the banks bear such a name at such a part, and are so many feet high, to convey an idea also of the exquisite beauty of their formation, the shadows they cast one on the other and on the waters at their feet; and if one could do all that, the brilliant atmosphere through which it is all seen would be wanting.

HOW MOLLY MADE BOTH ENDS MEET.

BY PHILLIS BROWNE.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

"The best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley."

"NOW I MUST MAKE UP MY ACCOUNTS."

MOLLY'S next letter came rather earlier than we expected it would. I am very much afraid that at this stage of her career Mrs. Browne was in great danger of becoming a gossip. She was constantly running in to see her old friends, Mother and Aunt Susan, to inquire if there were news of young Mrs. Fraser; and on these occasions she was sure to be drawn into discussions about the ways and means to be adopted by young housekeepers. Fortunately, however, for her peace of mind, Molly's relatives were very effusive in their acknowledgments of the amiability of old ladies who were interested in young ones, and so they made it easy for Mrs. Browne to excuse herself to herself with complacency.

Poor little Molly was rather downhearted when she wrote. "I have been in a difficulty," she said. "Yet, though I have been greatly troubled, my trouble was so ordinary and commonplace, that I scarcely like to tell you about it. However, I will begin where I left off, and tell you all I have gone through.

"You will remember that, under the heading 'Housekeeping,' which was to include food, coal, gas, servant's wages, cost of travelling, holidays, renewals, and amusements, we decided that I was to have the control of one-half of our income. On talking the matter over later, however, Charlie and I thought it would be better to put aside the money for the last four items as soon as we received it, and to hand over to me the amount required for the first four items only. The rest Charlie was to portion out every time he received his salary. He said he would get a number of little boxes, one for each detail of expense. After dividing the money, he intended to place each portion in its allotted box, and to write outside in legible characters the object for which the sum was intended. Thus, the rent was to be put into a box marked 'Rent;' the taxes into a box marked 'Taxes;' while the sum we hoped to save, together with the sum which was to serve for 'margin,' was to be put right away into the savings-bank. In this way we hoped to be able to abide by the system we had laid down. At any rate, we should know at once if we were tempted to depart from it."

"Dear me! I hope they won't get any thieves into the place," interrupted Aunt Susan. "It is very unsafe to keep money in the house in that way."

"You forget how small is the amount to be kept," said Mother, "and how immediately it will be required. They are only keeping the money which will be needed at once. They are quite right to do that. But let us hear what Molly says;" and she went on reading the letter.

"Of course I was resolved to work wonders with my share of the money, and for three or four days I went about thinking of little but how I could make money go a long way. Oh, what a number of plans I laid down! Do you remember, mother darling, the old lady whom you and I met a little while before I left you? She told us she had kept house for thirty years, and she could conscientiously say that during the whole of that time she had never spent even a penny except on actual necessaries, but that she had never kept accounts, because accounts were of use to those only who were inclined to extravagance. Then we discovered that the husband of this paragon was accustomed to spend freely when out because he had no comforts at home, and was never able to take a friend there. I have thought of that woman many a time, and I have resolved that I will not follow her example.

"I WENT OVER THE DETAILS AGAIN AND AGAIN."

I intend to procure as many comforts, luxuries, and elegancies as my means will permit. I believe it to be true economy to make home the brightest and most attractive place on earth—a true haven of refuge for Charlie. Whatever cares trouble him abroad, he shall always meet with sympathy and delight there if I can compass it. A fortune would be bought too dear if to procure it we had to sacrifice the comfort and joy of home."

"Molly is treading on dangerous ground there," said Mrs. Browne.

"We need not fear that she will go wrong, if she constantly and systematically checks her expenditure," said Mother, and went on reading.

"I said all this to Charlie, and he laughed, and said I was becoming quite philosophical, and that he should look forward to enjoyable times. He added that I made him think of an old uncle of his who used to say that the worth and power of money varied according to the character of the man or woman who had it; and that as a man's outlook grows wider money becomes more valuable to him. Some get nothing but envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness out of it; to others it brings love, trust, hope, joy, refining influences, and inspiring thoughts.

"This is a solemn way of looking at expenditure, is it not? While Charlie was talking I felt it would be quite a responsibility to lay out even my small income. But I resolved once more that I would do my best, and especially that I would keep a strict account of everything. After all, when we have done our best, we have to leave results.

"I COULD NOT HAVE LOST IT!"

"During the first week I bought nothing that I could do without. When I went out I took very little money in my purse; and if, when shopping, I saw anything I liked, I determinedly admired the scenery. I did my own marketing, and sternly declined to have anything to do with people who came round for orders. (I shall keep this up, for I am sure it is the best way.) I paid for goods at once, and looked carefully after the odds and ends. Every time I came in from shopping, I said to myself, 'Now I must make up my accounts,' and carefully jotted down every item. I got on very well until the last day of the week; then I prepared to balance all off properly before I showed my book to Charlie, and I determined to ask him to examine and sign it every week, just to show that it was right and a sort of joint-stock affair.

"THERE WAS A NEW HORROR."

"At this point I found, to my horror, that I was one pound short. Just fancy, one pound! 'Dear me!' I thought, 'there must be some mistake here,' and I went over the details again and again, but to no purpose. I could not find out where I was wrong.

"Of course I did not like to show a failure like this to Charlie. While I was thinking what I should do, Jennie came in.

"'Well, Molly,' she said, 'are you busy making up your accounts? Of course you have several shillings over.'

"'Indeed, no, Jennie; I am a whole pound short. I must have forgotten some big thing. I thought everything was down.'

"'Don't trouble,' said Jennie; 'you will soon find it out.'

"'But then, you see, I have carefully balanced my accounts every day, and tried to be very exact,' I said despairingly. 'Besides, just fancy: one pound!'

"'Have you lost it?'

"There was a new horror. But I could not have lost it; and I proved most elaborately that this could not be. So we both reckoned up the items once more.

"'Was the money in silver or gold?'

"'Silver, with the exception of a postal order for one pound.'

"PLEASE, MA'AM, IS THIS ANYTHING?"

"'Have you changed the order?'

"'No. I brought it down intending to change it the day before yesterday; and then I spent some change instead. I remember I took it into the kitchen as I was going out.' Here I looked quickly at Jennie, and then I whispered—

"'I have not liked Hannah very much; and she listened at the door. Do you think——?'

"'Perhaps she did not listen, and you were mistaken,' said Jennie. Then she rose from her seat, came towards me, and speaking very earnestly, said—

"'Molly dear, it would be better to lose many a pound than to be unjust. The chances are always a hundred to one that what is lost has gone naturally. We have no right to harbour suspicion until we have exhausted every other possibility. My darling little sister, do not let us allow ourselves to get into the way of *suspecting* those about us. Undue suspicion is so base. It is far worse than the guilt suspected.'

"'I don't want to suspect,' I said. 'But where's my money?'

"At this identical moment there was a knock at the door, and poor Hannah entered.

"'Please, ma'am, is this anything?' she asked. It was my postal order.

"'Thank you, Hannah; it is just what I was looking for;' and off Hannah went. Jennie and I breathed a sigh of relief.

"'This shall indeed be a lesson to me,' I said. 'I will not suspect hastily. Yet I should have been so sorry if the very first time Charlie examined my accounts there had been such a gross mistake.'

"'But I am not going to examine your accounts,' said Charlie, who at that moment entered the room.

"'That is right, Charlie,' said Jennie.

"'I only want you to see if the accounts are correct, and if I have done my best.'

"'My Molly *always* does not only the best, but better than any one else could do for me.'

"'Quite right, Charlie, quite right,' said Jennie enthusiastically.

"'But, Charlie——'

"'But, Molly! Listen, dear, to what I think of it. You and I will have to be thrifty for many a year. Now all is fresh and new, and our work is comparatively easy; but in a little while it will be wearisome, and we may become disheartened. The old proverb says that when "Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out of the window." We do not want Love to fly away, so we will make him secure with bands of trust. I trust you, darling, fully and entirely. If I can help you in your accounts, tell me, and I will do it. Otherwise, I never want to see them. Household expenditure is your business; I will have nothing to do with it.'

"So this is how the matter rests. When you write, be sure you tell me what you think of it.

"Your loving

"MOLLY."

"That Charlie is altogether too much for me," said Aunt Susan. "The wings must be there; how was it I missed seeing them?"

"Wings or no wings, he is perfectly right," said Mrs. Browne. "A man has no right to marry a woman whom he cannot trust; and having married her, he wrongs her if he does not trust her 'all in all.'"

"I quite agree with you," said Mother.

WRITING IN THE DARK.

"YOU must not read or write." That is the sentence lately pronounced upon me by a doctor; and it has revealed some of the marvellous unconsciousness with which the eye is ever exercising itself. It is because of what I hope is a mere passing affection of that instrument that I have had this command laid upon me; and the doctor means, I suppose, that I must not try to use my eyes in discerning minute objects, in the discernment of which reading and writing occupy a conspicuous place. Indeed, he said, "You had better sit in a darkened room." This leaves the eye necessarily idle, and I am now obeying his directions, and at the same time trying to fix my sense of the curiously exceptional act of writing in the dark. I am of course using a pencil, though I cannot see the letters which it forms.

One of the first things which strikes me is the dependence placed on the eye rather than the memory to construct connected sentences. When that which has just been written is visible at a glance, the eye unconsciously sees the last preceding sentences or paragraphs, and thus helps the thought to be continuous. Now, I have continually to pause in order to realise the last lines and connect them with that which is passing through my mind. It is curiously perplexing to do so. Having to write much, I fancied that I had the power of setting down what I wanted to say *currente calamo;* now, unexpected hesitation and questionings arise. I am checked by a suspicion that the lead of my pencil may be worn down, and that the scratching which I hear may be produced by a pointed stick. And when I take up my pencil to feel its point, I find myself thrown out by the unthought-of difficulty about putting it down again where I had taken it off. It is thus technically and mentally difficult to connect, at least in the first endeavour to write in the dark, the threads of utterance. I had no idea that the writer was so dependent upon the eye, not so much to form individual letters—for that is easy enough—as to realise what is being written. The mind runs on faster than the hand, and in thinking of what has next to be written, discovers that it has depended on the unconscious glance in order to

write connectedly. Could I write shorthand I fancy that I should not be thus interrupted and perplexed. However, habit is the act of yesterday, and the morrow's morrow may see these difficulties fade.

Moreover, besides the peculiar sense of hesitation induced by incessantly finding that the memory has to supply what has just been written, I realise the incessant *reading* in which the eye is employed. Of itself it goes on picking up words and sentences from papers lying about, towards which the attention is not directed and of which the mind takes no notice. The command, "You must not read or write," has revealed a continuous operation, unnoticed till an effort is made to check it. I had hardly perceived how busy the eye is, and how much work it takes upon itself in constantly offering to the mind chance scraps and lines of print on which it falls.

Along with all these new sensations I am filled with growing wonder at the condition of those who never unfold a paper, open a book, nor handle a pen. What must domestic and social life seem to those who see no more in a page of print than is seen in a kettle-holder, and to whom a newspaper is no more than a mat?

It may be said that the traveller in a foreign country, whose language he is ignorant of, can then and thus apprehend the condition of one who cannot read or write at all; but this is hardly so, for the power of reading, once acquired, opens so large a world that the consciousness of having entered it makes the inability to read a strange language seem to be more an accident—as with bad writing—than a radical defect; the man who never reads is, on the other hand, shut off from a whole branch of human perception. He cannot realise the process. His familiarity with the fact that it is constantly carried on by others divests it of any mystic character, but when he thinks of it at all, it must appear more or less mysterious.

The savage who not only is ignorant of reading and writing, but has never seen and heard it practised by others, has displayed the keenest alarm when first witnessing the business. I have read of a tribe who unconcernedly saw a man accompany the statement of their names and conditions with some apparently unnecessary marks on a sheet of paper, but were terrified beyond measure at hearing him, some time afterwards, on consulting it, repeat their names and titles. And when he folded it up and put it in his pocket, they imagined that they themselves were somehow imprisoned by the operation.

Thus far I have written in the dark. I wrote in a very large hand, on very large sheets of common paper, not note, letter, or octavo size, but such as is provided in rolls. Here, by the way, a hint might be given to the blind. They are sometimes worried, I fancy, by the effort to write letters on the ordinary postage paper; but if they would use that which I have just been using, they would avoid the almost inevitable overlapping of the lines which a note by a blind person now frequently exhibits. Though I never wrote in the dark before, I found that, as I covered a large surface with my writing, it was perfectly legible and might be sent to the printer without any touching up. Paper is cheap, and that used by the blind, both for writing-sheet and envelope, had much better be abundantly roomy.

Now, having, by waiting and local treatment, returned into my normal state of vision, I pause over a few notes, scrawled in a large hand, which followed the consecutive utterances in the early part of this little paper, and were written in a wholly darkened room. I am, first, surprised at the ease with which I have set down my thoughts, and the ease with which I am able to read what I have written. Though baulked, at first, by taking off my pencil and thus losing my place, and much exercised in keeping the whole of the current sentence in my mind, I have written a large portion of this little paper, without any practice or rehearsal, in total darkness.

A word about the pencil. I write in ignorance of that which is used by the blind, but I feel sure that the combination of large, somewhat rough-faced paper, and a pencil which should be *all* lead—or whatever combination of lead might be found desirable—would be best. The writer should be able to feel sure that he was making a legible mark with his tool, and the use of a large sheet would enable him to write *rapidly*, and so keep better pace with the sentences as they rose in his mind.

In reflecting upon my short experience I wonder whether enough has been done by "seeing" people in the realisation of what the blind have to bear and do. In families, *e.g.*, of which there is a blind member, do the others ever put themselves in his or her position by walking about the house, and doing this or that, blindfold or in darkness? Thus they might realise those peculiarities of passage, step, and space which we are hardly conscious of knowing by the eye, and which are marked and perplexing to the blind. Those who see, mostly guide themselves by comparatively distant objects. This is especially the case out of doors. In the country we determine our whereabouts by the sky-line, the church-spire, the windmill, the mountain, the wood, the field on the hill-slope, the smoke of the house or village. In the town we are guided by some conspicuous building, the tree in the city streets, the tower which asserts itself in the vista. But the blind know the slight variations in the feel of the pavement, the comparative widths of the crossings and depths of the drop from the side walk to the road. Indeed, in a dense London fog, when foot-passengers have their familiar land-marks veiled, and they can hardly see the ground under their feet—which gives them no clue to their bearings—it is well to take a blind man as guide. The fog is nothing to him. I remember a friend, sharp-eyed enough in the daylight, who for a long time could not find his way out of the Oxford Street Circus. He could barely see his feet, and though he walked back west from chambers every day, he somehow was put out at the Circus and could not determine which corner marked the road from Regent Street. The fog entirely hid the familiar bearings from his view, and he had to study a wholly

new set of topographical conditions, which however were familiar to the blind.

One noticeable fact during the period in the course of which I was compelled for some time to sit in the dark, was the very inadequate tinting for some purposes of the green, grey, and blue spectacles commonly worn in glare. The nature of my passing ailment rendered the use of belladonna necessary. This was dropped in the eye, and dilating the pupil, also prevented it from contracting on the increase of light. This caused great pain; and ordinary blue spectacles gave no relief. It was not till I at last succeeded in getting a pair which were black that I could bear being out of doors. The moment I put these on I was at ease. I thought of the vivid force of the words in our English Psalm, "I am become like an owl that is in the desert." It would be difficult to imagine more complete bewilderment and distress than that of the bird of night sent forth over plains of brightly glaring sand. There is as graphic a fitness in this illustration as in that which completes the picture of misery and impotence in the same verse under the figure of a "pelican in the wilderness"—a pelican—a bird which, conspicuously among all feathered fowl, floats, feeds, and reposes on water fertile with its food, and would be as helpless as a fish itself in the dry and desolate waste.

In looking back over the sensations which have marked my session in the dark, there is one point wherein I seemed for the moment to be in worse case than the blind. They cannot see, whereas I could; and because I could, and wanted to see too much, I was put in a room with closed shutters.

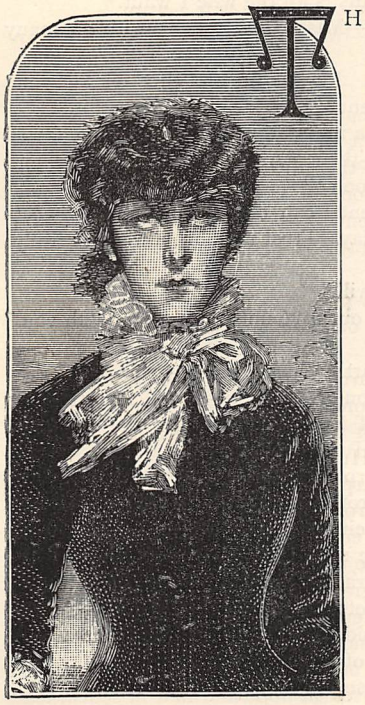
It unfortunately led my friends and visitors into difficulty. I was artificially blinded, and so were all who came in to see me. They could not dispose themselves at all. The processes of shaking hands and taking a seat were absurdly hampered. Moreover, I could not be comfortably read to aloud, except from a distance like a congregation.

HARRY JONES.

WHY THOSE SKETCHES WERE UNFINISHED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHO IS SYLVIA?" ETC.

SKETCH THE FIRST.



THERE they lie! Not by any means the worst things I have ever done, and yet their destination is the back of a blazing fire. The cause of their doom, the why and wherefore that they are not to be completed for my pleasure or any other person's, lies in their story. Here it is.

Ten years ago I was only a struggling artist, glad of any casual work I could get short of sign-painting or house-decoration. The chance of a month at Lisserden Manor, with the commission of sketching the old house within and without for the benefit of its owners, who were going abroad, perhaps for years, was a perfect godsend to me, work so congenial and well-paid rarely coming my way in those days.

Mr. Hurrell, the fine old owner of the place, and his wife, a "gentlewoman" worthy that name, but whose failing health was, alas! sending them both into exile, made that month into more a friendly than a professional visit. With pencil and brush I soon filled a portfolio with what they desired, views of their home from the hill-side, from the beech-wood close by, from the deodara avenue nearer still; and as my days with them grew shorter, my liking for them grew stronger, for them and for some one who was the crowning charm of that small home circle.

Of course I kept all warmer feelings at arm's-length as well as I was able. Mary Ducane, the sweet girl-nurse whose devotion lightened the weight of Mrs. Hurrell's long suffering, was niece to the patient invalid, and though only the eldest of a country clergyman's many children, was yet, as I very well knew, far beyond any powers of mine to win.

I, in my then undisguised poverty, had no right to fall in love; but it needed some self-control to watch, as I did, another man entering the Eden forbidden to myself, and winning the Eve my heart desired.

That is what I had to do though when Mr. Philip Hurrell, my host's nephew and heir, made his appearance at Lisserden.

To my jealous sight the situation was clear from the first moment the two met in my presence, though their quasi-cousinly friendliness might have passed with some as merely the ease of long acquaintance. Evidently it did so pass with Mr. Hurrell: his wife was failing faster and grew less able to be with us downstairs after Mr. Philip came, so the young man's cautious love-making was subject to no feminine

scrutiny, and mine, if he suspected it, he treated as he treated myself—as a thing utterly beneath his consideration.

Instinctively I hated that man, instinctively mistrusted his dark restless eyes, fuller of passion than of truth; his thin-lipped, heavily-moustached mouth, selfish and cruel in every line, without a curve of candour or generosity about it.

But he was what people call a handsome man: tall and shapely, with the air of a grand gentleman, and an immense assumption of deference towards the fair sex, which unluckily bewitched one of them entirely.

Day after day I would see him planning and watching to meet Mary Ducane at every chance absence from her aunt's side, day after day he would loiter by her through the budding spring plantations, seize each moment (in his uncle's absence) to monopolise her every look and word, pay her, even under Mr. Hurrell's unsuspicious eyes, the constant small attentions that a woman loves. Barring my jealous pangs, there should have been nothing in all this but what was right; and yet I was uneasily certain that there was something wrong, and between the diverse pains of my position I began to long for the day of my departure.

It drew near and my hours were few at Lisserden. With the morrow I should be gone. That very evening Mr. Philip Hurrell was to leave. Within a week Miss Ducane would be back in her Leicestershire home. The Manor would be shut up, its owners away in France.

I had worked till the April twilight came on in the big dark-panelled dining-room. There it is in that first sketch, oak-floored, heavy-corniced, bay-windowed—a beautiful old room, glowing, as I last saw it, under the warm light of a wood-fire whose leaping flames chased out the evening gloom.

The sunset had been splendid. The better to watch it I had drawn the thick curtain between the ruddy gleam within and the changing glories of the sky without, and so sat on in solitary reverie until disturbed by the sound of first a light and then a heavy footstep entering the room.

"Thank Heaven that intrusive jackass and his paint-brushes have taken themselves off!" exclaimed a voice I recognised instantly; "I began to think I should have to go off without bidding you half good-bye, my darling!"

But for the last word and its passionate ring I would have stepped out then and there. My hand was on the curtain, I even partly drew it aside, but the next words stopped me. It was horribly awkward, but to hear and keep silence was preferable to the unutterable confusion of making my appearance. For in the fire-light stood Mr. Philip Hurrell, Mary Ducane clasped in his arms, she weeping softly but very bitterly as she pleaded, "Oh, must you, must you go, Philip dearest? It is too hard to part!"

"Only a little while, my darling, only a little while," he answered, and comforted her with every endearment he could utter. "You must be patient and trust me always," he finished as her sobs yielded to his soothing.

"But oh, Philip," broke in the girl's soft voice, "it *is* so miserable to part like this! If—if auntie should never come back! If I can never tell her of our love, how wicked and how treacherous I shall seem!"

"But she *will* come back, and you *will* tell her all in good time. You *must* trust me to know what's best." (I caught an impatient note, though the next words were tenderness itself.) "Mary, my own, everything shall come right. Go to your home and wait for me, my sweetest."

"But—but—auntie!"

"Do you love her more than me?"

"Philip!"

"Then wait, little rebel, till I give you leave to tell her. She and my uncle made a love-match, you know. They'll not be hard upon our wanting to do the same thing, you may be sure. Only you must leave me to manage all."

"Yes, Philip," with a long sigh, then hesitating, "but oh——"

"Well?"

"Tell me again that it's not true, what uncle said the other evening—that it's only a joke: that you don't really, *really* want a rich wife."

"Here in my arms is all the wife I want."

"And not Miss—Miss—who was it, with so many thousands?"

"Jealous child! I want no one on earth but you! Now are you content?"

"*Quite.*" Half a minute's silence—how happy, well could I imagine!—then, "And you will tell them, and will come for me soon?"

"The first moment I can claim you I will. Sweetheart, I dare not stay. Trust me now, always, entirely. Promise!"

"Yes, Philip, I will."

"Tell no one of our love until I come to fetch you."

"I promise."

"Brave little heart! Darling, good-bye."

A few fleet seconds' stillness—a quick retreating step—the sound of horses' hoofs upon the gravelled front—Mr. Philip Hurrell was gone.

One short, sharp sob from the fireside—Mary Ducane hastened from the room and I was released.

But I had never either spirit or need to finish that picture. The gentle mistress of the Manor, for whom it was intended as a grateful offering, died within a month at Cannes. The sketch, haunted by memories best forgotten, was laid aside; but I found no sequel to the scene in the lists of marriages which for months I scanned, half in unselfish hope and half in selfish fear.

END OF SKETCH THE FIRST.

MAY TIME.

ALL garlanded in glory comes the May ;
The world, the happy world, is full of light ;
The glower and gloom of winter past away
Like some dread dream, the earth in joyance bright
Moves to the music of her own true heart,
And fills surrounding space with songs of love ;
Proud, humbly proud, she can again impart
Pleasure to all, in valley, field, and grove.

The bonds are broken that did once enchain,
And in the presence of her new-born joy
Forgotten is the travail and the pain
Of bygone hours ; and ever sweet employ
Findeth her gentle, beautifying hand ;
With velvet verdure doth she hide the scars
Left by the North-King on her stricken land,
And decks the bruised bluff with daisy-stars.

The tiny nestler in the tangled hedge,
The nimble coney frisking through the chase,
The primrose cluster, and among the sedge
Full many a modest weed with vernal grace
Quickens the landscape, while the reed-fringed lake,
Catching its inspiration from on high,
Unto its placid bosom now doth take
The golden grandeurs of a cloud-isled sky.

And gentle winds come whispering through the woods
Their wondrous legends of far tropic isles,
Or toy with blossoms, from their baby-hoods
Just peeping forth, all innocence and smiles ;
Or seek the source of that melodious cry,
That tuneful echo that delights the ear
When Summer, generous Summer draweth nigh,
And feathered emigrants again appear.

The tiny brook, just bubbled into life,
Prattles with pleasure like a child at play,
And finds enjoyment in a constant strife
With tuft and stone that would impede its way.
Beams everywhere beneficence Divine,
And mother Earth in adoration bends
With her best offerings at her Maker's shrine,
And their sweet savour heavenward ascends.

JOHN GEO. WATTS.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENT FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

TO-DAY I wish to make suggestions for, and to speak exclusively about, home employments. Inventive and artistic minds should just now turn their attention to, and bestow their thoughts on, the subject of lamp and candle shades. Gas is quite in disfavour for lighting sitting-rooms ; lamps and candles are in great requisition, and the present fashion is to shade both these kinds of light with some transparent substance. Devices for these shades, graceful or uncommon in substance, form, or decoration, are likely to meet with purchasers. The other day I saw painted candles ; a spray of flowers was painted on the wax midway.

In all the little etceteras which appear from time to time, the chief attraction to the buyer is novelty of idea. Of course the execution of it, the workmanship, whether of needle, paint-brush, or any other help-meet, must be satisfactory and well done ; but with respect to the small trivialities—if I may use the term—to which I now particularly allude, superior work alone will not be certain to meet with a purchaser. For instance, no one buys pen-wipers made in an ordinary common-place fashion, however neatly they are made ; but if a novelty in form or ornament, if a new idea is brought forward, the probability is that some one seeing it will wish to possess it. The same remark holds good with regard to toilette cushions ; one simply covered with muslin and lace, however daintily adorned, would doubtless stand many a day waiting to be bought ; but when something out of the common appears, the waiting is shortened. Speaking of these cushions reminds me of pretty ones I have seen lately. A small square cushion is covered with bright-coloured silk or satin ; a pretty little picture—of one or two figures, of birds, of flowers, according to desire—is painted on a small square of white or cream sateen ; this square is bordered with lace, and placed diamond-wise on the larger square of the cushion. All toilette cushions in the present day are much less in size than those in use some years ago. To return to my former theme. There are various kinds of letter-weights ; many of them are not ornamental. The other day I saw one which was so. A rather large stone, grey in colour, oblong in shape, rounded in form, such an one as can be picked up any day on any sea-beach ; on this common-place stone a red single dahlia was painted, and this simple idea made an ornamental letter-weight for a drawing-room writing-table. These instances will illustrate my meaning ; of course it would not repay us to spend all our time in making trifles of this kind ; but if new ideas come into our minds, we may perchance be able to make some profit out of them.

I will now tell of a newly-introduced idea, which I think will meet with general approval ; this is, ornamental covers for Cassell's Time Tables. We know how easily and quickly the paper covers of this

much-used book become crumpled and torn, therefore covers which keep the book in a tidy condition, and are available for each month's issue as it appears to take its predecessor's place, are of use, and may fairly expect to be recognised as a necessary adjunct to every house whose inhabitants take frequent journeys, and where a Railway Guide always has a place on hall or library table, and in the travelling-bag.

These covers are made thus :—Two pieces of thick unbendable cardboard are cut slightly larger than the size of the book; these are encased in one piece of material; sufficient room is left between the two cards to allow for the breadth of the back, which has the material only over it; a piece of elastic is stitched to this back, which is slipped into the middle of the book. The material can be dark-coloured satin or fine cloth, on which flowers or coats-of-arms can be embroidered in silks; or of black sateen, on which floral designs can be painted; or of plush left unadorned; or of veritable brown-holland, on which a cobweb in gold thread is worked; this latter device significant of the contents of the book. Fancy and imagination can employ themselves in bringing forward more variety than I have here set down.

The newest idea for chair-backs seems to be that of abstracting pictures from cretonnes (it is only the most expensive cretonnes which possess designs of this character); these are placed on some thick material which should be soft and white. A lighter style is that of taking a piece of cheese-cloth—so called because it is sold for the purpose of covering over new cheeses—on this piece small squares are marked out by drawing out threads and making open-hem divisions; in each of these squares a dainty flower, a spray or a sprig, is worked in silks.

A work to which I recommend attention is that of cambric embroidery. This is always in request for under-linen, and that worked by hand is always chosen by every purchaser who desires and can afford to have the best of everything, in preference to that embroidered by machinery. For some years foreign countries have supplied English purchasers and their customers with this class of needlework. Latterly the price of Swiss embroidery has risen. Many English ladies can embroider skilfully and rapidly; these could add to their incomes in this way. "Every little makes a mickle." A strip of embroidery is easily taken up and laid down at odd moments, and embroidery of this class will secure more continuous remuneration to good workers than knitting or crochet will bring.

There is another class of embroidery for which in some places there is a continuous demand. In University towns, such as Oxford and Cambridge, many articles of dress worn by the younger members of the colleges exhibit embroidery. The arms of the colleges and other distinctive marks are embroidered on boating and cricket coats, on football jerseys, on caps, on tennis hats, on ribbons for straw hats. I verily believe that not a man could be found among the many hundreds of undergraduates, who had not at least one garment which bore an embroidered device. Then many men think that a constant renewal of coats and jerseys, of caps and straw hats, is necessary, and thus the amount of embroidery executed for these decorations is very considerable.

Also at the public schools, such as Eton, Winchester, and others which come in that category, and at many other schools where there are large numbers of boys, the members of the cricket, boating, and football clubs have their distinctive badges. Skilful and rapid embroiderers might try and put themselves in connection with some such school, or arrange to embroider for some tradesman in an University town.

In the same way I would advise knitters of stockings to get the custom of some school for the supply of football stockings. It is very usual for football clubs to exhibit the respective colours of their clubs in their stockings—thus, those worn by the Wasp club are of broad bands of yellow and black. Stockings knitted with very thick strong yarn are considered the best: they should be knitted much longer in the leg than ordinary stockings, they are required to be twice the usual length between the top of the stocking and the commencement to narrow, because footballers have a particular way of rolling their stockings at the knee, which keeps the stockings from slipping down, and does away with the necessity for garters or fasteners of any kind.

Then the feet of football stockings are quickly worn out, and when knitted can be re-footed. Thus, a connection once arranged with a large school, and satisfactory work done, a good many orders for knitting might be secured.

Before I wander away from the subject of knitting I will mention that the Automatic Knitting Machine Company, whose show-rooms are at 417, Oxford Street, London, and also at the Soho Bazaar, offer work, without limit as to quantity, to knitters who buy or hire of the company their machine, the Little Rapid. The remuneration is at the rate of 3s. per dozen pairs of gentlemen's ribbed socks, and they calculate that 15s. per week can be earned in this way. The wool used for these orders is supplied by the company, and they undertake to send orders to, and receive work from, country residents.

The cost of these machines is from five to seven pounds, the ribbing attachment by which hosiery can be ribbed is three pounds extra. These machines can be hired at the rate of half-a-crown to four shillings per week, which payments are considered as instalments towards purchase.

Before I close I must say a few words in allusion to the list of depôts in the provinces which appeared in the February Number of this Magazine. As far as I was able I authenticated the addresses of those with which I was not actually acquainted. In two instances my acquaintances were tardy in sending me the result of their inquiries as to the correctness of the information given to me, and thus it was not until some time after publication that I heard that the depôt mentioned at Exeter is no longer in existence, and on further inquiry I am told that there is not one at present in that city, nor can I hear of one at Ply-

mouth; so that I have so far failed to find help for the gentlewomen in that part of the western country who may require it. The women of Devon are so clever with their needles, perhaps their skill is far-famed, and they do not need aids to dispose of their handiwork.

I have to correct the address of the Clifton Depôt. No. 2, Portland Street is the place where the depôt will be found; the former address was the private address of one of the ladies who was interested in the cause. At this depôt the number of workers is limited to fifty members; all of these must be gentlewomen in real need; they must also be excellent needlewomen; none others are eligible, and, to quote the words of one of the committee—"None others can succeed, and it is of no use for any one else to apply." I must also add with regret that there is rarely a vacancy in this depôt. I say "with regret," because so much help is afforded in this particular depôt to its members, that one wishes more workers could be aided.

In a former paper I alluded to the poultry-yard as a means of income.* I find that the plan is carried out at Clifton, and that the demand for eggs has far exceeded the supply.

Bees, too, are sometimes a source of profit.† I say "sometimes," because, although there will always be customers for the honey, and in many parts eighteenpence per pound is given for it, yet one cannot insure a supply of honey. Spite of all our efforts, care, attention, and skill of management, a wet, sunless summer, an ungenial season, will bring disappointment and loss of anticipated profit to the mistresses. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the outlay is small, and that bees find food for themselves. Therefore, to those who live near moors and commons, there is always the chance of the hives turning out to be profitable investments.

A. S. P.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found on page* 375. *The Editor's duty will be to act as "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

SHOULD NATIONAL INSURANCE AGAINST PAUPERISM BE MADE COMPULSORY?

OPENER'S SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,

I take the affirmative side of this great question on the assumption that the thing proposed is possible in itself; since the right or wrong of an impossible thing is not worth discussion. This hint may limit speakers to a definite issue. The different question, "Can National Insurance be made Compulsory?" will need a separate debate.

On three points we must first be clear, namely: 1. That pauperism is a bad thing in itself. 2. That no present existing methods can prevent it. 3. That national compulsory insurance can do so without counterbalancing disadvantage.

The establishment of these three positions will, I trust, make the mind of this House clear upon a fourth—that national compulsory insurance should be established.

Pauperism, the deplorable condition caused by the existence in England of an exceptional Poor Law, differing from those obtaining in all other countries in being based upon the principle, self-evidently corrupt and unjust, that "every thrifty man, of every class, must pay for the support of every wasteful man," is in itself an undesirable condition. To be a pauper and claim relief from poor rates, a man must be *destitute*. A destitute pauper, claiming relief from rates for his *pauperism*, is an entirely distinct character from a poor man, not necessarily destitute, who suffers from *poverty*. The poor, we know, shall be always with us, but in the legal sense we have only had paupers for 300 years; and they are surely not an indispensable class to us, if other nations, which have never established and do not possess them, are not only free from their presence but from the cost of their support: a cost which, amongst us, burdens the thrifty part of our nation to the extent of eight million pounds a year. But the condition of the pauper is not merely undesirable; the Poor Law system demoralises and renders miserable. It vainly but persistently tries to oppose nature, which requires every class of living thing to provide for its own existence. The Poor Law tells the thoughtless and inexperienced youth, just in the few years when he is strong and unburdened by a family, when he has his best, often his sole, opportunity for forming independent thrifty habits, and founding a secure provision for sickness and old age, that he need deny himself no immediate indulgence which his earnings can procure, since, in case of necessity, other people must support him. Contrary to nature, it teaches him that his policy is not to save, since his possession of any means deprives him of his one qualification, destitution, for support by other men. So he loses the chance of self-provision and independence, and by the corrupting influence of the Poor Law elects a miserable life, bordering every day on destitution, instead of a self-provided one. This policy of destitution implies a policy of squandering, instead of keeping, what he

* See p. 350. † See p. 335.

is able to earn, and by corrupting the young, creates the measureless sins of waste, and want, and drunkenness, which, while only individual in other nations, are shamefully national in our own. Trust in the relief to be derived from other people dooms the men of pauper spirit to a low state of life while unchargeable to the rates, to a miserable pittance when chargeable; makes their lives wretched, dishonourable, and unhappy, corrupts their youth, degrades their manhood, and often tortures their old age. *Pauperism*, however produced, *is bad in itself.* This is my first conclusion, carrying the obvious corollary that *its prevention is desirable.*

I touch next present methods for preventing it. We are told that education will do this. Education has been spreading with giant strides the last forty years; but the percentage of pauperism in England has varied upwards and downwards no less than fifteen times in the same period: a short clear proof that there is no demonstrable proportion whatever between the rate of pauperism and the spread of education. We are told that modern aids to thrift will extinguish pauperism. The thing is a mistake. Aids to thrift, excellent as they are, are only good for, only used by, thrifty people; they do not in the least degree reform the wastefulness of the thriftless, who form the overwhelming mass of our paupers. We are told that better administration of the Poor Law, by checking out-door relief, will extinguish pauperism, and that measures in this direction have reduced out-door pauperism six per cent. We are not told that they have at the same time increased in-door pauperism seventeen per cent. I am bold to draw my second conclusion, that no present method known can put an end to our pauper system; and I claim, as an inevitable corollary therefrom, that only some new measure can accomplish that desirable object.

As the Poor Law cannot be abolished, or its injury be prevented by present methods, let us consider whether pauperism which results from it can be prevented by national insurance.

National insurance proposes to compel each man to provide for himself against pauperism, instead of the present plan of compelling all the thrifty to provide for all the wasteful. To make this self-provision is what all the best working men in England are longing and toiling to do, and, with the best intentions, very often fail in their efforts and are pauperised at last. National insurance, by making every one of every class in the nation, on reaching eighteen years of age, liable to pay by instalments ten pounds into an Universal National Friendly Society, which should give to every wage-earner, from twenty-one till seventy years of age, eight shillings a week when prevented by sickness from earning his usual wages, and four shillings pension for every week he lives after seventy years of age, would put every one in such a position as to make *destitution* in sickness and old age impossible, and would thus, while giving him a self-bought and self-respecting independence (depriving him of the condition of destitution), make pauperism impossible for him. A working man with eight shillings a week of his own would neither ask nor get anything from a Board of Guardians, nor would an aged person with four shillings, since they only allow half-a-crown to aged paupers now. The application of such a law as this would give to the young, in their best and least-burdened time, a safe, cheap, and early independence of pauperism; and this, while making their whole life happier and more honourable, would save them all from a constant dread of destitution, give them each a certain stake in their country, teach them every one an early lesson in thrift, saving, and self-respect, which might lead them to make further and fuller provision for other comforts in sound and good Friendly Societies, and absolutely cut off the supply of paupers from our nation; removing, as those now above the age for taking part in such a boon die off, the burden of pauperism from the industry and wages of the country, and its misery and wretchedness from multitudes whom it would otherwise be certain to involve. Hence, I draw my third conclusion, that *National Insurance will prevent Pauperism.*

Sir, limit of space prevents my entering into details in this matter. I shall, doubtless, require to do so in reply to some of my opponents; I therefore simply state my strong opinion resulting from the three conclusions drawn, and move "that National Compulsory Insurance against Pauperism should be established in England."

OPPONENT'S SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,

My honourable friend who has opened this debate is of course, Sir, strictly within his rights in limiting the field to this or that particular issue; and in avoiding the question of the *possibility* of National Insurance being made compulsory, I cannot help thinking he has been very wise. Assuredly, did he attempt to deal with this aspect of the subject, he would have but a sorry case.

On two of the points raised I have but little to say. In the first place, no reasonable being will deny that pauperism is bad in itself, and that its prevention is desirable. So far as this goes, I think I may venture to assert that this House gives a unanimous assent to all the remarks which have been made. And, secondly, it is unfortunately only too true that no present existing methods prevent pauperism, neither is it probable that they will ever be able to prevent it entirely. But how some of these methods may largely help to do away with the great mass of pauperism, I propose to show when I have dealt with the third point—that National Insurance *can* prevent pauperism, without counterbalancing disadvantages.

Now, in the first place, the rock on which this compulsory insurance scheme is founded is its universality: all people of all classes are to contribute ten pounds to the general fund, paying it by instalments between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. But, Sir, the Opener of the debate seems to have lost sight for a time of the fact that there is such a thing as destitution

in the country, and that although a large proportion of the working classes could without doubt pay the sum he mentions, a certain percentage could not. And if it be established beyond dispute that a certain number of our people—be they as many as twenty or as low as five per cent.—could never contribute their quota to the common fund, surely the scheme at once falls to pieces.

But there is another serious defect in the proposal. Admitting that the fund were once started, and that it comprised all the inhabitants of the country, it is not easy to see how it could *prevent* pauperism. Only those who live to be seventy years of age, and those who through ill-health are unable to work, are to derive any benefit from the fund. But how about the "able-bodied paupers" of whom we hear so often, and who at the lowest estimate number one-eighth of the entire body? How about those who would gladly earn an honest meal and a bed to sleep on, but who can find no work to do? What of those who, from varying causes, are suddenly thrown out of employment without any immediate prospect of earning even a bare pittance? Are all these to be left to starve, as the readiest means of assuring the ultimate success of the grand scheme? Or are they to wait till starvation makes them eligible to claim the allowance for sickness, as it must soon do?

And yet another point. It is of the very essence of the scheme that its principles and regulations should be rigidly adhered to, or the fund would soon be compelled to go into liquidation. Therefore when once a contributor has paid in his ten pounds, he cannot hope to draw it out, with or without interest, whatever the exigency of his position. One of his dear ones may be taken away from him, and he may lack the means to provide a decent funeral; or he may see a good opportunity of removing to a new sphere of labour, or of starting in a new way of business, had he a few pounds in his possession; or he may wish to help one of his family to emigrate; or he may desire to emigrate himself—in either of these typical cases the sum which he has paid into the National Fund would be of priceless value to him. But no, he cannot touch it: it is his, but it has passed away from him, and only under certain defined circumstances can he hope to benefit from it. Is this just or tolerable? I think, Sir, this House will agree with me that it is not, and that on this ground, again, National Insurance ought not to be made compulsory.

And now, Sir, what are the existing institutions which, I am ready to maintain, have already done much to stem the tide of pauperism, and which will do much more, as knowledge, thrift, and temperance increase year by year? Life Assurance Societies, Provident and Friendly Societies, Building Societies, Post Office Savings Banks—these are some of them. The Life Assurance Companies have tables to suit all classes, and it is as easy to assure for the payment of a certain sum at the age of seventy, or sixty, or fifty, or forty as it would be in the proposed National Fund. Or an annuity at a certain specified age can be arranged for, or an allowance in case of sickness can be guaranteed, while at the same time a portion of the sum paid over by the assurer can always be received back in case of urgent need. Would it be wise or expedient to in any way disturb the machinery of all these admirable institutions?

Moreover, Sir, he who benefits by these existing methods which the honourable member so scorns is *independent:* he does not thrive upon charity, and this is more than could be said of those who would reap any advantage from the compulsory insurance scheme. I have no doubt the Opener of the debate would argue that, since the man has paid ten pounds into the fund in his youth, what he afterwards receives is not a charity. But is it not? Is not the whole scheme based upon the fact that the contributions of the rich will help to eke out the sums paid by the poor? and if so, will not all those who make any claim upon the fund be paupers just as much as those who enter the doors of a workhouse? Assuredly; for it is highly probable that nearly all the inmates of our workhouses have contributed something to the poor rates of the country, and that many of them have paid more than the ten pounds suggested in the compulsory arrangement. It is clear, too, that the thrifty people—those who are careful to lay something by for the time of need, of sickness or of old age, will never care to comply with the necessarily rigid regulations of the fund, or to accept a gift of charity; in other words, it is evident that this compulsory insurance fund, ushered in with such a blare of trumpets, will differ but little in its action from our present Poor-Law system, and will resemble it in offering a premium to the idle and extravagant at the expense of the sober, thrifty, and industrious.

But I must say no more. The issue is plain, and I will conclude by asking all the members of this Family Parliament to agree that, while deploring the existence of pauperism, and willing to welcome any practicable scheme for lessening the evil, they think more harm than good would result from compulsory assurance; and that they look rather to the growth of thrift and temperance to lessen the heavy burden of our present Poor-Law system.

[RULES OF DEBATE.—*The course of debate is as follows:—Two principal speakers holding opposite views on the question discussed are selected by the Editor. Readers of the* MAGAZINE *are then invited to express their own views on the subject, to the Editor, who will at his discretion select some of the most suitable and concise of these communications, or portions of them, for publication in a subsequent Part of the* MAGAZINE. *The Opener of the Debate is to have the right of reply.*]

TO OUR READERS.—The Editor will be happy to receive the opinions of any Readers on the above Question, on either side, with a view to the publication of the most suitable and concise communications in the July Part. Letters should be addressed "The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.," and in the top left-hand corner of the envelope should be written, "Family Parliament." The speech should be headed with the title of the Debate, and an indication of *the side taken by the Reader.* All communications on the present Question must reach the Editor not later than May 10.

An Honorarium of £1 1s. will be accorded (subject to the discretion of the Editor) to the *best speech, which may be on either side of the Question;* no speech to exceed 50 lines (500 words).

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

NOW is the time of year when everybody, rich or poor, begins to concern herself about what she shall wear. The spring weather shows up all defects, and it is peculiarly the season of all others when the shops are seen to the best advantage, and there is every inducement to coax our money out of our pockets.

I think I shall help you most if I run through the several items of dress, and give you what is newest under each head. I told you last month much about millinery, but since then French milliners have produced some most wonderful hats and bonnets. In the hand they look tremendously large, but in truth they do not appear so on the head, and are not unbecoming.

Besides the Olivia there are many other forms, indeed no two seem alike. French straws are tortured into every conceivable form, crimped over the face, cut up at the back, and many of the new straw hats have a piece cut out of the brim to make room for the feather and rosettes. These rosettes both on bonnets and lace fichus, &c., are made either of ribbon-velvet or of small brocaded ribbon, not half an inch wide, in close loops ; they form dressy additions at the throat and on the head, and are to be bought in sets of two for the purpose. There are a great many bonnets covered with coarse gold gauze, and fancy gauzes of other kinds.

We are losing our horror of finery, judging from the quantity of tinsel used in millinery : gold lace, gold gauze, gold-embroidered gauze, and gold ornaments. Double strings are a novelty ; they are tied separately one below the other, on the left side, and are made of inch-wide ribbon. Children wear poke bonnets and high hats, and a square so-called college cap, made of plush, which rests on the head with one corner in front. At the edge, the extreme edge, of poke bonnets and straw hats lace is sewn, and the brims of many outside are covered to the depth of an inch with single flowers, such as daisies, sewn on closely.

A pretty novelty for evening wear are necklets made of flowers ; they fit closely round the throat, and a bouquet is worn on the left shoulder to match them. A new arrangement of flowers on dresses is a huge fan on the left side, composed entirely of leaves and blooms, and from it often issue wreaths of leaves or flowers across the skirt.

You can hardly have a fan too large ; and feather ones, marabout or ostrich, are most universally used ; but quite the newest are made of handsome silk brocade, outlined with gold and tipped with feathers. Feathers are worn on mantles, and in sets of three on the left-hand side of the bodice. Ostrich feathers are considered a pretty ornament, arranged somewhat like a Prince of Wales plume. On bonnets they are shaded generally, as are the flowers, but the marabout bands for dresses and cloaks are now dyed every colour, and are worn as much in the summer as in the winter.

There is nothing very new in gloves. Many buttons, or the length of many buttons, are worn ; and I have seen an Italian kid buttonless glove a twenty-five-button length. By-the-by, these Italian gloves are worth a thought ; they are cheap, the kid is soft and

glossy, and they have an excellent appearance. Suèdes and silk gloves are sold to match dresses—green, fraise écrasée, whatever it may be. Gauntlets can be had with Suèdes and chevrettes and dog-skin, and are well worn.

In stockings the new idea is that the embroidery is not confined to the front, but is carried round to the back of the ankle, and well up the front. Plain and embroidered self-coloured stockings in silk and cotton are the universal wear.

Light woollen dresses are the most useful of all wear—I am inclined to think plain colours mixed with silk or satin, or brocades, are quite as much worn as the diversity of checks which crowd the shops. Some of these checks are a good quarter of a yard in size, and are composite both in colouring and formation; the large line check overlying the solid square. Nuns' cloth has proved so durable, and graceful in draping, that many improvements have been made upon it, the best perhaps the Tel el Kebir Cloth, which is slightly thicker, and is to be had in all colours; but there has never been a season when fashion has asserted itself so much with regard to the particular tone; it is fraise écrasée (or crushed strawberry) in everything. With regard to other colourings, terre cuite, the baked earth shade—viz., a reddish brown—is worn, so are Marocain, timbre poste (the shade of the blue postage stamps, not our red), porcelaine, voltigeur, Royal Belge, chasseur (a sage-colour), Princess Jaune, a bright shade of golden brown; and herbes and legumes (good candle-light shades, these last), browns, bronzes, peacocks, and grenats; dark greens, blues, and drabs, all these are worn, but are not so fashionable as the others nor

so rich. For evening, besides the two new pretty greens, there is a shade of sky-blue, amber, Nil, saffron, and glycine, mother-of-pearl, and *mat* or dead white.

To return to the woollens. Bunting has come out again, as "Alexander," slightly thicker than before, and there are many craped cloths, Indian cashmeres, and a corded stuff called "Rep de Foie." Ottoman having so entirely monopolised favour in silks, there is a feeling for cords in wool. Spun silk mixed with wool has been made into some good stuffs. But you are sure to be in the fashion if you invest in checks, only be careful how the dressmaker cuts them; an ill-matched check down the back or sides of a bodice is displeasing to the eye, and would spoil any dress. A few woollen brocades are worn, but they are the exception to the rule.

The new mantles are of the mantelette order, short at the back and long in front, profusely trimmed with lace—Chantilly or French of some kind, but not Spanish, which cannot be set aside all at once, but for the present its day is over. The trimmings on these mantles are all detached; they are sold united by the yard, but are divisible, taking the form of long jet pendants, with a huge ball at the end. Of course they look massive and heavy, but on the contrary are extremely light, for the balls are made of cork covered with silk and beads. The mantles themselves are generally made of brocaded gauze, sometimes all black, but mostly with a little thread of colour outlining the brocade, and they are lined with colour, and often the pendants have colour in them. These sort of out-door coverings are of course only suited to long purses. But there are plenty of pretty little mantles in fancy tweeds, thoroughly French, coming a little below the waist, indicating the figure slightly, and having sleeves. Black silk jackets, trimmed with lace and beads, are also coming in again.

I have told you a little about the new silks, but there is much more to say. Plain materials are coming in with crinolines—we may ignore the fact as much as we like, but steel petticoats at the back are universally worn by English women. French women bestow more pains on being well petticoated. Brocade has, however, been introduced on to many kinds of stuffs. Surah façonné shows a graceful flower at intervals, for detached *motifs* are more fashionable than designs covering brocades. Checks are worn much in silk; and, curiously enough, on a check ground they are beginning to throw velvet brocades.

People whose purses are not over-full will be glad to hear of a useful and good-looking little check silk, called Mareotis, which is sold by the piece, just sufficient for a dress, at a very moderate price, and washes well. Gros-grain is the foundation of many of the new brocades.

Foulards, twill silks, and such light makes are now printed, and make good tunics and trimmings on evening and full-dress morning gowns.

Do not use watered silk or Ottoman for bodices; they will not stand the wear; and a word of wisdom: if you have not much money to spend be careful how you buy your materials, for some of the richest and most fashionable silks just now do not wear.

The best sorts of black silk are satin duchesse, corded silks; Rhadames, Merveilleux, and gros-grain; but satin damas and Ottoman damas the two most fashionable.

Parasols are to be worn large, but not so large as last year. They will be embroidered, and have the Claremont vandyke round; and most of the embroidery will be done, or rather has been done, in Japan; but quite the last revival are lace covers, made to fit the parasol, both in black and white, and the rustic carved handles, with hooks and crooks, which we owe to Japan.

On warm days during the early spring, the new Tel el Kebir cloth (a thick sort of nuns' veiling) will be found a suitable material for a young lady's in-door dress; so would also striped and plain French sateen in any of the fashionable colourings, such as crushed strawberry and French postage-stamp blue. The first full-length illustrated figure in this chapter shows a simple manner of making up either of these fabrics. The skirt is striped and kilted, likewise the flounce; the plain tunic recalls the laveuse or lap-bag over-skirt of a few years ago, and the bodice gathered at waist and throat, both back and front, is extremely suitable to a young round figure.

Two fashionable spring mantles are illustrated in the larger cut, and the skirts over which they are worn show the prevailing styles. The first skirt is bordered with either plush or velvet, headed with tucks, for tucks are once again coming in; the second skirt shows the large woollen plaid which English as well as French women affect at this season. The Olivia bonnet is also to be seen on the same figure, with its pointed brim filled in with lace—quite a new feature in millinery.

A word as to the mantles. They may be made either of black Ottoman, which, though thickly corded, falls in soft folds; or black broché satin may be used. If the latter is selected, the figures or *motifs* should be large and detached. The first is trimmed with black lace, the design on which is Spanish, and the ground guipure; gimp and jet pampilles or drops are studded about the lace to give it a richer effect. This lace also forms a pointed collar at the back, and there are two jabots of it down the front that quite conceal the fastenings, whether they be buttons or hooks. An inner string should not be forgotten; it is tied round the waist and keeps the mantle in place.

The second figure wears a visite in broché satin, and here the high shoulders that distinguish the spring mantles are apparent. The ornamentation at the back is of the new satin cord passementerie, cleverly made so that it can be cut apart without unravelling, a quality that renders it a most useful trimming.

The engraving that forms the initial of our Chit-chat illustrates one of the new fichus. It is made of velvet, steel buckles, and French lace. It is one of those useful additions frequently required to convert a plain toilette into a moderately dressy one.

THE GATHERER.

Gas from Oil and Water.

Illuminating gas of superior quality is now made from petroleum oil mixed with water, and both decomposed in a retort. The gases liberated are then washed in a closed tank of cast-iron, and led to the holder where they are stored. In this holder is deposited a residue which is found useful for staining wood besides yielding benzole. Air is added to the gas in the proportions of three of air to one of gas. The process is the invention of Colonel Chamberlain, and the gas is stated to be of 21-candle power, and to cost 1s. 6d. per 1,000 cubic feet for manufacture. It is free from sulphur, which is a great merit, and gives a good light, while giving off very little carbonic acid. It is a healthier gas than that usually made from coal, and flowers do not seem to droop where it is burnt.

A Greenhouse Boiler.

A cheap and efficient boiler for small greenhouses is that shown in Figs. 1 and 2, and known as the "Loughborough Boiler." The pipes to be heated by it are connected direct to the boiler, and it is only necessary to break a hole in the brickwork of the greenhouse, and let the boiler in, as no sunk stoke-hole is required. Fig. 1 is a section through the boiler, and Fig. 2 a front view.

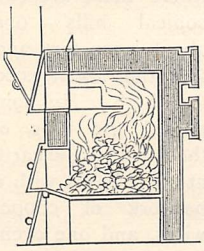


FIG. 1.

As shown, it has three doors, the upper for feeding the fire, the middle for raking it out, and the lowest for removing the ashes. The best fuel is coke and cinders, with a small quantity of coal mixed amongst them. With this arrangement a fire can be readily kept up for twelve hours without attention.

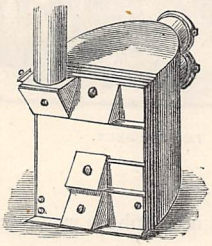


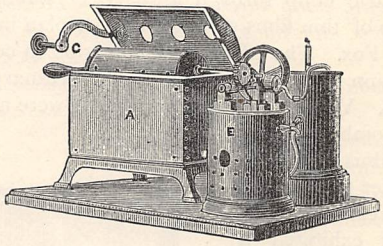
FIG. 2.

An Electric Tram-Car.

An interesting trial of a tram-car driven by electricity stored in Sellon-Volckmar accumulators or storage batteries, placed under the seats, was recently made at Kew on the line of the South Metropolitan Tramways Company. The car ran at the rate of six miles an hour, and Mr. Sellon, one of the inventors of the accumulator used, stated that the cost was about one-third that of horse-power for the work done. The car ran without noise or hitch, and the experiment was deemed a successful one.

A Self-Acting Coffee Roaster.

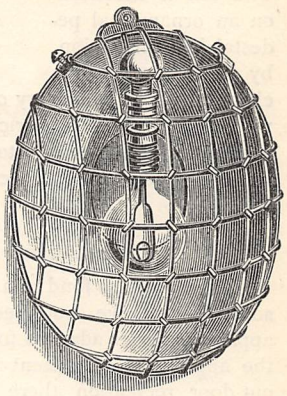
Coffee should be ground while hot, as Continental housewives know full well, though English ones are not as a rule aware of the fact. Therefore the mechanical roaster of Mr. W. Sugg is likely to be serviceable, since it acts on this principle. It consists, as shown in the engraving, of a close-ended cylinder with a sliding door, into which the coffee berries are put.



The cylinder, C, is fitted with a central shaft running through it, and projecting out of it at each end. On one end is a wooden handle, and at the other is the bearing on which it turns. Close to the handle is a cog-wheel, which, when the cylinder is put into its place ready for roasting, gears into an endless worm, driven by a small steam or electric motor. The cylinder is used for roasting in, and it is enclosed in a chamber, A, in the lower part of which are the gas-burners for heating. The little steam-engine, E, turns the cylinder whilst the roasting is going on, and prevents the beans from being charred. The apparatus is suitable for hotels and large mansions, but it would be easy to design a hand-machine on the same principle which would roast coffee very effectively.

A Caged Electric Light.

The glass bulbs of incandescence electric lights are apt to be broken by accident in factories, and the cage which we illustrate is a useful protection to them. It consists of a japanned metal back plate with a reflector inside, and a wire netting "sprung" on in front. The device is also useful for shops and other positions where the risk of breakage is great.



An Indicating Door-Mat.

An alarm foot-mat, for registering the number of persons entering a room or hall, has been brought out in New York by Mr. Applegarth. Under the mat are a series of electric spring contacts in circuit with a battery, and an indicator or alarm-bell, and

when a person treads on the mat the circuit is closed, and the bell rings or the indicator counts one. The same device is applicable as a burglar alarm.

Made-up Mica Crystals.

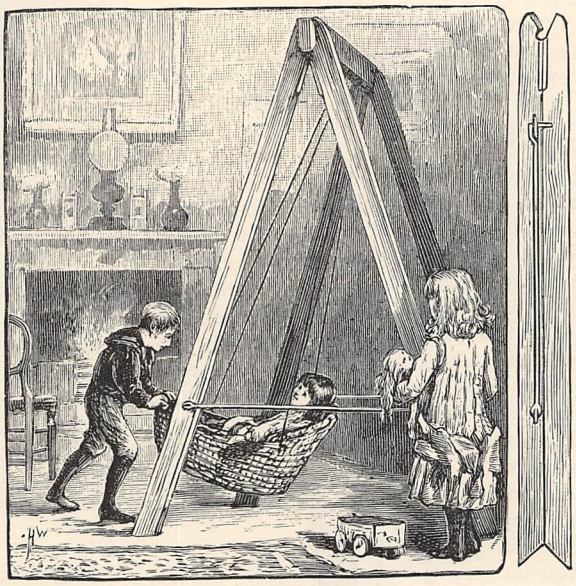
At the Physical Society, lately, Mr. Lewis Wright exhibited some very interesting and beautiful effects of polarised light, produced by sending the beam of an electric lamp through artificial crystalline plates built up of thin films of mica, after a plan introduced by Mr. Fox. The effects were superior in colour and distinction to those produced by the ordinary selenite designs. Very rich mixtures of colour were also given by a combination of mica films and selenite, after the method of Norremberg. Mr. Wright exhibited a novelty in the form of an "Optical Chromotrope," produced by two mica plates superposed, which displayed a dissolving mixture of the most beautiful hues, in patterns like those of a Turkey carpet.

An Electric Fan.

A drawing-room fan, or punkah, which is worked by a small electric motor, has been devised by Mr. E. J. C. Fear, of Bristol. The fan is mounted on an ornamental pedestal, kept in motion by either a spring or electric motor. A battery concealed in the base of the pedestal keeps the electric motor going. The same arrangement is also used to diffuse perfume through a drawing-room, or a disinfectant vapour through a sick-room.

A Swing for the Nursery.

Children are so fond of a swing that it is surprising some steps have not been taken for introducing apparatus better adapted for in-door use than many of the appliances at present in vogue. As regards the out-door recreation there need be little difficulty. For the nursery, however, a swing like that represented in the accompanying woodcut seems to satisfy most requirements. Two oblong wooden frames are hinged to each other in such a way that they can be folded together when not in use. One frame is furnished at the upper end with a cross-bar, to the lower edge of which two loops, or hooks, are fastened for "catching" the hooks attached to the upper ends of the ropes which support the basket, or cradle, or chair in which the child is to be seated. In the top ends of the side bars of the frame are notches through which the extremities of the cross-bar pass when the frame is erected. A brace hook rod is pivoted to each side bar in order to steady the frame, and when the swing has been put up the hook ends of these rods "engage" with loops or eyes on the sides. When the frames are folded up these rods are fastened into eyes on the sides of the frame. This swing can be erected or taken down very easily.



A SWING FOR THE NURSERY.

An Artificial Aurora.

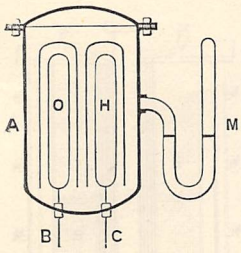
M. Lemstroem, the well-known Helsingfors professor, has recently succeeded in producing what may be considered an artificial aurora on a small scale. During the past winter he chose a station in Finland, just within the Arctic circle, where there are two conical hills — one about 2,000 feet, and the other about 3,000 feet high. He connected the tops of these hills to the earth at their bases with a network of copper wires, and one evening was rewarded by observing a luminous arch proceeding from the summit of one of the hills, and reaching an altitude of 360 feet. This terrestrial discharge into the atmosphere was electricity of "positive" sign.

Killing Rats by Electricity.

An American boy, twelve years old, recently cleared his father's cellar of a pest of rats. Out of some fruit-jars he constructed a battery of three Leyden jars, which he connected and placed upon a large iron plate that touched the tin-foil on the outside. The bait was arranged in such a way that when the rat stepped upon the plate to seize it, he at once completed the connection between the outside and inside of the jars, which were discharged through his body, killing him on the spot. The jars were charged by an electrical machine, also of the boy's construction. From the room above the cellar a couple of wires were run through the floor, and as soon as he heard a rat squeak the young inventor immediately re-charged the machine. In three hours twenty-five rats were slain, and in two days the plague was entirely banished from the cellar.

A Gas Accumulator.

The gas voltaic battery of Sir W. Grove has been adapted by Mr. F. J. Smith as an electric accumulator or store. The gas battery of Grove consists of two platinum strips or electrodes, one immersed in oxygen gas and the other in hydrogen; these gases being produced by the decomposition of water, by the passage of an electric current through it. When the platinum plates are connected by a wire outside the cell, there is a current from the hydrogen to the oxygen side. Mr. Smith increases the duration of this current by accumulating the gases in metal cylinders, H (for hydrogen) and O (for oxygen), as shown in the figure. The platinum plates immersed in these gases are led by wires, B C, through the leaden case, A, of the accumulator, and serve as electrodes. The case is filled with a solution of water with 10 per cent. of sulphuric acid in it, and the charging current liberates the hydrogen and oxygen from it by chemical decomposition. These gases accumulate in the metal reservoirs, H O, and can reach a pressure of seven atmospheres with safety. A manometer, M, serves to indicate this pressure. By collecting the gases under pressure in this way, the power of the accumulator is greatly increased.



Ammonia from Blast-Furnaces.

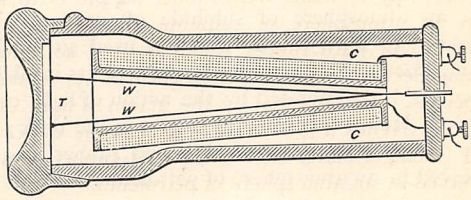
The recovery of ammonia from the gases of the blast-furnace is likely to become an important industry. It has long been known that these gases contain ammonia, and the Gartsherrie Iron Works Company, in Scotland, have erected costly apparatus for extracting it. A ton of sulphate of ammonia is now made there per day from the waste gases of two furnaces. Another firm of Glasgow iron-makers have also devised a process by which the gases are mingled with sulphurous acid gas, which combines with the ammonia to form sulphite and sulphate of ammonia.

Gold-Washing by Electricity.

The ground quartz ore is usually treated with mercury, which abstracts the gold by amalgamating with it; but impurities in the ore, such as arsenical salts, and pyrites, have the effect of "sickening" the mercury so that it cannot take up more gold. Mr. Richard Barker has, however, found out that a current of electricity passed through the mercury cures it of this sickening and keeps it refreshed. The apparatus used consists of an inclined table about six feet wide, with rifles or baths of mercury placed along it at intervals. The bottom of each rifle is of copper and is connected to one pole of an Elmore dynamo-electric generator, while over the top, separated from the mercury by a space of about half an inch, is another plate of copper connected to the other pole of the generator. A stream of water carries the pulverised ore down the table between the mercury and plate, the dirt being carried forward by the current, and the gold retained by the bright clean surface of the mercury. In some cases stirrers and rakes are used in place of the upper pole plate, according to the kind of ore treated. Mr. Barker's invention promises to be very valuable.

A New Telephone.

When a thin rod of iron is enclosed in a long coil of wire, and a current of electricity is sent through the coil, the wire elongates; if the rod be of nickel it contracts. Hence we have the receiving telephone of



Professor Sylvanus P. Thompson, shown in section above, where T is a strained diaphragm or tympan of mica or thin ebonite connected to two rods, W W, one of nickel and one of iron or steel, but both surrounded by the same hollow coil of wire, C C. The ends of this coil are brought to proper binding screws, as shown, in order that the current may pass through them. When the vocal current from the line is flowing through the coil, the simultaneous contraction and expansion of the two rods or wires set the tympan, T, in vibration, and cause it to give out audible sounds. The use of the receiver in this way, of course, implies the presence of a transmitter, into which the sender speaks, at the other end of the line wire.

Power by Telegraph.

M. Deprez, a well-known French electrician, has recently succeeded in transmitting motive-power in a

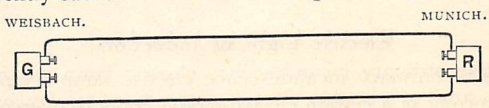


FIG. 1.

considerable quantity along an ordinary telegraph line, running between Paris and Bourget—five miles of wire. At the recent exhibition at Munich, M. Deprez transmitted power in the same way from Weisbach to Munich, a distance of thirty-four miles, the power being derived from a waterfall which drove a turbine and worked a dynamo-electric generator, G, Fig. 1.

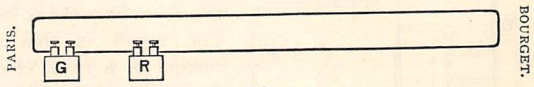


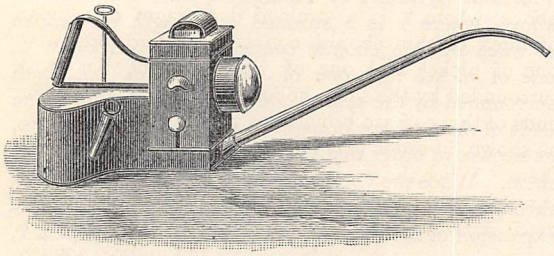
FIG. 2.

This generator was connected by the telegraph wire to another dynamo, R, at Munich, which received the current and was driven round by it, thus reproducing some of the power of the waterfall. But owing to the

great length of line the leakage of power was great, and much better results were got at Paris during the recent trials. In these the generator, G, and the receiver, R, were joined up as in Fig. 2, allowing five miles of line wire between them. In this way, out of six horse-power of energy put into the beginning of the line, two were recovered at the end of it; that is to say, one-third of the total power was transmitted, two-thirds being lost in the apparatus and the telegraph wire.

Softening Hard Rubber.

According to Herr W. Hempel, a German chemist, the best way to make hard rubber supple is to keep it in an atmosphere of sulphide of carbon. The "ebonite" or hard rubber which is used so much in making electrical instruments, because of its insulating properties, is deteriorated by the action of light on its surface. Hence it is usual to keep it in the dark; but Herr Hempel states that vulcanised rubber can be preserved in an atmosphere of petroleum.



A Novel Oil-Can.

A combined oil-lamp and cruse, for the use of engineers, is shown in the accompanying figure. The bull's-eye concentrates the light on the oil-holes or axle to be oiled, and the can behind serves to hold both the lubricator and the liquid fuel for the wick.

Electric Light by Induction.

The ordinary incandescence electric lamp requires a current of a certain electro-motive force to overcome the "resistance" of the filament, just as water requires to have a certain head of pressure to turn a mill-wheel, and the higher the resistance of the lamp the higher the electro-motive force requires to be. The result is that a current of a fixed electro-motive force will not give a good light in a series of lamps unless the resistance of each of these lamps is chosen with respect to its electro-motive force, and lamps of different resistance cannot be fed by the same current.

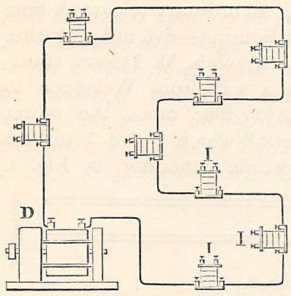


FIG. 1.

In order that this may be done, Messrs. Gaulard and Gibbs have devised the arrangement shown in Fig. 1, where D is the dynamo supplying the current, and I, I, are "induction coils" in circuit with the wires conveying it to different houses. The current of the dynamo may have a relatively feeble electro-motive force, but if it is passed through the primary circuit of the induction coils, it can be made to *induce* another current of a higher electro-motive force in the secondary circuit of the coil. The lamp or lamps to be fed are placed in this circuit, and the electro-motive force feeding them can be regulated by varying the power of the induction coil. Fig. 2 is a section of one of the induction coils, which consists of a core of soft iron, E, inserted into the hollow of the primary circuit through which the current from the dynamo passes. Round this primary circuit are placed other secondary coils, B B, in circuit with the lamps, and the current from the dynamo circulating in the primary circuit induces a current of higher electro-motive force in the secondary coils, which, of course, passes through the filaments of the lamps and lights them up. The current from the dynamo may be of one kind, and interrupted by a vibrating interrupter, as in the Ruhmkorf induction coil, or it may be an "alternating" current—that is to say, of positive and negative pulses of electricity alternately. In this case no interrupter is necessary. The iron core, E, can be pulled out and in, in order to generate a lower or higher electro-motive force in the secondary circuit at will, and thus moderate the light of the lamps, or adjust the current to filaments of different resistance.

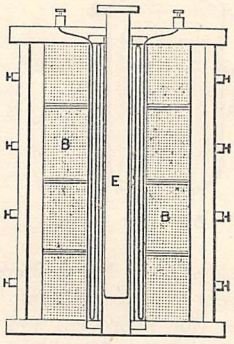


FIG. 2.

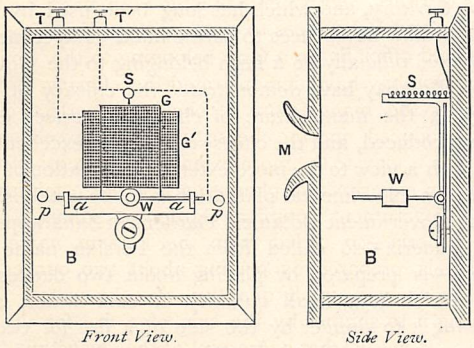
Fireproof Dwellings.

A rather severe test of the fireproof plaster invented by Mr. Hitchins was recently made in London. A brick building of three storeys was built for the purpose and lined on floor, ceiling, and walls with the plaster. The rooms above and below were filled with combustible materials and lighted. The fire raged for half an hour, and notwithstanding the fires above and below, a room on the middle flat was entered and found to be untouched, and cool. To complete the test a large fire was made in that room, and the heat melted the glass of the windows. The three fires were eventually put out by a hose; and the joists under the floors were found to be intact. The test seemed to prove that with Hitchins' fireproof plaster a fire may be confined, at least for a long time, to the apartment in which it originates.

A Wire-Gauze Telephone Transmitter.

The value of metals, and especially iron, in lieu of carbon as a microphone transmitter of speech has

been demonstrated by Mr. J. Munro, C.E., F.A.S., who, assisted by Mr. Benjamin Warwick, has devised the wire-gauze transmitter shown in the accompanying figure. It consists externally of a wooden box, B, having a mouth-piece, M, closed by a piece of thin match-wood. Inside the box is the microphone or "current regulator," which consists of a piece of ordinary iron wire-gauze, G, rather fine in the mesh, and lightly pressed against another piece, G′. The back piece of



Front View. *Side View.*

FIG. 1.

gauze, G′, is fixed to the back of the case; but the front piece, G, is carried by a loose axle, *a a*, supported on bearings at each end. From the axle projects an arm, carrying a movable counterweight, W; and the downward pull of the weight, tending to lift the front gauze off the back, is balanced by the force of an adjustable spring, S. The pressure on the microphonic contacts is regulated by this means. The stops, *p p*, serve to limit the sidelong play of the axle carrying the movable gauze, when it is found convenient to shift the position of the latter in adjusting the instrument.

The current enters and leaves the regulator by the terminals, T T′. A small induction coil (not shown) is usually inserted between the transmitter and the line, the "primary" of the coil being in circuit with the battery and the regulator, while the "secondary" is in circuit with the line-wire and receiving telephone.

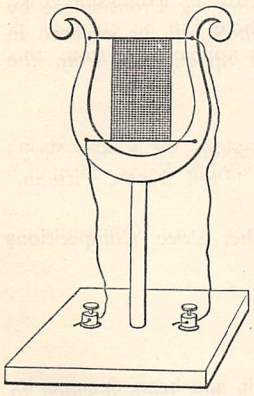


FIG. 2.

On speaking into the mouth-piece in the usual manner, the air-waves set up by the voice pass through the two gauzes and agitate the contacts between them, thereby modifying the current so as to make the telephone repeat the words. The match-board diaphragm is not an essential, as the sound-waves act directly on the contacts, but it is useful in screening the delicate regulator from the rudeness of the breath, and fixing the distance at which the speaker should keep. A grating across the mouth-piece will also answer the same purpose; and in both cases the sound-waves traverse the grating after the manner of an Æolian harp. A transmitter of gauze arranged by Mr. Munro in the form of a "lyre," and shown in Fig. 2, is so sensitive that it will transmit the voice when the speaker is two feet distant.

Mr. Munro has devised other forms of metal transmitters, in which the wire-gauze is replaced by metal granules, especially ¼ inch screw-nails, and "spongy" iron, such as is used for filters, or by a strip of iron chain or chain-mail, the contacts between the links forming metal microphones.

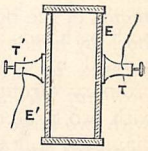


FIG. 3.

Fig. 3 is a little "speaking coffer," made in this way. It consists of a small wooden box or chest with metal sides, E E′, serving as electrodes to convey the current by terminals, T T′, and containing inside a loose mass of small iron screw-nails, or drillings. The gauze transmitter, however, gives the best results. We may add that a "thermo-electric microphone," consisting of iron and German silver (or bismuth) wire-gauze, may also be constructed in the way described, so as to generate its own current by the application of heat to the contacts.

Luminous Dress Trimmings.

Ladies' party-dresses are now trimmed with rows of tiny incandescence electric lamps instead of flowers. The electric current is supplied by a small battery carried by the wearer of the dress, and the light is at her control.

The Electric Light and the Microscope.

The small incandescence electric lamp of Mr. Swan has been applied with great success to the microscope by Mr. C. H. Stearn. Oil-lamps are troublesome, unclean, and do not give so bright a light as electricity for microscopic work. Mr. Stearn applies the incandescence lamp in three places to the microscope, namely, below the stage, on it, and below the substage, so as to illuminate the object above, below, or for use with the polariscope. But only one lamp is absolutely necessary, as it can be readily shifted to each of these three places, and the current sent to it by means of a small switch. A lamp giving a light of two or three candles, and fed by two or three Grove or Bunsen cells, is all that is required. When electricity is supplied to houses for lighting purposes, a battery will not be wanted.

Steel Crystals.

M. Holtzer, a pupil of the Paris School of Mines, has observed on bars of cemented steel certain small cavities containing carbon, and in several of them he found clusters of crystals resembling fir-trees, which, in the opinion of M. Descloiseaux, are no other than crystals of steel.

Acid-Resisting Bricks.

"Metalline" bricks, made of the best Welsh clays, are now used in the chemical works of Lancashire to resist the action of acids and alkalies. The brick is

very dense and free from pores, and is formed under pressure. They are used for "revolver" linings; and such is their power of resisting acids, that a brick boiled for two months continuously in vitriol was quite unaffected.

A New Tricycle.

Mr. W. J. Fraser, who has long studied the mechanical properties of tricycles, has introduced a new one, which is better suited to the natural movements of the body than the older types. It is worked both by hands and feet, and the weight of the body is utilised in driving it. In appearance it is like an ordinary "front-steerer," made of a steel tube frame, with two large driving wheels four feet six inches in diameter, and a front steering wheel fifteen inches in diameter. The pedals hang on a central bar supported across the frame-work. The hand-levers are vertical, and also supported by the frame-work. The handles are level with the elbow, and placed within easy reach. A saddle-seat is provided over the pedals, allowing the legs freedom to swing and work the pedals, as if the rider were walking and at the same time sitting. On ascending a hill the tricyclist throws all his weight on the pedals. The machine is adapted to suit the movements of the body in walking, and is likely to prove a decided improvement on the ordinary tricycle.

A Cheese-making Berry.

A cheese-making berry has recently been discovered in India, which seems to be a capital substitute for rennet. Puneria, as the natives call it, is the berry of a plant known scientifically as *Withania coagulans*—a shrub which is common in the Punjab and Trans-Indus territory, and which has long been used by the Afghans and Beloochees to curdle milk. Experiments conducted officially on a farm belonging to the Governor of Bombay have demonstrated the efficacy of the berry in the manufacture of cheese, a perfect curd being produced, and the cheese turning out excellently; and, with a view to the more extended cultivation of the shrub, an experimental plantation is to be established at the Government Botanical Gardens at Saharanpore. The puneria—so called from the Persian name of cheese—is prepared by placing about two ounces of the berries in a small quantity of cold water, and allowing it to simmer by the side of a fire for twelve hours. It is said that half a pint of the decoction will suffice to curdle fifty-five gallons of milk.

"PALMY DAYS."

TO OUR READERS.

THE EDITOR is much gratified at being able to announce that the Proprietors have acceded to a very wide-spread demand for an Extra Holiday Number of CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE. On the 25th of May will be issued, together with the ordinary monthly Part, but quite independently of that Part, and sold separately, an Extra Holiday Number, under the title of "PALMY DAYS."

"PALMY DAYS," as befits its name and purpose, being a Holiday or Summer Number, will comprise reading of the brightest and most attractive character, as a suitable companion for the country and the sea-side. It will contain as many as nine short complete stories by well-known writers; pleasant, gossipy papers descriptive of nature and human nature at home and abroad; and, in addition, will include the Prize Poem on Happiness, and the Prize Song, "Child Amid the Flowers at Play," to which the Five Pound awards have recently been accorded.

"PALMY DAYS" will be profusely illustrated throughout, and will contain a charming Frontispiece by Davidson Knowles, some clever Character Sketches by Harry Furniss, and the whole will be encased in a specially designed coloured wrapper, so as to suitably distinguish it, in external appearance, from the ordinary Part, published on the same day.

In CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for JUNE will be published the opening chapters of a new Serial Story, entitled "Co-Heirs," by John Berwick Harwood, author of "Lady Flavia," "Paul Knox, Pitman," "Ralph Raeburn's Trusteeship," &c.

In the same Part will also be published the Editor's announcement of further Prize Competitions open to all readers of CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

POEM AND SONG COMPETITIONS.

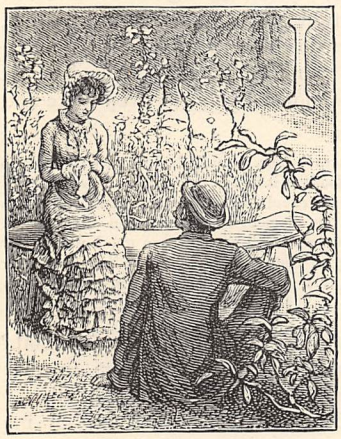
NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.—Owing to the exceptional demands on our space, it has been decided to publish the Prize Poem on Happiness and the Prize Setting of Mrs. Hemans' song, "Child Amid the Flowers at Play," in the Extra Holiday Number of the Magazine, entitled "PALMY DAYS," which will be published simultaneously with our next issue, namely, on the 25th of May. In our ordinary June Part will be published an announcement as to further Prize Competitions.

PARDONED.

By the Author of "In a Minor Key," "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," &c.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

"GOOD-BYE."



"I HAVE done the deed, Alice: I have sent in my resignation;" and, with a sigh of relief, Roger Champneys sat down upon the grass at the feet of his sister, who had brought her work out on the lawn, and was stitching away as usual. Alice looked up, with a very lame attempt at cheerfulness.

"I am glad it is over, dear," she said; "you will feel happier now the letter is gone. I cannot understand how Colonel Everard could behave in such a way. It is so unlike him; don't *you* think so, Roger?"

"Poor little Ally! It is trying to see one's heroes step down from their pedestals, and join the throng of ordinary mortals, is it not? Never mind; better make false heroes than none at all. You are only twenty now: by the time you are five-and-twenty you will have quite a little army of dethroned idols."

"I do not think I ever made a hero of Colonel Everard; he only came up to my idea of a high-bred, honourable gentleman——"

"*Sans peur et sans reproche.*"

"And," without heeding the interruption, "of course I am sorry, very sorry, that he should, as you say, descend from his pedestal. I have only one hero."

"You are a goose, Ally! If you were to tell the truth, you would say, the most ill-tempered, irritable brute that ever lived—anything but a hero. Let us go now and see how the roses are coming on. I think my successor will acknowledge that we have left the garden in good order; don't you?" and Roger laughed a somewhat unnatural laugh.

"Don't, dear. Ah, Roger! I wonder where we shall go to? Promise me you won't take an Irish agency. I should never know a moment's peace again."

"I have no intention of going to Ireland, so don't frighten yourself in anticipation. I have no fancy for being shot. I wonder if the Colonel will give me a good character," he continued grimly. "I ought to get something very first-rate after being with him."

"Nothing will ever be like dear Tranmere, and our sweet little house here. I mean," correcting herself, "it will all seem strange and odd after it."

"It may be more lively for you girls," said Roger cheerily; "you are shut up and thrown away here."

"We have no time for society, even if we had it. What with teaching the children, making their clothes and our own, we are no duller here than we should be elsewhere. Kate was up by six to-day."

"It is hard work for you," said Roger, feeling with compunction how unreasonable and irritable he had been lately to his sisters, "much too hard. There must be a change made when we leave this. I assure you, I shall put my invaluable services very high."

"I declare, Roger, you are a different man since you have made up your mind to leave Tranmere. I believe you have been wanting to do so for ever so long, and we have prevented you. I am so sorry."

"Do you know, Alice, what it is to bask in the warmth of a fire till you get perfectly scorched? It is a great effort to withdraw yourself, but when you have done so it is a relief."

"But I don't understand," knitting her pretty brows. "What do you mean?"

"Oh! nothing; I was only talking nonsense."

"I am so glad. You have not talked nonsense for so very long. Kate and I were only lamenting the other day how dreadfully sensible we had all grown."

"Time we did," he answered. "Jem will soon be taking the wind out of our sails in that line. And now, Alice, I will explain my parable. I am very glad to leave Tranmere."

"Are you really, Roger?" with wide-open eyes of wonder—"really and truly, as the children say? Then I am glad too."

"What does Kate say to it now?" he continued.

"I think, now it has come to a decision, that she is not so sorry as I am. She says we are dreadfully out of the world here, and that perhaps we may be better off. What she deplores is the expense of moving."

"There is no doubt that Kate is sensible," he answered; "pity you do not imitate her, Alice. I suppose she has no words strong enough for Colonel Everard?"

"Oh dear, no! He is everything that is detestable. You know she never did like him."

"I have not yet quite dethroned him, Ally: I mean, in my affections. He has not behaved well to me, but I suspect there are other influences at work. It puzzles me tremendously."

"Ah! I am glad to hear you say so, Roger. I have no doubt there are extenuating circumstances."

"Back he goes to his pedestal."

"No, he can never do that," sadly; "but——"

"In a week's time he will be standing there as

though he had never stepped down. Now I must go in and write letters;" and leaving Alice with a half smile parting her lips, he opened the garden door, and disappeared into the house.

Arrived within the safe shelter of his own snuggery—the merest cupboard of a room, but arranged with such method and precision that every inch was made available—Roger sat down to his writing-table, every shadow of a smile faded out of his face.

"It will soon be easy for them," he murmured, as he leant his head upon his hand. "Poor children! how hard they work, and yet are always cheerful and good-tempered, whilst I have been a perfect brute to them lately. But it shall never occur again. I have done with it altogether. I have put it behind me. Oh, Winifred! Oh, my darling!"

For full a quarter of an hour he remained in this attitude, oblivious of everything else, seeing only one face, one figure, hearing only one voice—a voice that the very sirens might have envied, he thought. Then slowly he drew from a locked drawer in front of him two articles, which he proceeded to place before him. They were not very valuable, apparently. One was a bunch of faded anemones, "withering on their stalks away;" the other a sheet of drawing-paper, looking as though it must have fallen from some sketch-book—which it had.

Had he not found it lying on the soft damp moss, as, hardly knowing where he was going, he pursued his way through the woods towards the "Carnford Arms," only last Tuesday? and picked it up, as he had the anemones half an hour before, as were it some great treasure? And it was a treasure, he told himself, a treasure that he would never part with, as, with devouring eyes, he gazed at the sweet girl's face, with the large questioning eyes depicted there. "Maggie" was scrawled underneath, in a handwriting he had learnt to know and love, and it seemed to him that the whole character of the girl was written in those few strokes, so completely did the face tell its own tale—the tale of a heart hungering for love. Perhaps he saw more than others would have done in those vigorous lines; but then he was in love, and his judgment not to be taken.

A faint noise near the door roused him from his fruitless pre-occupation, and hastily he thrust sketch and anemones back into his drawer. It was only the children, but they had served their purpose, and once drawn from the dangerous contemplation of his treasures, he was not likely to go back to them. The next morning brought the desired letter, Colonel Everard's answer.

"Open it quickly, Roger," said Kate, handing it to her brother; "it is better to know the worst at once."

"We know that already," he responded leisurely, "as it came from our side."

"Oh! I do hope he writes nicely," put in Alice. "Roger dear, won't you open it?"

"All right, Ally. What a hurry you are in!" and, abandoning his breakfast, Roger proceeded to break open the important document. It was short, and to the purpose.

"MY DEAR MR. CHAMPNEYS" (Roger read aloud)—"Your letter received this morning was no surprise to me: in fact, I had been expecting it——"

"Then he purposely wished to drive me to resign. What on earth does it all mean?"

"Sorry as I am to lose you and your valuable services, and grieved as both Mrs. Everard and I shall be to miss the society of your sisters, under the circumstances——"

"Is the man mad? What circumstances does he mean?" and, in a transport of puzzled indignation, Roger flung the letter down on the table.

Kate picked it up, going on from where he had left off, and caricaturing Colonel Everard's deep voice and stately manner.

"Under the circumstances" (she mimicked), "I am compelled to accept your resignation, difficult as it will be for me to replace you, for I have much to thank you for your zeal and activity; still, I should be loth to detain you at Tranmere one moment longer than you wish to stay. Rest assured that, as far as my small services can go, I will do my utmost—if you are thinking of continuing in the same line—to further any wishes you may form as to your future employment.—I am, yours truly, "GEORGE DRUMMOND EVERARD."

"Well, Ally, what do you think now of that? Can you discover a grain of illumination in that farrago of rounded periods and vague allusions?"

"Do be quiet, Kate," said Roger, "and let me think. 'Under the circumstances,'" he muttered, picking up the letter, "'compelled to accept'—it beats me; I cannot understand it."

"I think," said Kate, who had been looking very wise, "I think I see a glimmer of daylight."

"Do you?" answered Roger. "I confess I am plunged in Cimmerian darkness."

"Now listen to me. You know Con Everard——"

"Of course I do," impatiently, "have known her ever since she was a child."

"That is just it: that brings me to my point. Con never forgets that fact, is always alluding to it, and once or twice I fancy I have heard her call you—of course, accidentally—by your Christian name. At any rate, she is always delighted to see you."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Well, but she is, so don't say 'Nonsense!'"

"She is a little flirt, that is all," said Roger, "and I dare say would like to flirt with me—if I let her."

"Now wait for my explanation. She not only would like to, but she does flirt with you, whether you let her or no. She is also a little chatter-box, and does not care what random things she says, and I dare say that she talks about you a good deal. This has, no doubt, been noticed by her severely proper uncle, who has arrived at the conclusion that, as you are not without attractions, his niece has had the bad taste to take a fancy to you. Of course such a thing must not be heard of for a moment; but the evil being to a certain degree accomplished, why, the only thing is, you must go. Do you see?"

Yes, Roger did see; and putting two and two together, it did not look to him quite a bad explanation. Whenever he did go over to Carnford, in order to put a barrier between himself and Winifred he would, when with the ladies, devote himself to either Mrs. Everard or Constance. Perhaps this had at-

tracted Colonel Everard's attention; at any rate, it gave some colour to this mysterious letter.

"But," broke in Alice, after pondering silently for a few minutes, "it is so unlike Colonel Everard to adopt this roundabout method of driving Roger to resign. Whatever his faults may be, Kate, he has always acted hitherto honourably and straightforwardly."

"He has every virtue under the sun, my dear, but," in a mocking whisper, "he has an awful temper. Perhaps, having just made this discovery, he was in a towering rage last Tuesday, and Roger, being the innocent malefactor, came in for a large share of it. Of course he expected your letter," turning to her brother, "after his conduct, but, being disinclined to apologise, he is obliged to abide by its consequences: which, however, are those he would choose, but which, I agree so far with Alice, he probably would have taken some other method to insure."

"You are quite a sibyl, Kate," and Roger rose from the breakfast-table, "but your explanation has annoyed me, all the more that it has a certain appearance of truth about it, in so far that I have laughed and talked with Miss Everard, although not more than I should with any other girl."

"And Winny?" asked Kate. "Do you never laugh and talk with her? I believe, Roger, you are afraid of her."

"Right again, Kate. I *am* afraid of her."

That same afternoon he rode into Meriton, where he had sundry commissions to do for his sisters. He wanted to be alone, to think over Kate's words. He had arrived at the conclusion that hers was the true explanation of Colonel Everard's mysterious conduct and letter, and it troubled him. It vexed him inexplicably that he should have given the faintest ground for those vague allusions; and as to Constance—why, Constance was a flirt, had been one from her babyhood, and to-morrow she would have found a fresh object for her charms. Silly little girl! surely she had plenty of amusement in that line at Aldershot. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle minds," he parodied, and reflected what a blessing it was that Kate and Alice had plenty to do and to think about.

These meditations brought him into Meriton, and as he rode across the market-place the Everard brougham drove past him so quickly that he could not see who was in it; there was a trunk on the tray, and he caught himself wondering who, coming from Carnford, could be the owner of such a shabby box.

His commissions did not take him long, and, having put up his horse, he started off to the station to pick up a parcel from London for Kate. Meriton was as dull as it usually was when it was not market-day. Here and there a pony-cart was to be seen stopping at a shop-door, or a farmer's dog-cart would go rattling over the paved street, but, take it altogether, it was steeped in sunshine and sleepiness. The Abbey clock rang out three o'clock as he walked down the High Street; the train to London went at 3.10: doubtless the Everard brougham had driven in to catch it. Insensibly he quickened his steps, and reached the station just as the hands of the clock pointed to 3.5.

He had told himself that he had come for Kate's parcel, but when he arrived on the platform, Kate, parcel, everything went out of his head, swallowed up in the solitary black figure that stood there, quietly watching the destination of her one possession.

He waited for one moment to still the beating of his heart, and school himself to approach her with the merest commonplace civilities: he would ask to take her ticket, or see after her luggage, or—— Why was she alone? Had the whole Everard family forgotten the courtesy on which he knew they prided themselves, that they should let her leave them solitary and unheeded? All the better, however, for him. He would see the last of the beautiful face, hear the last words, and carry back a fresh supply of pain wherewith to torture himself.

All this, save the latter reflection, passed through his brain as he stood some way from her, from whence he could gaze undisturbed on the features, on which there sat this morning a quiet, wistful pathos that touched him, though he knew nothing of its cause. The footman was watching over her with jealous care, and Roger sprang forward to avert, what he feared was going to take place, her entrance into the railway carriage. He was very nearly losing his self-control when he saw the bright smile of pleasure that lit up her face as she perceived him; he did not know how welcome the sight of any familiar countenance was to the lonely girl, who was leaving her uncle as she had come to him—alone. She was grave again in a minute as he took her proffered hand, with the sensible remark, "You are going up to London?"

"Yes, in five minutes. I am so glad to see you. Will you give a message to Kate and Alice for me? to tell them how sorry I was not to come over and say good-bye to them; but—but—I am going a little earlier than I expected to, and I could not manage it."

"Yes, I will," wondering if she knew that when she came back she might probably find Kate and Alice gone too. "Can I do anything for you? see to your luggage, take your ticket, or——"

"No, thank you. James has looked to everything. I ought to be in the train;" but she did not stir.

"How is it you are alone?" he asked. "Are the rest of the family so very busy?" with a smile.

"My uncle went out early this morning, before breakfast, and has not been home since"—she did not say she had not even seen him, and that her heart was aching for that unspoken good-bye—"and Constance is laid up, you know."

"I see. So you are given over to James's care?"

"And very good care it is, I assure you. Look, he brought me all these flowers," pointing to a basketful of purple hyacinths, anemones, cowslips, and ferns that she held in her hand, "and said that he and my special ally, Jones, the head housemaid, had gathered them for me. Was it not nice of them? Now I must really go," as the cry, "All passengers for London!" was shouted in stentorian tones.

At the same moment there was a sound of ringing horse's hoofs outside the station, as a gentleman came galloping in at full speed.

"London train gone yet?"

"No, sir; goes in one minute."

"All right. Just hold my horse;" and Colonel Everard, hastily dismounting, walked swiftly through the station on to the platform.

What did he see there that caused him evidently to re-consider his determination, and draw back into the shadow of the doorway from which he was emerging? The platform was empty, save for one or two porters, and a few country people scattered about it. At the door of a second-class carriage a gentleman was helping in a lady, handing in after her a basket of freshest field-flowers. They were talking now, waiting till the train went off, the girl's pale face just framed in by the window, the man standing on the step, looking from the distance at which Colonel Everard stood as though he were in close proximity to the lady. There was a shriek, a scream, and then the train moved slowly off, and the young man was left standing motionless on the platform, gazing after the fair face that had just left him.

Suddenly that same face was thrust far out of the window, with a world of love and affection in the great wistful eyes. Its owner kissed her hand—not cheerfully and airily, as is usually the case with that gesture, but lingeringly, lovingly—once, twice, thrice, to the young man—at least, so Colonel Everard deemed it—before she had steamed out of sight.

"For him!" came in deep passionate tones below his breath from the rigid figure in the shadow of the doorway. "For him!" And the heel was ground with such force into the boards on which he stood, that the wonder was they were not broken; then he turned, and, mounting his horse, rode away as fast as he had come.

Roger, too, had seen that action of almost passionate love and entreaty, but had not made the same mistake as Colonel Everard. For when he turned round to go away, he caught sight of the tall, well-known figure retreating through the station, and understood at once for whom that last "farewell" had been intended.

In the train sat Winny, with dry, sad eyes.

"Did he not see me?" she asked herself over and over again, "or *would* he not return it? I would rather he had never seen me."

Then she unlocked her bag, and drew from it an envelope without any direction upon it, which Constance had put into her hand just as she was leaving the house, saying that Uncle George had bid her give it to Winifred, that she was to take care of it and not to open it till she was in the train.

With trembling fingers she prepared to obey these directions, hoping for some note, some word, expressive of forgiveness, of his affection for her. Her face fell as she withdrew the sole enclosure. There was no syllable of pardon; only—a cheque for £50.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

IN TRAINING.

ONCE more it is late spring, but this time we welcome it in London. In Kensington Gardens and all the parks and squares there is a blush of pink may, a faint smell of lilacs, a starry profusion of chestnut blossoms, deep glowing masses of rhododendrons throwing out the tender green of the leaflets that have not yet learnt how to be dirty: a re-awakening of all that is bright from the long death-like winter, wherein they have lain sleeping for so many months.

Is spring anywhere more beautiful than it is in dirty, dusty, busy London?

Perhaps it is that, in London, the contrast with the past months is more sharply defined; perhaps it is that there the eye rests on the bright green with gratitude for its, as yet, untarnished beauty; whatever it may be, it always seems to me that nowhere is the glory of the spring more lavishly displayed than in the parks and gardens of our smoky metropolis.

Town is very full in this May of 18—. The roar in the streets has grown perceptibly louder; carriages and their occupants stand patiently in long files down Bond Street, waiting to get on; and from five to seven in the afternoon there is a never-ending block at Hyde Park Corner.

Two ladies are walking along Piccadilly on one of these same May afternoons, the square green books they hold in their hands showing plainly from whence they come, while the elder of the two clasps hers with an air of proud consciousness, as had she some kind of partnership in the volume. The younger, taller by half a head than her companion, is scanning every carriage, every hansom that drives by, as if seeking for some one: a fairly hopeless task in London.

"If we might only meet Gilbert now," said Mrs. Craven—for she it was who was grasping her R.A. catalogue with such a proud smile of satisfaction on her features—"we would take a turn in the park. It would do you good, you poor over-worked child."

Winny turned her eyes from their intent study of the various vehicles crowding down Piccadilly.

"In the park, Helen?" she asked, surveying her dress. "I am not in park get-up."

"Oh, you do very well; you are in black, and you always look nice."

"And suppose we do not meet Gilbert?"

"Then we will go home, or to Mrs. Fortescue's; to-day is her day, you know. But I have hopes of Gilbert, for he said something to me about Hyde Park Corner. Ah! there he is;" and Helen's face lighted up as she caught sight of her husband just issuing from under the archway on Constitution Hill, and whose quick eyes had at once discovered his wife and cousin on the opposite side of the street. He crossed over to them, with a smile of amusement on his face.

"You are really incorrigible, Helen," he said, as he approached them. "You have been to the Academy again. I am ashamed of you."

"It was to take Winny," she pleaded, but laughing too. "I like to make the few holidays she allows herself pleasant to her. Don't I, Winny?"

"So you take her to stare at a picture, every line, every inch of which she knows by heart. You are a fine holiday-maker."

"Do you know, Gilbert, why she goes so often to the Academy?" asked Winny. "She likes to place herself near your picture, and hear what the people say about it. Is it not mean of her? If the opinion is favourable, she smiles with delight; if adverse, she looks so ferocious that I am quite ashamed of her."

"Oh! it is really too amusing, Gilbert; I should like to take you with me. The remarks are some of them wonderful; you would not believe them if I told them to you. More than half the world has never heard of Marie de Sombreuil, and the extraordinary conjectures as to who she was would make you die of laughter. Most people admire the picture because the newspapers have told them to do so; but some are very doubtful, say it is an unpleasant subject, and think it is a pity you have left the safe pastures of cottage-doors, babies in cradles, and so on. Now, dear, we meant to finish our afternoon in the park. Will you take us?"

"Not if you or I carry those books. It would be just a little too professional."

"'YOU ARE GOING UP TO LONDON?'" (*p.* 387).

"What shall we do with them?"

"I will take them home," said Winny. "I told Helen I was not smart enough for the park."

"Nonsense!" said Gilbert, eyeing her admiringly. "As for the catalogues, I will give them to the first small boy I meet;" and suiting the action to the word, he politely handed the two green books to a youth, who stared in amazement at the unexpected and munificent gift. "Now then," he continued, "for the beauty and fashion. Helen, my dear, how prosaically happy and contented you look! It is not at all the right thing now-a-days. None of my fashionable married sitters are ever such ordinary folk as to look happy; some of them are serene, and that is as much as one can expect. If Winny were married," turning to the girl, "she would do capitally. There is a gentle pathos about her—— Ah! here is your friend, Winny, rushing to greet you."

"I won't be chaffed, Gilbert. Do you wish me to smile all over, as Miss Brabazon does?"

"Not for the world! How do you do, Lord Carnford?"

But Lord Carnford hardly heeded the greeting.

"Oh, Miss Smith!" he cried, "what a wonder and a pleasure to see you! Are you really coming into the park?"

"I am indeed," smiled Winny. "It is a great honour for the park, is it not?"

"That it is. Why do you shut yourself up so? I have been to Kensington over and over again, and yet I never find you."

They had fallen now into two and two, Gilbert with his wife, Winny with Lord Carnford, and were walking down by the carriages, seeking for chairs.

Many people turned round to look at the quartette. Gilbert Craven was a famous man now, and once or twice he had difficulty in keeping his countenance as he heard the passers-by whisper to each other, "Look! that is Craven, the artist. No, not there, right in front of you: the big man with the little wife." And the unfortunate country cousin, who had been vainly striving to discover where and who "there" meant among the crowd of people passing and re-passing, would smile as though it were all right, and say, "Ah, I am so glad I have seen him!" staring the while at some tall thin man, with what she fancied the stamp of genius on his brow. Lord Carnford, too, was well known, but the glances in his direction were more for his companion than himself. Hers was a fresh face, which was a merit in itself, nor was it one you would easily forget, as the great grave eyes flashed restlessly over the crowd, still seeking—seeking for some one.

"I do not shut myself up," she responded, as she sat down by Lord Carnford's side, willing to allow herself just half an hour to hear something about her uncle, about Tranmere; "but I am working very hard, and I have no time to go out."

"Working—you? Oh! but you should not do that."

"But I must, and I like it; it is my greatest pleasure."

"Really?" The young man looked puzzled; he had always found some difficulty in conversing with Miss Smith: she was so different from other people. "Really? I wish," irrelevantly, "that you would come for a drive on my coach some day, Miss Smith; I would promise faithfully not to upset you."

"I am not afraid of that," quickly, as the delights of a drive on a coach rose before her imagination, and she had to put the temptation from her, "but——"

"But what?"

"But—oh! of course I can't come," she answered banteringly; "I am too busy. Lord Carnford," suddenly, with an attempt at *sangfroid* which was not a perfect success, "have you seen my uncle lately?"

Lord Carnford detected at once the slight tremor in her voice, the eagerness in her eyes, and was only too delighted that he had found a topic wherewith he might enchain her attention. He had puzzled his kindly young brain much over her disappearance from Carnford House, but still more over her non-reappearance, and had jumped at the conclusion that there had been, as he termed it, a row. Anyhow, he seemed to know that she had seen nothing, heard nothing, of her Everard relations since she left them two years ago.

"Are you looking for him among the carriages?" he asked, noticing her wandering eyes. "You would hardly find the Colonel there if he were in London: which he is not. I saw him last week at Tranmere. Don't you know? Have you not heard?"

"No; what?"

"That Mrs. Everard is very ill—really ill, I mean. They have been at Cannes all the winter for her health, and are only just come back."

"No, I had not heard," blushing hotly at thus revealing to a stranger the breach with her family—"Aunt Emily really ill? Oh, I am so sorry!"

"She is not at all a good correspondent, is she? at least, so my mother says," he remarked, having noticed the vivid blush.

"No—yes—no, certainly not. What is her illness?"

"It began with bronchitis, I think; but I will ask my mother, and come and tell you all about it. May I?" beseechingly.

"With bronchitis? and then?"

"I really do not know. The doctors ordered her to the south of France. They always do that when some one is going to die—to bother them, I suppose."

"Going to die! You do not mean to say that Mrs. Everard is as ill as that, do you?"

"Oh! I am so sorry; I have frightened you, I am sure. No, I don't mean that; but she is awfully ill, you know: always up-stairs, and so on, and the Colonel never leaves her, they say. He was very down in the mouth when I saw him the other day."

"Is no one with them?"

"Yes, Miss Everard, the one who is always there; and she told me that it was terribly hard work. Nothing pleases, nothing satisfies Mrs. Everard, and she cannot bear the Colonel out of her sight."

"Oh! poor, poor Aunt Emily!"

"And he is wonderful, they say, so gentle and patient; but it is awfully trying for him, and I can assure you he has grown a day or two older."

No lack of interest now; the sweet grave eyes hung on every word he uttered, as had he dropped pearls and diamonds. How she wished that they were in some quiet spot instead of in this throng, where every other minute Lord Carnford's hat was raised and his attention distracted by the sight of this or that one among his acquaintances.

"You have not seen the house since it has been restored, have you?" he asked, continuing the topic he had discovered found most favour in his fair lady's eyes.

"No; is it very perfect?"

"It is wonderfully well done, and I think very few people would find out that parts of the house were rebuilt only yesterday. The Colonel—or rather, I suppose I should say the architect—has somehow managed that it looks very like the old place. And yet it has all modern conveniences, and such a billiard-room!"

"The old one was very bad: it was so dark."

"Oh, the light was shocking! Miss Smith, won't you be at home any day if I come to Kensington?"

"I never am what you call at home, Lord Carnford: that is to say, I am always at work."

"But not on Sundays? Surely you are not a Sabbath-breaker?"

"No, I am not a Sabbath-breaker, but nevertheless I do not see people on Sunday."

"Then don't you ever go into society in the evening? I sometimes meet Mr. and Mrs. Craven, but they always tell me you are at home."

"Well, so I am."

"But why don't you go out too?"

"I don't care about it."

"You used to say you liked society."

"So I do—some kinds of society."

"You get all kinds in London, I am sure."

"Yes."

"Then why don't you take advantage of it?"

"For a hundred reasons, that it would take far too long to enumerate."

"I shall speak to Mrs. Craven."

"Mrs. Craven and I understand each other too well for you to make much of her."

"The upshot of it all is that I never see you."

"You are doing so now," she answered smiling; "and instead of telling a poor recluse, as you say I am, who every one is, you are putting me through a series of unanswerable questions. Tell me, who is that very pretty woman in black satin who has just bowed to Mr. Craven?"

"That—oh! Lady Filgate. But, Miss Smith, you are cruel."

"I think not," very gently.

"Why," almost in a whisper, "will you always remember? Why not let me be your friend, and then——"

"You are my friend," she answered, blushing at his allusion; then, recovering herself, "nevertheless you will not let me enjoy my peep of the world. You have not pointed out to me any of the notabilities, nor given me time even to observe the fashions. I shall go home as ignorant as I came out."

She strove to speak banteringly, but her heart was very heavy. It had flown, as it so often did, to Tranmere, and it was an effort to her to talk at all.

Next to her sat her cousin and his wife, conversing with countless friends, Helen not so engaged, however, as not to observe from time to time the couple under her charge. Her observations seemed satisfactory, for when Gilbert proposed going home, she begged him in a whisper to stay, adding the significant word, "Look!"

"That is why I am going," seriously. "No, Helen, I will have no hand in those things.—Winny, we are going. I will put you and Helen into a hansom, and I shall walk."

But Lord Carnford was not to be dismissed in such a hurry. He had found by experience that he was a favourite with the chaperons, so he came to Helen.

"Mrs. Craven, will *you* come for a drive down to the Alexandra some day on my coach—next time we meet, say—and bring Miss Smith, and of course your daughters and Mr. Craven? Only *do* come."

"You are determined to have the whole family whilst you are about it," put in Gilbert. Then, more decidedly, as he noticed that Helen looked very like succumbing, "No, thank you, Lord Carnford; it is very kind of you, but——"

"Mrs. Craven would like it, I know."

This time, however, Mrs. Craven declined also, and, baffled in all his efforts, the young man walked away.

As they drove home Winny never uttered a syllable. "A very significant silence," said Helen to herself—little guessing whither the girl's thoughts had flown—which she would not attempt to break.

Her reflections were as pleasant as Winny's were bitter. She was going back to those days when Gilbert, poor and unknown, was working hard at his art, as Winny was working now. Step by step, in her memory, she followed him in his upward career, till it culminated in the triumph of his this year's picture, and her eyes filled with tears of pride as she thought of all the flattering things that had been said of her husband.

"I think, Winny, I am the proudest woman in England," she remarked, as she entered her pretty house in S—— Gardens, where, from the threshhold, you could tell that you were in the abode of an artist, and two or three of her children ran out to meet her.

"And the happiest," supplemented Winny, glad she had not marred her friend's perfect enjoyment of the afternoon by any touching on her own troubles. Two minutes afterwards she was safe in the shelter of her own tiny room, and had just five minutes, before beginning to dress for dinner, to think.

You can do a good deal of thinking, if you put your mind to it, in five minutes, and Winny is meditating in good earnest.

She looks very much the same as she did two years ago, only she is thinner. All the defiance has disappeared from her countenance, and given place to a quiet, firm resolution, that augurs well for the success

of anything she puts her hand to. Needless to say, her thoughts are with her uncle; they have flown back to that day, that horrible day, when she left Carnford, two years ago now, without even saying "Good-bye" to him, arriving in London with an aching heart, that had only one little bright spot to look back upon, and that to be rigorously set on one side—her last conversation on the platform at Meriton.

Then had come the warm welcome she had received, the practical advice, and the unalterable firmness with which the Cravens had insisted that she should make her home with them.

"Never fear, Winny," had been Gilbert Craven's encouraging words; "I shall make an artist of you. I tell you, child, you have got it in you. Be a governess! Ridiculous! it would be throwing away the talent God has given you."

If he had promised to make her Queen of England Winny would not have been one-quarter as pleased. It was all she asked; it was the dream of her life.

And they were so good, never questioning her as to why she had left her uncle, but accepting her explanation, in which she threw all the blame on herself, in the spirit in which it was given, and respecting the pride that made her beg Mr. Craven, with tears in her eyes, to allow her, as far as she was able, if she accepted his offer, to be independent.

"I have some money," she said, with that touch of child-likeness that was always surprising one in her; "I have, indeed." And Gilbert, seeing that it would make her happier, let her have her own way.

All that was two years ago now, and she had settled down into the routine of work, work, work. Helen used to wonder how the girl could go on with it, and predict that she would break down one day.

But Winny did not break down. Her capacity for work was enormous, and Gilbert was as proud and delighted at her progress as had it been himself beginning life over again, not recognising in her almost feverish ardour any other sign than that of a love almost equal to his own for art.

But there were other influences at work as well as love of art. Mortified affection and wounded pride had their share in inspiring her efforts, whilst a future in which she might live and be independent by means of her exertions was ever beckoning her onwards.

For her connection with Tranmere was completely severed. On her first arrival in London she had written to Colonel Everard, to thank him warmly for his present, and had received no response. Afterwards she had sent a letter to Constance, and been answered from Aldershot, with no mention of her uncle's name. Gradually the correspondence had died out, Winny being too busy and too proud to continue it unasked, and so a silence had set in that neither side was inclined to break. It was the old story—pride; and Winny would rather work her heart out than take up her pen to write so much as a note where there was the faintest chance of its being unwelcome.

Six months after her arrival in London, however, she had been surprised and overjoyed at receiving a letter, addressed to her in Colonel Everard's well-known hand. She had carried it up to her room to enjoy the exquisite pleasure, as she hoped, of rehabilitation, in solitude; and the disappointment, on breaking open the envelope, had been all the greater for the expectations she had cherished. There was no letter, no word inside, but once more a stone where she asked for bread, in the shape of a cheque for £100.

Without hesitating a moment, she had sat down to dash off a short note, declining the cheque, alleging as a reason that she could not possibly take her uncle's money when, for some cause that she could only guess at, she had lost his esteem. From that day she had heard nothing from Tranmere.

As long as they had been there, Kate and Alice Champneys had kept her *au fait* of all that was being done for the restoration of the Castle; but they had outstayed her but a short time, and had then accompanied their brother to his fresh agency in the North.

Somehow or other, too, that correspondence had gradually died out: on the one side—Winifred's—because she found the mention of Roger's name, in Alice's long rambling epistles, caused her such mingled pleasure and pain as showed her that, if it were kept up, she would not be likely to forget; on the other side, because Roger seemed to think it a pity that it should be continued. So these two wise people set their wits to work to forget each other, and so far succeeded that Mr. Champneys' old serenity and sweet temper had returned, and that Winny was able to look forward with perfect contentment to a future of single blessedness, where her art should be to her father, mother, and husband. But just now her hardly-fought calmness was shaken to its very foundations; the news that she had heard this afternoon had brought back to her the one year of her life at Tranmere so vividly that the yearning in her heart was not to be stilled as usual. So she sat on and on, the five minutes turning to a quarter of an hour, picturing to herself her aunt ill, her uncle unhappy, and she not there to comfort him: repenting too late the hasty pride that had made her return his cheque, and tied her hands from renewing any intercourse with him, until the dinner-bell rang, and she was obliged to go down-stairs.

They were, for a wonder, by themselves that evening, and there was no necessity for Winny to talk; yet she exerted herself bravely, responding, with an ease that she had acquired in her two years' residence in London, to Nora's ready sallies, until after dinner she was enabled to resume her work. Mr. Craven drew his wife away to a distant corner of the room for a confidential chat, from whence he could catch sight of Winny's profile as she bent over her drawing.

"Why does she always wear black?" he asked Helen, letting her follow the direction of his eyes.

"Because it is economical, quiet, and unnoticeable."

"Ah! I must ask her to have a coloured gown as a favour to me; and I will choose it for her. It was a cruel thing," musingly, "that that aristocrat, her uncle, would not let me take her for my 'Marie.'"

"I like Nora better."

"No, no!" he said. "Marie de Sombreuil had more character in her face than our pretty, kittenish

little Nora. However, that is past and done with; and although that refusal made me set the picture on one side for more than a year, yet I must not complain, seeing what a success it is."

"No, indeed, Gilbert," in a whisper. "I should like to see that child some day as happy as I am."

"Who knows but what she may be, though in a different fashion to you? At present she seems very contented. Why, Helen, you and I may live to see her a great artist. I cannot tell you how she gets on; and her little pictures sell directly. Some day—not so far off either—we shall be going to look at her *chef-d'œuvre* at Burlington House."

"Who buys her pictures, do you know?"

"No. Forsyth has not an idea who it is; but it is always the same person, who, as soon as a fresh sketch appears, presents himself to buy it, pays ready money, and carries it off."

"And you do not guess who it is?"

"I have my suspicions."

"And so have I—very strong suspicions."

"Naturally; you would not be a woman if you did not jump at a conclusion."

"I believe it is a right one."

"Well, what is it?"

"Lord Carnford."

Gilbert smiled, and then became suddenly grave.

"Do not let us make a mistake about that business, Helen. Once for all, I must put a stop to it."

"Put a stop to it, Gilbert?"

"Yes. Hitherto there has been no necessity to do so, for it has been entirely on one side; but to-day I began to think it might take shape."

"Yes, so did I; and I was so pleased."

"That was foolish, dear. Why prepare trouble for people when it can be avoided?"

"Trouble?"

"Yes. Don't you see that Winny, as she is now—a girl working to be an artist, living with an artist, who, although a highly respectable person, neither does nor wishes to belong to the aristocracy—is a very different person to Winifred living with Colonel Everard of Tranmere, his niece, and probable heiress of some of his fortune? In her former position she would be such a wife for Lord Carnford as his relations and friends would be glad to welcome; as it is, she must make up her mind, if she is to be an artist, to leave Tranmere and all its aristocratic associations behind her, saying, 'Good-bye to them for ever.'"

"But, Gilbert dear, those old caste prejudices are almost dead in these nineteenth-century days. Look at the kind of people who go into the best society."

"I know all that; but Winifred is not one of 'the kind of people:' she is a lady to the very tips of her fingers; and she would suffer as only a lady—and an uncommonly proud one too—can suffer, when she met with a very chilling reception from Lord Carnford's mother and sisters. No, no; let her stick to her easel rather than raise herself to where she is not wanted. But I am not afraid for her. I don't think she cares for him, and I *know* she loves her art."

"Well," said Helen, obediently relinquishing her day-dream with a sigh, "shall I say 'Not at home' when he comes?"

"Winny will be out, you know.—Winny," he added, raising his voice, smiling to see the earnestness with which she was studying, "will you do me a favour?"

"Of course I will," she rejoined: "anything to oblige you, Gilbert."

"It is not a big favour," he said, "and one you can easily grant. May I choose your next dress for you?"

"Am I very shabby?" She looked up smiling, though in reality she feared she might have shocked his sense of niceness by her old dress.

"Shabby? No, but nevertheless I want to choose your next dress. Pray don't be alarmed, most proud of princesses. I have no intention of making you a present. See how relieved she looks, Helen."

Winny coloured that her foolish thoughts should have been read.

"You are most welcome to choose it, only you must be sure that it is very cheap."

"And, in consequence, very nasty."

"It will not be difficult for you, for I always wear black."

"*Vouée au noir*, are you? But there lies the point of my request—the dress I choose will not be black."

"How foolish I was to give in to your wishes! I quite forgot I had to deal with an artist. What *voyant* colour are you going to dress me up in?"

"Prepare for the worst; your new dress will be entirely—red!"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

MR. HATHERSAGE.

A GREAT wide expanse of Yorkshire moor. Far as the eye can see, nothing but ridge upon ridge, curve melting into curve of the same dead dull brown, beautiful in its utter desolation as it merges into the sky-line, faintly illumined by that curious eerie light that portends a storm. Here and there a huge grey rock or boulder starts into prominence like some hoary ghost; overhead a curlew is circling wildly round and round, uttering its plaintive cry, now dropping in its ever-narrowing circle to the earth, now flying upwards to re-commence its restless hoverings.

Of a human habitation there is not a sign: here the grouse are lords of all; and Roger Champneys, cantering over the dry heather, knows he has six miles before him yet ere he will reach a human dwelling, nine miles before he will turn in at his own gate.

He has ridden many long hours to-day, to finish off, he predicts, with a drenching, as he watches the gathering clouds, and notes how they are hurrying up from the south-east, drawing to a black intensity, which will culminate in a down-pour directly.

Why is it that, as he unfolds his mackintosh and dons it, the weird desolation of the scene has somehow recalled Winifred Smith to his mind?

He can think of her with calmness, perfect calmness, now, as of one who is dead; for, as far as he is concerned, she *is* dead. He buried her with an aching heart some two years ago, and has resolutely done

his best to let the grass grow over her grave since then.

Circumstances have conspired in his favour. His move from Tranmere to this northern post has been a thorough break with his old life. There could be no intercourse, no friendliness, again between Everards and Champneys; and Alice had shed not a few tears in private when forbidden by her brother, in a voice not to be gainsaid, to correspond even with Constance.

His new post was all that Roger could desire. Mr. Hathersage, to whom he acted as agent, was the owner of no less than three estates in Yorkshire, to which he had succeeded on the death of his grandfather, a prosperous solicitor in the little town of D——.

These three fine properties had not always been in the hands of the Hathersages, but had been acquired one by one by the shrewd old lawyer, who had thus laid the foundation for the future importance of his hitherto obscure family. It seemed as though some fate had pursued his clients, for one after another their estates came to the hammer, to be knocked down far below their value to Samuel Hathersage, Esq., who, in all the cases, was the chief mortgagee.

There were not wanting ill-natured people who, in spite of his wealth, whispered ugly words as to how he had come by the same, and refused to enter his doors.

At Courlay Towers, formerly the inheritance of the Tristrams, the old man sat, waiting for the county folk, as he termed them, to call on him—waiting to astonish them with a splendour which should bring them at once to his side. But they never came; not even when his only child, a son, who had been educated at Eton and Oxford, returned to live at home, anxious to seek a wife among the Yorkshire aristocracy; and young Mr. Hathersage found his wife in the rector's daughter, who had come from the south of England, and had no conception of the strength of the feeling against her father-in-law. Little by little, with a new generation that feeling died away, and by the time that old Samuel Hathersage was laid to rest in the new-made vault which was henceforth to contain the Hathersage bones, the county had forgotten its grievances, and the wrongs of the Tristrams and the Scroobys, and was willing to make overtures to Courlay Towers.

That was many years ago now, so much so that young Mr. Hathersage, the present owner, and grandson of old Samuel, in all seriousness thought of himself as the head of one of the old county families; and there was not a creature in the village of Courlay who remembered the Tristrams.

The estates to which he had succeeded were a sore burden to the young man, whose idea of life was Paris. Everything was left to his agent, Roger Champneys, and he was quite content when he heard it said that his were some of the best-managed estates in Yorkshire. From time to time he would appear at Courlay for a month's grouse-shooting, but he soon wearied of these things, and sighed for the Bois de Boulogne.

He had been at his home for two months now—a strange event at this time of year—but he had come for the last days of the hunting, when hunting was reduced to standing about in the woods, and had caught cold and been laid up; and of late he had taken to driving or riding over to Stanton, where resided Roger and his sisters, as nearly as was possible in the centre of the three estates.

Mr. Champneys liked his position well enough. He was free to do precisely as he pleased, for Mr. Hathersage knew less than any child about land and farming; he had an excellent house and garden, and things in general were going prosperously with him, but he could never be otherwise than a poor man, with the boys' education in the future, and his sisters to maintain. He had not much time for society, of which on one side there was plenty within reach, and it was a relief to Kate's mind to note that, with all his courtesy and deference to women, he was absolutely indifferent to their charms, but it annoyed her to see that Alice was equally hard to please.

In spite of her perfect gentleness and sweet temper, pretty Alice was as fastidious as the Prince in Andersen's fairy tale, who could marry no other than a *real* princess, and her objections sounded all the more severe for being uttered in her soft voice. Roger said very little when, one after another, she refused two men who had a fair allowance of this world's goods to offer her—not even when she shyly confessed to him, with tears in her eyes, that she was so sorry, so sorry.

"Do you think I am in a hurry to get rid of you, Ally?" he had asked, hiding successfully any little disappointment he might have felt.

"No, dear; you are too generous for that; but yet I cannot help feeling that I ought not to live on you if I could help it; and yet, Roger, I could not—no, I really could not," with a little shiver.

"Nothing short of a nineteenth-century Bayard will ever suit you, I am afraid, Alice. You and I must be content to be old bachelor and old maid together, and let Kate repair the fortunes of the family."

"Ah, Roger, how good you are! That is the worst of living with you: it makes one so fastidious."

"Let us hope that I do not excercise this baleful influence over Kate," he had laughed, glancing out of the window, where his elder sister, flitting about the garden in long gloves and large hat, was being followed by Mr. Hathersage, carrying a basket, wherein she deposited the dead leaves she was cutting off.

Roger was thinking of all this as he rode along through the storm, which had broken now, its long-gathered fury expending itself in torrents of drenching rain, till horse and man were dripping from head to foot. The eight miles that lay before him seemed endless, as he trotted on through the never-lessening downpour, till he became wrapt in a brown study, of which Winny was once more the central figure.

It was late and already dark when he dismounted at his door and walked, dripping, into the hall. Alice ran out to meet him.

"Don't come near me, Ally. I am dripping. Order up dinner in a quarter of an hour; I shall be quite ready then."

"Mr. Hathersage is here," she whispered.

"Hang him!" responded her brother, in equally low tones. "Does he mean to stay for dinner?"

"Kate asked him to do so, as it is raining so fast, and he accepted. I am afraid you are very tired."

"Oh, no, I am all right. I only hope you have enough for us all to eat. I am famishing."

"It is only a small dinner, Roger. Kate told him so, and he said he liked small dinners."

"Translated *petits diners* at Bignon's or the Café Anglais. What is he doing now?"

"Writing out recipes for French dishes for Kate."

"Admirable man! I trust the cook will understand them;" and Roger ran up-stairs with a smile on his face at the idea of Kate and Mr. Hathersage putting their heads together over French dishes.

He could not say that he disliked Mr. Hathersage, for there was nothing to dislike in him. He was a good-natured, amiable young man, but, at the same time, his society gave him but small pleasure, and there was just a little something wanting—so subtle that it was impossible to define it—that made you remember that he was old Samuel Hathersage's grandson.

Whilst preparing for dinner, Roger was trying to look this fact in the face, for it seemed as though it were likely soon to become of importance to him personally, or else he was mistaken in these frequent visits from Courlay, the cuttings, plants, guinea-fowls, and Skye terrier that had arrived lately at Stanton, all addressed to Miss Champneys, "From S. H." in small letters in the corner of the hamper or parcel. Did he like the idea? He could not make up his mind. Mr. Hathersage's rent-roll was not to be despised; yet, on the other side, those broad acres had not been acquired by fair and honourable descent, but by means which even yet seemed to tarnish the name of Hathersage. True, it was his grandfather, and that he owned such a relation was perhaps a matter of congratulation; but yet—yes, that grandfather stuck in Roger's throat.

Against Mr. Hathersage himself he had nothing to say. He was a very ladylike young man, as Kate herself had remarked on first making his acquaintance, and he had ladylike virtues, which would probably help to make him a good husband. He was amiable, weak, and indolent; he loved women's society; and was, or affected to be, crazy on the subject of high art and æsthetics in general, interlarding his conversation with such words as "artistic," "quaint," "mediæval," till Roger commanded them to be expunged from Kate and Alice's dictionary.

"Well, it is lucky it is not Alice; she would not think of him for two minutes," he thought to himself as he turned the handle of the drawing-room door, and entered. A bright fire was burning on the hearth, for the wet evening was chilly; Kate was standing on the hearth-rug, and Roger stopped for half a minute, struck by her pretty attitude. No wonder, he thought, that the young man who stood opposite to her should be attracted by that bright face, full of what he lacked himself—life and energy—with just the suspicion of a strong will in the curve of the jaw; by that straight, upright figure, enhanced by the evening dress, on which the golden daffodils that nestled against the soft ivory throat made a good contrast to the raven-dark hair. She looked up as he entered the room, with just a shade of nervousness in her manner.

"Oh, Roger! were you half drowned?" she cried, as her companion languidly extended his hand. "We could not let Mr. Hathersage go home in this weather, so you see we have kept him to dinner."

"I am very glad you have," said her brother, heartily; "it is not weather for a dog to turn out in, but I do not think it will last."

"I cannot think, Champneys, how you can ride such distances," said Mr. Hathersage. "If I did one of your day's work I should be knocked up completely."

Roger smiled, and Alice looked up from her knitting to note the difference between her brother's broad shoulders and vigorous upright bearing, and Mr. Hathersage's somewhat narrow figure.

"Paris is rather bad training for the moors, no doubt," responded Roger; and then dinner was announced, and they filed into the dining-room.

During the meal that ensued Roger was somewhat silent; he was tired, thought the two girls, and they exerted themselves to entertain their guest, who in his turn made himself very agreeable, little dreaming that he was the cause of his host's pre-occupation.

"When do you return to Paris, Hathersage?" he asked at length, somewhat abruptly; and Kate involuntarily leant forward to hear the answer.

"Not for some time. I am going up to London, where I have taken and furnished a flat, directly. I have been telling your sisters that you ought to come up to town, and let them see all the sights, hear some good music, go to the Royal Academy, and so on. It is too bad of you to bury them down here."

"Well," answered Roger quietly, and to his sisters' great surprise, "I am thinking of running up to town for a week. I want some new clothes, and so, I dare say, do my sisters; so I think we may find ourselves in London some time in June."

Alice clasped her hands in delight. "Oh, Roger! do you really mean that? I wanted so very much to see Mr. Craven's picture—he is Winny Smith's cousin, you know; and his is one of *the* pictures this year. Do you know Mr. Craven's pictures, Mr. Hathersage?"

"Yes, indeed," he answered, "I am a great admirer of his; and I am happy to say that I am the fortunate owner of the picture you allude to. I saw it in his studio, and became its purchaser;" and the young man looked down on his plate, with modest satisfaction at his own perspicacity.

"It must be rather a ghastly subject, unless very judiciously treated," said Roger.

"It is judiciously treated; I admire it extremely," responded Mr. Hathersage, with the trifling pomposity that Alice disliked. "But you will see it for yourself when it arrives at Courlay. I must have your advice, Miss Champneys, as to where to hang it."

Kate murmured an assent, whilst Alice inquired eagerly what the central figure was like.

"I wonder if Mr. Craven did take Winny, after all, for his model?" she said, turning to Roger. "He was very anxious to do so, only Colonel Everard objected."

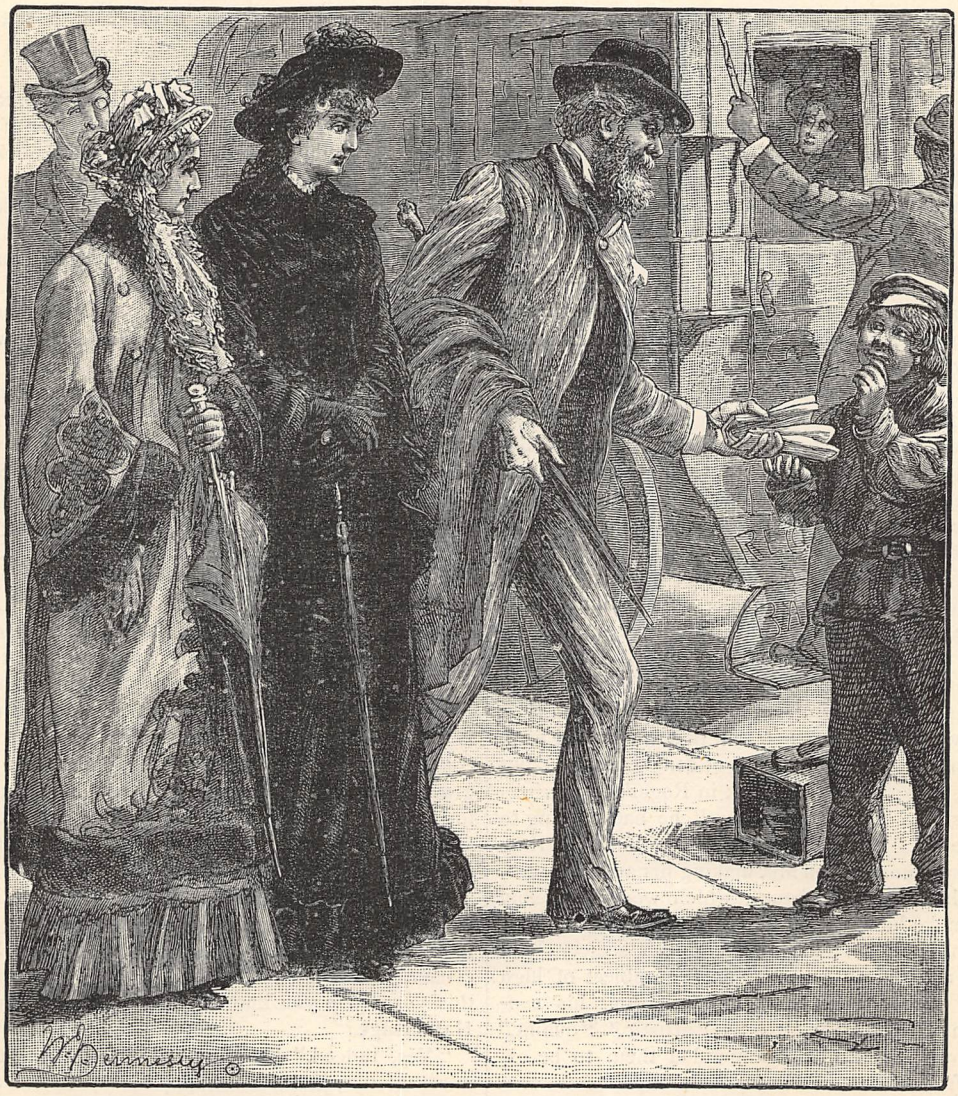
"Marie de Sombreuil," observed Mr. Hathersage, dwelling lovingly on the French words, "is a charming figure—quite a young girl, with a sweet, innocent face."

"Yes."

"Surmounting a figure, the attitude of which is considered one of the strong points of the whole—the *pose* is so noble, so grand, I might say. They tell me the painter's daughter was his model; but I have seen her, and, charming as she is, she has by no means a *distingué* appearance."

"The figure must be Winny's; don't you think so, Roger? Don't you remember we always said she looked like a queen? We are speaking," turning to Mr. Hathersage, "of a friend of ours, a cousin of Mr. Craven's, whom he was very anxious to introduce into the picture as Marie de Sombreuil, only her guardian did not like the idea of it. She is, I believe, studying to be an artist herself now. Have you ever seen any pictures of hers? She is a Miss Smith."

"That is a trifle vague; I do not remember the name; but then I have not seen any of the exhibitions this year. I am waiting to have that pleasure," with a glance at Kate, "in your company."



"HE POLITELY HANDED THE TWO GREEN BOOKS TO A YOUTH" (*p.* 390).

"Oh, Kate!" cried Alice, as the two girls left the dining-room together, "is not Roger good? Fancy taking us to London! It is actually four years since we saw the dear, dirty, dusty place. What a treat to find ourselves in a cab again!"

"My dear, I thought you liked being buried. I must talk to Roger about this scheme, for if three of us are to go to London, and spend a week in lodgings in the season, it will be very expensive."

Alice's face fell. "I wish you were not quite so dreadfully practical, Kate," she said. "You might at least have let me dream about it all to-night."

But Kate did not heed this plaintive remark.

"I am very glad, I am sure," she continued, "that Roger should have some new clothes. I was quite ashamed of his dress-coat this evening before Mr. Hathersage."

"Then you were very silly," retorted her sister; "for if Roger's clothes were perfectly threadbare, and made by the village tailor, he would always look ten times better than Mr. Hathersage."

No sooner had she made this speech than she repented of it, when she saw the smile that curled Kate's lip.

"You are a foolish child, Ally," she said patronisingly; "there is no necessity to compare the two. Roger is a big man, and Mr. Hathersage is the contrary; but both look the better for being well dressed." And Kate turned to her recipe book to continue the engrossing occupation of copying out the Castle Courlay dishes, not vouchsafing any further rejoinder to Alice's ill-timed remark. The latter, feeling very penitent and ashamed of herself, sank down on the hearth-rug to caress Roger's dog, and thus occupied the two men found them when they shortly afterwards entered the drawing-room. Mr. Hathersage placed himself at once by Kate's side, while Roger crossed over to Alice.

"Second post letters and *Times*, Ally," he said. "John has just brought them, and reports that it is quite fine."

"Give me the births, deaths, and marriages, Roger, and you may keep the rest," responded his sister, and immediately buried herself in that interesting register of the three great events of life.

A sudden exclamation roused her brother from the perusal of his letters, and made Kate and Mr. Hathersage look up from their low-toned conversation.

"Oh, Roger! Kate! do you know Mrs. Everard is dead? Listen: 'On the 3rd instant, at Tranmere Castle, Emily Anne, the wife of Colonel Everard, aged 43.' Is it not sad?"

Roger had looked up from a black-bordered letter he held in his hand. He was very grave. "I, too, have heard of a death," he said. "Henry Champneys, our cousin, has been drowned while bathing."

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

LIFE AT HIGH PRESSURE.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

"SIX hundred years of age! Six hundred!" I could not help repeating this to myself as I sat on the trunk of this fallen monarch of the forest. It was a giant oak that had succumbed at last to the force of circumstances, in the shape of weeks on weeks of wet, succeeded by a gale of wind from the north-east. Six hundred years of age! Here was food for thought. When this mighty tree was but a sapling in the now almost forgotten past, Edward I. was on the throne; what wars and revolutions have raged and passed since then! What generations of human beings have been born, lived and loved, grown old and died in that period of time! But these things affected not the sturdy old tree; secure in its strength, it heeded nothing—nor summer's heat nor winter's cold, nor the wildest blasts that could rage around it. Ah! it had one foe though—time, to which every created thing must succumb at last. And so it had fallen.

Might there not, I mused, or may there not be some analogy betwixt the life of forest trees and that of human beings? This particular tree I found, somewhat to my surprise, had stood not on level ground, but on a little eminence or knoll; but at no great distance was another hill very much higher. This latter, no doubt, gave it friendly shelter in the days of its youth, until its stem got so strong and its roots so fast in the ground, that even the branches it now extended skywards, higher even than the sheltering hill, had not in their leverage the power to bring about the destruction it seemed to court and yet defy.

The soil on which this great tree had grown and flourished was stony and hard, but this had been rather in its favour than otherwise. Figuratively speaking, it had to work for its living; it had to send its roots spreading out in every direction to seek for the sustenance it did not find close at hand, and those roots had been its chief support mechanically as well as vitally. So nourished and so upheld, with fibres as tough and hard as hammered steel, no wonder it had existed so long. Why could it not live thus for

ever? one might ask. But there is no "for ever" for anything in this world. Regular though the mode of living of this giant tree had been, with its winter's sleep and its summer's life of activity, its very size and weight had become in the end a burden to it, and its branches waxed brittle, and some of them snapped before the wind. Then damp or wet found its way into the heart of its stem, its woody skeleton began to decay and wax fragile, a decay that ended in canker at the roots, and now destruction was a mere matter of time, and could not long be delayed. Decay at the roots of a tree is equivalent to dyspepsia in a human being, it means loss of power of nutrition. Little marvel then that gangrene of its mighty branches attacked this oak-tree, and that, enfeebled in stem and weakened at root, the soddened soil withholding its former support, it failed to withstand the shock of that wintry gale—failed once and for aye.

But this tree had lived to a goodly old age, and when we consider everything we cannot be surprised that it did. It certainly was not nurtured in the lap of luxury, as we have seen, but it received shelter in the years of its youth, and it seemed to have found out early the advantages of contributing to its own support. Indeed in every way the life of this fallen tree had been allegorical of that of some human being who has lived long and wisely, and has passed at last peacefully away.

But it may be said that the very longest life is but a short and troubled dream. Short, I grant you, but troubled it need seldom be, if one would only live more in accordance with nature's laws. There is a philosophy of living which the wise do well to study. To what end? To the end that our lives may be long? By no means; but to the end that we may live healthfully while we do live; that we may live and at the same time feel that we are living. Why should life be the exciting game it is to thousands of us? Why should the days and weeks and years fly so swiftly over our heads, while absorbed in this game of life? Why should we in the excitement of it almost forget what we are playing for, or at all events give ourselves no time to pause and consider whether what we are aiming at be worth the precious time and health we are losing in trying to gain it? Do not thousands of us throw away the very best years of our lives in trying to win for ourselves wealth to support us in an old age that seldom comes, an old age the very possibility of which has been precluded by the high-pressure mode of life we have lived?

The ambition to become wealthy, or to gain honour and glory, cannot be said to be objectionable or hurtful, so long as it does not take entire possession of a man's mind to the exclusion of other and probably better feelings: when it does so it simply becomes a disease, a mental ailment, that reacts upon the body and shortens life itself. The ambition, on the other hand, to gain for ourselves an honourable competency and the power to give a fair start in life to those who shall live after us, and in whose veins our own blood runs, is a most desirable one, and one too that really tends to length of days by keeping the mind healthfully occupied. The over-ambitious man, however, is just as much a mono-maniac as the miser, and if madness and folly can be combined in the same individual, he is also a fool, for he is ruining his health and shortening his days for the sake of others. He will depart this life most likely at a comparatively early age, and departing, leave behind him never a footstep in the sands of time, and probably those that spend and scatter the wealth that he has made will be the very first to forget him.

The life that most of our business men lead in towns is one of high pressure in the truest sense of the term, and it may reasonably be doubted whether two out of every ten of them are in good, *i.e.*, enjoyable health. They have little time to think about such a thing as present health. They "worry through one way or another," and some of these days, most of those I speak to tell me, they mean to go in for "a good spell of rest and enjoyment." Now, they are not trying to deceive themselves when they speak thus, but there is one thing they forget, namely, that even if they could afford the time they would hardly get their brains to accommodate themselves to the long-dreamt-of spell of rest and enjoyment. It is as impossible for a hard-working man of business to settle his mind to rest to order, as it is for a person to settle himself to sleep immediately after he has undergone a period of excitement, whether pleasurable or the reverse. And I have known, and no doubt the reader has known, men to whom the annual holiday was a mere drag and a weariness, and who were not above confessing, if asked, that they really would not be happy until back in town again. Now I do not scruple to affirm that this incapability of enjoying rest is in itself a symptom of an unnatural condition of brain, which, though medical men out of mere politeness do not designate by the name of disease, is nevertheless very near akin to it. It is not every one who makes a fortune in business, large enough for him to retire contentedly upon while still comparatively young, and there are very few of those who do that retire with any capacity for enjoyment beyond the chimerical pleasure of money-making.

Constant work at high pressure soon wears out the best machinery that ever was made or invented, but some people seem to forget the analogy betwixt the human body and a piece of machinery. Yet it exists nevertheless. Continual hard work will wear out either man or machinery. Yes, repair is not impossible, but will either be as good again as it might have been? Putting new cloth into an old garment is not the best policy.

"I am going to retire from business," I heard a man say not long since, "in about five years more; I shall have by that time made enough for me, and I'll not be an old man then; fifty-five isn't old."

No, a person who is only fifty-five cannot be said to be old in years, but if he has lived a life of high pressure he may be very old in reality, for age is never to be computed by the number of years a man has lived, but by the strength of his constitution.

Now, however much hard manual labour may tell

upon the health and constitution, it has not half the wearing, ageing power that brain-work has. A manual labourer when his day's toil is finished is a king in many ways compared with the brain-worker—when the tools of the former are laid aside for the day, care and trouble as a rule lie down beside them; but the phantom of his toils follows the latter home, and seats itself on the pillow on which he tries to rest his hot and weary head.

Well, here I am, a medical man, railing and cavilling against the evils of life at high pressure, that I see going on everywhere around me, and the very fact of my doing so gives my readers the right to ask me if I have any remedy to suggest for the mischief I deplore. Labour, I reply, is the common lot of all, and more often a blessing than anything else; and ambition, unless carried to the border-land of mania, is a thing to be encouraged rather than condemned; and I have but one word of advice to sound in the ears of those who do not wish to throw away their lives, but to live comfortably and rationally for a reasonable length of time, and that word is "Conserve." Conserve health while we have it, conserve the constitution nature has given us, and we can only do this by obeying nature's laws.

Railways have done an immeasurable amount of good, and they do not a little harm as well. Many business people take advantage of their speed to live in the suburbs, or even the country itself. If they have some twenty or thirty miles, or say a journey of an hour and a half—for the time occupied in going to and from the stations must be considered—every morning and evening, and this for five days of the week, I doubt whether their country life is very advantageous to the health. At all events, it would be much more so if they had not so often to hurry to catch the train. This hurry entails a considerable degree of anxiety almost every morning, it prevents the discussion of a comfortable breakfast, it would prevent the comfortable assimilation or digestion of that meal, even should it be partaken of. Then there is more hurry at the journey's end, and a man who hurries is never fresh. But if a good substantial meal were enjoyed about midday, the evil effects of a light and hasty breakfast would hardly be felt. Yet business people have seldom time for any such luxury, and so the customary snack of luncheon is swallowed. Indeed their lives are hurry all day long, in order, they will tell you, to keep abreast of the times. Stomach, brain, heart, and liver all suffer from such a method of life. Some few may make up for the wear and tear and toil of the day by rest in the evening and a good dinner, followed by refreshing sleep. It is to be hoped that these men awake in the morning feeling fresh and well-slept, quite ready for the bath and ready for breakfast, and eager to begin the day's work again; if they do not feel so, the "good dinner" of the evening before had something about it of the nature of a delusion.

Too many people now-a-days complain of a feeling of almost constant tiredness. They ought to take this as a warning; if they do not, but pooh-pooh such a symptom and think it only natural, they must not be surprised if a break-up of the system comes before it was expected, and there is no cure for this.

A VISIT TO THE WORCESTER PORCELAIN WORKS.

WHEREVER habits of taste and refinement have found their way, Worcester china has followed in the train. Yet it may be that even some with whom the collection of English porcelain is a passion, are imperfectly acquainted with the whole process of its manufacture. It is competent, however, for any visitor to Worcester, who may be interested in the matter, to present himself at the works and inspect them personally. In return for the sum of sixpence he will be provided with a small hand-book, and conducted over the principal workshops by an intelligent guide.

But it is not everybody who can visit the old city, and some may be willing to make the inspection by proxy through the medium of this paper.

In the short walk down from the railway station to the works, we may as well recall one or two facts in connection with the making of porcelain.

The Worcester Works were established in the year 1751, when the productions of Bow and Chelsea had already earned a reputation. At the latter place, porcelain has been made even prior to the year 1698; at Bow its manufacture commenced a few years later. Thus Worcester started chronologically a little way behind its English rivals, and some fifty years after the first European pottery had been turned out at Dresden. At Sèvres, however, another of its great rivals, the work had not yet commenced, for the manufactory was only removed thither from St. Cloud in the year 1756.

Dr. Wall, an accomplished physician of the city, gave Worcester its new industry. To the usual acquirements of his profession he added those of an excellent artist and a skilful chemist. It was no small triumph at that time for him to produce a porcelain of the remarkable beauty he did, for neither soap-rock nor china-clay was then known to lurk within the rocks of Cornwall. By his care and skill he laid the foundation of an enterprise which has become in some measure national in its character.

And now we are at the gates of the extensive works.

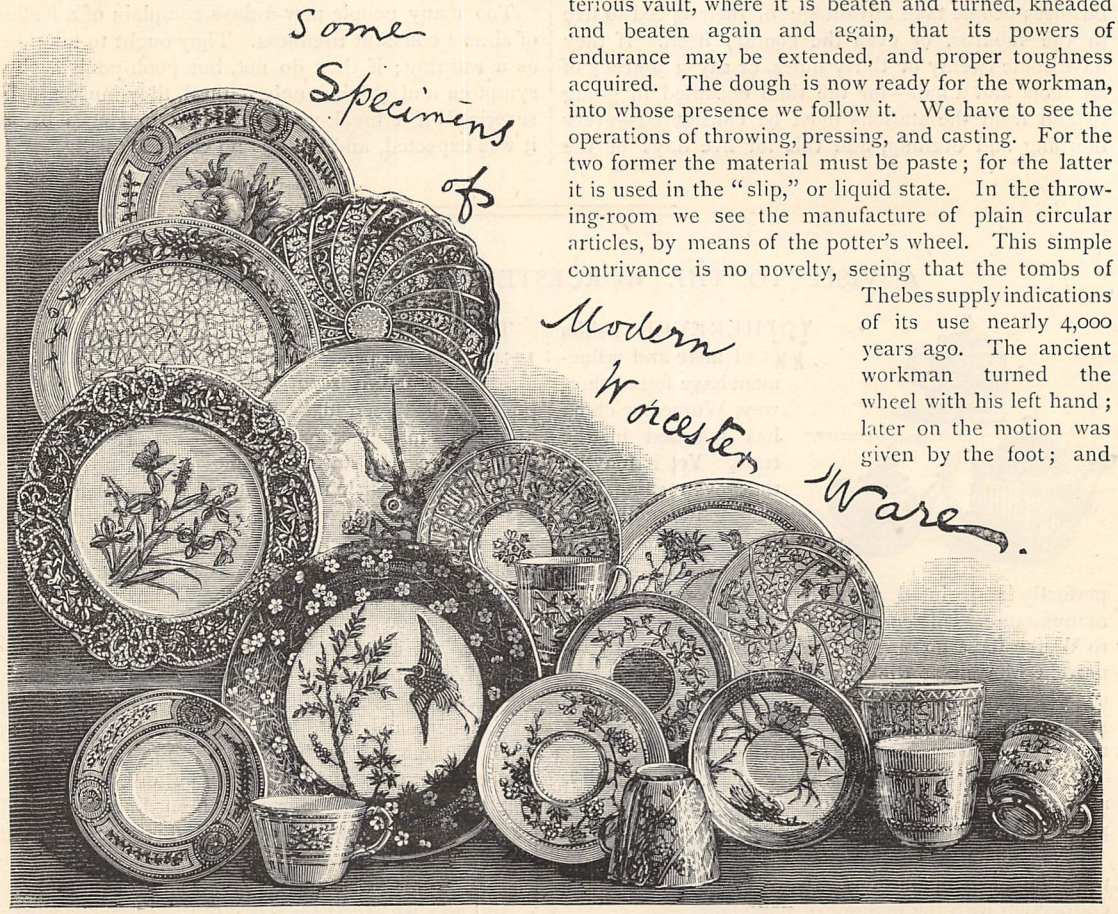
Our object is soon made known, our sixpence paid, and then, guide-book in hand, and our minds duly prepared for the wonders before us, we enter upon the tour of inspection.

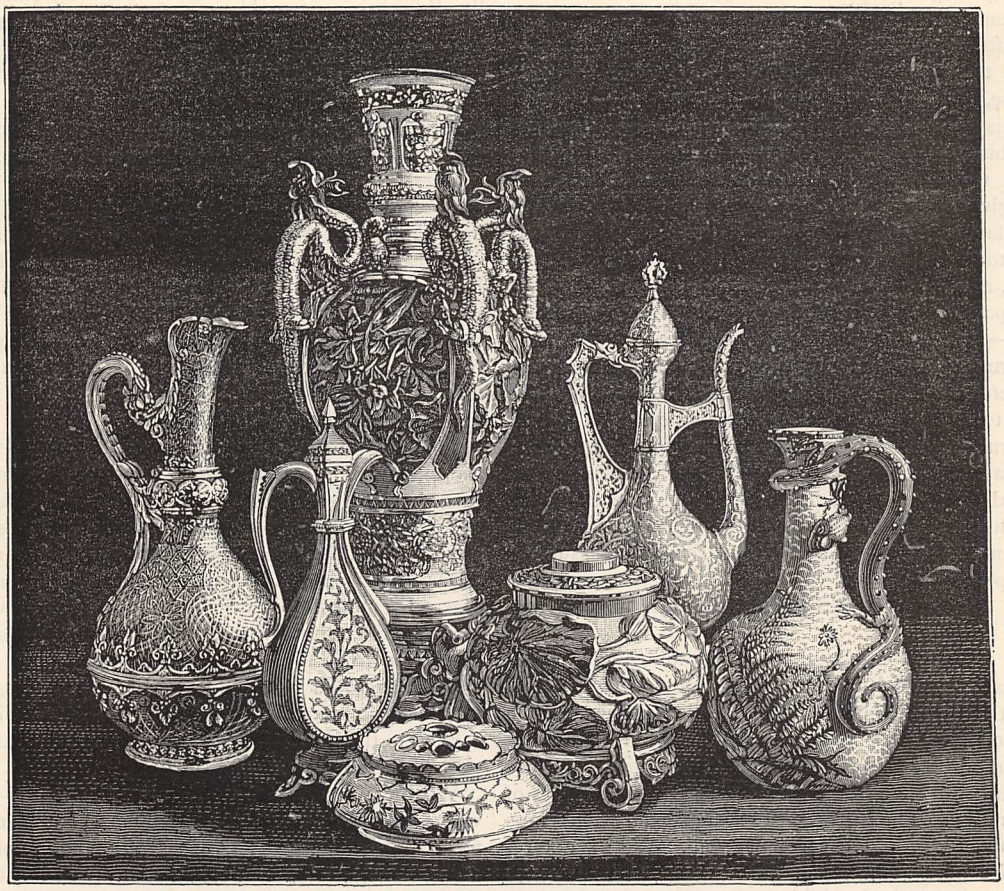
It is clearly intended that we should follow the process of manufacture in the proper sequence of its several stages. Accordingly our first visit is to the regions of motive-power, where the engines toil on night and day. Thence we pass to the mills, where the raw material begins that course of treatment which fits it for the workman's hand.

What the materials are it may not be amiss to say. Here is kaolin, or china-clay, from Cornwall, an important constituent, not found in England until the Worcester works had been eighteen years in operation; china-stone from the quarries of St. Stephen's, Cornwall; felspar from Sweden; fire-clay from Stourbridge and Broseley; flint from Gravesend and Dieppe; lastly, calcined bones, an element which enters only into the composition of English porcelain. Ox-bones alone can be used for this purpose, and the home supply is augmented by importations from South America. Some more familiar materials, such as borax and lead, unite with others to form the glaze.

As the beauty of porcelain depends very much upon a thorough grinding of the materials, the mill is no insignificant part of the factory. The huge pans in which most of the substances are ground we find on the first floor. They resemble small vats, firmly hooped with iron, and paved with blocks of hard stone. The grinding-stones run upon curved arms radiating from an upright shaft. When the appointed material has been thrown in, and water added, the mill goes merrily round until all suspicion of lumps or small cakes is gone, and nothing but a thick cream remains. A very high test awaits its smoothness, for we are invited to remark a fine silk lawn, numbering 4,000 meshes to a square inch, through which this cream must pass. The grinding of bones, and of the colours used in decoration, goes on a storey higher, whilst down-stairs the ground materials are stored until required.

After the grinding comes the mixing, duly carried on in the "slip-house." There are some curious points about this apparently simple process. For example, in the mixing-pots the spectator observes a shaft with arms radiating from it. To these are attached rows of magnets, which, as they work through the mass, detect and draw to themselves any particles of iron lurking therein. From these vats the mixture passes to the sieves, and then experiences the tender mercies of the clay-press, where hydraulic pressure soon causes it to resign its creamy character for that of an unctuous dough. This trial over, it is hurried away to a mysterious vault, where it is beaten and turned, kneaded and beaten again and again, that its powers of endurance may be extended, and proper toughness acquired. The dough is now ready for the workman, into whose presence we follow it. We have to see the operations of throwing, pressing, and casting. For the two former the material must be paste; for the latter it is used in the "slip," or liquid state. In the throwing-room we see the manufacture of plain circular articles, by means of the potter's wheel. This simple contrivance is no novelty, seeing that the tombs of Thebes supply indications of its use nearly 4,000 years ago. The ancient workman turned the wheel with his left hand; later on the motion was given by the foot; and





WORCESTER WARE.

now, of course, in most large works the use of steam comes in. One cannot help admiring the rapidity with which, under the skilled hand of the workman, a mere ball of the dough rapidly assumes the shape of cup or vase. Fewer articles are now made by the wheel than formerly, because of the advantage offered by a mould in readily permitting raised patterns to be formed on the surface.

Next to the thrower's task comes that of the turner, who in his lathe trims and finishes, where necessary, the surface of the piece. Handles for cups, jugs, and like articles are made in moulds, and affixed to the body by the application of some' creamy "slip." The manufacture of plates is effected by a process called "flat-pressing," the nature of which is indicated by its name. "Hollow-ware-pressing" is the title of another process, by which tureens, basins, and articles of this kind are made in moulds. The objects made in these rooms are all those very familiar to our eyes in connection with meal-times.

We now come to a work of more difficulty, and of corresponding interest. In the Figure-making Department we see the process of casting in all its stages.

First comes the work of the modeller, who prepares the figure of whatever size or shape it may be. The modelling over, the moulder next takes the work in hand. By him it is cut up into a number of separate pieces, as appears to his eye most convenient for casting. The moulds being duly formed, into the orifice of each the liquid slip is poured from a jug, and then left for a little time until it has acquired some solidity. The parts are next skilfully brought together, and joined with more of the creamy slip. Then, when every joint has been made smooth with a camel's-hair pencil, the figure stands perfect as before, and is ready for the oven.

The word "oven" calls up visions of cooking-ranges. In thinking of these "biscuit kilns" we must dismiss such ideas from our minds. The oven we see is a tall erection of fire-brick, in the shape of a gigantic beehive, strongly belted with iron, and with several fireplaces disposed around its base. The porcelain is not exposed to its heat in an unprotected state, but carefully arranged inside fire-clay bandboxes, called "seggars." Even a solitary plate has its own particular "seggar," within which it is accommodated with an easy bed of ground flint. When the cases have been disposed, one upon another, within the oven, the firing

begins, and lasts for some forty hours. Then comes a slightly longer period in which it is left to cool down. On removal the pieces are found to be considerably diminished in size, for contraction will sometimes take place to the extent of 25 per cent. But for this, of course, the modeller has made allowance.

This process over, the porcelain acquires the name of "biscuit," and must now be glazed. In the dipping-room we find workmen standing before tilted tubs, and giving to each piece an equal coat of its particular glaze. Hence they are hurried away to a drying-stove. Then, after any defects have been made good, another baking awaits them. The "glost-oven"—apparently an own brother to our former acquaintance—receives them for another fifty hours, and then they are removed in a white state to the first warehouse.

Here the simple process of manufacture may be said to end. The porcelain is made, but it awaits decoration, and to the rooms in which this is done we naturally look forward with some curiosity. The casual visitor is not, however, shown the rooms in which artists are at work on the highest-class work; our entrance and exit, our exclamations of pleasure, or whispered comments, would be unwelcome interruptions during tasks needing the greatest delicacy and care.

In a long well-lighted room we find a number of artists busied upon pieces of all kinds. We are told that they have been specially trained to the work since boyhood, as only thus can the desired facility of execution be attained. Articles for ornament and use are in hand on all sides, and undergoing all styles of decoration. But to the inexperienced the style seems disappointing, and the colours dull. We do not recognise gold as being in use. What we are told is the precious metal exhibits none of its characteristic brilliancy. In the rooms, however, where gilding is going on we have an opportunity of closely examining its use by the workman. It is said to come down to Worcester in the shape of small grains, resembling ground coffee. After mixture with a proportion of flux and mercury, it is ground for about thirty hours, and is then ready for use. After decoration there is another kiln to be passed through, after which the colours assume more of their proper hue.

We have yet to see the operation of printing on porcelain. Dr. Wall was the first potter able to carry out this idea with any success; and this class of work has been executed at Worcester since 1756. The invention did much to bring decorated pottery within the reach of more humble buyers, but was reprobated by many as being essentially inartistic. Its chief use now at Worcester is to impress an outline, subsequently filled in by female hands.

We have already spoken of the last baking—that in the enamel kiln. If the ware, on being drawn from this, shows finger-marks, specks of dirt, or defects in decoration, it must go back on its path until these are remedied. This done, it may pass with the rest to the burnishing-room. Here again female labour is extensively employed. Under the hands of young women the dull gold, rubbed with bloodstone or agate, assumes its proper brilliancy.

We have now followed the porcelain through the process of its manufacture. It only remains for it to be carried to the show-rooms or warehouse, prior to being packed for all parts of the world.

We have still to see the Museum attached to the works, in which are found specimens of ancient pottery, and a representative collection of Worcester ware. A lingering inspection of its well-filled cases brings our visit to a close.

A. R. BUCKLAND, B.A.

HOW HE FOUND HIS WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A HARD CASE," "WAS IT WISE TO CHANGE?" ETC.

A FEW years ago I received a sudden summons to leave my home in a western county and go to London on business.

There was no difficulty in the matter, for my uncle, who had died about three years before, had left his property to me in good order and with an efficient staff of servants—and I was sometimes harassed by a doubt whether in this instance a master was not altogether a superfluity; at any rate there was no reason why I should not obey the urgent request of my cousin, William Ransome, when he wrote to ask me to meet him in town on his arrival from Canada, where he had been living for several years.

I had been led to believe that William had some reason for feeling himself aggrieved when my uncle left his property to me, therefore when he asked me to be in town by a certain day and await his arrival, which might possibly be delayed, but would probably be in the last week of November, I felt that I owed it to him to fall in with his wishes, especially as he hinted that he had affairs of importance to communicate to me.

"I have always been accustomed to stay at Joseph's Hotel," he wrote; "and if you do not mind the unfashionable locality, I will ask you to wait for me there, that there may be no delay in our meeting when I get to London." And as I knew little of town, and had rather a leaning towards the City, with its odd corners and ceaseless bustle, I was quite ready to

establish myself in the comfortable quarters proposed to me. The day after my arrival in town I got a letter from William, saying that, with much regret on my account, he was obliged at the last moment to put off his coming for a week or two, but he hoped the delay would not exhaust my patience or put me to inconvenience.

It really mattered little to me, and I was not sorry to linger in town, although having few acquaintances there I sometimes found it lonely. The mornings and evenings I could dispose of easily and pleasantly enough, in strolling about, and going to the theatres; but the hours from luncheon until dark I found hang heavily, and I soon got into a habit of wandering into St. Paul's in the early dusk; and, choosing always the same seat, I watched from thence the changing lights and shadows, the merging of twilight into dim gas-light, and the fluctuating stream of people, who walked through or rested awhile, but who never passed out again without that wide stare of attempted comprehension which seems the universal tribute to the vastness and dignity of the wonderful building.

The place which I chose day after day, and which soon seemed to become especially my own, was in the shadow of a pillar on the north side, and on my left hand was the dim aisle through which people passed quietly backwards and forwards, without disturbing those who came for the service.

I think I must have occupied that place several times before I became conscious that I had particularly noticed a woman who came every afternoon, and walked backwards and forwards over the same few yards of pavement three or four times before taking her seat in front of me.

There was nothing noticeable in her appearance—a slight figure of middle height, dressed in dark colours: nothing to attract attention but the regularity of her coming, and of her pacing up and down every day in the same place.

When for five evenings following I had watched her going through the same routine, I felt a sudden conviction that she had been doing it for a long time before I saw her, and that some story—sad enough, perhaps—lay at the bottom of her apparently purposeless action.

So soon do things become habit that when on my next coming I found that a stranger had unknowingly taken my place, I felt put out and aggrieved.

I was early, and the lady had not yet appeared; so taking a seat a little behind my usual one, and more in the shadow, I watched for her coming.

I had not long to wait. She came slowly up the aisle, and I noticed with interest and curiosity that her first glance was towards my usual place, as if she had become familiar with my presence there, and—I almost persuaded myself—felt pleasure in it. When she saw that my seat was occupied by a stranger she started, and stood for a moment or two as if in bewilderment; but when by a hasty movement I attracted her attention, with a gesture which I interpreted as one of relief she turned, away and began her usual and apparently purposeless pacing up and down, before the service began and she took her seat.

To say that the mysterious lady *interested* me, as the days went on, would give no idea of my feeling regarding her—she *haunted* me. I thought of her by day and dreamed of her by night, and rejoiced each morning that I received no tidings of my cousin's return.

I had but dimly seen the stranger's face, but in my own mind I invested it with youth and beauty. I had no definite desire to make acquaintance with her; I was simply absorbed in the interest with which my own mind had surrounded her. I imagined story after story to account for her daily routine, and I persuaded myself from one or two slight indications that I was also an object of interest—no, perhaps scarcely interest, but of notice from her.

So passed many days, and one night unexpectedly my cousin William appeared. We were glad to meet, and to hear of each other's doings during the years we had been separated; but although William assured me that he was prospering, and had been doing well for some time, I was astonished to see how worn and aged he looked, as if he had some trouble which took all the good from his prosperity. It was not on the first night, however, that I persuaded him to tell me how things had gone with him during his absence.

"I will tell you all to-morrow, Geoffrey," he said, "but you will have a good deal to hear, and I cannot make my story complete until I have seen what another day may do for me. I shall leave you to yourself to-morrow, and then I know that you will join me heartily in a search which I have come home to make."

I was almost foolishly glad to have one more day to myself. The common-sense which William's return had brought back to me, told me that the sort of spell which my daily visits to the Cathedral and the silent sympathy which seemed to exist between myself and the stranger lady had cast over me, was a thing which could not be allowed to last. Should I let myself sink into a foolish dreamer—absorbed in what was little more real than a shadow? No. I would have strength to break through it; I would come back to a sound mind again; this one visit should be my last; but how intensely I rejoiced that this one was in my power!

I was early in my place the next day, earlier than I had ever been before, and as I sat and waited I was amazed to find that this silent parting which was before me pained me as if it were the death of a friend. After to-day I should never again see the graceful figure, or hear the light footstep, and the soft rustle of her dress, and I longed with an intensity which absorbed every sense to make her understand that this *was* the last time.

She was late; or perhaps my longing to see her, which amounted almost to agony, made the minutes drag like hours; but she came at last.

There was no change in her, which in my folly I had expected; her step was even, her manner calm, as usual, but I longed to exchange one word with her before I passed away from her life for ever.

Just before the close of the service, a little child in

its mother's arms started suddenly out of sleep, raised a loud cry and would not be silenced; and the mother, hurrying down the dim aisle beside us, brushed against the lady's dress and swept a small dark object from her hand almost to my feet. She turned and saw it, at the moment when I, by an uncontrollable impulse, stretched out my hand and took it. It was a little bunch of winter violets. I raised it with an imploring gesture, and she slightly bowed her head. Then for a few moments I covered my face with my hands, and when I looked up again she was gone.

When dinner was over that evening, William and I drew our chairs to the fire, and after telling me that he had been unsuccessful in the task over which his day had been spent, he proceeded to tell me his story.

"No doubt you will be surprised, Geoffrey, and I am afraid not well pleased, when you hear how much I have kept you in the dark about myself and my concerns; but in that respect every one has fared alike. First of all, I must tell you that business suddenly called me over to London last year, and that I stayed three months. The business was not for myself but for a friend, and as I expected every day that it would be settled, and I should be at liberty to go back again, I told no one of my arrival; and, indeed, after a short time I had sufficient reason for keeping it a secret. You must know that when I left Canada I was engaged to be married. It was an affair more of convenience than love; I wanted some one to take care of me and of my house, and Mary wanted a home when her brother married. We liked each other, and agreed that we had a reasonable prospect of being happy together. But soon after I came to London I found that I was capable of something different from this quiet liking. Well, I will not bore you with a love-story, just like hundreds of others, you would think, nor do I feel as if I could enter now into all that followed. I can only tell you that before three months were over I had broken my promise to Mary and was privately married to Agnes. There were urgent reasons why the secret should be kept for a short time. I had business connections with Mary's brother, in which my whole property was concerned, and which could not in justice to myself or to him be instantly broken. Agnes was an orphan, living with a relation who had a large family of his own, and was only too glad to get

"'WHY, GEOFFREY, OLD FELLOW, WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?'" (*p.* 405).

rid of her. So a fortnight after our marriage I placed her with some people who seemed honest and respectable, and went back to Canada alone, promising to send for her in six months at the latest. At the end of that time, having settled all my affairs and said good-bye to Mary, who was far from inconsolable, I wrote to my wife and made every arrangement for her coming to me. I sent her money. I told her where I would meet her. I wrote of my joy at the thought of seeing her again—and from that day to this she has vanished out of my life. You may imagine that I have left no means untried to discover her, and the story of my weary search is one I cannot well bear to recall. It is in the hope of help and suggestion from you that I have asked you to meet me here. It was here, in this hotel, that we stayed before I started, and the whole neighbourhood speaks to me of her, and it was in the dim twilight of a Sunday evening in St. Paul's that we said almost our last good-bye."

"St. Paul's?"

"Yes. Why, Geoffrey, what is wrong with you?"

"Nothing—nothing!"

"Nothing? and that ghastly face! You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"That is just it. I *feel* as if I had. No, William; I am ill. I can't talk any more to-night." And I hurried away to my room and locked my door, and would not open it for all his importunity.

I did not know what I thought or fancied, but I had a dim sort of consciousness that something was coming. The next morning I was really ill, and William saw that for that day at least I could give him no assistance. He was backwards and forwards with me many times, and in the afternoon I revived a little.

"I often go into St. Paul's at this time of the day," I said, "and if you will come with me I will go there now;" and he readily consented.

We went early, and I took him to my usual place. "I am not well enough to stay, after all," I whispered. "To please a fancy of mine, will you sit here until the service has begun?" And, although he showed some surprise, he promised.

I crept back to the hotel and lay down on my bed. By-and-by William came to me. "Geoffrey," he said, "something has happened which is almost awful in its joy. I have found my wife!"

"I know."

"You know? you could not know! But she came in and found me there."

After that he told me a long story: of a fire in the house where his wife was lodging; of her being injured and taken to a hospital; of her inability to make herself understood for many weeks, or afterwards to recall to her mind the directions her husband had given her; of letters never received by either; of her one pleasure, when she recovered health but not memory, being her daily visits to St. Paul's, where in fancy her husband was with her again, as she hovered round the spot where they had last sat together.

It was all commonplace enough, perhaps, but to William and his wife, and still more to me, it was a wonderful and pathetic romance.

I think the illness which followed must have been coming upon me for some time, and had filled my head with fancies. The doctor said it was something on the brain. My one desire was that William's wife should not come near me, and it was months before we met. Then it was a gracious and gentle lady whom I saw, but not the lady of my dreams, who never lived but in my own fancy.

THE OUTER AND THE INNER LIFE.

"That within which passeth show."—*Hamlet.*

THERE is a song within the lyre
That never yet was sung;
Unborn it lies upon each wire
That loosely hangs unstrung,
Until the minstrel's hand shall strain
The slackened chords in tune again,
The bard's creative spirit give
That song a vocal soul to live.

There is a form the marble holds
Beneath its surface rude,
Deep in its unhewn heart it folds
Beauty no eye has viewed,
Until the sculptor's hand shall scale
Each layer off that stony veil,
Until at last shall stand displayed
The perfect form of loveliest maid.

There is a poem never told
Within the poet's soul,
Like fabled streams o'er beds of gold
Beneath the earth that roll,
Until some spell resistless wake
The soul in rhythmic song to break,
As bursts the stream into the light,
Bubbling with golden glory bright.

There is a love—nor tongue nor lips
E'er told its deep desire;
Burning the heart it silence keeps
Like subterranean fire,
Until some mighty passion-gust
Breaks through the outward icy crust,
And burning lava-words reveal
That love the heart would fain conceal.

The song's unsung—unhewn the stone,
The poet's rhyme untold,
The hidden fire of love unshown
Beneath the surface cold.
'Tis better thus: the secret kept,
The wound unseen, the woe unwept,
The outer life's deceitful show,
The inner life that none may know.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

FREE EDUCATION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

FIRST PAPER.

THE all-important question of where and how the boys are to be educated is one that presents itself very forcibly to the minds of parents as soon as their olive-branches are emancipated from the nursery, and the selection of a school involves much thought and consideration. Private educational establishments abound everywhere, and many of them do good work in preparing children for their future course by teaching the three R's and the rudiments of Latin and French. The greatest importance ought to be attached to this stage of school life, for unless the foundation be good the superstructure cannot be satisfactory, and the thoroughness of primary instruction is rudely tested by the competitive examinations which are the portals of entrance to first-rate schools where higher education is almost if not entirely free, and frequently ends in a free or considerably assisted University career. With these advantages in view, it is wise to choose a residence within easy reach of a great school, and to train the youthful mind with the direct object of entering it. This is very easy to do in the vicinity of London, where the schools of the City companies and other endowed and foundation schools either exist under their original conditions, or under the modified and revised schemes which have of late years been adapted to meet the needs of the present day.

First and foremost, on account of the 153 Foundationers who receive the best of instruction entirely free, is St. Paul's School, founded in 1509 by Dean Colet, the friend of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More. The present building is on the east of St. Paul's Churchyard, but a site sixteen acres in extent has been secured near the Addison Road Station, to which it will shortly be removed. It is one of the nine great public schools, and its advantages are absolutely first-rate. The vacancies on the foundation are filled up at the beginning of each term by competitive examination, and the scholarships, which are open to all boys whether already in the schools or not, are divided into junior and senior. The former are open to boys under fourteen, one or two being reserved for unusually promising ones under twelve, and are tenable till the age of sixteen; and the latter may be competed for by those under sixteen, and are tenable till the age of nineteen. There will be fifteen of these vacancies at the beginning of the ensuing Michaelmas term, and the examination for filling them up will be held on the 4th of September and two following days at St. Paul's Schools, when papers will be set in—1. Arithmetic, Elementary Algebra, and Geometry. 2. History, Geography, and English Grammar. 3. Latin. Candidates may also offer Greek, French, and advanced Mathematics, and for the senior scholarships some branch of Physical Science. The preliminaries to be complied with are, that candidates intending to present themselves must make application on a form to be obtained from the School Secretary, and deposit a certificate of birth; and, with the exception of boys already in the school, they will be required to pay a registration fee of five shillings on making the application, and £1 entrance fee in case of election. It seems natural to suppose that boys who are already in the school stand a better chance of success than outsiders; and it is not difficult to enter, since the examination is only in English, the rudiments of Latin grammar, and the first four rules of arithmetic, and the tuition fee is £20 per annum. Still, boys who have received a good foundation elsewhere do constantly succeed, and that without any difficulty. The Governors of St. Paul's devote £1,400 annually to establishing 24 exhibitions of from £40 to £80 a year each, that may be held at either University, besides which there are others of £30 and £36, and one of £60, which is open to scholars of Christ's Hospital and Merchant Taylors' as well as St. Paul's. The boy who by diligent and persevering improvement of his abilities wins a place for himself on the foundation of such a school as this, may well feel a glow of honest pride in knowing that his further education will be no expense to his parents; and if he be the pioneer of a family, the younger members will probably emulate his example.

A new scheme came into operation at Dulwich College at the commencement of the current year, which has the effect of placing all pupils on an equal footing. Those born in certain parishes previously had the privilege of paying exceptionally low terms, but the fees for all comers are now fixed at a uniform rate of £21 per annum; and the College Governors apply the sum of £1,000 a year or thereabouts to the maintenance of scholarships tenable at the College. These are of the value of £20 per annum, and are awarded on examination every year to boys between the ages of ten and twelve. Some may be retained as long as the holder remains at the school, and others are tenable only for three years. The school is divided into senior and junior sections and sixth form, and the entrance examinations, which are far from formidable, are graduated according to age. One of the advantages peculiar to Dulwich is, that eight exhibitions, of the value of £50 a year each, are open without restriction to the competition of all lads

who have been not less than two years in the College, and may be retained for four years either at one of the English Universities, or while studying some learned or scientific profession or the Fine Arts. Old Dulwich boys have been remarkably successful as artists, perhaps because their tastes in that direction are fostered by familiarity with the pictures in the Dulwich Gallery.

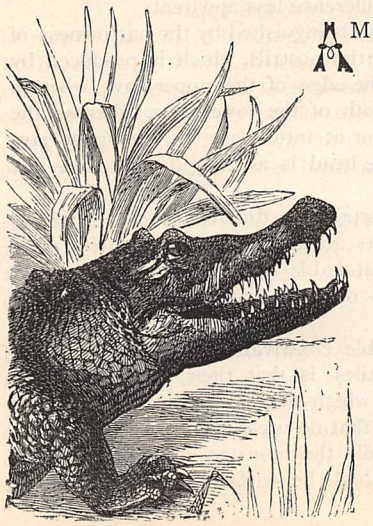
The Charterhouse, though no longer in London, is not at any great distance from it, as the new buildings are at Godalming, in Surrey; and scholarships are so numerous that 60 out of the 500 boys receive a free education, and ten more receive £20 yearly towards their expenses. The annual capitation fee is £5, and that for tuition £25, but the moderateness of these terms is to some extent neutralised by the charge of £80 for board and lodging in some of the masters' houses, and £70 in others, as well as by the fact that the value of the scholarship is diminished by one-half if the holder resides with his parents or friends. But even then sufficient remains of both the senior and junior ones to completely cover the school expenses. The former are worth £85 a year, and are open to all pupils between fourteen and sixteen who have been at least one year in the school; the latter are good for £65 per annum, open to all boys between twelve and fourteen whether in the school or not. The examination for them takes place in the latter part of each July, and the subjects are Latin, French, English, and Arithmetic. The exhibitions tenable after leaving school are twenty in number, five being annually vacant. They are of £80 per annum, and may be held for four years at one of the Universities, or elsewhere in preparation for any profession or occupation subject to the approval of the governing body. So many great and clever men have been *alumni* of this ancient foundation, which ranks as one of the nine great schools, that the very name of Carthusian is in itself a title of honour, and boys as well as men are always the better for having traditions to live up to.

The Merchant Taylors' School is also one of the nine, and occupies the site formerly occupied by the Charterhouse in the square of that name. Boys are admitted when over nine and under fourteen by presentations from members of the Court of Assistants of the Merchant Taylors' Company, but unless they can pass the entrance examination the presentation is forfeited. There are 500 boys, but only a small proportion of them can receive free education, as there are ten scholarships awarded annually by competition to those who have previously been at least one year in the school. The four senior ones are open to boys under sixteen, are worth £30 a year, and tenable so long as the holders remain in the school; and the six junior ones are open to boys under fourteen, and are of the value of £15, tenable for two years, or till the holder is elected to a senior scholarship. The ordinary expenses are twelve guineas a year in the lower, and fifteen in the upper school, so that the scholarships exactly cover them. This school is very rich in good exhibitions for Oxford and Cambridge, no less than twenty-six of them being to St. John's College, Oxford, besides several others.

The only free education in the Merchant Taylors' School at Great Crosby, where there is accommodation for 250 not under eight years of age, is afforded by the Harrison Scholarships, which are in the proportion of one to every ten boys, are awarded by the results of the school examinations, and exempt the holders from the prescribed tuition fees for two years.

ALLIGATOR-FARMING.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING, AUTHOR OF "HOW THE STORMY WAVES WERE CONQUERED," ETC.



AMONG the many curious new industries which from time to time are brought into existence by some quaint freak of fashion, few are more remarkable than the recently devised scheme of breeding alligators in some parts of the Southern States, with a view to supplying the market with their hides, for the manufacture of the various articles now in such great demand.

Hitherto the supply has been somewhat irregular, being chiefly dependent on chance captures by men whose ordinary avocation is that of fishing up turtles from their holes beside streams and pools; and, considering the danger and difficulty of securing one of the monsters, there is small reason to wonder that the turtle-hunters generally prefer their own simpler work, especially as they rarely receive more than from one and a half to two dollars (*i.e.*, six or eight shillings) for the hide of a large alligator, which has involved a long day of hard work in the mere act of skinning the great reptile, after all the risk involved in his capture.

His flesh, however, is not altogether wasted; for, though not generally appreciated, the fishermen occasionally eat parts of it; and they say that the tail especially is by no means to be despised, as it resembles veal in appearance, and pork in taste (as

is natural, considering the nature of its food). Moreover, the alligator yields a considerable supply of oil, unfragrant as that of the "fulmar"* of our Western Isles, and equally prized as a valuable remedy for rheumatism.

The alligator-fisher finds his most remunerative business in the capture of newly-hatched, or rather, still juvenile reptiles. Great is the excitement when he discovers a nice little nursery party of about fifty scaly babies, from six inches to a foot in length, all basking in some shallow, sunny pool. Though sharp-toothed from their birth, they can be handled without danger, if only he can elude the vigilance of their keen-eyed old mother who is basking on the shore, or else buried in the mud, with only her eyes and nostrils in sight. (All the saurian species alike have the eyes and nostrils so raised above any other part of the head, that they can lie buried in the mud, observing their neighbours, without any fear of detection or exposing any vital part to the danger of a shot.)

Baby alligators of about twelve inches in length, when captured and brought to market, are bought by dealers at prices ranging from two to four dollars a dozen. The retail price is much higher, as it is very difficult to rear the creatures in captivity. In the case of larger individual specimens, the fishers receive an additional sum of from fifty cents to a dollar for each foot above a certain length.

It has recently occurred to the great American mind that, since these reptiles are now a recognised article of trade with a definite market value, it may pay to rear these as well as any other species of stock; and moreover, that the muddy shores of many a stagnant pool in the Southern States, which hitherto have been accounted worse than useless, breeding only fevers and pestilential miasmas beneath the blazing sun, may now be turned to account, and indeed become valuable property.

One of the pioneers in this new industry is Colonel Williams, who has commenced operations by stocking a large muddy pool at Spanish Fort. Being anxious to found a happy and contented family, he resolved to transport thither not young alligators only, but also their loving parents. The method adopted was as follows:—His men, having contrived to capture some young ones without alarming their mother (whose hiding-place they had detected), placed a strong noose in such a position that, in order to approach her family, she must necessarily run her head into the noose. They then induced the poor little captives to cry out, whereupon the good mother came to their rescue, but was immediately caught by the noose, and dragged round and round in the water till she was nearly choked. Another noose was then passed round her tail, and a wooden board slipped under her, to which she was firmly strapped, and launched on the stream, her head being attached to the boat in which her young ones had been placed. Thus she was towed along till her new abode was reached, and she and her family were invited to make themselves at home.

In less than a fortnight, Colonel Williams had stocked his pond with thirty-five alligators, several of which were about eight feet in length at the date of their capture—a very promising commencement for his experiment. It would be interesting to obtain some details of his commissariat arrangements for feeding this happy family, so as not unduly to endanger the lives of the neighbours' children.

Our American cousins having thus given us the example of breeding alligators for commercial purposes, there seems no reason why the monsters which infest the rivers of India, and the great forest-tanks of Ceylon, should not be turned to as good account as those of Florida. It has therefore been suggested that crocodile-farms should be established in India, with a view to supplying the demand for skins in the European market.

It would scarcely do to trench on such old-established rights as those of the sacred "muggers" at Kurrachee (for instance), where these hideous creatures are looked upon with something of the reverence accorded to their ancestral relations in old Egypt, and where they rise to the surface, at the call of their attendant faquir, ready to accept the food-offerings of the faithful. In other districts, however, commercial mugger-pools might very well be established, and in their secret hearts the most reverent Hindoos might not regret the destruction of a few of these sharp-toothed reptiles.

It may not be out of place here to notice how commonly Indian writers fall into the error of speaking of the grisly monsters which infest their rivers as "alligators." The fact is that the alligator or "caiman" is peculiar to America, and is found nowhere else, whereas the crocodile, properly so called, is common to Asia, Africa, and America.

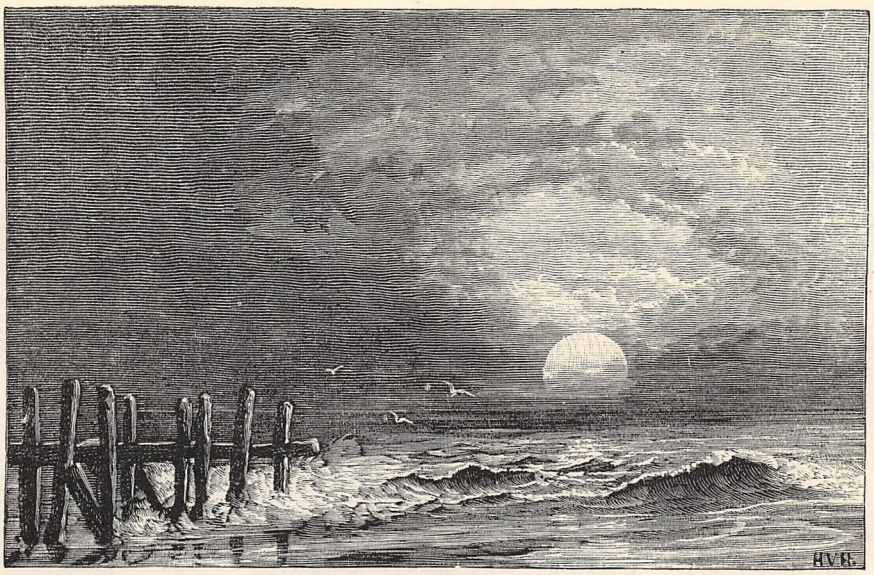
The Indian rivers, however, have one species peculiar to themselves, namely, the "gavialis," which is known by the form of its jaws; these are long and thin, whereas those of the crocodile are blunt and thick, and those of the alligator are still more blunt. The heads of the two latter, however, elongate in old age, making the difference less apparent.

The crocodile is distinguished by the narrowness of the muzzle behind the nostrils, which is produced by a deep notch on the edge of the upper jaw, wherein rests the fourth tooth of the lower jaw, whereas the teeth of the alligator fit into a pit in the upper jaw, and the form of the head is a straight unbroken line down the muzzle.

To ordinary mortals the difference seems trifling, and even naturalists are not very clear in describing it. A more unmistakable difference lies in the fact that the hind legs of the crocodile are fringed with scales.

A very remarkable contrivance in the formation of these strange reptiles is that their throats contain valves of gristle, which acts as secure doors, only opening at will, so that no pressure of water can force down one drop while the monster holds in his open jaws the animal which he wishes to drown, and eat at leisure.

* Stormy petrel.



For Ebermore.

Words by WILFRED B. WOOLLAM, B.A.

Music by FRANCIS EDWARD GLADSTONE, Mus. D.

Moderato.

PIANO.

p

Ped. *

1. Oft have I on the lone - ly shore..... Heard the wild waves.....
2. Now do I hear, nor on - ly I ..... The o - cean s

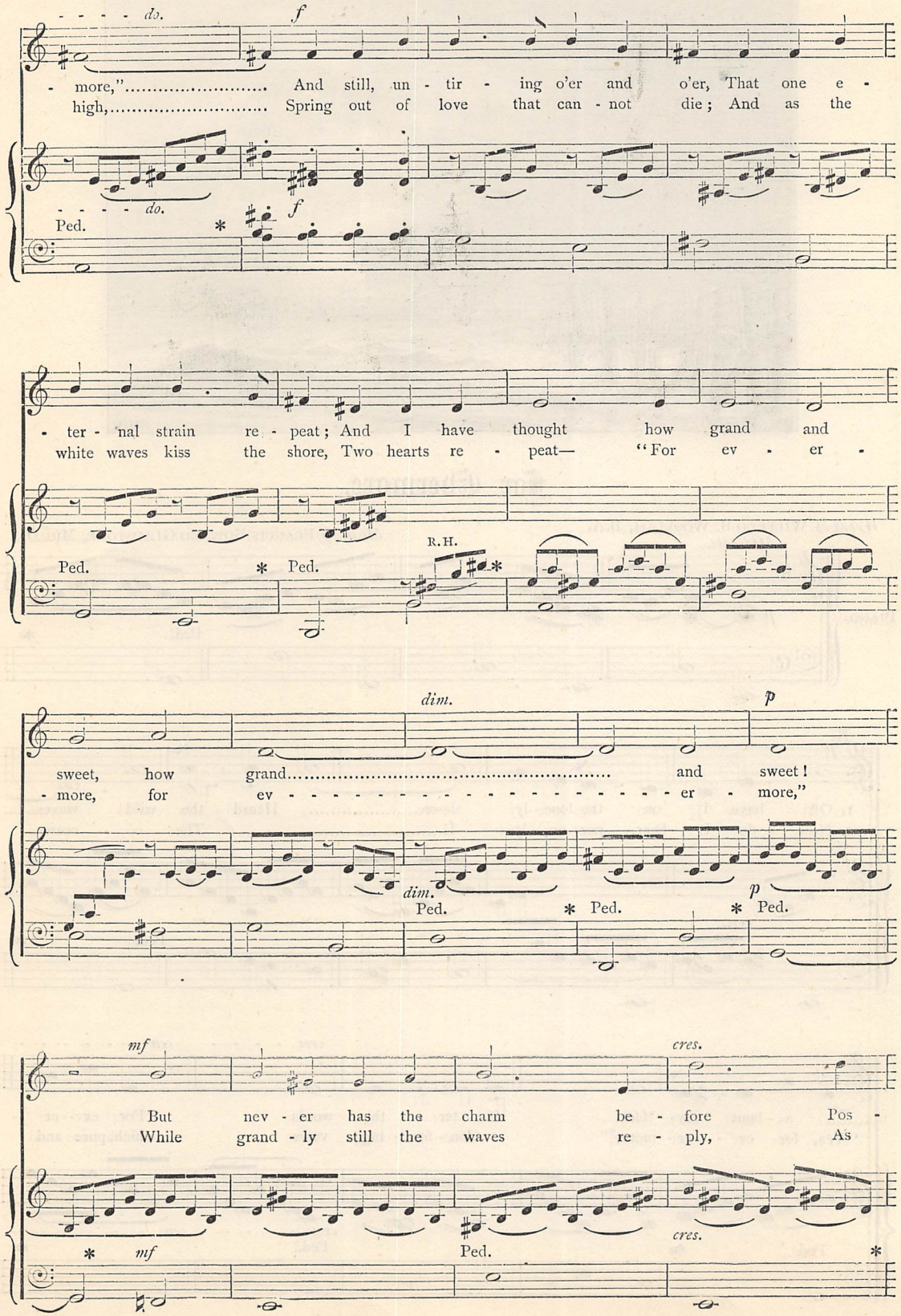
R.H.

Ped. *

..... a - bout my feet Ut - ter the words "For ev - er -
"Yea, for ev - er - more," Con - firm - ing vows which, pure and

cres - - - - *cen* - - - - - -

Ped. * Ped. *


do.
f
- more,"..... And still, un - tir - ing o'er and o'er, That one e -
high,..... Spring out of love that can - not die; And as the
do.
f
Ped.
*
- ter - nal strain re - peat; And I have thought how grand and
white waves kiss the shore, Two hearts re - peat— "For ev - er -
Ped.
* Ped.
R.H.
*
dim.
p
sweet, how grand..... and sweet!
- more, for ev - er - more,"
dim.
Ped.
* Ped.
p
* Ped.
mf
cres.
But nev - er has the charm be - fore Pos -
While grand - ly still the waves re - ply, As
*
mf
Ped.
cres.
*

- sessed a beau - ty quite com - plete—.....
un - to mil - lions here - to - fore,.....

Ped. * Ped. *

f *cres.*

Nev - er has it been more to me..... Than the great heart - throbs
"For ev - er more: so con - stant be..... As the great heart - throbs

f *cres.*

Ped. * Ped. *

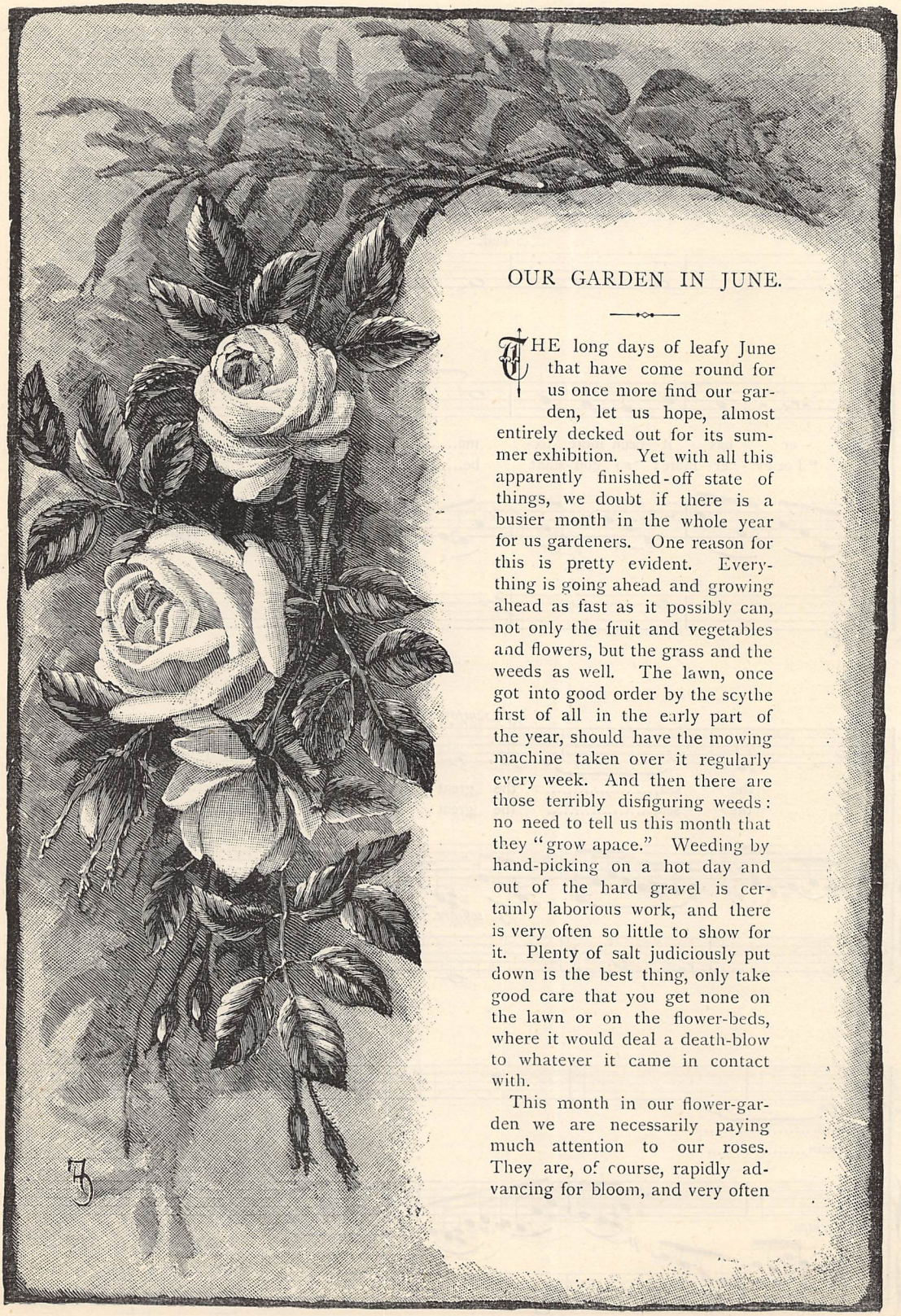
f sempre. *ritard.*

of the sea,..... the great heart - throbs..... of the
of the sea,..... the great heart - throbs..... of the

f sempre. R.H. *ritard.* Ped.

sea.....
sea".....

a tempo. *p* Ped. * *Last time.* *dim.* *pp*



OUR GARDEN IN JUNE.

THE long days of leafy June that have come round for us once more find our garden, let us hope, almost entirely decked out for its summer exhibition. Yet with all this apparently finished-off state of things, we doubt if there is a busier month in the whole year for us gardeners. One reason for this is pretty evident. Everything is going ahead and growing ahead as fast as it possibly can, not only the fruit and vegetables and flowers, but the grass and the weeds as well. The lawn, once got into good order by the scythe first of all in the early part of the year, should have the mowing machine taken over it regularly every week. And then there are those terribly disfiguring weeds: no need to tell us this month that they "grow apace." Weeding by hand-picking on a hot day and out of the hard gravel is certainly laborious work, and there is very often so little to show for it. Plenty of salt judiciously put down is the best thing, only take good care that you get none on the lawn or on the flower-beds, where it would deal a death-blow to whatever it came in contact with.

This month in our flower-garden we are necessarily paying much attention to our roses. They are, of course, rapidly advancing for bloom, and very often

you will see a number of buds very close together. It is best to determine to sacrifice some, or the probability is that you will only have an imperfect mass of half-developed roses, and not one as it should be. Remove, then, the side buds when they are quite small; and, indeed, any small buds that you see have not got room to blow should be carefully got off: a pair of scissors is safer for the operation than a knife. Or if you are anxious to have as many flowers on your standard as possible, you might cut out the middle bud and allow the two buds—that is, one on each side of it—to perfect themselves. In the early part of June, or at the end of May, the roses where you see them disposed to be troubled with green fly should be well syringed. A preparation that used to be tried with good effect was a little soft-soap in a pail of water, with just a "suspicion" of turpentine mixed up well with it: an entrée of this kind is highly objected to by the fly and the maggots that feed upon the bud. Following *immediately* upon this should be a second course of a good syringing with plain cold water. Unhappily the bud into which a maggot has eaten its way is, of course, hopelessly done for, and you had better remove it. But you will find plenty of maggots secreting themselves—though perhaps it would be more correct to speak of them singly and say you will find generally the maggot secreting itself—between a couple of leaves, or within a leaf nearly closed up. It is often well to go over the standards by hand and destroy the maggots as you find them, concluding with the syringing.

We must now, before entering our greenhouse and kitchen-garden, take a hurried look round our general flower-garden. Annuals that were sown out in the borders in which they are to bloom ought to be thinned a little, for they never flower half so well if left to go on growing too thickly. Any half-hardy annuals that you have raised in your hot-beds or frames might be planted out; and, indeed, you might now sow in the open a few more, with the object, of course, of keeping up a good succession of bloom. The dahlias may be planted out, and put in their stakes at the same time, though be sure and do not tie them too tightly, as the stems, which swell very rapidly, might very likely be injured by it. And then possibly some of your earliest-blooming flowers are now already past their best: if so, cut down their stems or get them away altogether before they disfigure your garden; by this means you will find room for something fresh.

This is a good month for the propagation of that most popular flower, the wall-flower, by cuttings. We have on a former occasion given many hints as to its cultivation whether by seed or by cuttings, so that there is little need to say much of it here.

As to our window-garden, we shall have no fear for the next three or four months of being at a loss how to fill our balconies, ledges, and recesses. The one thing here that we have to be on our guard against is the scorching and powerful rays of the sun. At a little trouble and expense, you might on your window-ledge contrive a complete moss bed and have your flower-pots plunged in it, keeping the moss of course constantly damp.

In our greenhouse we go on, in proportion to the growth of our plants inside, carefully re-potting. Hard-wooded plants, as they are called, seldom, however, require more than one shift in the year to a larger-sized pot, and it is best to do this just before they begin their new growth. Soft-wooded plants, on the other hand, are really benefited by a more frequent re-potting. Another thing to notice, too, in your general greenhouse exhibition stock is the extravagant growth of your plants. For the beauty of a plant nothing is more important than to have it well proportioned by a careful system of pruning. Seedling plants that you have contrived to raise during the season should be potted, so as to get them well established before the winter.

Your bulbs, that are now having their annual rest, and that you perhaps lifted last month to make way for the bedding-out, should be kept in a coo and dry place. And pay attention, too, to all the plants that you intend to bloom through the winter, trying perhaps for this purpose some heliotrope and salvias. The camellias, too, and azaleas that are out of bloom and are now making their new wood must be attended to. As for the camellias, you will be able to judge when these have completed their growth by noticing the *young shoots*. They have done their work of growing for a new season when you remark that they cease to elongate, and when they have become firmer and harder in their texture. Camellias and azaleas then, when they have finished their growth, can be removed into a cooler place, but during the making of their new wood they require nursing up in a warmer temperature.

As for the kitchen-garden, we have already spoken of weeds, and the young growing crops of vegetables too often get half choked with weeds if they are allowed to remain. Notice, then, the onion-bed; thin it out, and take care in doing so that you remove for present use only those that seem to have the poorest bulb. Among the potatoes, earth carefully up, and remove all the blooms as they appear. Herbs had better be cut and put away in a dry place just as they are coming into flower: it is far better to do so in June than at the end of August, when they are all grown coarse and much of their best flavour perhaps is lost. Beans and peas, too, should have their fortnightly sowing, and there is the sticking of those already sown, and coming on, to be seen to. Indeed, the work of the kitchen-garden is very hard labour this month. And in the fruit-garden there is fruit to be thinned, and an occasional nailing of the young wood on the wall and thinning it as well. The strawberry runners must be off by this time, for they will be colouring before the end of the month, and in a really dry season watering will be necessary. And then the cucumber frames must not be forgotten, we mean the closing of them as the day advances, for neither will cucumbers, nor certainly melons, succeed unless covered up at the proper time.

HOW TO COOK A PUMPKIN.

BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

PERHAPS few of my readers know how the pumpkin—that favourite article of food amongst the Americans—ought to be cooked; as it is very delicious as well as inexpensive, I will describe one or two good ways of using it. I must first tell you what the fruit is like. It resembles a very large round vegetable marrow, with a rather thick skin of a pale salmon-colour. The seeds, when ripe, can be sown in a frame, in the same manner as cucumbers are grown, and planted out in soil with plenty of manure in it, when the frosts are over. The fruit often grows to an enormous size, some specimens having been raised in this country weighing over 200 lbs. Of course in hot countries they are much larger. One very nice way of cooking it is to make it into a pudding. Take one pound of pumpkin, which costs about twopence, and boil it in water, with a very little salt, for an hour; then take it off the fire and mash it, as you would turnips, till it is smooth enough to rub through a colander; put the pulp into a pie-dish, add to it one egg, beaten very lightly, a table-spoonful of sugar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and a little grated lemon-peel, and pour in sufficient milk to fill the pie-dish. Bake in a moderate oven till it is a light golden colour. A little paste round the edge of the dish is a great improvement.

Pumpkin Pie.—Pare your pumpkin, cut it up into small pieces, and cook it gently over the fire, with a very little water, for about half an hour; then fill your pie-dish with it, sprinkle a little ground ginger and sugar over, and pour in some water. Have ready some nice puff paste, cover the fruit with it, and bake.

Pumpkin Tart.—Boil the pumpkin in the same way as for the pudding, and rub it through a colander, beat two ounces of butter, with a little sugar, to a cream, stir in the yolks of two eggs beaten lightly, the juice of one lemon and half the grated rind, and, last of all, the whites of the eggs beaten. Line a dish with pastry, pour in the mixture, and bake a nice brown.

If you wish to cook it as a vegetable, you must cut it in slices about six inches long, peal them, and boil them in a saucepan of water with a little salt and two ounces of fresh butter. When done sufficiently, drain them on a sieve, and serve them on a hot dish with some melted butter poured over them; or, after they are boiled, fry them in a little lard or dripping. Pepper and salt should be eaten with them. They are also very delicious mashed; they should be boiled, then drained, and mashed smoothly with a wooden spoon; heat them in a saucepan, add a seasoning of salt and pepper, and a small piece of butter, and serve them with small pieces of toasted bread placed round them.

In making preserve, take three pounds of pumpkin, peel it, and slice it into pieces about an inch thick, and two or three inches long; add the juice of two lemons, and the rind very finely grated, three pounds of loaf-sugar, and one ounce of ground ginger. Put all these ingredients into a preserving-pan, and boil all together till clear—about one hour. Put it in jars and tie it well down.

Soup made with Pumpkins.—Boil the pumpkin and rub twelve or thirteen ounces through a sieve; add gravy, soup, or good stock to it—it will take about one quart for the above quantity of pumpkin; mix it gradually, and season with salt and a little cayenne; let it boil up, add a very little corn-flour to it, and serve it very hot, with fried bread cut into small pieces.

The stock for the above receipt need not necessarily be made with meat, as this is expensive. The liquor in which a piece of meat has been boiled makes very good stock; bones of any kind can also be used. All sorts of bones may be mixed together—beef, mutton, veal, and game. Game bones give a very delicious flavour to soup. When large joints of meat are to be used for dinner, they will require a little trimming; take all these pieces of fat and gristle which have to be cut off, add a slice or two of bacon and some herbs and vegetables, with any bones you have left from other joints, and keep them over the fire a short time, taking care to shake the saucepan occasionally, that they may not set to the bottom. You must keep the pan closely covered. After it has been on the fire about ten minutes, pour in some boiling water, so as quite to cover the meat, &c., and let it stew gently till it is rich. Take off the fat when it is cold. This sort of stock will make very good pumpkin soup.

Before concluding, I must give you two more receipts to which pumpkins are a very great improvement. One is a "Buckland stew," and the other a "Trifle." This is how the "Buckland stew" is made:—Have ready a very clean pan, and some nice gravy; now take about a pound of meat—beef or mutton is the best for this purpose—cut it either in thin slices or square dice; peel a pound of potatoes, and cut them in small pieces, with two carrots, two turnips, and two onions, all cut up small, and half a pound of pumpkin which has been boiled for about half an hour previously. Put the meat and vegetables in the pan, season them well with pepper and salt, adding a little Worcestershire sauce, and pour in your gravy, which must

have a little flour added to it to thicken it. Put the pan on one side of the fire; then make some good suet crust, allowing four ounces of suet to one pound of flour, put in a little baking-powder, and mix it tolerably stiff; roll it out an inch thick, and cut out a piece the size of the top of your pan, so as to exactly fit it, lay it over the meat and vegetables, cover the pan, and boil all together for three-quarters of an hour, or an hour. This is a very economical dish, as so little meat is required.

The "Trifle" is made in this way:—Scald six large apples, peel and pulp them; boil one pound of pumpkin for an hour; rub it through a colander, and mix it thoroughly with the pulped apple; sweeten it well, and grate the rind of a lemon over; then place this pulp in a deep glass dish, about half filling it; scald half a pint of milk, half a pint of cream, and the yolks of two eggs over the fire, stirring it all the time till it boils; add a little sugar; let it stand till cold; then pour it over the apples and pumpkin; and, last of all, make a little whip, either with cream or white of egg, and lay it over the whole.

A HOLIDAY TRIP FROM KEW TO MEDMENHAM.

THERE is perhaps no part of England that possesses interest so great or so varied as that lying along the course of the river Thames, and which withal to the ordinary holiday-maker is so little known. Its very proximity to the metropolis has, indeed, been sometimes adduced as a reason why Londoners appear so oblivious of its charms, and so seldom avail themselves, in their short intervals of respite from busy toil, of the refreshment to both body and mind which its calm quietude affords. And yet this beautiful stream has been, not unjustly, called "the King of Island Rivers;" and we have authority for affirming that, though it may not possess the grandeur and sublimity of the Rhine or the Moselle, the Rhone or the Danube, it still remains unsurpassed in its richness of pictorial beauty by any river on the Continent.

It is between Maidenhead and Hedsor that what has been pronounced to be "the perfection of natural beauty" reaches its highest point. Here the hills rise steeply from the banks on either side, and are covered with every variety of luxuriant foliage, to the wealth of which, especially at Cliefden, all climes and countries seem to have contributed.

Overhanging rocks and chalky cliffs, wooded heights and richly cultivated fields, with everywhere a delightful intermingling of wood and water, combine to present in swift succession an infinite variety of fairy-like scenes, whose grace and loveliness it would be impossible to exaggerate.

But it is to its manifold associations of all kinds—literary, historical, and histrionic—no less than to its natural charms, that the peculiarly fascinating power which the Thames exercises upon our imagination is to a great extent due.

It would require volumes rather than a few pages to enable us to touch even briefly upon the many memories which every moment crowd upon us.

To those fond of natural history the Thames offers a wide and interesting field of instruction. To say nothing of those vast botanical treasures gathered from every clime, and stored

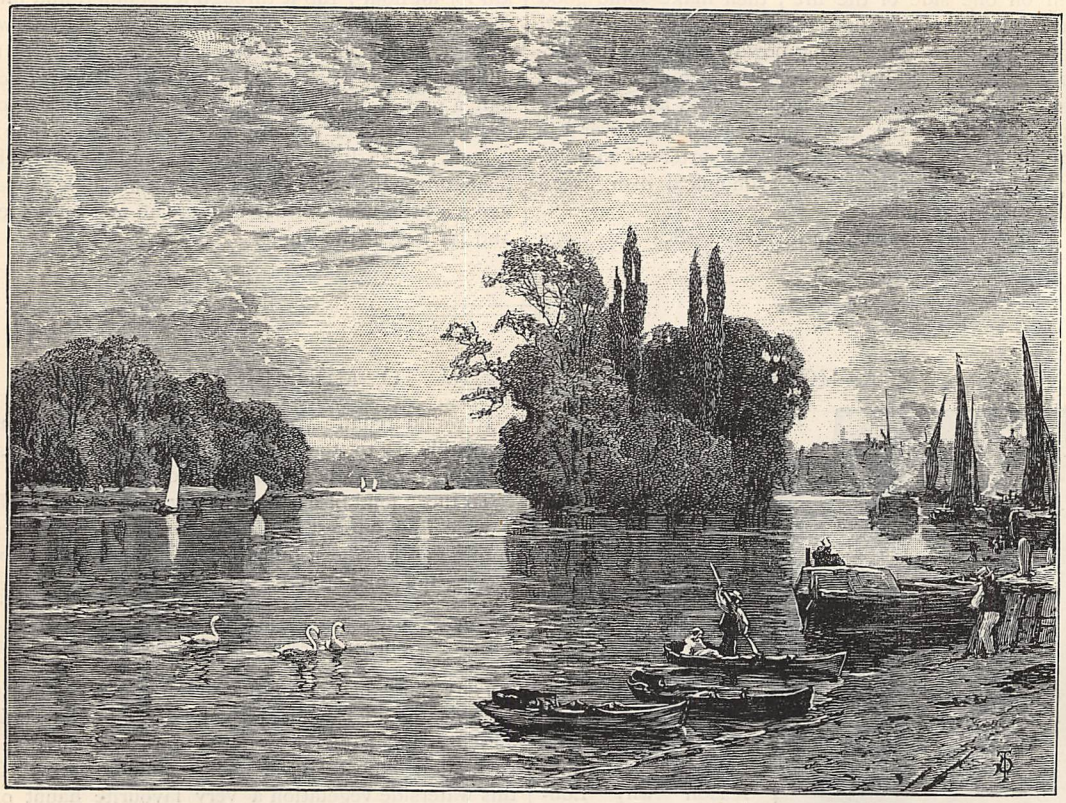
> "Where sits enthroned, in vegetable pride,
> Imperial Kew by Thames's glittering side,"

it everywhere, except in the more populous districts towards the metropolis, presents both on its surface and on its banks a wealth and a luxuriance of vegetation almost lavish. The entomologist will find this waterside vegetation a very favourite haunt of a large number of interesting species, including a great variety of butterflies and moths. To the angler the Thames has ever been a "joy of joys" from the time of Izaak Walton downwards. The close beds of rushes, the drooping osiers, and the pretty "aits" with which the stream is thickly studded, are good nurseries for fish, of which there has consequently been always a good supply. Richmond, Staines, Penton-Hook, and Marlow may be mentioned as among the most favourite angling resorts; to which many will add "Romney Island" and Thames Ditton.

In giving a more detailed account of the interesting points of the river between Kew and Medmenham, we need only say of the former that the foundation of its famous botanical gardens was laid at the beginning of the present century, when Kew was the favourite suburban residence of the Royal Family. The Palace still stands where gathered the great and good of that generation, and where Queen Charlotte died. In the churchyard a plain stone marks the resting-place of Gainsborough.

Floating westwards we soon reach the picturesque Railshead Ferry leading to Isleworth. At the latter place there is little to attract attention beyond the ivy-covered tower of the church, and the graceful pavilion at Sion House.

Richmond, our next landing-place, has ever been a favourite residence of the rich and great; to its Palace, of which only a few fragments now remain, "the former kings of this land, being weariē of the citiē,



ON THE THAMES AT KEW.

used customarily to resorte;" and here Edward III., Henry VII., and Elizabeth died. Thomson, author of "The Seasons," and Brady, the versifier of the Psalms, both lived and died here. The scene, as viewed from Richmond Hill—

> "Of hills and dales, and woods and lawns and spires,
> And glittering towns and gilded streams,"

has often been described as one of surpassing loveliness.

Gliding slowly by the lake-like expanse known as the Broadwater, and passing Ham House—once the residence of the famous Duchess of Lauderdale—and Eel-pie Island on our way, we at length reach the church of Twickenham, which is almost concealed from view by the prettily wooded "ait" just opposite. In the nave is a monument to the memory of Pope, who "sleeps" beneath, bearing a medallion of the poet, and an inscription written by himself. For his once well-known villa, which formerly stood further up the stream, we shall now look in vain; and only a portion of the famous grotto exists. Further on is Strawberry Hill, for many years the residence of Horace Walpole.

At Teddington we come to the first lock on the Thames; and from the tide, therefore, being supposed to *end* here, the name was long thought to be a corruption of Tide-end Town, though in all ancient documents it is generally given as Totyngton. Teddington was once famous for its lampern fishery, large quantities being supplied annually to Holland. Our course now lies between low banks until we reach the bridge at Kingston, which occupies the site of one believed to have been built here by the Romans. Kingston ranks amongst the oldest of our English towns; and Speed mentions the names of nine Saxon monarchs as having been crowned here. The "King's Stone," on which the sacred rite is said to have been performed, is still to be seen in the market-place.

From hence we thread our way among the pretty willow-covered "aits" which now begin to crowd the stream, and along by the low banks fringed with rushes, until we come to Ditton. We have already referred to this as a favourite fishing station; and the "Swan" close by is one of the many river-side inns dotted along the banks of the river where anglers love to congregate. There is another well-known resort at Staines bearing the same name; and this reminds us that the swans, as pictured in our views, form one of the most attractive features of the Thames. They are to be met with in almost every part of the river.

Making our way through a perfect flotilla of punts, we continue our onward course past the Home Park,

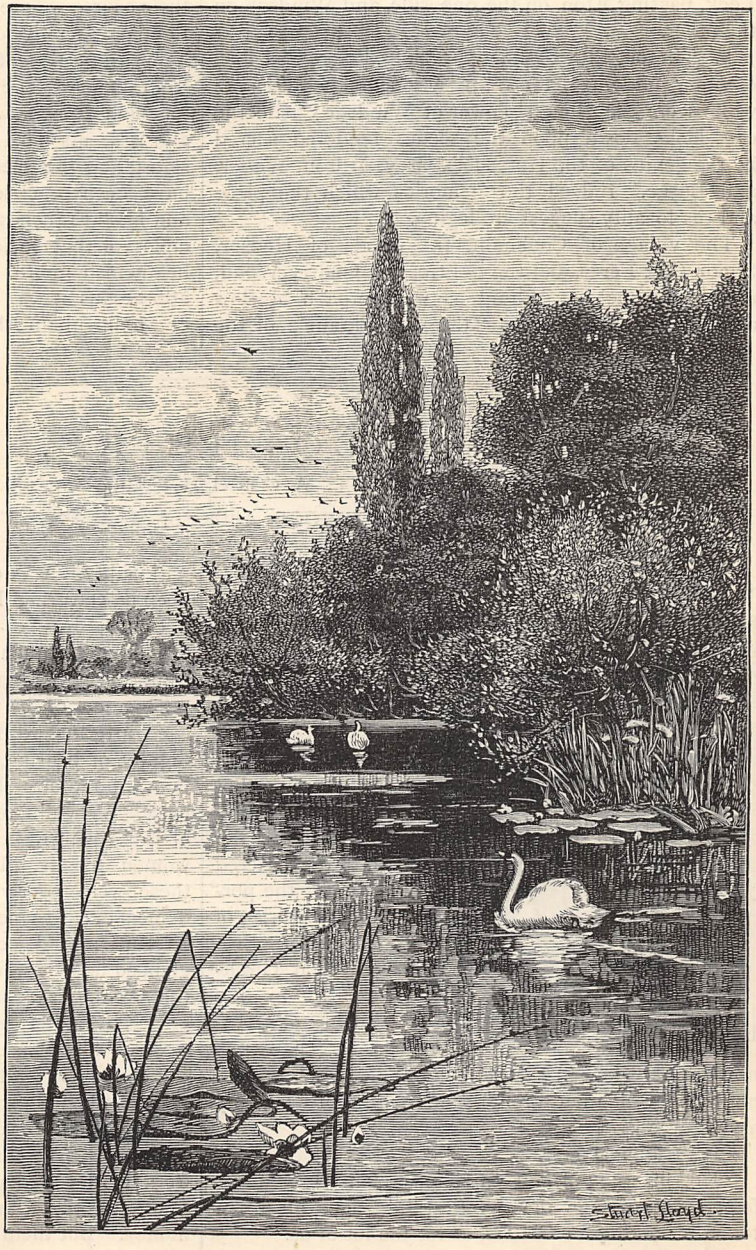
Hampton Palace Gardens, and the famous horse-chestnuts and thorns of Bushey Park, till we arrive opposite the entrance to Hampton Court. How much of English history is embraced in that one word from the days of Wolsey downwards! Its memories still haunt us as, passing under the bridge, we sail slowly along, in the midst of English scenery of the highest perfection, towards Moulsey Lock. Beyond this, the villa of Garrick is observed standing back a little from the stream, and close by, near the water's edge, the well-known rotunda with its Grecian portico is still a conspicuous object. Between Hampton and Oatlands a flat expanse of meadow-land stretches away on the Surrey side, and the distant view is for several miles intercepted by the tall osiers that skirt the stream. The village of Walton is about half a mile inland from the bridge of that name, and, in the house once occupied by the President Bradshaw, tradition asserts that the famous death-warrant of Charles I. was signed.

On our way to Chertsey Bridge we pass Lower Halliford, Shepperton, and the pleasantly wooded heights of Woburn. In the High Street of Chertsey is the Porch House, once the residence of Cowley the poet, and where he died in 1667. Between the church and the Thames are some old stone walls, comprising all that remains of the once powerful and wealthy Chertsey Abbey. At St. Anne's Hill, from which a charming view is obtained, are the scenes so long associated with the memory of Charles James Fox.

We sail on past the Ferry at Laleham — the scene of Arnold's earliest labours — and through the ancient artificial way at Penton-Hook, where nothing tends to break the solitude and silence save the occasional appearance of a fishing-punt, or the rustling of the numerous water-fowl among the reeds. Our course now lies between low banks until we come to Staines. The Roman road to the West crossed the Thames at this point, and the adjoining station is mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus under the name of *Pontes*, showing that a bridge existed here at that early time. Indeed, the name of Staines, formerly written Stanes (*i.e.*, Stones), is supposed to have reference to the stone piers on which the wooden superstructure rested.

On one of the "aits" a little further on, is the ancient London "Boundary Stone," marking the limit of the City jurisdiction ere its rights and privileges as regarded the Thames were transferred to a commission.

We now approach a singularly interesting part of the river. On the right bank rises the famous Cooper's



AT MEDMENHAM.

Hill, with which the name of Denham has been so long and so closely associated; and at its foot is immortal Runnimede ("Meadow of Council") where the Barons assembled in 1215. Midway in the opposite stream is Magna Charta Island, on which stands a little cottage containing the very stone on which it is said the Great Charter was laid when King John reluctantly affixed his royal signature.

Passing on to Romney Island, the favourite resort of "gentle Izaak" and his angling friends, we find the river crowded with youthful Etonians—

> "Who foremost now delight to cleave
> With pliant arms thy glassy wave,"

and with difficulty make our way through to Boveney Lock, passing Eton on the one side and Windsor on the other.

Wellington, Pitt, Camden, Fielding, Fox, and a host of other undying names are associated with Eton; while from the Round Tower of Windsor Castle the eye looks down upon the scenes rendered sacred by the genius of the Herschels, Gray, Milton, Waller, and Burke. Indeed the memories which the place and the locality suggest are legion.

The village of Cookham, the woods of Hedsor, Shade Oak Ferry, and the tall trees of Quarry Wood, are one by one left behind, as we approach Marlow and enter at length into "the very Paradise of the Thames angler." But its charms, though great, must yield to our resisting cry, "Excelsior!" for the goal of our ambition is not quite reached. Bisham Church and Abbey, Temple Hall, and the pretty village of Hurley pass slowly before our eyes as we proceed gently onwards. At the latter place we pause to visit the site of what, till its removal in 1837, was known as Lady Place, and where, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, the secret meetings were held which eventually resulted in the acceptance of the English crown by William, Prince of Orange.

From this point the windings of the river are both frequent and long, and traverse one of the richest and most fertile of all the Thames valleys. Following their course we are brought within sight, at length, of the dark green woods and emerald fields of Medmenham; the ruins of the ancient Abbey peeping out from amongst the trees, and the river, with its picturesque ferry, flowing close by. It is a lovely spot, and it seems hard to believe that it could have been selected as the scene of those infamous orgies said to have been practised here by Sir Francis Dashwood and his "Franciscans" a century ago. But the principles of that society are sufficiently indicated in the heathenish motto, *Fay ce que voudras*, which still appears, as it was then inscribed, above the doorway of Medmenham Abbey.

W. MAURICE ADAMS, F.A.S.

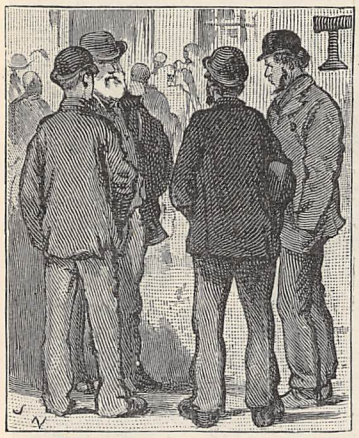
CO-HEIRS.

A CORNISH STORY.

By JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "Lady Flavia," "The Tenth Earl," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

PAY-DAY.



"THEY'RE slow to-night, mortal slow, in there at the pay-place, it seems," said a strong man, one of a group that waited impatiently in the crowded, littered yard of the porcelain works of Kirkman Brothers, at Gweltmouth, in the county of Cornwall. There was no Kirkman now in the famous old firm, but still the old name, which had brought in much profit for many a year, was kept up.

"It's Glubbs's fault."

"No, it's not; grand pay-day, remember, mates—fourth Saturday in the month—and that's always a tough reckoning for Glubbs, as for the lot of us."

"Ah, weel!" gently put in another speaker, whose nationality it was easy to guess, "I wish they wadna keep us clavering here sae long after hours, Saturday at e'en."

The knot of men who stood thus conversing apart from the other groups constituted, as it were, the aristocracy of the works—a set of steady, thoughtful-eyed artisans, respectably clad, and with a certain dignity of bearing, such as becomes the skilled workman, who knows that his labour is worth its market price. Very different was the aspect of the majority of those who waited clustered together in the yard—women mostly, ill-fed lads, and a few men. All of these were poorly attired, pallid, and spiritless of demeanour. Some of them were handsome, but haggard and dejected. All had a timid air as they glanced upwards, first at the fading rose and gold of the evening sky, and then at the dingy brick-built office, over the mean door of which appeared the words, "Pay-Place."

"It ain't so bad for us, anyhow, as it is for those poor Cornish beggars," compassionately remarked one of the skilled workmen, as he eyed the meek crowd beyond. "We could get our wages where we came from in the Midlands, or up North, and the master treats us according, as men who barter work for money. But them he regards as his negro slaves."

And indeed the labourers, male and female, waiting

to receive their hire, had a down-trodden, crushed look, that would have beseemed the black plantation hands of some American cotton-planter of the Legree type. Your legendary Cornishman still exists. There are mighty men here and there, among those miners who spend half their year underground in Cornwall, and the other half underground also, but with the broad Atlantic between, in the coal-pits of Pennsylvania; and there are bronzed, black-bearded giants among the fishermen of the rocky coast. But it must be confessed that very many of the Celtic population of the peninsula are poor, ill-nourished, stunted in growth, though often well-spoken and intelligent, as if the spare diet and the enervating climate had been less injurious to brain than to muscle.

"A clever chap must have been old Kirkman himself," said a young man, who carried a frayed portfolio under his arm and a case of drawing pencils in his hand, and who was probably an artist in the humble line of designing new patterns for the porcelain works.

"He was, Mr. Barwell, 'deed but he was," complacently returned the Scottish member of the privileged group. "Mr. Kirkman, my old master, was the first to find out what profit could be made by using up the fine china-clay ye dig in Cornwall, and which is all one as the Chinese *kaolin*, where labour is to be had cheap, and Welsh coals are none too dear, and a strike is as much to be expected as the song of a nightingale in my own native Lothians. So he set up the works, and for nineteen years has Andrew Auldjo been firing-master here over the finishing kilns. But the gude old firm is not what it was."

"How should it be, Mr. Auldjo," retorted the tall, strong man with the Staffordshire accent, "when we've got such a governor over us as Jabez Sleuthby? —Skinflint Sleuthby, they call him down town, when they dare. Why, the chap is not so much a manufacturer as he is a money-lender, jobber, usurer, landlord of the tumble-down rookeries that are the disgrace of Gweltmouth, and where typhus fever is as common as measles. How, with such a master, should the firm stand as Kirkman's once did? Yet he makes it pay."

This outspoken expression of opinion clearly met with the approval of all.

"It is a pity," remarked the young artist, "that the porcelain works, as well as the great Tregunna Tin-mine yonder, were not left to Mr. Barton, as good a fellow and as noble a gentleman, they say, as his close-fisted elder half-brother is the reverse."

"I say ditto!" bawled out rough Mr. Walsall, the big Staffordshire man. "If we'd Barton here, and he stood by us as he does by those tinners of his, we'd have a master out of a thousand. Why, the money he has laid out in pumping warm water out, and pumping fresh air in, at Tregunna Mine, let alone the model cottages, the gardens, and the schools, and the dispensary, must have made a hole in the thumping fortune he got from his grandfather."

"A hundred thousand that was!" said a sharp-nosed little Londoner.

"Nae, sirs," rejoined the better-informed Scot—"it was just saxty thousand in the Funds to the elder grandson, and saxty thousand in the Funds to the younger, forby the mine to the one, and the works to the other. Ye see, our Mr. Kirkman—my dear old maister—aye tried to be just. He had but ae bairn, our Miss Emma, and she married twice, as ye know. She chose ill first, when she wedded that crawling caterpillar creature, Mr. Sleuthby. But her second husband, young Mr. Barton, killed untimely by an underground accident, was a braw lad, like his son. And the grandfather divided his property equally between the two young men, if ye can call our employer a young man."

There was a general laugh. "Looks fifty!" "Sixty, sixty, if he's a day!" "You're a boy in comparison, Mr. Auldjo!" such were the unflattering comments.

"Yet the chiel's not yet five-and-thirty," said the white-haired firing-master: "seven years, or eight, older than his half-brother, Mr. Barton. 'Tis pity of him, too," he gently added, "if it had only been for the sake of that puir Miss Katty Krane, that I've seen sae often at the great house—pulled down, now."

"Ay, ay, old Captain Krane's eldest girl, ain't she? I only wonder a fine-looking lass like that should ever have cared for such a hunks," blurted out Mr. Walsall, from the potteries.

"I wonder, too, at her wearing the willow for his sake," observed the young artist.

"Ah, weel!" replied the Scot, "women are kittle creatures, and years ago, in his grandsire's time, the master was vara different, in manners, and dress, and looks. He's changed the noo."

"Of course he is," philosophically remarked another of the group. "You can't grind the faces of the poor, I take it, without getting a scratch or so as the mill goes. See, now, the door of the pay-place is open, and the common hands, or their wives, are going in by twos and threes to where Glubbs waits for them, with Mr. Sleuthby behind the half-door of the inner office, like a bloodthirsty old spider on the look-out for flies. I wonder how many shillings and pence the poor wretches will bring out, and how many tickets. Coals, and cheese, and bacon, and candles, sugar, petroleum, physic, what not, anything you like, of any weight or quality Tregelt likes—except cash."

"Truck and tommy, remember," said young Darwell the artist, severely, "were long ago abolished by Act of Parliament, under sharp legal penalties. Workmen must be paid in money this many a year, not in goods taken under compulsion; and though I have not been here as long as most of you, I can hardly think that even Mr. Sleuthby would ——"

"Wouldn't he?" retorted bluff Walsall, with his usual tone of defiant good-humour. "There's such a thing, you know, as driving a coach and six through a statute. The master's no fool, to keep a shop and risk an indictment; not he. But he's mighty thick, somehow, with old Tregelt, of the Central Grocery Stores down town, and Tregelt has got a system of tickets, to save trouble and delay at the counter; and when folks prefer to buy their little matters anywhere else—soap, herrings, what not—why, they're as sure to get into the master's black books as to keep outside

" 'IT'S A FIT CASE FOR A LITTLE INDULGENCE' " (*p.* 423).

those of the Central Grocery Stores. The master's a keen blade. 'No truck and no tommy for me,' says he; but, for all that, Tregelt's only his jackal, and it's all one as if every ounce of tea, and scrap of rusty bacon, got into the poor creatures' cupboards direct from him, instead of that way."

Presently the long stream of men, boys, and women, with faces more or less discontented, but still unmurmuring, had trickled through the tiny pay-place, and flowed through the open gates of the yard and vanished. The skilled artisans and artists in "Kirkman's" hire were then called in to receive their weekly salaries without deduction, or any attempt to foist on them, instead of sterling coin of the realm, the greasy tickets which were issued by that dubious grocer, Tregelt. Nor, in their case, did Mr. Glubbs, the pay-clerk, refer to a dog's-eared ledger, odious in the eyes of those whose names were there noted as defaulters, and tartly insist on keeping back "one, nine" or "two, three" for arrears of rent, as had

happened with several of the poorly-clad, insufficiently-nourished toilers, who had the twofold tie to Mr. Sleuthby of being his tenants as well as his workpeople. Where the superior class of the employed was concerned, the money was paid as regularly as at any office in the United Kingdom. And then Mr. Glubbs himself, a pasty-faced young man, with a head of almost pantomimic hugeness, and who was rarely or never seen without a pen behind his ear, and ink-stained finger-tips, left the yard.

The last to quit the works, leaving them in charge of the gruff watchman and his mastiff—congenial comrades, the former being as surly and heavy-jowled as his four-footed associate—was the master. Certainly, if Mr. Sleuthby had, as his North-country subordinate averred, brought foreign airs and graces with him from Bonn or Jena, those superficial accomplishments must long since, to judge by appearances, have made themselves wings. He was a tall man, tall and thin, but one of those who seem to lose some inches of their actual height through the habit of stooping. His shoulders were bowed, his head bent, his gait slow and slouching. It needed an effort of faith to believe that his age was what the parish register declared it to be, so deep were the lines about his thin-lipped mouth, and so darkling the crow's-feet around his small, cold blue eyes. Yet, oddly enough, his features were well shaped and in good proportion, and the grizzled beard he wore, neglected as it was, of a golden colour, and as soft as silk. He was clad, warm as was the evening, in a long and shabby great-coat of a brown hue, and wore a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat of napless felt, such as millers and farmers in old-fashioned districts often wear. There was nothing in his garb, mien, or bearing to indicate that he was a man of education, or what is conventionally called a gentleman. His grandfather, old Mr. Kirkman, shrewd man of business as he was, and narrow as had been the scope of his culture, had been proud of his Cumberland ancestry—"cock lairds," as their Scottish neighbours across the Border were wont to term those sturdy yeomen. His own father, though once a solicitor's clerk, was at least the son of a Norfolk clergyman, as Nelson was. He was himself a graduate of a German University, and must formerly have mixed in a society where erudition and thoughtfulness are supposed to make amends for the prominence of beer-mugs and sabres. Yet his whole aspect was mean, slinking, and contemptible.

The master of the porcelain works had a peculiar trick of rubbing his lean hands together—not for warmth's sake; not genially, as some hearty, exuberant men are apt to do; but in a slow, stealthy fashion that was quite his own. He stopped to rub them thus very softly together when once he had heard the yard gates noisily slammed and locked behind him. It was the rule that this should be so, and, having heard the clang of the massive lock and the scroop-scrooping of the rusty bolts, he smiled grimly, and proceeded to descend the hill at a queer pace, half slouch, half trot, which to an Oriental traveller would have suggested nothing so much as the loose ambling action of a camel. Only once did Jabez Sleuthby look up at the dying beauty of the sunset, as the radiance faded across the shimmering Atlantic from the golden gates to westward and to seaward; only once did he sniff the balmy breeze, myrtle-scented, that crept along the coast from garden to headland, and seemed to caress his hollow cheeks. "A rare climate—saves fuel!" he muttered to himself and, as he did so, the tone of his voice and the brightening of his cold blue eye were as a revelation of the inner nature of the man, and told why he was feared and hated, but not despised.

Mr. Sleuthby did not take the shortest way homewards. His time was his own, and the hearth that awaited him probably not so attractive as to make him hurry, as those do who expect to be welcomed back by loving faces and innocent prattle. So he chose a roundabout road. It led him first through lanes and narrow streets, where, in the warm evening air, the poor occupants of the mean, rickety tenements stood at their doors or in the roadway. And there, at the sight of him, hats were touched, and women dropped curtseys abjectly, and children scuttled off like scared rabbits at the baleful sight of the landlord of all and the creditor of most. Mr. Sleuthby walked on, heedless of evil odours and rubbish-littered thoroughfares, and even with a certain sense of contentment, such as might beseem a lover of flowers who was sauntering amongst his blaze of blossoms and soft assortment of leaf and petal. This was the usurer's garden; here ripened his golden fruit. The needy, anxious, helpless population of those streets, alleys, and closes were his vassals and his serfs—sheep to be closely shorn for the benefit of a very pitiless shepherd.

Once out of this network of by-streets, Mr. Sleuthby struck into a smooth, well-kept road, bordered in places by trees, and which, in other parts of its course, skirted the grounds of well-to-do residents at Gweltmouth. There must have been much money made in the famous western seaport in the palmy days of the French war, and the costly and difficult traffic with Jamaica and her sister isles, to account for the many good houses that yet nestled around the decayed place. At one of these garden-gates Mr. Sleuthby paused, and seemed to listen. A large garden it was, with old, many-branched mulberry-trees and planes, and the myrtle and fuchsia and rhododendron that thrive so gloriously in the moist mild air of the Cornish peninsula. Presently there came to his ear the jingle of a piano ill-manipulated, and the timid strains of a fresh young feminine voice; then more jingling of the ill-used instrument, then a girlish laugh, and an interval of silence.

Mr. Sleuthby, the unsuspected listener, waited to hear more. Nor was he disappointed, for soon the ivory keys responded to a practised touch, and the notes of a sweet, rich voice rang out like a trumpet-call. A thrill that he could not express ran through the withered heart of the usurer, the miser, the harsh landlord and harsh master, Jabez Sleuthby, as he

stood at Captain Krane's garden gate. He was lending an attentive ear to the singing of her who might have been his wife, and he well knew Katharine's superb voice and the feeble vocal efforts of Janet, her young sister.

How long was it since his own shadow had darkened that once hospitable threshold? Not, as regarded the mere tale of years and months, perhaps, so very long, yet it seemed an age. He had made up his mind however, long since, as to the prudent course to pursue. He who bows the knee to the golden calf so devoutly as did Jabez Sleuthby must forego much. Love in such a heart can hardly co-exist with that other idolatry. Yet so complex are the moods of men, that the former wooer of Katharine Krane would have been sorry had he not heard her grand voice resounding through the fragrant air. He lingered until the song was hushed, and then resumed his homeward walk.

Soon Mr. Sleuthby, threading his devious way, reached the most bustling and commercial street of Gweltmouth, in the middle of which flared the gas-lights of "Tregelt's Central Stores." Here he came to a halt, and, standing where the flare of the fish-tail burners did not fall upon his face, peered with inquisitive eyes through the broad windows. Tregelt's that night was doing a brisk business. The big shop was crammed full of humble customers—"hands" mostly, or the wives of hands, in the porcelain works. Tregelt himself, the red-faced, corpulent grocer, and his pert lads, bustled about, roughly thrusting parcels, hastily wrapped and carelessly tied, into unwilling but yielding hands, and curtly silencing attempts to expostulate. Plainly, "Take it or leave it" was the maxim at the Central Stores for those who shyly sidled in, ticket in hand, to ask for goods to the stated value, and who were given cavalierly to understand that bacon, of any brand, was bacon, that the refuse of Canton was superfine tea, and that, as to sugar, the coarsest "foots" must be regarded as equivalent to "best moist."

Mr. Sleuthby softly chuckled. The mill was grinding well: the sheep were submitting passively, as usual, to the sharp shears. So he shambled his way down the hill, away from the busy High Street, and before long found himself at the farthest edge of the old sea-port. It was a thinly-peopled neighbourhood this, one where meadows and market-gardens, and boat-builders' yards wherever a convenient creek gave access to the sea, alternated with blocks of houses and with straggling tenements. Before a cottage standing in a strip of garden ground, now a neglected jungle of weeds and thorns, he stopped. The battered white gate, warped by wet, and clinging but to one rusted hinge, stood half open. Jabez Sleuthby went in. The boughs of the unpruned trees straggled across the flagway, so as barely to leave him room to pass as he went up the damp and mossy path. The miser opened with his patent latch-key the mildewed door, and entered. Then he heedfully re-closed and made fast the door, barring and bolting it, as if to fortify himself in his lonely home.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

INTRODUCES ROBERT BARTON.

"How wretched we are!" said the widow, wringing her thin hands. The words, full as they were of the pathos which heartfelt sincerity never fails to impart, seemed out of tune with the fresh brightness of that glorious May morning. The sky was of purest blue, the balmy breeze as soft as in the orange-groves of the Azores, and the white-winged gulls circled and hovered as gaily over the glittering sea as the saucy chaffinches sang among the apple-boughs of orchards rosy-pink with blossomed promise of fruitage yet to come. Out of tune they seemed, too, with the neatness of the clean cottage, wherein all was so orderly and home-like, from the loudly-ticking eight-day clock to the purring cat, and which stood in its morsel of a garden, trim and pleasant to look upon, with its pretty flowers and paths well cared for. There were very few dwellings of the poor in Gweltmouth that would bear comparison with that of Widow Nares. And yet the furniture was old, and Mrs. Nares and her girls were very poorly clad, though neatly. Clearly, this was a home that had known better days.

"If he would but give us time, mother!" said the eldest daughter, suspending the rapid play of the bobbins with which she was engaged in manufacturing that delicate pillow-lace which, as "Honiton" or "English point," costs so much to grand ladies in Paris, but which yet brings in scanty returns to the producer.

"That's just what he won't give, Christy dear," replied the mother, with a sigh. "Time is money, so they say, and it is not Mr. Sleuthby's habit to grant one any more than the other. And he has seemed to owe us a grudge ever since your brother Tom left the porcelain works, and went out to Demerara to be a clerk on Mr. Fletcher's estate; as if a bright, clever lad like our Tom ought not to have accepted such an offer as that, with the hope of rising, rather than go on with the low pay and the drudgery of the china factory as it's managed here. Yet I thought, for my husband's sake, old and faithful servant of Kirkman's house as he was, and killed in their service, Mr. Sleuthby might ha' shown us a little mercy as to the rent."

"He's a cruel, cruel man!" indignantly exclaimed young Christy, or Christian—a name not seldom bestowed in Cornwall on both sexes—as she resumed her pillow-work.

"He is a hard man, my dear," said the widow gently, and then she glanced at the broad white face of the eight-day clock; "yes, a hard man, and, I'm afraid, pitiless."

"Here he is!" cried out Madge, aged thirteen, who was old enough to have devoured, as precocious children sometimes do, the pith of their seniors' talk; while Susan and Sarah, the little ones, were occupied with some childish pastime, in which a shabby wooden doll played a passive part, in the corner. "Here he is!" cried Madge, as her sharp young ears detected the lifting of the wicket latch, and the shuffling but heavy tread of a man. And then even

the unconscious innocents in the corner left off their game, while Widow Nares and her two elder girls cowered as partridges do when the flapping of the kite's tireless wings shuts out the sun from them. It was agony to hear how slowly the landlord, with his slouching tread, traversed the gravelled path.

Without the ceremony of knocking, Mr. Sleuthby came in. On the part of the invaded, there were curtseys and feeble words of welcome, and an attempt to offer a chair—the late Mr. Nares' arm-chair—to the intruder. But the weasel or the ferret, when he gets himself into a rabbit-burrow, probably cares little for the flurry and confusion of the inmates.

"Mrs. Nares," said Jabez coldly, as, with his broad-brimmed hat pulled down over his brows, he stood uncompromisingly in the middle of the well-scrubbed floor, "I'm here on business. Time and tide wait for no man, and most certainly for no woman. Are you ready with what you owe—twenty-nine, seventeen, six? Don't waste my time," he added sharply.

"Seven pounds, sir, is the utmost I could scrape up," pleaded Widow Nares, with dry lips, and feverish hands that twitched at her meagre skirts as she spoke; "but when he gets his first instalment of salary, my dear boy Tom has promised——"

"Hold your prate, will you, about that young hopeful of yours!" broke out Jabez, in a rage. "I'll be bound, before long rum, and yellow fever will make him repent the day he deserted me and threw over his work at the factory. Why, the ungrateful young dog! he had his fifteen-six a week, while other lads were thankful for nine—more often, eight; and if his trumpery sketches for the ornamental wares had but——Confound the fool! he owes me nothing; but his mother does. Well, can you offer nothing beyond your beggarly seven sovereigns?"

For the widow had produced these golden coins, and was timidly holding them out in her wrinkled palm, as though she were proffering a sop to Cerberus, while the children wept, as children do, who quickly sympathise with the instinctively understood emotions of their elders; and Christy, the eldest, through her rising tears, saw the uncouth figure of the severe landlord wavering to and fro like a phantom.

"If, Mr. Sleuthby, you would remember that my poor James—my dear husband—who was a valued servant of your grandfather, good Mr. Kirkman——" began Widow Nares, with trembling voice.

"Ah!" broke in Jabez coarsely; "Grandfather Kirkman's dead, and so is Queen Anne. I have no patience with whining appeals for charity, not such an ass, and——"

"Charity, sir—we never craved it!" cried out young Christian Nares, with a sudden brightness in her sad dark eyes, and a flush of indignant crimson rising hectic in her pale, pretty face. "Mother owes you money, but——"

"And I will sell your mother up, every stick of furniture, every scrap of bedding, my independent young lady, who'll soon be in the workhouse," was Mr. Sleuthby's sneering retort. "On Wednesday I distrain. Sleep on the bare boards you may, of course, till the legal date of evictment, according to notice; then, out you go. I shall pull down this place, and run up a couple of cheap new cribs, good enough for working factory hands, where it and your rose-trees and silly myrtles and flowers stand. I don't approve of a parcel of stuck-up people giving themselves airs as you do: not I. And law is law. If that conceited youngster of yours had stuck to the porcelain works, I might have consented to stop the amount, with proper interest, out of his wages; but he thought to better himself, the young coxcomb, and I've nothing for it but to seize your furniture, and sell it for what it will fetch."

"Then I'll be the purchaser!" said a frank, ringing voice from without, and next there was a tap at the door, which one of the children made haste to unlatch.

The owner of the voice came in, lifting his hat with unaffected politeness as he crossed the threshold. A pleasant, comely face he had, to match the genial sound of his voice, and a well-knit, active figure, bright eyes, and a springy tread. Robert Barton looked a score of years, at the very least, younger than his half-brother.

"The window is open," he said, "and you were talking so loudly, Jabez, that I could not help overhearing what you said. Come, come, brother, it's a fit case for a little indulgence, surely. And your bark is worse than your bite, is it not? I, for one, hope so."

Mr. Sleuthby responded by an inarticulate snarl that would have done credit to an ill-conditioned dog, and by a side-long glance, as he turned his shoulder towards the new-comer, which denoted anything but affection.

These two brothers were on no very intimate or cordial terms. It takes two, proverbially, to quarrel, and nothing but Robert's untiring good-nature had prevented the coolness hitherto from degenerating into an open rupture. Meanwhile, the frightened mistress of the cottage murmured some words of welcome, and offered a chair to her visitor, as she had done to her hard landlord. Robert took it at once.

"I was passing your way, Mrs. Nares," he said kindly, "and I thought I would look in, just to ask how the world treated you, and what news, if any yet, from Tom across the sea."

The remark, well-meant as it was, nettled Jabez Sleuthby into fury.

"You'll find," he said roughly to his brother, "that what I say I mean. And our interesting friends here will find it so, to their cost. Of course, if you choose to play the Quixote, and do something foolish, I can but wash my hands of it. Good morning to you!" and off shambled the miser, while his brother looked sorrowfully after him as he tramped resentfully down the garden path, and slammed the gate. Then he turned towards Mrs. Nares, and patiently listened to her tale of woe.

"Sell you up, in the common acceptation of the word," said Robert Barton gently, "your landlord

shall not. I will be as good as my promise, and commission a broker to buy in your household gear on my account, trusting to Tom to repay me when the brave boy has made his fortune yonder. And I acknowledge that, if my brother carries out his threat, I cannot save your home, where I can remember, as a child, to have sat on the knee of your good husband, James Nares, and hearkened to his stories of South America and the West Indies—since he, too, had been a voyager in his young days. An excellent man he was; and if the senior heir of Kirkman forgets it, the younger one will recollect it, Dame Nares, while he has a guinea to call his own. I was but a stripling myself when the accident happened down Tregunna Mine—a very different place now, I am thankful to say, from the neglected pit it was. Yet my grandfather meant well."

"He was a noble gentleman, sir—and so are you; and may the blessing of the widow and the orphans be about your steps to guard you from ill!" exclaimed Mrs. Nares, while the girls sobbed more loudly than they would have done had the distraining officials been busy in their lawful duty.

Robert Barton sprang to his feet, said a word or two of kindness and encouragement, left a message for the youthful hope of the humble household, far off among the sugar-canes and giant mora-trees of distant Demerara; then he went. In the eyes of those he left behind him, rescued now from the worst of their anxieties, he seemed little less than an angel in human shape.

"Dear young Mr. Robert!" said the widow, looking after him. "Into an afflicted home like ours he comes like sunshine."

Meanwhile, Jabez Sleuthby, likened by those who had dealings with him to anything but sunshine, darkened with his baleful shadow many a door-sill. He and his bulky black pocket-book were terribly well known among the poorer localities of Gweltmouth, and wherever he went he seemed to inspire terror. Sometimes he would condescendingly accept money jealously wrapped in scraps of rag, and timidly tendered; but more often he exacted the signing of one of those grim forms, printed in red and black ink, and headed "Bill of Sale," which he carried about with him, and which, in the eyes of his debtors, must have had much the air of one of those unholy compacts that mediæval tradition represents the fiend as ever ready to place before rash mortals who had invoked his dearly-purchased aid. Those who had affixed their unlucky names to these or similar documents, were thenceforth as much serfs as the mildness of modern legislation permits a debtor to be. It was not that Mr. Sleuthby invariably, and at once, availed himself of the engines of coercion which the law left at his disposal; but "It is ill to be under the master's thumb" had passed into a proverb at Gweltmouth. Jabez liked to be conscious of his power, and to make his power felt by those who were dependent on his caprice. And he levied taxation that was heavy, but irregular, after the fashion of the old Farmers-General of France under the Bourbon sway.

On this particular occasion the master seemed even more odious and harder of heart than usual, for he was in an especially bad temper, owing to his brother's interference with his project of crushing the Nares family, on whom he had designed to inflict vicarious penalties for the desertion—as he chose to consider it—of the delinquent Tom. Young Nares had a native talent for drawing, as well as a pretty turn for tasteful devices; and Jabez, in his simple selfishness—for the shrewdest become simple when they give the rein to egotism—had counted on Tom to supply at low local wages the sketches which now required the services of an expensive artist. Hence his wrath. His cowering vassals in back alleys and courts had a bad time of it that day. In one respect Robert Barton was right: the bite of Jabez was not quite so bad as his bark, otherwise the bitten would have been worried to death, instead of sustaining mere injury and annoyance. But his bark—to pursue the simile—was very bad: the worse because the barker was an educated man, who turned his larger command of language and apter forms of address to evil purposes.

Yet it was very odd that, somehow, some lurking memory of love-passages not wholly forgotten, some recollection of the past not quite blotted out, caused Jabez Sleuthby, when he had finished what he called his "rounds" among those to whom he had lent money or let tenements, and was on his way to his legitimate business at the porcelain works, to choose the roundabout road that skirted Captain Krane's villa. At the garden gate he paused, precisely as he had done on the Saturday evening when, pay distributed, he had trudged, or rather shambled, his way homewards to his lonely abode. He very often selected that route after the shades of night had closed in; then no one noticed him. He was shyer by day. He slunk along, like a thief, beside blossomed hedge and garden wall, and when he came to a stop he took care to post himself somewhat to the right of the gate, and where the branches of a great laburnum-tree, tasselled with yellow flowers, hung over him like a canopy. There he stood, listening. He did not hear anything beyond the click, click of the gardener's scythe, as he whetted it, and presently the regular sighing sound of the thick grass on the lawn as it was mowed. No piano; no song. Nor was there among the flower-beds, brilliant with their spring-tide flush of varied colour, or among the shady walks of the shrubbery, any rustle of feminine attire, or tread of light feet, or pleasant sound of girlish voices and laughter.

All was still, except the hum of the insects among the bushes that basked in the warm spring sunshine of that far west country, where the seasons are early ushered in.

So, after a halt of a few minutes, the miser turned away disappointed, and resumed his daily journey towards the works, utterly unaware that he had himself been the object of keen, and perhaps not quite friendly, scrutiny from two bright eyes that from an upper window marked him well.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

AT CAPTAIN KRANE'S.

THE eyes that, with something of menace in their steadfast gaze, had watched unconscious Jabez from the window, were those of a dark and handsome girl, with a great coil of raven hair twisted around her shapely head, with regular features, and a tall, lithe figure. A sculptor could have wished no better model for his ideal of the swift-footed, eager Atalanta. She was, as a very careful observer might have noticed, past her first girlish freshness and bloom, but hers was a beauty that depended less on softness and colour than is the case with a face that is merely pretty. She had in her movements somewhat of the elastic grace of the panther or the tigress, especially when her keen bright eyes flashed, and her red lips parted a little, as they did now, so as to display the small white teeth within.

Years ago, Katty—or, in more accurate parlance, Miss Katharine Krane—had been the accepted belle of Gweltmouth. The eldest of the two daughters of a naval captain, whose income, in addition to his half-pay, mainly consisted of long service pension, good service pension, and allowance for wounds received in battle, she was, of course, undowried. But she was a spirited girl, high in health and courage, clever withal, and of a managing turn, as yet undeveloped—a rare wife for a busy, ambitious man to have as the help-meet at his side.

It had been town talk in Gweltmouth years ago, in the life-time of good Mr. Kirkman, owner of Tregunna Mine, of the porcelain works, and of much accumulated wealth, that young Jabez Sleuthby was to marry Miss Katty, the beauty of the place. It was a long engagement, not destined to have a happy ending. When first the betrothal became known, the match did not seem so grossly improbable as it afterwards would have done. Mr. Sleuthby was still a young man as to years, was sprightly of mien and step, and could play at the now antiquated game of croquet, sang German ditties, and touched the piano with skilled fingers. He had given himself up since then entirely to Mammon worship. His divinity was gold, and he was mastered by the all-absorbing passion of greed. On a mind naturally narrow the engrossing pursuit of the main chance had acted as the fatal *jil*,

'OF COURSE I KNEW—WHO BETTER?—WHERE THE SERVICE WAS GOING TO'" (*p.* 427).

or unappeasable craving for the enslaving drug, acts upon the confirmed opium-smoker of China. To it he had sacrificed love and youth, popularity, friends, comfort, and Katty Krane.

The captain's elder daughter did not look like a victim to be lightly sacrificed. She had borne up wonderfully, to all appearance, under the disappointment and the undeserved slur and chill of neglect. That she had really cared for Jabez in his younger and brighter aspects, as a man, and not merely as the heir of the rich Mr. Kirkman, nobody doubted. She had loved him, not for his prospective wealth, but for what she thought she saw in him. Girls do see in men, sometimes, merits that may be latent, or perhaps imaginary. She had thought him to be both of a tenderer heart and a more soaring nature than he had proved himself to possess. She had mistaken his sordid greed for laudable ambition, his peevish desire for power for the self-development of a superior intellect. And even now, after years—so hard is it to undeceive a woman over whose eyes tricky Cupid has once tied the bandage—the jilted girl could not quite see the base metal of which her former idol was made. His usage of herself had stung her proud heart to the core. His blame, on all lips, was as a constant mortification to her who still wore the willow—as Mr. Walsall, of Staffordshire, had said—for his sake. Yet her own feelings towards the prematurely aged usurer were probably such as to be a puzzle to herself.

Katty—it was by a whim of her father's, of long date, that she was familiarly known by that name, instead of the usual English abbreviation, Kate—remained at her open window for some minutes after Mr. Sleuthby's slouching form had been lost to view, then some association of ideas made her consult her mirror. The glass gave back the image of a handsome face, somewhat tragical just then in the sternness of its beauty, and a figure that a huntress-nymph might have sighed to possess. Not a thread of silver in the massy coil of night-black hair; not a wrinkle to mar the smooth skin of the low white brow. Her rich creamy complexion matched well with the redness of her lips, and the dark hue of her luxuriant hair and flashing eyes.

She looked at herself critically—somewhat sadly, too, as if missing some lost charm that time and care had robbed from her. Then she smoothed her glossy hair and adjusted the ribbon about her well-shaped throat, and presently went down-stairs.

A large, low, rambling house, with green verandahs and conspicuous gables, was the Cottage, so-called, of Captain Krane. It stood in an ample expanse of garden ground, which Jabez Sleuthby, had the freehold but been his, would have cut up into the sites of sundry Western Places and Paradise Rows, with nothing Eden-like about them except the name. The dwelling itself was spacious enough to have accommodated a numerous family. As it was, the veteran—three of whose children had died, like their mother, and whose only surviving son was in India—lived there with his two daughters, Katharine and Janet. It was just the house for an old sea-dog like himself—so he grumblingly allowed—to be laid up in, like a ship in dock, for the rest of his shore-going days. There were long passages, of which the walls were garnished with slender spears, and war-clubs, and barbed arrows, and glass cases full of gorgeous humming-birds, and other reminiscences of the tropics, while huge lumps of coral, nautilus-shells, and pearl oysters were heaped below.

In the long low drawing-room, that opened, so far as its French windows went, on the trimly-kept lawn, Miss Krane found her father and sister. The former at once accosted her in an irritable tone.

"Here you are at last, Katty, girl. I was wondering what on earth had become of you. Just take up that paper, will you, my lass? and see if you can find any reading in it to make me forget the shooting pains in my right shoulder and left knee, which plague me worse than commonly to-day. I set Janet to read to me, but Janet bungles the stops and runs the paragraphs into one another, as any school-brat might do. You know what I care for."

Miss Katty took up, with a quiet smile, the newspaper which her younger sister had laid down. She did know pretty well the range of topics that would be likely to interest her father; and she knew, too, how sharp was apt to be the smart of those old wounds of which the captain's war-worn body preserved the traces. So she read aloud to him, picking her subjects well, the pith of the intelligence, local and imperial, which the *Gweltmouth Chronicle* contained. She read admirably well, in a sweet, modulated voice that was music itself, every word distinctly spoken, and with an intelligent emphasis that lent a charm to what, if simply perused, might have been but dull or trite reading. The old captain, seated in his great arm-chair, gradually ceased to fidget to and fro, and to beat the tattoo with his gnarled forefinger on the table beside him, and his grim countenance assumed an air of almost content. The captain was a little man, thick-set and muscular withal, as were so many of the naval heroes of our grand old wars afloat. There were traditions yet current in the service of the hair-breadth escapes and daring exploits of that noted fire-eater, Dick Krane. Wherever, in the course of a long life, the British sailor could win glory and hard knocks, it had been his fate to fight and win. He had fought, and he had won; but, unfortunately for the captain's self-satisfaction, his enemies had been of that kind that must be faced, no doubt, for the defence of an empire on which the sun never sets, but a triumph over whom is never very intelligible to the home-staying public. It was not the captain's fault that he was born too late to take a share in the war against Napoleon. It was his misfortune that the sharp sword-cuts which had half disabled his wrists were dealt by Arab slavers in the Red Sea, that Chinese grape-shot had crippled his walk, and the lance of an Argentine horseman pierced him as he sprang ashore at the head of his blue-jackets. He had been under heavy fire at Sebastopol, but, somewhat to his chagrin, had come off without a scratch;

while at Acre, in New Zealand, and among the pirates of Cuba, less creditable foes than the Russians had sent him to hospital. Let the captain speak for himself.

"And that is about all, papa," said Katty gently, as she concluded; while her younger sister Janet, who was not in the least like her, being pink and plump, and of low stature, with round blue eyes and rebellious flaxen hair, looked on from over the top of the embroidery frame on which she was making believe to be engaged in the manufacture of some elaborate piece of fancy-work. There was nothing to demand particular mention in the younger Miss Krane except this turbulent hair of hers, which curled naturally, and was prone to burst all bounds and to become a crop, in despite of fashion.

"Ay! ay!" grumbled the old warrior; "so 'my lords' are coming down, are they, to inspect the Plymouth Dockyard, and her Royal Highness is to inaugurate—nice new-fangled word that, isn't it?—the launch of the new ironclad *Annihilator*, on board of which Admiral Sir Marmaduke Phipps will hoist his flag, will he? Well, he's a gentleman, if not much of a seaman. Little Marmy Phipps—seems but yesterday that I was a mate and he a middy out at Halifax, where we all went off on a sleighing party, and got upset; and I remember that Phipps would have lost his nose and fingers, poor child, if I had not rubbed them for hours, with snow first, and whisky afterwards, as we crouched among the pine-trees. He was my first lieutenant, later, on board the *Halcyon*. How promotion reels off, certainly, for some men! Not that I grudge Phipps his luck, born with a silver-gilt spoon in his mouth as these Honourables are. Well, well! Who was it, Katty, was to command this span-new ironclad as Master Marmy's flag-captain?"

"Let me see," said Katharine, with admirable gravity, as she again took up the newspaper, and addressed herself to the task of finding the paragraph devoted to the launch. She knew her father's peculiarities, as we most of us come to know the ways of those with whom we have lived for a long time, and it was no marvel to her that he should have apparently failed to catch the name of Captain Adolphus Daventry, C.B., which for the second time she read out.

"Daventry—*did* you say Daventry?—and Adolphus, too?" asked the old gentleman, as if politely incredulous. Katty was quite positive. "Whew!" whistled the captain, as with his brown and knotted fingers he re-commenced his drumming on the table; "whew! Of course I knew—who better?—where the service was going to: Davy Jones's Locker, as fast as steam can hurry it; but I wouldn't have believed that even 'my lords,' lubbers as they are, could have given the command of their grand new armour-plated craft to such a chap as Daventry—Dolly Daventry—who ran the *Gannet* on the Maramara Shoal, in the South Seas, in broad daylight, and who went on his knees to me once, in my own cabin, to beg himself off from a court-martial for neglect of duty. And he's a C.B., is he? and he's to cruise in the Mediterranean, is he? while better men and better sailors kick their heels on shore by the score. And I'll be bound, Katty, that the newspaper fellow who supplies the paragraph has something complimentary to say of him too, eh?"

"This most distinguished officer——" began Miss Krane demurely; but her father stopped her by a bang of his heavy hand on the unoffending table at his side.

"There, that's enough of the flummery!" he exclaimed roughly, as he rose awkwardly to his feet, and began to hobble, rather than to pace, wrathfully to and fro in the room, as was his custom when excited. "'Most distinguished officer'!—well, I wish 'my lords' joy of their bargain; but see, now, if he doesn't succeed in knocking their big new iron-plated tea-kettle, the what-d'ye-call—*Hog-in-Armour*—no, I beg pardon, *Annihilator*—against the Mole at Gib, or the Rocks of Gozo, before she has been six months in commission, my name is not Richard Krane."

The captain said no more, but stumped, or limped, briskly up and down the long room that he was wont to call his "quarter-deck," knitting his rugged brows, and clenching the lean brown hand that had been on the sword-hilt many a day, for England's profit and safety. Janet, the younger girl, seemed half inclined to cry; but Katharine, who understood her father better, knew that the angry mood would soon pass away. From habit, she could almost read the thoughts of the brave old man, whose career had been one of honest toil, desperate risk, and weary disappointment. He told himself bitterly that it would have been better for him had he been less single-minded, more of a time-server, more of a dangler at Whitehall. Daring Dick Krane was perfectly aware that he had earned the honours that fell to the lot of luckier men, who had not always, as he had, borne the burden and heat of the day. Why was he not a K.C.B., with the Ionian and Maltese orders, in addition, to shine on his breast along with his medals and his Star of the Medjidié? Why was he not Admiral Sir Richard Krane, with at least a dockyard to look after, if not a squadron to command? Katty was certain that thus set the current of his meditations. Presently the old sea-warrior's fit of vexation passed away. He hobbled back to his place beside the table, and said, with a sort of laugh, and almost an apologetic air, "Never mind the growling of an old salt-water bear, my girls. I get Admiralty on the brain, sometimes, I think." And then he began to chat, as an ordinary father might have done, concerning Janet's needlework and books, and Katty's flowers and music, and the commonplace occurrences of the day. "I think I'll take a stroll before luncheon," he said, rising from his chair; and when he had been to fetch his hat and sturdy cane, he looked in again, and said, "By-the-by, on Saturday I met Robert Barton—for the first time this year, I think—and I asked him why he never came to see us now. He, at any rate, is not like his cur of a brother." Then the captain went out for his ramble, all unconscious of the suppressed glow of angry light that his words had called into his elder daughter's dark, expressive eyes, and which boded no good to Jabez Sleuthby, should ever Katharine Krane be in a position to aid in the shaping of his destinies.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

THE Lord High Chancellor is one of the few great officers of State whose place in the "Table of Precedency" has been fixed by Act of Parliament. By a statute passed in the reign of Henry VIII., it is ordained that he shall "have precedence above all temporal peers." As a matter of fact, he ranks in State pageants before all spiritual peers as well, except the Archbishop of Canterbury, who follows immediately after the Royal Princes. The position thus assigned to the Lord Chancellor is fairly indicative of the importance of his office in relation to the Sovereign and to the State. He is sometimes spoken of as "Keeper of the Sovereign's Conscience;" and in former times, being generally an ecclesiastic, he actually discharged the mysterious functions which that title implies—he was the "confidential adviser" of the Sovereign in all State affairs.

"The Lord Chancellor," says Blackstone, "is keeper of the King's conscience; visitor, in right of the King, of all hospitals and colleges of the King's foundation; and patron of all the King's livings under the value of twenty marks per annum. He is the general guardian of all infants, idiots and lunatics, and has the general superintendence of all charitable uses in the kingdom." Even this remarkable list of a Lord Chancellor's duties and prerogatives is not exhaustive; he is Keeper of the Great Seal, Speaker or Chairman of the House of Lords, Chief Judicial Officer and recognised head of the Law in England.

The office is conferred by the Sovereign, by formally delivering the Great Seal, and addressing its recipient by the title "Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain." The appointment is confirmed by "letters patent;" and if the new Chancellor is not already a peer he is immediately elevated to the peerage. The practice of conferring a peerage upon the Lord Chancellor is comparatively modern, the first instance of the kind having occurred in 1603. Henry Brougham held the office of Lord Chancellor, and actually took his seat upon the Woolsack as Speaker of the House of Lords the day before he was created a peer of the realm.

The most important duty belonging to this high office is that which is connected with the custody and use of the Great Seal. The crown, which in popular estimation is the peculiar emblem of sovereignty, may be moved from one place to another without any official record being made of its whereabouts; but the Great Seal has hardly ever been placed by the Sovereign in the hands of the Chancellor, or those of any other person, for a single day, without the fact being duly recorded. The Great Seal is the constitutional emblem of sovereignty; and it is the only instrument by which, on solemn occasions, the will of the Sovereign can be expressed. Every document purporting to be under the Great Seal is received with absolute faith as duly authenticated by Royal authority; and no "Royal grants" or "letters patent" without that are valid or of any force whatever, even if all other formalities have been complied with. A man might plead his Sovereign's oft-expressed intention, and produce royal letters under the signet, or a warrant of privy seal, in support of his claim to a peerage, for example, but all to no purpose if the Great Seal were wanting. Lord Chancellor Yorke had his patent of peerage prepared and passed through all the forms required, but as he died *before* the Great Seal had been affixed, the peerage *intended* for him and his heirs was absolutely lost.

The Lord Chancellor, as Custodian of the Great Seal, is at once the representative of both the Sovereign and the Nation. Since the Revolution of 1688, it has been an acknowledged principle that, in order to prevent the Crown from acting without the consent of its responsible advisers, the Great Seal can only be constitutionally made use of by the proper officer to whom it has been entrusted, viz., the Lord Chancellor. He is held personally responsible, therefore, for every occasion on which the Great Seal is affixed to any

document; and though, with some few exceptions, the Great Seal cannot be used without the express command of the Sovereign, yet the Chancellor cannot plead the Sovereign's command as sufficient justification apart from his own agreement to the act.

LORD CHANCELLOR SELBORNE ON THE WOOLSACK.

In ancient times the King occasionally delivered to the Lord Keeper several seals, of different materials but with similar impressions, and to be used for the same purpose; but for a long period now only one Great Seal has been in existence at a time. The Great Seal of the present reign is a silver mould of two parts, designed by the late Benjamin Wyon, R.A., Chief Engraver of Her Majesty's Mint. When an impression or cast is required, the two parts are placed together and melted wax is poured through an opening at the top of the seal. The wax cast is usually attached to a "patent" or other document by a ribbon or a strip of parchment, the ends of which are put into the seal before the wax is poured in, so that when the hard impression is taken from the dies, the ribbon is firmly embedded in it. The wax cast when it leaves the mould is six inches in diameter, and three-quarters of an inch in thickness.

The Lord Chancellor claims the Great Seal which goes out of use on the death of the Sovereign as one of his perquisites. Formerly the "Old Seal" was broken into fragments, but the ceremony of "breaking," or "damasking," is now performed by the Sovereign

giving it a gentle blow with a hammer, after which it is regarded as "broken," and cannot be used again. A curious dispute over the ownership of the "Old Seal" arose at the accession of William IV. Lord Lyndhurst was Chancellor when the New Seal was ordered to be prepared, but when it was finished and ordered to be used, Lord Brougham had succeeded to the Woolsack. Each of their lordships having claimed the Old Great Seal, the matter was submitted to the King. His Majesty wisely adjudged that the Seal should be divided between the noble and learned litigants, and graciously ordered that each part should be set in a splendid silver salver with appropriate devices, and presented, the one to the Ex-Chancellor and the other to the presiding Chancellor, as a mark of the King's personal regard.

The Lord Chancellor used to wear the Great Seal on his left side, but now he merely carries the bag or purse in which he receives the Seal from the Sovereign. When he appears in his official capacity in the Queen's presence, or receives messengers of the House of Commons, he bears this purse in his hand. On other occasions it is carried by his "Purse-Bearer," and lies before him, as the emblem of his authority, when he presides in the House of Lords, or in the Court of Chancery. The purse containing (or supposed to contain) the Great Seal is about twelve inches square, made of rich crimson silk-velvet, embroidered with the royal arms on both sides, and fringed with gold bullion. This bag was formerly renewed every year, and the wife of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke is reported to have saved so many of the old purses that she had velvet enough for the hangings of one of the state rooms at Wimpole.

The Lord Chancellor is, by prescription, *ex-officio* Speaker of the House of Lords; and, according to the Standing Orders of that House, it is his paramount duty to be in his place as Speaker during their lordships' sittings. This order was so strictly enforced at one time, that not even the King's command for the Chancellor's presence elsewhere was held to excuse his absence from the Woolsack. The Peers are not so exacting now, however, as the Chancellor's absence causes no complaint provided he gives notice to a Deputy Speaker to be in attendance at the hour of meeting. His functions as Speaker differ in the following respects from those of the Speaker of the House of Commons: he is not Moderator or Ruler of the Assembly; he is not addressed in the debate; he does not name the peer who is to speak; he is not appealed to as an authority; and, strange to say, he may cheer the sentiments of his colleagues in the Ministry without violating any rules or traditions.

The "Woolsack," as the Lord Chancellor's seat in the House of Lords is called, is actually a large square bag of wool, without either back or arms, covered with plain red cloth. It is said to have been introduced in Queen Elizabeth's time, as a memento of the passing of an Act prohibiting the exportation of wool; but Lord Campbell ("Lives of the Lord Chancellors") finds its origin in "the rude simplicity of early times, when a *sack* of wool was frequently used as a sofa—when the Judges sat on a hard wooden *Bench*, and the advocates stood behind a rough wooden rail, called the *Bar*."

By the 24 Henry VIII., c. 13, the Lord Chancellor is entitled "to weare in his apparell velvet satene and other silkes of any colours, except purpure, and any manner of furres except cloke genettes." When addressing the House of Lords he is to be uncovered, but covered when he addresses others, including deputations from the Commons. When he goes before a Committee of the House of Commons he wears his robes, and is attended by his Mace-Bearer and Purse-Bearer. Being seated, he puts on his hat to assert the dignity of the Upper House, and then, having uncovered, gives his evidence.

The Lord Chancellor issues writs for summoning and proroguing Parliament. The right of appointing Magistrates in Counties and Boroughs in England devolves upon him, acting as regards Counties on the recommendation of the Lords Lieutenant. The Lord Chancellor also takes the Royal pleasure as to the appointment of all Judges of first instance in England, and he himself swears in all new Judges in England, by whomsoever appointed.

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

SHIELDED from harm in some warm, sheltered place,
Half fearful of the sun that calls it forth,
Dreading the bitter winds from east and north,
The first sweet rose of summer shows its face;
And, lo! such beauties in its youth we trace,
That its new-opening bud is dearer far
Than those more grandly perfect blossoms are
That later summer dowers with queenly grace.

So fair to see is maidenhood that goes
With half unconscious steps upon the way
That marks her laughing childhood's happy close;
For truth and purity are her array,
And, full of grace, like summer's first sweet flower,
She reigns a queen long ere she knows her power.

G. W.

"LIKE SUMMER'S FIRST SWEET FLOWER,
SHE REIGNS A QUEEN LONG ERE SHE KNOWS HER POWER."

"*THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER*" (*p.* 430).

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found on page* 375 *of our May Part. The Editor's duty will be to act as "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

IS IT WISE TO PROMOTE EMIGRATION?

(*Debate resumed.*)

JAMES CROMAR :—That emigration is a necessity, the safety-valve as it were of an overcrowded country, is a truth admitted by Opener as well as Opponent. That powerful arguments are advanced by the latter in favour of State-aided emigration I am willing to admit, but that they are conclusive I emphatically deny, even when backed up by so high an authority as John S. Mill.

Do the facts of history endorse Mill's theory? They do not. On the contrary, they brush away his logic as a summer breeze does the morning dew. The colonisation of Virginia furnishes an apt illustration; detachment after detachment of State-aided emigrants perished, and it was only when our Government left emigration to look after itself that the colony took root. Is not the story of the Darien expedition under Paterson an historical protest against the system? Men and money were sacrificed for a kingdom in a wilderness, when the country could ill spare either the one or the other. In our own age we have examples without end. For half a century the tide of emigration has been steadily flowing from Germany, Switzerland, and Ireland, either directly or indirectly forced on by the Government. The consequence is that thousands of the emigrants have died before their time, or become demoralised; and their fatherland, in place of reaping profit by their exodus, is becoming poorer and weaker year by year. The history of the Scottish Highlands will further illustrate the truth of my statement; besides, the charity dole dispensed by Government has a debasing influence on the mind of the recipient. He feels his independence tarnished, his manhood debauched, and the bond that linked him to the land of his birth severed for ever.

The reverse of this picture is a cheering and bracing one. If people are left alone to obey the natural law of breaking new ground for themselves, when the old fields have become too narrow for their exertions, they strike their tents with hope in their aspect, and courage in their hearts. They go forth to seek their fortunes, as citizens of a fatherland they are proud to own, resolved that, come what may, they will bear themselves as Englishmen, Irishmen, Germans, or whatever their nationality may be. These are the emigrants, and these only, whose success in the land of their adoption will advance the glory or prosperity of the mother-country. For be it noted that this class of emigrant does not trust wholly to the chapter of accidents for getting a settlement. It not unfrequently happens that one or more pioneers have gone forth as an advance-guard to survey the "land of promise," and so prepare the way for the friends and families that are to follow.

A. BURGESS :—The fatal mistake running through the Opener's Speech is that he leaves entirely out of the question the state of the labour market from which the emigration takes place. For instance, he states that in the Australian colonies the advent of an able-bodied man is looked upon as an addition of from £150 to £200 to the capital of the State, but it is unfair to argue from this fact that we are that amount poorer by the loss of every able-bodied man. In England, where we have more labour than we can employ, such labour becomes a drug in the market; and it is, therefore, surely wise to give assistance, and help that surplus labour to transplant itself to a place where its advent will be looked upon "as an addition of from £150 to £200 to the capital of the State."

ROBERT MCCASKIE:—The question is, not whether it is wise for an individual to emigrate, but whether it is wise for the nation to encourage emigration.

On the one hand it is asserted that the brain, bone, and muscle of the working class who leave this country in the tide of emigration represent so much capital being lost to the nation; while, on the other hand, it is even more boldly asserted, on the authority of John Stuart Mill, that the brain, bone, and muscle being so much capital, the cause of low profits, and the consequent unemployment of labour, is the result of an oversupply of this class of capital.

Here, at the outset, we find both openers laying down wrong economic maxims. Labour is not capital, nor is capital labour. Labour is the producer of capital; capital is the result of labour. When Mill made those remarks quoted by the hon. gentleman who advocates the cause of emigration, he was speaking not of the emigration of labour, but of capital, the product of labour. So far Mill was right. When capital emigrates, it does so of its own free will (and generally returns to the land of its birth); so, freely, goes labour when it is unassisted, goes to where it can be most profitably employed. But the question is not whether it is good for any particular class to emigrate, but whether "it is wise to promote emigration;" and therefore the arguments of the Opponent fall to the ground.

GEORGE L. SELBY :—The hon. Opener has devoted no inconsiderable portion of his speech to "clearing the ground," and so vigorously has he applied himself to the task, that he has but barely escaped clearing the question away completely.

He seeks to lay the question on a "broad, general basis," and to divest it of all special features, and then blandly asks us to admit—what no sane person would dream of denying—that in a contented and prosperous country the promotion of emigration is unwise.

Now, Sir, I beg leave to contend that the attempt to lay such a question on a "broad and general basis" is an attempt to beg the question. Emigration is a special remedy in a special case. (This Opener admits.) It can never be regarded as a general remedy to be used indiscriminately.

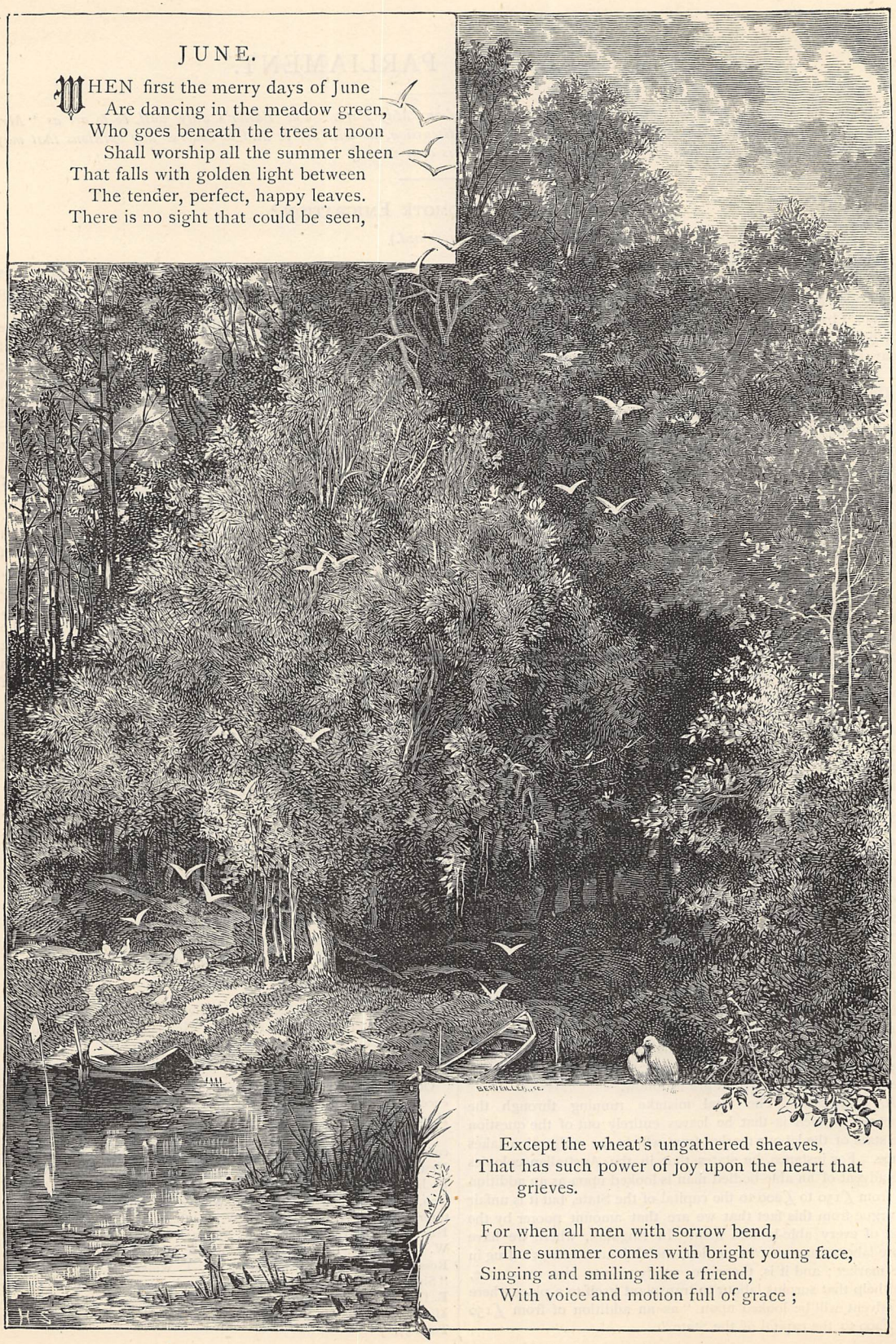
The Honorarium of One Guinea is divided between Charles Moore, 10, Princess Street, Leicester, and N. Newnam, 24, St. Paul's Road, Clifton, Bristol.

Other speeches, supporting Opener's argument that it is *not* wise to encourage emigration, received from—Mark Crawshaw, Abraham Hart. Total 5.

Other speeches, supporting Opponent's argument that it *is* wise to encourage emigration, received from—W. R. S., J. Eaton Fearn, G. D. Newton, Rex, Alexander Spark, John Bolton, Mary M. Davidson, Richard Rees, Happy Thought, J. A. Lamb, Nemo, Frederick Dolman, R. H. Rowton, F. R., Robert Warren, George C. Wells, Manufacturer, Charlotte A. Pritchard, J.A.W., Leo Baker, J. Chell, J. R. Leaven, Henrietta Somerville, Herbert E. Norris, Lenore, H. C. McK., Henry W. Lock, F. W. Brewer, T. H. R. Evans, W. J. Evans, S. K., Angus Ross, W. King, G. H. Rimmington, R. J. Walker, A. M. Brunsden, "Sir Patrick Felis," M. E. St. John, Joseph Roantree, L. Koos, Celia, E. Goff, J. D. F. Gilchrist, J. D., C. Tyre, A Friend of Emigration, Meph, H. Maidment, R. Bransby, W. Speakman, W. N. L., Irishman. Total 59.

JUNE.

WHEN first the merry days of June
Are dancing in the meadow green,
Who goes beneath the trees at noon
Shall worship all the summer sheen
That falls with golden light between
The tender, perfect, happy leaves.
There is no sight that could be seen,



Except the wheat's ungathered sheaves,
That has such power of joy upon the heart that grieves.

For when all men with sorrow bend,
The summer comes with bright young face,
Singing and smiling like a friend,
With voice and motion full of grace ;

"Go, Sorrow, by, and give Joy place!
For happiness is yet alive—
I am the winner in the race;
While skies are blue, in vain shall strive
Dark griefs to run more swift, and at the goal arrive."

When music, like a year of light
Without a night throughout the year,
Shall blind us with the sudden sight
Of all we know both glad and dear,
Then vanishes discordant fear,
Then only love is left on earth;
June is the music that we hear,
That sings the song of summer's birth,
Red roses for the rests, white lilies of pure worth.

O sunshine dancing in the air
O flickering lights upon the ground!
More lovely than all faces fair,
More like the spirit of sweet sound
Than anything but love is found;
Eyes of the summer, heart of noon,
Feet of the year that swiftly bound,
By day you dance, by night the moon
Crowns with a crescent crown the sleeping brows of June.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

AMONGST these employments, that of Wood-Engraving deserves special mention, as one which will certainly yield more remuneration than many others which are resorted to for a maintenance.

The use of illustrations in the literature of the present day is constantly and steadily increasing, and this fact would seem to assure us that there will be no lack of work for those who prove themselves proficients in the art. Some half-dozen years ago I was told by an editor that his firm was paying five guineas a week to a lady who engraved her own designs on wood for a serial publication; and since that date the production of pictorial publications and illustrated books has been greatly multiplied. The talent to design is bestowed on comparatively few, but ordinary intelligence and a patient continuance will enable those not so highly gifted to copy designs and engrave them on wood. In this way an income of from £1 to £5 per week can be earned.

This employment has its own advantages. It is essentially a home occupation; it is cleanly in its nature and free from any unpleasant accompaniment; delicacy of touch rather than strength of hand is required: thus all these peculiarities make it a fit occupation for the class to whom I speak.

While thus setting forth its attractions, I feel however that it behoves me to sing my old song over again, before my readers rush along what would seem to be a flower-strewn path, the burthen and refrain of which is, that this art, like each other which I have beforetimes mentioned, demands, even more emphatically than they, that its followers should serve an apprenticeship. A smattering of knowledge, or a short length of practice, will not secure silver shillings, much less golden guineas.

It has been said that women can attain a certain level so easily that they are tempted to be content to remain there, and to refrain from scaling the heights beyond. A critic of this criticism says that the chief reason for non-success is that the majority of women lack the power (will?) to labour quietly and unremittingly. Miss Nightingale avers that "three-fourths of the mischief in women's lives arises from their excepting themselves from the rules of training considered needful for men."

Another writer, who takes great interest in the subject, says that partial training has been the ruin of many attempts to gain new employments for women. It is considered desirable that they should be able to do "a little work," but the "little" which is meant to apply to the matter of *quantity* is easily transferred to that of *quality*, and this effectually bars the way to success. One often hears it affirmed that girls "take up things" more quickly than boys, but even when this is the case, the intuitive quickness of perception which rapidly obtains some knowledge of the art, will not do away with the need for that time and experience which alone will give power to practise it.

The above remarks, made at different times by people who have really had our interests at heart and have been anxious to forward and to further them, are, it seems to my mind, well worthy of our thought and consideration. For this reason I have culled them, and if they have had the proper effect my readers will not feel the shock on being told that *years* of practice are necessary to insure proficiency in wood-engraving. Three to four years, say some who have actual knowledge on the subject, five to six years say others. The return for acquired knowledge may be quoted at from £1 to £5 a week. A still higher scale of remuneration is reached by those who attain superior skill in this very interesting occupation.

I am told by a master-hand that it is not positively necessary that a pupil should possess a knowledge of drawing, but such a knowledge certainly assists the pupil to a quicker appreciation of the real elements of the art of engraving. This one can readily understand. There is no special age for a pupil to begin to learn,

but all instructors agree that the one who begins while yet in her teens has a better chance of success than those who have more years over their heads.

Classes for teaching this art have been formed in Edinburgh, in Dublin, and in London. I will mention those in existence in the latter city. At the South London Technical Art School, whose premises are at 122, Kennington Park Road, S.E., a class is held where engraving is specially taught with a view to its proving in the future a remunerative employment to the learners. This studio is opened six hours daily, except Saturday, and each evening there is a class of two hours' duration. All the members are required to have gained the second grade certificate of the Science and Art Department. The list of Sections taught proves that a thorough and comprehensive course of instruction is given. The fees are £3 a year. No student is admitted for a shorter period than one year. I am sorry to be obliged to add that only twelve pupils are admitted into this class, and that there is rarely a vacancy. The students so far have had no difficulty in procuring work and fair remuneration.

As yet this is the only class of its kind which has been formed by the City and Guilds of London Institute, but that body has it in contemplation to establish —some time not far distant—a second class, which will be in connection with Finsbury College. There is another class which is strongly recommended for the efficiency of the instruction there given, by those who can speak with authority. This ladies' class is superintended by Mr. R. Paterson, an engraver of well-known skill, and an instructor of well-tried excellence. It is held at 21, East Temple Chambers, Whitefriars Street, Fleet Street, E.C. The class meets every Monday and Thursday, from 2 to 3 p.m. The fees charged are two guineas for instruction in engraving, two guineas for instruction in drawing on wood, or three guineas for both inclusive. These sums are quarterly payments. No pupil is received for less than two quarters.

At the Female School of Art, 43, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, W.C., instruction is given in drawing on wood, but the process of engraving is not taught there. I mention this because I saw a notification not long ago that wood-engraving was there taught.

For the past dozen years I have wondered why gentlewomen who possessed the required faculty to "cut out and fix" have not taken up one branch of work in which there is always and everywhere a great scarcity of followers. There are many ladies who like to have their own and their children's garments made in their own homes. They themselves have time to assist in the sewing together, they can manage their sewing machine, but have not the skill to cut out and fix work. They are obliged to be economical, to make small dresses out of larger ones, and to make use of remnants. These and divers other reasons make it desirable that the dressmaking should be done in the house. The difficulty of finding any one to help in this class of sewing is very great. I am convinced that many a mother would gladly pay double the daily amount which is usually asked, to any efficient worker who would help her to arrange her children's wardrobe. In large towns this kind of work could be undertaken without publicity, and as a sitting-room is always set apart, and the mother chats and works with the worker, the days might pass pleasantly, and would do so whenever the worker took an interest in the occupation.

An association has lately appeared in London which teaches a scientific system of dressmaking. The terms charged for a series of lessons at the office, 272, Regent Circus, are £2; for printed instructions and explanations sent, £1 is charged. This particular system has been imported from America, where double the amount was charged to learners. I should think from all I hear that the system is satisfactory, but no one with whom I am personally acquainted has yet tried it, therefore I am only repeating hearsay recommendations.

We have received the following letter, to which we beg to draw the attention of our readers:—

TELEPHONE-WORK AS EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.

SIR,—Among the many occupations that have during the last few years presented themselves for ladies who, through force of circumstances, have been compelled to work for their own living, none perhaps have made greater progress, and proved more beneficial to them, than that afforded by the United Telephone Company.

Originally this company employed male clerks in all its branches, but the idea presenting itself to the minds of the chairman and the directors that the work might easily be carried out by ladies, they decided upon a trial, with the determination to obtain the services of those whose birth and respectability, though reduced circumstances, rendered them suitable for the employment.

After having mastered the necessary details required in the performance of the duties, I was appointed Lady Superintendent. We commenced work in the United Telephone Company's Exchange at Westminster in September, 1880. Since then we have increased steadily, and at the present time nine of the company's exchanges are being worked by ladies, the staff now under my charge consisting of over one hundred assistants.

As an employment for ladies it has proved, therefore, not only a success as regards the work, but also as a channel for providing many of those employed with the means of supporting themselves entirely, whilst in the case of others it has not only been an advantage in a monetary sense of view, but at the same time has developed business-like habits and ideas, which are so essential to the progress of the work for women in the present day.

I must add that every facility has been afforded me by the managing director of the company towards promoting the welfare of the young people who have come under my care, the exchanges having been altered and re-fitted with every improvement both to further the work and to insure the comfort of the employées, whilst the good conduct and cheerful perseverance in their duties has met with the entire satisfaction of the chairman and the directors, and has been most encouraging to me in my efforts to make this work for ladies a success.

LOUISA ELLINOR MERLIN,
Lady Superintendent, United Telephone Company,
36, Coleman Street, E.C.

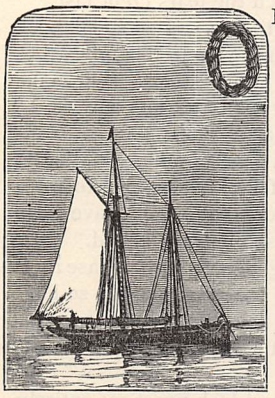
April 8th, 1883.

WHY THOSE SKETCHES WERE UNFINISHED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHO IS SYLVIA?" ETC.

SKETCH THE SECOND.

BY THE SEA.



IN a warm, lazy August morning, three years after my spring holiday at Lisserden, at a little sleepy eastern watering-place, just creeping up into fashion and fame.

There's the particular bit of coast that was to pay for my month's rest among the salt breezes. Low cliffs, yellow sands, white-flecked breakers, fishing-boats, and sea-gulls. A common scene enough, but pleasant to a painter's eye, and unequalled in the estimation of the good folks of Welney Court, who looked upon their little town as at least a future Brighton.

"Think of its advantages, sir!" said a local magnate strolling one morning by my side along the new-built pier. "Think of its bathing, the safest for miles! Think of its sands, soft and firm as a lawn! Think of its cliffs, as safe since—hum—since we drained that lower clay; and a hard fight, sir, I had to get it done, but I carried my point—and now they are safe as any easy-chair from crown to base. I tell you Welney Court hasn't its match along the eastern shores, Mr. Middleton."

My friend's eloquent harangue was cut short at this point by the arrival of the London boat at the pier-head. It was the event of the day to all the visitors. Every one pressed on to watch the disembarking of luggage and people. Among the rest I sauntered up, preceded quickly by a lady who took her position by the gates which the pier-master had just unbolted.

Something in her figure seemed familiar to me. The sound of her voice gave me a strange start.

"Not to-day! Oh, I am so sorry!" I heard her say as, the new-comers all landed, the gates reclosed, the steamer with a shrill farewell cast off again—"When will the next boat be in, Hammerton?"

And Hammerton answered very civilly that "Come Thursday, there'd be another lot, but the omnibus would be up twice before that time."

"Oh, thank you! yes, I had forgotten," said the voice. "I had better go and meet it now," and turning suddenly the speaker and myself were face to face.

It was Miss Ducane—as fair, nay, fairer than ever: a very lovely woman now, whose simple recognition any man might be proud to claim.

She knew me instantly: with frankest courtesy shook hands, and, unless I was mistaken, seemed pleased that I should be her escort down the length of the pier, though she dismissed me then, saying she must hasten to a certain road as she expected a friend by that day's omnibus—railways were not in those days at Welney Court.

"But we shall often meet," she said brightly as we parted. "I am staying here for a little while at yonder house," motioning towards a handsome dwelling-place far along the cliff. "I have not been very well the last week or two, or we should have met before. I hope I shall see you to-morrow."

I raised my hat and turned up the pier again, strangely excited by this meeting and its opening possibilities. The gentleman who had been my first companion came up presently.

"You know that lady?" he said inquiringly.

"Quite well. I stayed a month in the same house with her three years ago."

"Oh! Ah! Very good. All right then. Good morning, Mr. Middleton;" and off went Mr. Higby, leaving me too absorbed in pleasant meditations to notice his strange manner.

From that time, for a full week I saw Miss Ducane every day. Morning and afternoon we encountered each other on the pier or the beach, where she would watch my picture growing into life, chatting freely and without a shadow of embarrassment on art, on my prospects, on local points of beauty; on anything except the time we had been together at the Gloucestershire Manor-house. The names of Lisserden or of her relatives there never passed her lips, and noting this avoidance, of course I never introduced them.

I noticed as the days went by that many an inquisitive glance was cast at us two as we would loiter along, followed invariably by the servant who carried Miss Ducane's books, sketching-block, or sometimes bathing-gear; but, involved as I was in a maze of freshly-growing emotion, I paid little heed to these looks. To my self-satisfaction the cause of them was obvious. The hour came when I was to find out my mistake.

We parted as usual on the sands one noon, she anxious to hurry off and meet that day's incoming boat.

"The friend whom you are expecting is not worth so much attention," said I half-jokingly, for every day she had left me on the same plea, and every day been disappointed.

She drew herself up with a splendid blush, and a gesture of annoyance.

"Indeed, you are mistaken, Mr. Middleton," she said stiffly, "you have no right to speak in that manner!" And, to my great discomposure, she walked off visibly affronted.

I suppose I looked the vexation that I felt, for Mr. Higby, coming up with a gentleman who invariably

bowed as he passed Miss Ducane, began talking of her and, as I instantly detected, *at* me.

"A most beautiful and fascinating young woman," said presently this stranger, "but one of the most hopeless cases I ever had to deal with in my life!"

I looked up questioningly. An extraordinary fear shot through me.

"Of course," continued the new-comer, addressing me now point-blank, but very kindly, "Of course you are aware that the young lady who has just left you is mad? No? I thought that, being apparently an old friend, you knew all about it. Oh, dear! yes, poor thing, she has been in my care for two years, and grows no better. Never will. Love-affair of course. You see she is always expecting some one who never comes, and so it will go on to the end. Her attendant says meeting you has seemed to do her good, so we let her have every chance of falling in with you, under the impression of course that you knew all about her affliction."

I muttered some response to the explanation, and got away as best I could, that one word ringing through my brain.

"Mad!" That bright, beautiful creature doomed—under the most awful curse humanity can bear. And all for what, for whom? For a false love, for Philip Hurrell! Piecing the sad story together, I could not doubt the origin of her life's disaster. Pondering over it, intensest pity for her wrecked reason was almost overbalanced by intensest hatred for the cur who had worked such misery and ruin.

Right thankful was I that a heavy tempest on the afternoon of this grievous disclosure broke up the fine weather, and for several days continuous rain and storms kept visitors in-doors.

I felt as if I dared not see her again, and yet on the day before I was to leave Welney Court, when the sun once more shone out brilliantly, I felt as though to stay in might be cowardly and cruel to the sad heart that perhaps waited and wished for me.

Armed then with my sketch, just as you see it now, I went down the sands. There, close to the steps in the cliff by which she always descended from the (I knew it now) asylum garden, was Mary Ducane, looking pale and wan, but plainly glad to see me.

The attendant, as she fixed a shawl and camp-stool, whispered that her young lady was not so well to-day, but had begged hard to come out. Would I be careful and keep her calm? Then she drew off to a little distance as usual.

"If the rain had gone on I should have had to leave without bidding you good-bye," said I, settling my work so that my companion could watch it. But in my own confusion my first words did mischief.

"Going!" she exclaimed, "*you* going too! Oh! why, why won't they let me free?" and to my infinite distress she burst into tears.

Prior here rose, on the alert instantly, but out of hearing.

"Going!" repeated Mary despairingly, "and I shall never perhaps have the chance of sending a message to him again. For you know," she went on quickly, "of course if he had a message from me he would come directly. But my letters don't seem to reach him. He never comes."

I tried to find some words of comfort, but she went sadly on—"And I'm so tired of waiting! so tired! so tired!" And the poor thing covered her face with her hands, through which the tears crept fast.

Prior was making signs to me. I stepped back to her. "If the poor lady asks you to take a word or letter for her, will you just promise, sir? It'll make her easier. She's been very bad the last few days." I nodded and returned to Mary's side.

But the April shower was passing now: she had a smile upon her sweet pale face, as she held to me a tiny packet, with a confusion that would have been very pretty, had it not been so unutterably sad.

"Will you take this and give it to him, please? It has been waiting for him a long time. And so have I. Tell him I have—pray tell him. And say that I always trust him as he told me. Only I'm very tired."

The pathos of that voice and look upset me entirely.

"If ever I meet Mr. Philip Hurrell he shall have this and your message too," I promised fervently, but she sprang to her feet and caught my hands in wildest excitement.

"Who? Who shall have it? Did I say his name?" she cried. "Oh, he told me to let no one know! He will never forgive me!"

"Hush, hush!" I said, soothing her like a child. "You have not spoken his name, only of course I knew it all at Lisserden. Dear Miss Ducane, keep very quiet. All may come right." ("And may Heaven forgive me for offering comfort I don't believe in!" I mentally added.) But she caught my last words, and calmed down in a moment.

"All may come right!" Her bright eyes looked far away seaward, as if to catch the first glimpse of a happy future. "All *will* come right! He told me so. But—" and she laid her hand trustingly on mine for farewell—"he *must* come soon, because—I am so tired!"

For very pity I could not say good-bye. I could not watch as she re-ascended the cliff, followed at some distance by her attendant.

Sadly I looked at the worn edges of the little packet she had given me, with never a line of address upon it, and bitterly I wondered how long that unstrung mind must wait before it found any rest. As I so stood a strange sound fell upon my ear: a rushing, but not of wind or waves: a curious dull *thud*. Some men coming landwards in a boat pointed with shouts towards the shore. I turned and saw—

A vast mass of cliff falling from a height of full forty feet, and hurled from the very top to the sands below was the figure of Mary Ducane!

Now you won't wonder why I never finished that picture. *That* was the point that broke away, and *there* she lay when we reached her.

Dead? Oh, yes. All had come right for her at last, her days of weariness and waiting were over!

SKETCH THE THIRD AND LAST.

ITS STORY IS SOON TOLD.

SIX months after that fatal day I was painting a bit of interior in a west-country cathedral. The last trust of Mary Ducane lay in my breast coat-pocket; her last words were rarely absent from my thoughts. I seemed little likely to have the chance of delivering up one or the other.

The February day was drawing in; I was preparing to pack up and be off; that sketch, yet wet with colour, lay on my easel, when a party, hastening round before afternoon service began, came into the chapel where I was working.

An over-dressed woman with high-pitched voice, abundant jewellery, and offensive manners, stared at me and my belongings, made an audible remark uncomplimentary to the whole tribe of artists, and sailed off, followed by two or three officers of the regiment then in the city.

"SHE KNEW ME INSTANTLY" (*p.* 435).

"Tell Mr. Hurrell we will wait for him in the nave," said she to a pair of young men who seemed inclined to linger behind, "but he must really be quick; this place is so uninteresting!"

"Doesn't share her husband's taste for art," said one when she was out of hearing.

"Nor for anything else!" laughed the other. "I

don't fancy they hit it in many things; she's as jealous as a fury."

"Ah," said the first speaker, "our friend Philip was always one for a pretty face. I suppose, though, he wanted this lady's money-bags, and so had to put up with her want of beauty."

"Why, yes," came the answer. "You see his uncle and he quarrelled before the old man died. Mr. Philip had lived fairly fast; got found out; promised amendment, and presented what he swore was a true list of his debts. Old Hurrell of Lisserden paid it, and then discovered it was a fancy schedule. Then there was a flare-up, that ended in every mortal thing that was possible being left away from him. Hold your tongue though, here he comes.—Hurrell, your wife is waiting for you in the nave; she wants to be off."

"Just say I shall stop for service. I'll be back at our hotel afterwards," said my gentleman coolly. Then he walked into the chapel and began looking at the tombs.

We were alone. Here, all unexpectedly, was my opportunity.

"I presume, Mr. Hurrell," said I, "you have no remembrance of me?"

"None whatever," said he haughtily after staring at me intently through his eye-glass.

"Then I must remind you that I am the artist who spent the month of April near four years ago at Lisserden Manor."

"Well, sir?"—impatiently.

"And I am the bearer to you of a message from a lady who was there at the same time. You probably know all that has happened with Miss Ducane."

Anger, cowardice, and curiosity chased each other over his features as I spoke that name. Impatient or nervous, he tattooed the floor with his foot.

"I can scarcely credit," said he with a sneer, "that the lady you mentioned has made *you* the channel of communication between us."

"Credit it or not," said I, "these are her words: 'Tell him I trusted him'—*you*, Mr. Hurrell—'I trusted him always, and have done as he told me; and beg him to come for me soon, I am so tired of waiting.'"

My listener bit his lip, and looked past me with a smile of bravado as he answered—

"A pretty sentimental message truly! And a particularly delicate method of transmitting it. Clearly I need not be punctilious about hurting the feelings of a lady who sends *such* messages by *such* means. Tell her—

I interrupted him. "Surely you know what has occurred to Miss Ducane, sir?"

"Occurred? No."

"That her waiting wore her out; that her mind gave way under the strain of silence; that she was, within a year of when you left her, *mad*."

"Mad!" he echoed, and steadied himself on that old crusader's tomb—the background of my sketch.

"Parties is particularly requested not to sit upon the monuments," croaked a verger over the railings, and the grotesque interruption gave Mr. Hurrell time to get breath and self-command, also to perceive a dignified way out of an awkward position for himself.

"Ah, then, poor thing," said he, pretending indifference his pale face belied, "insanity, of course, excuses her extraordinary statement."

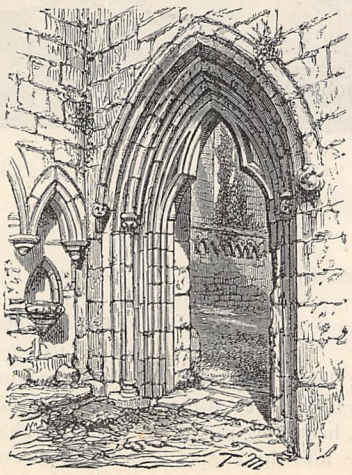
"And makes your brutal conduct blacker," said I, savage beyond control with the mean-spirited rascal. "But here, sir, I have no desire to bandy words with such a man as you. This"—handing him the small packet—"this I promised the unfortunate lady to give you if I had ever the chance. There is only to add that five minutes after she put this trust upon me she was dead."

"Dead!" His wrath at my impertinence retreated before this shock. He turned perfectly white, and, to cover his tremor, opened with shaking hands the tiny packet. As he turned its contents towards the waning light, a step approached and his lady wife appeared.

"Philip, I am waiting!" she exclaimed peremptorily. "What have you there?" stretching out her arm, her fringed mantle drawing that trail of colour over my moist picture. "Ah!" taking possession of the small miniature her husband had not time or tact to conceal—"Ah! a nice sort of face enough, but we really can't buy any more things of this sort. We have been abroad, young man" (this patronisingly to myself), "for two years, and have returned over-burdened with artists' produce of all kinds. Give it back, Mr. Hurrell. We must be going."

"Mr. Hurrell keeps that portrait, madam," answered I. "I leave him to explain to you how and why it comes into his possession."

A tide of jealous fear swept over the lady's countenance. An ominous silence settled over the pair. Without breaking it I gathered together my belongings and departed, bearing with me the poor satisfaction of believing that Mary Ducane's wrong would not go altogether unavenged in this life.



Later on I learnt that Mr. Hurrell had left England for years of travel, on which his wife elected not to accompany him. I have never heard of his return. Perhaps he wanders still, seeking the peace that his broken-hearted love found long ago. Anyhow, *I* will store up no reminders of his untruthful life, so fare ye well, poor sketches, end your existence there by feeding flames!

A. P.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

MANY wonderful bonnets and several marvellous costumes are being worn in Paris just now. I will describe one dress intended for a wedding and destined for the English capital. The short skirt was of bronze-green satin, in quadruple wide box-plaits; a drapery above, from which fell heavy beaded fringe. Over it, hooked down to it, on either side, and coming only to below the arm-seam, was a long coat of moss-green fancy gauze, with red flowers, on velvet brocade. The coat was plaited at the back, and fell in heavy folds on the skirt; it had side pockets, with steel buttons; and the front of the bodice, which formed points in front, was double-breasted, had revers, and a full lace jabot. With this was a bonnet of plaited rose-stems, with red flowers. These basket bonnets rival the wire ones, covered with silk, and closely resembling the wire baskets; and besides these there are bonnets of Japanese plaited paper. What shall we have next?

Linen underclothing is pleasant for summer wear, and is coming into favour again, it lasts so well. It is sent from Paris embroidered on the material itself, and is most durable. The new night-gowns have circular yokes of lace and insertion, and are shaped to the figure; and very wide Valenciennes lace trims the best models.

The new dress improvers are squarer and flatter at the back, but Paris dresses are still very bouffant.

Some useful stuffs have been brought out for dressing-gowns; one is llama printed in cashmere designs, another Bolton sheeting printed with a well-covered pattern on both sides. The coloured petticoats have horizontal stripes of cashmerienne-patterned material stitched at the head of the flouncings. Those who like petticoats sewn into bands should adopt the patent ones made of coloured webbing, shaped round to the figure, and with ready-made button-holes. They are three inches deep, and very handy.

The cotton dresses are not now made up with any idea of washing, and most of them have velvet collars and cuffs. The patterns which are finding the most favour just now are the discs, close-set on a well-covered ground, and large Pompadour designs, or Japanese, on plain grounds. But the chief and distinctive novelty of the year is that these dresses are almost always printed with borderings, which serve well for trimmings. Spots and shepherd's-plaids are also much worn, but where artistic designs are employed it is impossible to speak too warmly of their beauty. The shaded flowers are all single blooms, large and true to nature as though just gathered. They show up especially well on black grounds; the thistle and the marigold are particularly affected. Spades, hearts, and diamonds are a favourite novelty, also coral patterns. But there is a plethora of choice—sometimes filberts, sometimes flagons, sometimes pansies, and even birds' nests, birds and all. Sateens, zephyrs, galateas are all fashionably worn, and the great charm of them is the perfection of their colouring. It is to be regretted that in many instances the designs are so large. In France such eccentricities prevail as large branches with fruit and blossom, cocks and hens, butterflies, fowls, dogs, kittens, and pigs; and should a seam be necessary on a bodice where the head would disappear, and only the feet be seen, imagine the effect! A plain grey gingham, well trimmed with lace, would be far better in taste and usefulness. The new sateens measure between three-quarters and a yard in width. Linen d'Alsace is a new light summer material, having the merit of being cool; it resembles soft gingham or lawn. The flounces on these cotton dresses are kilted, but previously tucked, and the tunics are short, pointed, and irregularly draped; but, unfortunately, the bodices are cut very close-fitting like those of more durable materials.

If you wish a short skirt to set well make it as follows:—Back breadth, 30 inches, and quite straight—that is, the top as wide as the lower edge; front breadth, 30 inches below and 16 at the top; a gore on each side 22 inches at the bottom and 11 at the top, putting the straight side next the front. If you wish to increase the width of the skirt it must be in the side gores. Three steels should be placed across the back breadth, the lowest three-quarters of a yard from the hem, and 22 inches long, the next 18, and the next 13. To the waist should be sewn a small mattress made of horsehair, 8 inches long, 5 wide, and an inch deep, tufted down here and there. A skirt thus cut gives plenty of room for the free movement of the limbs, and stands out well at the back. A lining of horsehair down the back helps to make them additionally stiff and firm.

Crinolines are in themselves objectionable, but they save much trouble; many wear them, and the result is that the skirts shake about as though a bird-cage were concealed beneath. What attempt at adornment could be a more complete failure than this? But it seems that beauty in the art of dress is, unhappily, not by any means the first consideration.

In children's fashions there is nothing decidedly new, but much that is very pretty. The most enticing little frocks are made in velvet, woollen stuff, and plush, gathered in the front, with wide sashes draped about the skirts, and plenty of braiding. A capital idea is a pelerine sewn to a pelisse, and a muff forming part of it. Another good notion is a cap secured to the back of a cloak, and when not needed for a cap utilised as a hood. Another good idea is a muff with a fan-shaped piece of velvet on one side, every plait secured with pins. The bonnets are of the poke order, trimmed with flat bows and large birds; the hats very large indeed, with satin linings. The children's mantles are either jackets or dolmans, and are certainly useful as well as ornamental; but even with summer at hand, muffs, which are more for use than ornament, have not been discarded.

A useful make of dress for a boy is the "sailor," and a novelty is a vest covered with close-set rows of white braid. Some capital little dust-cloaks are made for girls, with capes which form sleeves. The newest baby-cloaks are made of cream brocade, and christening robes are of white satin covered with Honiton lace.

Though the Americans will not adopt them, and the French are slow in doing so, high-shouldered sleeves, stuffed with wadding on the shoulder, are worn.

In millinery there is a revolution in colouring, and the very brightest tones are worn. Orange and blue or green are combined, yellow with pink, red with bronze; and no subduing black mantles are worn with them, but short visites of the same; gold lace and cashmerienne lace—which display a variety of colourings—are employed as trimmings. A durable, good material that I can recommend is nun's veiling, or bunting, brocaded. A dark blue one, with red brocade on it, is most fashionably worn, and is most durable.

A word as to parasols. Cotton ones are much used, especially cream worked in cross-stitch of many colours, or having Watteau figures in each quarter, or the ever-recurring discs powdered all over. It is essential now to have the parasol to match the costume.

The millinery illustrated shows the accepted styles. The initial represents a velvet hat with buckle and brilliant bird; 2, coloured straw hat with velvet and ostrich tips; 3, terra-cotta straw hat with marabout aigrette; 4, another novel aigrette; 5, Olivia bonnet.

The group at the Royal Academy will illustrate current fashions in London, and will serve to demonstrate the fact that Paris modes are often toned down when they cross the Channel, in order to harmonise better with British surroundings.

The materials of the dresses worn by these visitors to the Academy are all of soft and clinging texture—nun's veiling, zephyrs, sateens, crêpe de lune, and Pompadour cottons may all be used; some are trimmed with velvet, others with satin, and a few with Persian or Turkish embroidery. The colouring of the first costume is golden brown touched up with red, the materials nun's veiling and satin, the red appearing most prominently on the reversible side of the brown satin ribbon. The pale brown straw hat is trimmed with shaded brown feathers and velvet.

The material of the second costume is crushed strawberry cashmere, with velvet of a darker shade. The parasol matches the costume so far as its lining is concerned, and so does the sash that heads the deep kilting of the skirt. The brim of the hat

is turned up with velvet, and a row of medium-sized tortoiseshell beads cut in facets—a very general finish to the brim of both hats and bonnets this season, and a durable one too.

The redingote worn by the third figure is in broché satin with Ottoman ground, and the buttons are the perforated metal ones of artistic design. The skirt is checked silk, with chenille pampilles at intervals on its tucked flounces.

The little girl wears a costume of plain and striped nun's cloth, the colour being the new cornflower-blue, tastefully trimmed with satin to match.

The last figure illustrates a pretty sateen costume—an Olivia bonnet with lace ruche beneath its pointed brim.

All these dresses have the sleeves set in high and full at the shoulders, and small capes are added when required; for shoulder-capes are quite a *furore* at present, and are made to accompany dresses of almost every material.

Gloves no longer match the costume in colour; light tan ones shading to yellow rather than to brown are popular, so are slate-coloured gloves. Undressed kid is still preferred to shiny dressed kid, and the long gloves, closed on the arm and fastening with two buttons only at the wrist, are in higher favour than the many buttons from wrist to elbow. Gauntlet gloves have decidedly come in again, and on warm days long silk and Lisle thread gloves are no longer disdained.

Soft silk kerchiefs in art colourings take the place of the full ruches and Toby collars that encircled slender throats last season.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE GATHERER.

A Recuperative Gas-Lamp.

An ingenious and powerful gas-lamp was exhibited at the Crystal Palace Gas Exhibition. It is illustrated in Fig. 1, which is an external view, and Fig. 2, which is a vertical section. Referring to this figure, the lamp-body is fitted with a semi-globular glass, *b*, and contains the concentric tubes *d d'*, *e e'*. The connection between the outer tube and the lamp-frame is made with the reflector plate *g*. The gas supply-pipe *t* is fitted at one side of the lamp *r*, and led into the chimney *c*, from which it descends to the burner *v*. The air for maintaining combustion enters first through holes in the body of the lamp at *k*, and passes upward between the tube *d*, and an outer screen, to the cross-tubes, whence it descends in the interior of the pipe *d'*, to the burner. The products of combustion rise between the tubes *d* and *d'*, and in their exit part with some of their heat to the entering air, retaining sufficient warmth however to keep up a draught in the chimney and carry off the water of combustion. Air is admitted at *h*, between the reflector and glass, to keep the latter cool if required. The ventilating tube is fitted to the top of the lantern when it is fitted up as a bracket light. The light is shadowless, and the products of combustion are carried from the room.

FIG. 1.

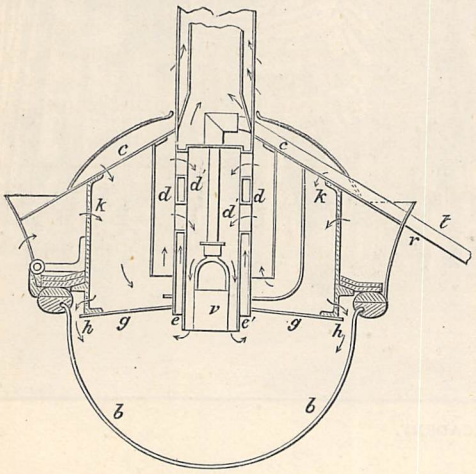


FIG. 2

The Telephone in Diving.

Interesting experiments have indicated that the telephone can be most usefully employed in diving. In one instance, which was distinguished by its complete success, the length of the cable connecting the "receiver" in the helmet of the diver with the "transmitter" above water was 600 yards. The diver could, it was soon ascertained, communicate or speak with ease, and ask for such tools as he required from time to time, in any position which his work rendered it necessary for him to occupy.

A Treadle Hair-Brush.

The rotary hair-brush is one of the luxuries of civilisation, as all must allow, but it has not hitherto been a private luxury. Perhaps the machine invented by Mr. Willoughby, and shown in the figure, will bring it into more general use outside the hairdresser's shop, say in barracks, hospitals, and so on. The treadle behind the chair is worked by the foot of the user; and a flexible steel shaft is employed to transmit the power to the brush. This shaft permits the brush to turn in any direction, thereby allowing the brush to be manipulated with far greater freedom than the older brushes of the kind having pulleys and rubber bands. While upon this subject we may mention that an electric rotary brush has also been on view at the Westminster Aquarium Electric Exhibition, the power being an electric current led to the brush by wires.

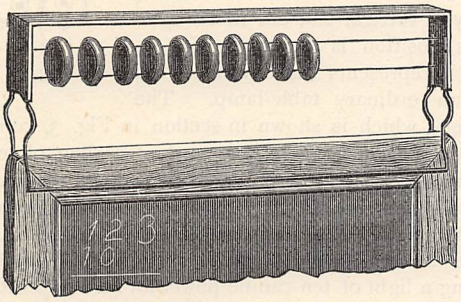
A Tubular Plant-Label.

A good plant-label which will not soil in wind and wet is a desideratum, and hence the prize offered by the Society of Arts for one. This prize is not settled yet, but meanwhile the plan recommended by a German paper may be useful. This consists in enclosing the slip of paper or wood, with the name on it, in a tube of stout glass, say 8 inches long and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch

diameter internally. For house plants and conservatories, chemists' test-tubes will serve—the end being corked, and a wire running through the latter to carry the label.

Ink Paste.

Consolidated ink in the form of paste is now sold in small squares, each of which turns two thimblefuls of water into a strong and bright ink.



An Abacus for Slates.

The sketch represents a handy and cheap American abacus or counter for young children, which can be attached to slates to help them in their sums. The frame is of brass, and the clips at the lower part are fastened to the top frame of the slate. The balls or counters are strung on two wires as shown, and easily shifted so as to make different groups. One of these devices will outlast several slates, and it is worthy the attention of English teachers.

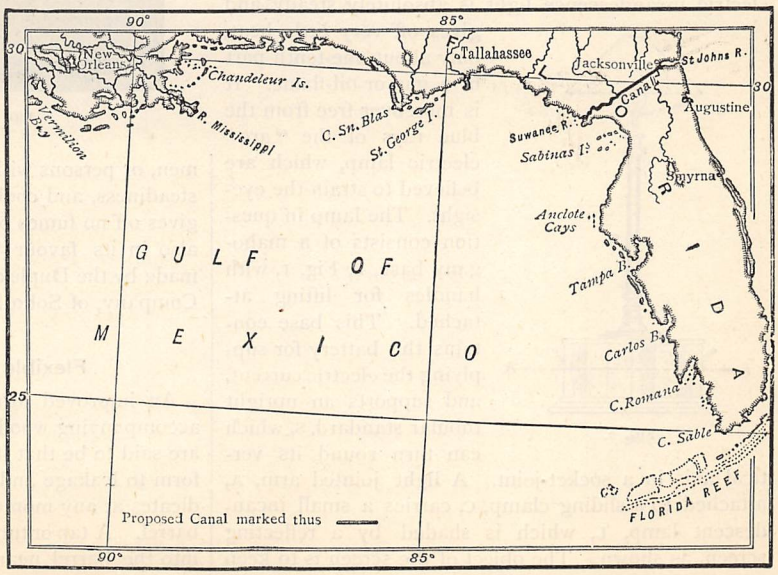
Hydrogen Whistles.

Some years ago Mr. Francis Galton devised a set of small whistles to give very shrill notes, shriller than the human ear can appreciate, in order to test the hearing power of insects, which are known to hear very shrill sounds. A whistle will not give its proper note unless its depth is one and a half times greater than its width, and since a whistle giving a note of 24,000 vibrations per second is only 0·14 inch deep, it follows that the width must be very small. Mr. Galton now finds that if hydrogen be used instead of air, the number of vibrations per second produced by a given whistle is increased thirteenfold. This result is due to the fact that the number of vibrations per second caused by whistles is inversely proportional to the specific gravity of the gas that is blown through them, and hydrogen is thirteen times lighter than air. Mr. Galton's whistles are fitted with a piston at their lower end, so that by varying the depth of the whistle the pitch of the note can be varied at will. With one having a bore of 0·04 inch in diameter, and set to a depth of 0.14 inch, the hydrogen blast gives 312,000 vibrations per second, a note far above the range of the human ear, but probably audible to many insects.

A New Ship-Canal.

Following closely upon the new Egyptian Canal, which we noticed a few months ago, the suggestion for a water-way across the Florida Peninsula comes before the public. A company has been already formed to connect the Atlantic with the Gulf of Mexico by means of a ship-canal having its eastern entrance at Jacksonville upon the St. John's River, and the western outlet in the classical Suwanee stream—"way down upon the Suwanee River."

One feature of this canal will be the absence of lock or dam throughout the entire length of sixty miles. The course of this new water-way is marked upon the accompanying map, and it will be at once perceived how great a saving in distance will be accomplished when the undertaking is completed. The navigation around the southern shores of the peninsula is extremely dangerous, and the course is so marked out by wrecks that the annual loss of vessels passing those terrible banks is estimated at 5,000,000 dollars (£1,000,000 sterling). If only on this account the canal will be a public benefit; the expenditure in its construction being estimated at only 20,000,000 dollars. But this is not all the saving. Putting aside the time and the distance (800 miles) saved by the canal, we have excellent authority for stating that the insurance charges will be thereby reduced 1 per cent.; the freight upon grain will be less by 15 to 20 per cent., and on cotton 1 to 2 dollars per bale. When, therefore, we consider that the immense amount of commerce now carried on round the peninsula will pass through it, and when we read that this amounts to three times



the quantity passing through the Suez Canal, we can estimate the enormous saving which this short channel will effect. We can only wonder that so useful a project has never before been considered and carried out.

Steel from Refuse Pyrites.

Experiments are now being made at the iron-works of Ferre-Noire, France, for utilising the residue of iron pyrites in making steel. The pyrites are made into bricks with hydraulic lime, and by simple exposure to the atmosphere an ore is obtained which yields very good steel. The lime eliminates the sulphur, and there is no phosphorus. The large banks of refuse pyrites owned by the company are likely to be utilised in this way.

An Electric Reading-Lamp.

Reading or writing by the light of an oil or gas-lamp is known to be injurious to the eyes, and Professor Pickering has traced the evil to the heat of the

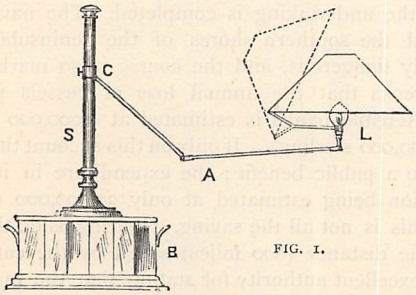


FIG. 1.

flame drying the humours of the eye. Unsteadiness of the flame is also taxing to the sight if the lamp is burning badly. For these reasons Mr. J. Munro recently designed the electric reading-lamp which we illustrate, and which was brought before the notice of the Athenæum Society during the present session. The electric incandescence light is absolutely steady and gives off very little heat, only about one-tenth part of a gas or oil-flame. It is moreover free from the blue rays of the "arc" electric lamp, which are believed to strain the eyesight. The lamp in question consists of a mahogany base, B, Fig. 1, with handles for lifting attached. This base contains the battery for supplying the electric current, and supports an upright tubular standard, S, which can turn round its vertical axis in a socket-joint. A light jointed arm, A, attached to a sliding clamp, C, carries a small incandescent lamp, L, which is shaded by a reflecting screen, as shown. The object of the screen is to keep the intense white-hot carbon filament from the line of sight, so as to prevent the eye from being dazzled by it. The screen is movable about the lamp, and the latter can be brought into any position with respect to the reader and his book, by simply bending the arm, or wheeling it round the vertical axis of the stem. The arm is also made to fold up and shut inside the tubular standard, S, by a vertical slot cut in its side. This position is shown in Fig. 2, which represents the device in use as an ordinary table-lamp. The battery, which is shown in section in Fig. 3, consists of seven hexagonal cells formed of carbon plates, C, each cell enclosing a porous pot, P, containing a rod of zinc, Z; and exciting solutions of the kind prepared by Mr. G. V. Holmes, and Dr. S. H. Emmens, are filled into the cells. Such a battery will keep a lamp giving a light of ten-candle power for six hours without failing. Fresh solution can easily be supplied to the battery by lifting off the cover. Each supply of liquids charges the battery afresh for another night's work. The advantage of the lamp for students and literary

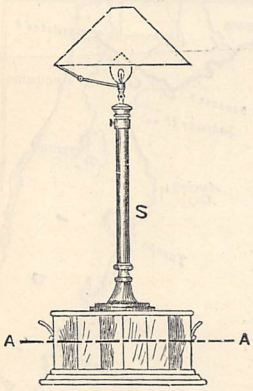


FIG. 2.

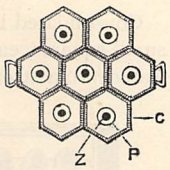


FIG. 3.

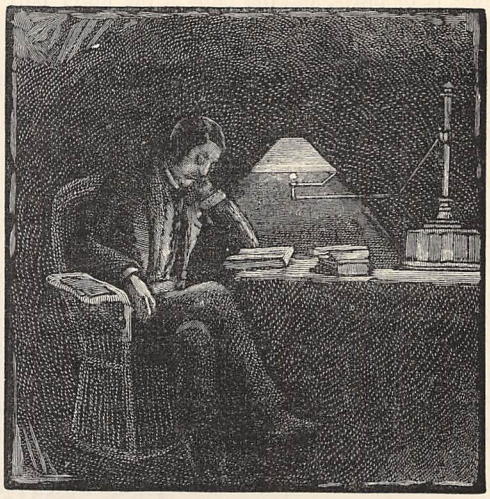


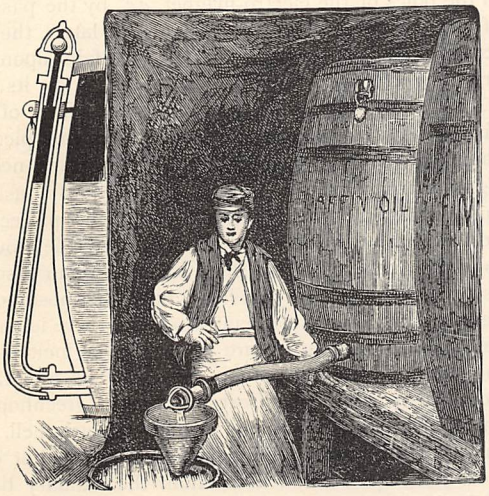
FIG. 4.—THE LAMP IN USE.

men, or persons with failing eyesight, lies in the purity, steadiness, and coolness of the light. The fact that it gives off no fumes of combustion to vitiate the air is also in its favour for night-workers. The lamp is made by the Duplex Electric Light, Power, and Storage Company, of Soho Square.

Flexible Self-gauging Faucet.

An improved form of faucet is represented in the accompanying woodcut, the chief advantages of which are said to be that it is not so liable as the ordinary form to leakage and wear, and at the same time it indicates at any moment the level of the liquid in the barrel. A tap or tube-shaped plug having been screwed into the barrel near the bottom end, a flexible tube,

about as long as the barrel is deep, is fastened on to its outer end. To the free extremity of this flexible



tube is secured a metal valve-seat, to which is attached a ball valve and cage. When the tube is in an upright position the valve is seated, but when it is lowered for the purpose of drawing liquid from the barrel, it falls back with the cage and so allows the contents to escape. Near the top of the barrel spring-clips are inserted to keep the tube vertical, and they are provided with a padlock to prevent theft. It will be seen that the action of this appliance is extremely simple.

Asbestos Rope.

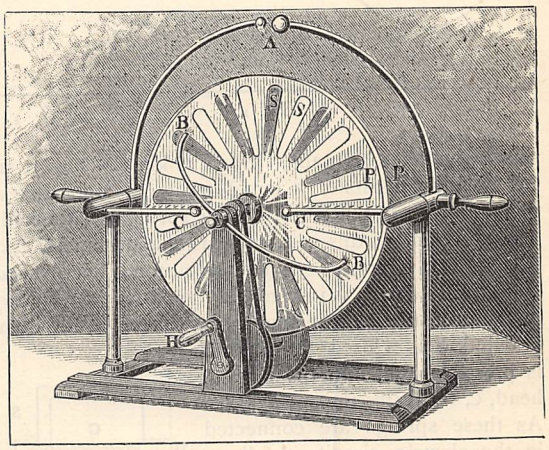
Asbestos rope for fire-escapes, theatres, and other purposes in which an inflammable rope would burn up and become useless, is now made by the United Asbestos Company. It is spun from fine Italian asbestos fibre, and is about one-fourth the strength of an ordinary rope of the same diameter. Rope 1½ inches thick has a breaking stress of a ton, and twenty feet of it weigh 13¼ lbs. The breaking strength of a rope $\frac{11}{16}$ inch in diameter is 4 cwt., and twenty feet of it weigh 3½ lbs.

Electric Flannel.

A new fabric, devised by Dr. Claudet, a French doctor, is said to be efficacious against rheumatism, and we mention the fact for what it may be worth. The material is, however, in itself interesting, and contains per 1,000 parts by weight of wool, 115 parts of oxides of tin, copper, zinc, and iron. Some of the woollen threads are saturated with these salts and woven into the rest of the web. The flannel is said to form a dry battery, or "pile," and according to the tests of M. Deincourt, professor of physics at the Rheims Lyceum, it liberates electricity in considerable quantity, especially when the skin is transpiring freely. While upon this subject we may mention that a new kind of electric conductor, called the "tissu conducteur," is now in use. It consists of bands of cloth in which metal wires of iron or copper, forming the conducting part, are woven into the rest of the fabric.

A New Electrical Machine.

An electrical machine of a new kind, giving very long sparks with little trouble, has been devised by Mr. Wimshurst. It is shown in the accompanying illustration. It consists of two circular plates, P P, of glass, 14½ inches in diameter, mounted on an ebonite spindle in such a way that on turning the handle, H, the two plates rotate in opposite directions. Both plates are well varnished, and set round on the opposite faces with slips or sectors of thin brass, S S, those on one plate alternating with those of the other. Two metal brushes, B B, connected by a curving brass rod, sweep over the sectors as the plates revolve, and connect the pair of sectors, which are at opposite ends of a diameter. Metal-toothed combs, C C, are attached to the prime conductors to collect the charge of electricity, as in the ordinary glass disc machine; and two sparking-balls (A) are attached to these conductors. The action of the machine is not clearly explained yet; but it is believed that the



friction of the air between the two plates, which are only ⅛ inch apart, has something to do with it. Such a machine can be made for seventeen or eighteen shillings, and it will yield a spark four or five inches long.

A Burglar-Alarm.

In these dynamitic days, when even the agents of the law may enter a person's house by stealth, an electric alarm to announce the fact is, perhaps, the only resource of the English citizen who likes to feel that his house is his castle. The burglar-alarm which we illustrate is a thoroughly reliable one, and has been in use under the writer's notice for a long time with every success. The arrangement consists of an electric system of wires, which includes a battery to supply the electricity, an indicator to tell the door or window opened to admit the burglar, a bell to sound the alarm, and

the "keys," or contact-makers, which complete the electric circuit to ring the bell and work the indicator. Fig. 1 represents this arrangement, where B is the bell, I the indicator, and K a key. There are usually a number of keys, one to each door and window which is likely to be opened, or to the treads of stairs, and so on. In ordinary when the door or window is closed the key does not make contact, and the electric circuit remains open; but when the door is opened

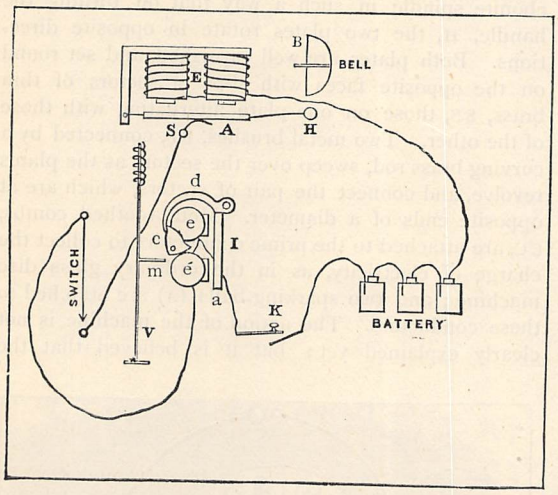


FIG. 1.

the key makes contact. Such a key is shown in Fig. 2, and consists of a metal frame, E, supporting a contact or press-button, P, with a spring, G, attached. The other end of this contact, C, is made conical, and touches two springs, S S, when the button is not pressed back. This device is inserted in the sash of a window, or the post of a door, in such a way that when the door or window is closed the button is pressed back, and the conical head, C, separates the springs, S S. As these springs are connected in the electric circuit, it follows that when they are not joined through the conical piece the circuit is open, and the current does not flow. But when the door is opened the press-button springs forward, contact is made between the springs, and the circuit is closed. The bell, therefore, rings, and the alarm is given. The bell is struck by the hammer, H (Fig. 1), which is attached to the armature, A, of the electro-magnet, E, which is traversed by the current. The spring, S, interrupts the circuit of the bell every time the armature moves towards the poles—that is to say, at every stroke of the bell—and thus a continuous ringing is kept up. A switch is inserted in circuit to throw the whole alarm out of gear by day time, when no precautions are needed. The particular key closed, or window entered, is shown by the indicator, I, in the following manner:—This indicator consists of a small electro-magnet, *e e'*, having a soft iron armature, *a*. This armature is attached to a

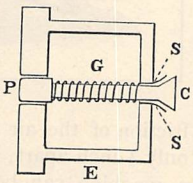


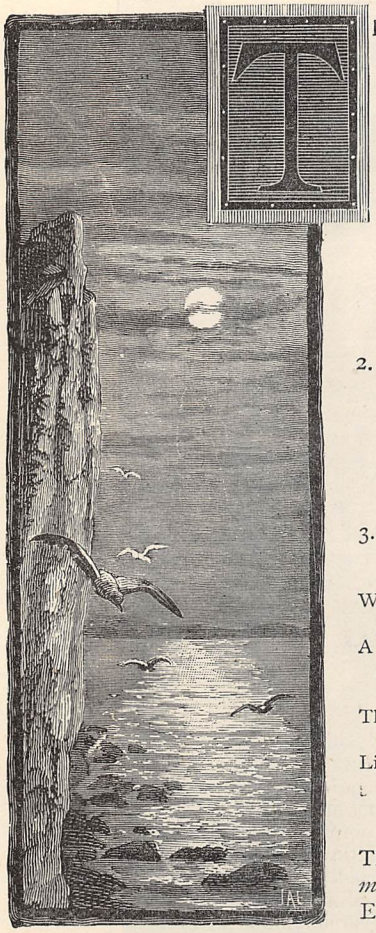
FIG. 2.

crank-shaped detent, *d*, which holds up a little cam-piece, *c*, as shown. When the armature is attracted to the poles of the electro-magnet, *e e'*, by the passage of the current through the coils of the latter, the detent, *d*, releases the cam-piece, *c*, which falls upon the arm, *m*; and as the cam-piece, *c*, carries on its axle a small indicating-needle which moves in front of the dial of the indicator, the movement of the cam-piece is shown by the deflection of this needle. Each needle signifies a particular window or door key. By pushing up the vertical rod, V, which carries the projecting arm, *m*, the cam-piece is re-set, and the needle brought to its normal position. Such an alarm can also be used as a fire-alarm, provided little thermostats, or keys, which close the circuit whenever there is an excessive rise of temperature in a room, be included in the circuit of the bell and indicator. The apparatus would also serve as a frost-alarm in a greenhouse; and it answers by day as an ordinary electric bell. In short, it is a very useful device, and would not cost more to fit up in a new house than the ordinary bells, while it gives assurance of safety, and is far more convenient than the ordinary old-fashioned bells.

A Thousand-Pound Prize.

A grand prize of one thousand pounds is offered by the Grocers' Company for the encouragement of original research in Sanitary Science. It is to be awarded once every four years, and is intended as a reward for original investigations which shall have resulted in important additions to sanitary knowledge. A subject for investigation will be proposed quadrennially, and a period of at least three and a half years will be allowed for investigation. This prize, known as the "Discovery Prize," will be open to universal competition, British and foreign; and the first award will be made in May, 1887. Every candidate must deliver, at the Hall of the Grocers' Company, a letter in which he declares himself to be a candidate for the prize, and stating the treatise on which he bases his candidature; and such treatise must be an original printed work, written in or translated into English. In addition to the Discovery Prize, the Grocers' Company offer three "Research Scholarships," each of the value of £250 per annum, tenable for a year, with eligibility for reappointment. These scholarships are intended as stipends for persons engaged in making exact researches into the causes of important diseases, and into the means by which the respective causes may be prevented or obviated. Candidates must be British subjects, and when competing for a first appointment must be under the age of thirty-five years. Each candidate must make an exact statement of the research which he proposes to undertake, and must declare that if appointed he will conform to the conditions under which the scholarships are held. All applications must be made to the Court of the Grocers' Company, London, who, in awarding the scholarships and prizes, propose to act with the advice of a committee of scientific men, including John Simon, C.B., F.R.S.; John Tyndall, F.R.S.; John Burdon Sanderson, M.D., F.R.S.; and George Buchanan, M.D., F.R.S.

NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.



THE Editor is happy to be able to state that the Proprietors of the Magazine have decided to continue the scheme of Prize Competitions, and he accordingly has the pleasure to announce to his readers the nature and conditions of the following Prizes:—

1. A Prize of £5 will be awarded for the best DOMESTIC STORY, illustrating any well-known Proverb or Popular Saying. The length of the Story should not exceed three pages of the Magazine (*i.e.*, about 3,000 words). All MSS. must be properly authenticated, and sent to the Editor not later than September 1st, 1883.

2. A Prize of £5 will be awarded for the best Poem on SPRING TIME, or any subject directly bearing thereon. To be in rhymed verse, of any metre the candidate may select, and the length not to exceed fifty lines. All Poems must be properly authenticated, and sent to the Editor not later than December 1st, 1883.

3. A Prize of £5 will be awarded for the best MUSICAL SETTING of the following words:—

Who has not felt 'mid azure skies,
At glowing noon or golden even,
A soft and mellow sadness rise,
And tinge with earth the hues of heaven?

That shadowing consciousness will steal
O'er every scene of fond desire;
Linger in laughter's gayest peal,
And close each cadence of the lyre.

In the most radiant landscape's round,
Lurk the dim haunts of crime and care;
Man's toil must plough the teaming ground,
His sigh must load the perfumed air.

Oh, for the suns that never part,
The fields with hues unfading drest;
Th' unfaltering strain, th' unclouded heart,
The joy, the triumph, and the rest!

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

The song may be arranged for any voice, with suitable *Pianoforte Accompaniment.* Competitors must send in their MSS., properly authenticated, to the Editor not later than February 1st, 1884.

GENERAL RULES.

1. Every reader of the Magazine is eligible to compete for all or any of the Prizes offered.
2. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment in detail of the above subjects. *The descriptions given under each head are sufficient for the purposes of the Competition, and the rest is left to the judgment and discretion of the Competitors.*
3. Each MS. must have inscribed on it, or otherwise securely attached to it, the name and postal address of the author, together with a declaration that the work is *original and entirely the sender's own,* to be signed by the author and countersigned by some other trustworthy person, *i.e.*, a magistrate, minister of religion, or householder, with the postal address in both cases.
4. In all cases the copyright of the successful works will become the property of the Proprietors of this Magazine.
5. In cases where the two best works in any one Competition are of equal merit, the Prize may be divided at the discretion of the Editor.
6. The Editor will not be responsible for loss or miscarriage of any work during transmission, and all letters or packets must be *prepaid. The Editor cannot undertake to return unsuccessful MSS.*—copies should therefore be retained by the sender.
7. Every MS. must be sent before the date named above as the latest day in each section, addressed—The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.

"PALMY DAYS."—The Editor begs to remind his readers that the Extra Holiday Number, entitled "Palmy Days," is now ready, having been published simultaneously with this (the June) Number.

RICHARD WAGNER.

BORN MAY 22, 1813. DIED FEBRUARY 13, 1883.

LIKE some young tree that stands a space apart
From all its fellows in a forest glade,
And scorns companionship with changeless shade,
And, laughing in the sunlight, dares to start
To reach the sky, and, never losing heart,
Throws upward giant limbs, strong, unconfined,
Till it o'ertops the highest of its kind:
So towered Wagner in the world of Art.

Music with him had higher purpose far
Than but to charm with concord of sweet sounds;
It was a living sun, and no fixed star
To be confined in narrow changeless bounds;
And so he wedded it to thought, and then
He gave it heart to move the hearts of men.

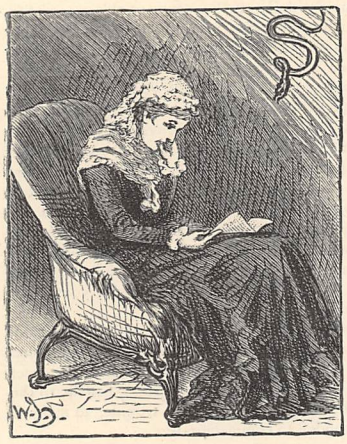
G. WEATHERLY.

PARDONED.

By the Author of "In a Minor Key," "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

MRS. HENRY CHAMPNEYS.



SHE had been a noted beauty in her day. There were unmistakable traces of it even now that the once bright blue eyes were dim with weeping, the delicate features pale and colourless, the abundant hair turned to a silvery white, which made it so difficult to tell her age.

Hers had been a life of placid prosperity, with but few ups and downs in its course, up to the present moment, when the one great sorrow of her life had made her at one stroke an old woman.

Married at eighteen to a Mr. Cardmore, she had spent with him a tranquil, easy, indifferent life, and had felt his death, which came to pass some twelve years later, as barely a crumple in her rose-leaf existence. Left rich, childless, and a widow, it was easy to divine that she would marry again; and when, five years later, she became the wife of Henry Champneys, every one agreed that it was a most proper and suitable union.

By this marriage she had one only son, and with his birth there awoke a new life in her. She suddenly found that she was capable of loving, not calmly and coldly, as hitherto, but madly, passionately, with a force that filled her hitherto colourless existence with a new beauty. She lived in and for her boy. Husband, relations, friends, were as nothing to her in comparison with that baby, on whom was lavished all that money could give. He grew up a high-spirited lad, tyrannising alike over father and mother, and full of the faults that such a bringing up as his must necessarily foster, if not create.

It was when he was about twelve years of age that his father, having retired from business, and wearying of his leisure, began, in conjunction with his brother, to enter into those speculations which were eventually to prove so fatal.

There was no doubt that Henry Champneys had been led on by his brother, though in perfect good faith; there was not a shadow of dishonour—for which Roger never ceased to thank God—resting on either name; but they were both unfortunate.

Henry Champneys escaped from the crash with a large amount of this world's goods still left to him—quite enough to enable him to live in every comfort, not to say luxury; but his wife never got over the blow which forced her husband to sell the estate he had so lately purchased in the West of England, and to give up the hope he and she had long cherished of bringing up their son to be a large landed proprietor. They neither of them ever pardoned Roger's father; and even after his death took no notice whatever of his children.

Henry Champneys did not long survive his brother, leaving his widow a heritage of resentment, to which she clung with unswerving tenacity. She lived quietly in London, devoting her whole life and energies to her son, now a young man at Oxford, and never ceasing secretly to bemoan the calamity that had deprived him of the fortune that should have been his.

But there was in store for her a blow, in comparison with which the former was but as the breath of a soft south wind—a blow which went nigh to kill her, and which left her a sad-eyed old woman for the rest of her days.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Champneys sat alone in her little sitting-room, at the back of her house in London. The blinds, jealously pulled down, enveloped the apartment in a dull, dim gloom, which suited well with her feelings. Her boy had been buried the day before, and she was back again in her childless home, dully wondering that she was alive. In her hand she held a letter in a mechanical automaton fashion; for it was as though life were gone out of her, and that she was but an animated machine now. She had opened it because it was addressed to her, not from any interest in its possible contents. She perceived vaguely that it was bordered with black, but what was that to her? Her boy was dead: that was all she knew. So she sat, with glassy eyes, holding the letter in her hand, and reading nothing. Her maid came in and out, pretending to busy herself about the room, lingering finally at the door.

"Won't you read your letter, ma'am?" she asked coaxingly; "it might interest you."

The dull, lustreless eyes were turned slowly on her.

"Interest me?" she asked; and the woman involuntarily shivered at the utter dreariness of the tone, yet was pleased to see that she raised the letter a little, as if to peruse it. It was from Roger Champneys. There had been a family conclave on the subject: should he, or should he not, write to his aunt? Should he, or should he not, forget the gulf that lay between them, the many hard words she had spoken of his father, her cruel neglect of his widowed stepmother? In his own mind he was quite decided

what to do, but thought it better to consult with his sisters. The two girls naturally agreed with him; and the letter, full of a warm, true sympathy, was sent. As Mrs. Champneys wearily cast her tired eyes over the clear, legible lines, she became aware that this was the first among the many, many epistles she had received that seemed to realise what her loss was. Her other friends had written kindly, condolingly, but had nevertheless hinted at future interests, hopes, even happiness; but there was nothing of the kind in Roger's short, true letter. It only spoke of his and his sisters' sympathy in her sorrow, which he seemed to feel in all its greatness, dictated as it was by profound commiseration; and as she folded it up, and listlessly put it into her pocket—

"I will keep this one," she said to herself; "for he used to know my boy."

Suddenly it flashed upon her that Roger too was named Champneys, and that her husband's money——

She put her hand to her forehead; she could not think, but she remembered how once, long ago, some one—perhaps she herself—had said that her boy and Roger were alike. What was it he mentioned in his note? Something about coming to London. She would look again, and see.

She unfolded the letter once more to read the last sentence. "I and my sisters are coming up to London for a week, in the middle of July, and will, if you will allow us, try and find you at home."

With the perusal of that sentence suspicion awoke. The money, all of it, was hers absolutely. Had he not remembered that, when he wrote the letter which had gone so far to touch her heart? Should she see him and his sisters—the children of the man who had led her husband to the verge of ruin? She wanted no one, nothing, only to be left in peace. Why should they come and see her?

Far into the afternoon she sat, ringing the changes on these questions, till, wearied out by the want of food and sleep, she closed her eyes and slumbered.

It was not till full six weeks afterwards that Roger received an answer to his letter, which he had written in all simplicity, because he could not withhold his sympathy in such a crushing grief. There had been no shadow of thought of his aunt's money when he wrote; for so generally had his few relations on both sides withheld their help, except in the most meagre fashion, when trouble had fallen on him and his, that he had ceased to rely on any one but himself for assistance in maintaining his brothers and sisters, and in paying off his father's debts; and, truth to tell, he expected no answer from a woman who had shown herself hitherto so relentless in her unforgiveness.

It was no surprise to him, therefore, that day after day should elapse, and that there should still come no response. Kate, however, noted it, and was disappointed; whereas Alice was of opinion that any one who had lost her only child must be far too heart-broken to be able to answer letters.

When, therefore, the deep-black-edged envelope did arrive, there was an under-current of excitement in both the girls as Roger leisurely and unconcernedly opened it, saying, "I did not expect an answer. I am very glad I wrote."

Kate and Alice each looked over his shoulder as he perused the lines, in which were so strangely mingled a suppressed wish to see him and a suspicion as to what he could want.

"MY DEAR ROGER,—You must excuse my not having answered your letter earlier, but my heart is too sore, too utterly broken, for me to engage easily in the ordinary daily employments of this weary life. It is long since I have communicated with you, and it comes strangely to me to pen your name now; but I think and trust that your letter was meant kindly, and in that hope I answer it.

"You tell me you are coming to town, and that you and your sisters would like to see me. What pleasure could it be to you or to them to visit a woman whose heart is buried in her son's grave, and whose one wish is to be laid beside him? If it is any satisfaction to you—which I cannot possibly understand it to be—to come to Cavendish Square, and take your chance of finding me at home, you are welcome to do so; but the probabilities are that you may be denied admittance, as there are days when I shrink from the sight of my fellow-creatures, and my nerves are too unstrung to permit me to see any one but my own confidential maid. Still, as I say, you may take your chance; but come alone, and do not bring your sisters. I remember you a baby and a youth, but girls have no interest for me.

"When I am better—and my doctor tells me that, with time, I shall revive—the wretched remaining years of my life will be devoted to good works, as will all my money; and I trust that I may be spared to erect to my boy's memory such a memorial as may be of lasting benefit to the poor of this nation. I shall grudge no money, no trouble, to make it worthy of him whom it is intended to commemorate.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"ELIZABETH CHAMPNEYS."

"Oh, poor Aunt Bessie!" cried Alice. "What a dreadfully sad letter!"

Roger felt himself unfeeling that a smile should have risen to his lips during the perusal of this "dreadfully sad letter;" but he had read between the lines so plainly the unspoken thought, "You want my money, but it is not for you," that the sadness had been partially veiled.

"Shall you go and see her, Roger?" asked Kate, indignant that he was to go alone.

"I think so," responded her brother, folding up the letter, "if only to show her how pleased I am to hear that she is about to erect a memorial for the benefit of the poor of the nation. They will want it badly enough, I have no doubt, for we shall have no harvest to speak of again this year."

"I would not go if I were you, Roger," continued Kate. "The letter is, as Alice says, sad enough, but extremely uncordial."

"Poor woman! I cannot help fancying she wants to see me, yet does not like to say so. Don't you remember Harry was always thought like me? Now I must be off. Kate, keep an eye on the hay, and see that the men work well; we shall have some more rain soon." And with these injunctions Roger left the room, whilst Kate sat down for one minute to ruminate. The letter was a disappointment to her. She had looked forward to she knew not what, and now there came this cold, chilling response. Her regrets were perfectly unselfish: of her own future she felt tolerably secure, and she smiled gently as she reopened a note that had come to her this morning, written in a small Italian handwriting, such as our grandmothers used to trace.

"MY DEAR MISS CHAMPNEYS—(it ran)—When *are* you coming to town? I am quite put out that I have not had you here to accompany to all the charming sights and sounds of which London is now full. *My* picture is a matter of town talk, and I am quite proud of my discernment in purchasing it. Do stir up that lazy brother of yours to let you come and see *life*. I often wonder how, with your vivacity, you can tolerate the unutterable dreariness of Stanton, though it would be ungrateful of me to wish it to be otherwise, since it has procured me the pleasure of knowing you.

"I am dining out every night, a great deal more than is good for me. I find it all very agreeable, but fatiguing; and it seems to me that I only sit still during the time that I am in Mr. Craven's studio, having my portrait taken. What do you say to that?

"Will you not come, and tell me what you think of it? My opinion is that it is good; but I want yours. Yesterday, when I was there, I caught sight for one moment of a young lady whose *distingué* air reminded me of Marie de Sombreuil. Could she be the Miss Smith of whom your sister spoke so enthusiastically? If so, how cruel that fate should have given her so *roturier* a name!

"My pen runs on when I am talking to *you*, so pardon my scribble. I have arrived at the conclusion that, beautiful as are the London flowers, they lack the graceful freedom of country ones. Will you not come soon, and let me see the difference?

"Mille adieux, chère Mademoiselle,

"Au revoir, au revoir.

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"SPENCER HATHERSAGE."

"P.S.—Pardon the dulness of this letter; but the English language was never constructed for epistolary purposes."

It was not at all a dull letter, thought Kate, as she read and re-read it, blushing and smiling the while; on the contrary, it said all she wished to hear—*he* wanted *her*. What more could she ask?

But she had no time for dreaming. There were the children and the housekeeping, and last, not least, the hay to be looked to.

So, with a note of gladness in her heart that rang out in her voice, she called to Molly to go to Alice for her lessons, and proceeded to the kitchen.

"I think," she reflected gravely, as she walked down the passage, "that I shall take all three to live with me, if *he* does not object, and if Roger and Alice will consent. I shall be able to give them such advantages, poor darlings!" and then she found herself face to face with the cook, and blushing hotly for her own thoughts.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

IN LONDON.

"I SHALL be so glad when all the country cousins clear out of London: they spoil everything: they crowd everywhere; and as to the Royal Academy, they make it quite intolerable."

"Oh! do take care, Di; they are all round you."

"I can't help it. I have been here twice trying to get a glimpse of Marie de Sombreuil, and have given it up each time in despair."

"Won't you take my place?" said a pretty, quiet-looking woman, turning round to the two girls who had been carrying on this dialogue. "I have seen the picture very often. If you stand just here you will, at any rate, catch a glimpse of it. No, just a little more to the right;" and the small figure moved on one side, to make room for the two rather striking-looking girls who had hitherto striven so unsuccessfully to see Mr. Craven's picture.

"Oh! thank you," responded Lady Diana Carnford, colouring slightly that her plaintive remark should have been so promptly responded to. "Please do not let us take your place."

"Indeed, you are not doing so. I am only waiting for some friends; I should prefer sitting down." And Mrs. Craven—for she it was—was about to move away, when a bright-faced handsome girl came up to her.

"I think, Mrs. Craven," she said, "that we really must make room for other people now, and come again another time. Five minutes is not one-quarter long enough for that picture; one could look at it for hours."

"So I hope you will some day," murmured a young man who was following closely behind her—a young man with a clear pink-and-white complexion and delicate features, on whom Lady Diana bestowed a somewhat haughty bow.

In his rear came Alice Champneys, the shadow of the guillotine still resting on her pretty face, for the party was no other than that of our friends from Stanton, who had at length found themselves in London. She looked at Mrs. Craven with a smile.

"Are you not proud?" she asked. "Ah! that *is* a picture."

"I am," responded Helen simply, as the quartette moved away towards another room.

Lady Diana looked at her sister.

"Did you hear those girls call her Mrs. Craven, and ask her if she was not proud? She is the artist's wife, you may be sure. Do you see what Carnford finds so attractive in her?"

"She is a pretty little woman," said Lady Rosamond, in the same low tone. "Somehow, since I have seen her, I do not mind Carnford going there so constantly. She looks nice, and very quiet. I shall tell mother," from which remarks we must deduce that Lord Carnford had not thought fit to mention Miss Smith to his mother and sisters.

Meanwhile the four friends wandered as best they could through the crowd from picture to picture, breaking into two parties: Kate and Mr. Hathersage, Alice and Mrs. Craven, all trying to do their duty by the pictures, but falling ever and anon into little fragments of conversation, that rather militated against a right study of their catalogues. Finally, Helen and Alice sat down, leaving Kate and her friend to wander away at their own sweet will.

"What a very short stay you are making in London!" remarked Mrs. Craven: "only one week. You will have time to do nothing."

"It is so expensive," sighed Alice. "A week is as much as we can afford ourselves. Mrs. Craven, I should so like you to know our brother. I tried hard to persuade him to come with us this afternoon, but he declared he must go to his tailor, and to see an aunt of ours."

"Curious coincidence!" laughed Helen. "I did my best to make Winny come, and she declared she must go to her dressmaker. Well, you and your brother must come and dine, and go to some music with us, some evening."

Alice's eyes brightened.

"Ah! that will be very nice," she said; "and then I can have a real talk with Winny. Does not she work too hard? She looks so thin and white."

"KATE AND ALICE EACH LOOKED OVER HIS SHOULDER" (*p.* 450.)

"But happy, don't you think so? My husband has a profound belief in her success. He says some day we shall all be crowding to see her picture, as we are now doing to his. You know, they have the same blood in their veins."

"I know. Yes," rather doubtfully, "I suppose she looks happy, but yet a little worried. Don't you think her beautiful?"

"Quite beautiful. Gilbert has hit off her *pose* exactly, has he not, in his Marie? I often wish my little Nora had really that figure, instead of her own square build."

"Oh!" said Alice earnestly, "you ought not to wish for anything after Mr. Craven has painted that picture."

Helen smiled at her enthusiasm.

"We must really be moving on," she said, and was just about to rise from her seat when a gentleman in deep mourning passed close by her. Alice's eyes followed the tall, commanding figure, as it threaded its way through the crowd towards Mr. Craven's picture, with the same old admiration she had always felt for it.

"That is Colonel Everard," she whispered to Helen.

"I know," responded the latter. "Mrs. Everard's death was very sad, was it not? Winny, I think, felt it a great deal, though she said but little. I am glad she is not here to-day, on the whole. The sight of her uncle might unsettle her quiet calm."

"I wish I knew——" began Alice, and broke off again.

Helen smiled.

"There was some little fuss: I do not know what. At any rate, our poor Winny, from her own account, inheriting her mother's fatality, succeeded in shutting the gates of Tranmere against herself. I have my suspicions that the fault lies on the other side."

"Colonel Everard is an overbearing man, but I do not think—I feel quite sure he would not be causelessly unkind to any one he loved as well as he did Winny. He was very fond of her."

"He never forgave his sister, remember. Now he is all alone. My dear," she continued, "where are those other two? We must be going."

They found Kate and Mr. Hathersage seated in a further room, listlessly turning over the pages of their catalogues, and not talking at all. Mrs. Craven could hardly forbear from a quiet smile as she came up to them, wondering in her own mind if the deed had been done. But there was no indication of such an event in Kate's serene face, and Mr. Hathersage wore his normal expression of placid self-content.

"Now," she said, "what are you two girls going to do next? You must not waste a minute of your time in London."

"Roger has promised to pick us up, and take us to the park," said Alice. "We want to get a glimpse of the Princess. We have not seen her for more than four years. You see, we are thorough country cousins, Mrs. Craven."

"It is not only the country cousins who look out for our Princess. I think we all feel the better for a sight of her sweet face. I know I do," responded Helen.

"I will precede you," said Mr. Hathersage, "and keep you chairs."

"And this evening?" asked Mrs. Craven, as she and the two girls stepped into her carriage.

"We are so lucky," said Alice; "we have had seats for a grand concert. We have nearly every evening engaged. Roger's friends have been so kind, and have sent us tickets for all manner of things. He was in the army once, and so, has a great number of friends;" and Alice heaved a little sigh.

"I must make the acquaintance of this brother of yours," said Helen.

"Indeed you must," replied Alice. "Ah! there he is," as they drove up to their lodgings. "Did you ever see such punctuality?"

Roger came forward to the carriage, having with one glance discerned that it was not marked "dangerous."

"I am so glad to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Craven," he said, "and to thank you for your kindness to my sisters. They must have enjoyed the Academy doubly with you for their cicerone."

Mrs. Craven looked at the fair-haired man before her, whom somehow she had fancied so different, and did not wonder at Alice's evident affection for him. What a reliable face it was! The blue eyes had lost their twinkle, but they looked you straight and full in the face; the fair silky moustache drooped somewhat heavily over the upper lip, but not sufficiently to hide the resolute mouth, round which hovered just now so sweet a smile; the broad white forehead looked all the whiter in contrast to the brown and sunburnt face beneath; altogether, as she afterwards told her husband, his face was like a whiff of fresh country air, and yet she was sure—she could not exactly say why—that that man had known trouble.

"I am equally pleased to know you, Mr. Champneys," she responded. "I want to ask if you and your sisters can come and dine with us any night during your stay in town?"

"I am afraid I am engaged every evening; but my sisters will be delighted, I am sure."

"Can't you come, Roger?"

"No; I have not a single evening free. I must take my chance of finding you at home some day, Mrs. Craven, and bring these two with me."

"I should like to introduce you to my husband."

"And I should be only too proud to make his acquaintance. I went to see *the* picture this morning."

"Did you, Roger? you never told us. It must have been very early."

"It was rather early. Mrs. Craven, won't you come in and have some tea?"

"I am engaged to half a dozen teas already, and I must be off to the first on my list; so good-bye." And smiling and nodding, Helen drove off.

All this time Kate had not spoken a word, but during their walk to the park she found her voice.

"Did you see her, Roger?" she asked.

"Yes. I spent at least an hour with D——; then I went on to Cavendish Square, where I sent up my card, and was admitted at once. Poor woman! she is in a terribly morbid state of mind. Fancy, the whole room—which was fortunately a small one—sofas, chairs, and so on, was hung with black; and the walls literally covered with pictures and photographs of poor Harry, in every stage of his existence."

"Oh, how dreary!" sighed Alice.

"I was shown into this funereal apartment, and then she came in to me. I wished I had had you two with me, for I felt stultified in the presence of *such* a grief. Fortunately she talked of nothing but Harry and the memorial to him; but she was terribly disappointed to find that my slight likeness to him has entirely disappeared. She told me I looked twenty years older than when she saw me last."

"Did she mention us?"

"She asked if you were in London: that was all. She is just the same woman she always was, only she has run into fresh tracks."

"Did you say you should come and see her again?"

"I did; and she told me she should be glad to see

me; and in the next breath, that she had made her will."

"What did you say then?"

"That it was a very wise thing to do; and then she went back to the memorial."

"What is it to be?"

"A large orphanage for the children of any man or woman who has been drowned. It is to be erected somewhere on the coast, but she has not yet made up her mind where, as, of course, it depends on circumstances. By the way, she asked me about the children: that is to say, the two boys; and whether you and Alice were bringing them up properly. I told her Ally spoilt them to the best of her powers, but that you were admirable. Now then, we must look out for Hathersage; I see him, trying hard to sit on three chairs at once. Ah! Talbot, how are you? Don't you remember me—Champneys?"

"Of course I do," responded the man addressed, who, with themselves, was struggling through the crowd. "I have not seen you for ages. Where are you living? What are you doing? Are you married?"

To all these questions Roger responded by introducing his sisters. Captain Talbot joined Alice; more chairs were procured, and the party sat down to see all that there was to be seen. It did his sisters good to watch Roger, brushed up by his few days in London, thoroughly enjoying meeting his friends and acquaintances, being asked here and there, and apparently not having lost any of his old popularity.

They did not guess that throughout the week during which he had seemed full of life and spirits he had been fighting with the temptation, the longing, to see Winny once more. Hitherto he had successfully overcome it, not knowing that, at the other end of the electric chain, the same process was going on, the same battle being waged, the same steadfast courage displayed.

Meanwhile the crowd passed and re-passed them, and still Kate and Mr. Hathersage sat talking in low tones to one another. Lord Carnford sauntered by, and looked at the group, whose faces puzzled him; then perceiving Roger, memory came to his aid. Was not that the man, the agent, who had dared to dispute Miss Smith with him in bygone days? Perhaps he had found out his mistake by this time; at any rate, he—Lord Carnford—had the advantage of him now, and some day—with time and patience—he would rescue her from the drudgery of work, and give her a home and surroundings that were meet for such a jewel.

It was getting late; the carriages were thinning; and, mindful of the delights of the concert in store for them, the Champneys quartette began thinking about going home.

Mr. Hathersage had taken a box for the party, and Roger felt very little doubt now as to how all this would terminate. He had told himself that London, where the rich young man had many friends in a higher social position than his agent's sisters, would be a good test of the reality of his attachment; but he had stood it well, and made his intentions clearer than ever.

Nevertheless, Kate's whispered words to her brother, "Roger, can I speak to you for a minute?" as soon as they had reached the shelter of their own hall, took him by surprise.

He turned and looked at her.

"All right, Kitty," he said. "Come in here;" and led the way into the sitting-room.

"I think I can guess, dear," he began, as soon as he had shut the door; and was astonished the next moment to see Kate—sensible, practical Kate—burst into tears, as she threw her arms round his neck in a very rare caress.

"Ah, Roger! wish me joy," she whispered.

He drew her to him.

"I do, darling," he said, "with all my heart. He is a very good fellow, and I trust he will make you as happy as you deserve to be. He is an uncommonly lucky man."

Still Kate sobbed on, and Roger understood that, whilst he had been absorbed in his own affairs, she too had had her worries, and was now a little overstrung; a doubt, too, was creeping into his mind. Could it be that she had risen to a height of self-sacrifice of which Alice was not capable?

"Do you think, dear," he asked, "that you had better go this evening?"

Kate wiped her eyes, and a little blush crept into her face.

"I do not know why I am crying," she said, "for I am sure I ought not to. I am very silly, only—only—we have been very happy together, have we not, Roger? Yes, indeed, I must go this evening. I shall be all right after dinner. Besides, if I were not there, what would *he* say?"

The downcast eyes, the soft gentle smile, as she uttered the significant pronoun, set her brother's mind at rest. Hers was not a passion—all the better for that. It was probably a calm, quiet affection, born of reason, more satisfying to such a nature as hers than the most glowing extravagances of love—a nature that liked to manage, and which would have ample scope for its talents in that line with the weak, amiable man she had chosen for her husband. His own objections to the marriage he felt to be trivial, and not to be weighed in the balance against his sister's happiness. He knew quite enough of Mr. Hathersage to feel certain that she was falling into good hands; and Kate went up to her room to join Alice, with the conviction that her brother was highly delighted at what had come to pass.

It was on the day following this momentous occurrence that Winny, walking home unusually slowly from her work, began to be conscious of an unaccountable depression and weariness that had been hovering about her for the last few days. She tried to persuade herself it was the heat, which always told on her so quickly in London, cradled as she had been in the breezy ocean winds. Ah! how she longed for a whiff of the salt sea, to put fresh vigour into her limbs. She felt so tired, so tired. Was she going to break

down, she asked herself in a sudden panic, just as she was beginning to taste the sweets of success? How close it felt, and how oppressive! There was no doubt a thunderstorm brewing. She must make haste, or she would be caught in it.

But she found she could not hurry. She tried to walk fast, and her legs refused to carry her. She felt angry with herself for her want of vigour.

"What nonsense it is!" she murmured, half conscious that this new sensation of inertia and oppression dated from the arrival of the Champneys in London, growing each time stronger after seeing Alice and Kate. "What nonsense it is! I am quite well. I *will* walk faster."

But the old "I will" had lost somewhat of its force; not but what it was there, as testified by the good work she did; but London, with only a very short holiday every year, and ceaseless work, the very interest in which was a strain, had clipped its wings, and in point of carrying out its intentions it was rather a shadow of its former self. To-day it was hardly to be wondered at, seeing the heavy lowering atmosphere that lay brooding over the great City, stifling in its airlessness, that made one long that the black clouds should burst, and the rain come down.

"Let me get home," thought Winny, "and then——Ah! how I love a thunderstorm!"

Her thoughts flew back to Penruth, and the old days when, as quite a child, she would stand for hours, and listen to the peals of thunder rolling and echoing among the cliffs, and watch the lightning play on the angry, foaming waves. How long ago it seemed! Now the thunder would roll among the slated roofs, and the lightning play on dull-coloured houses.

Her reflections were cut short by a huge drop of rain falling on her face, then another and another; the cloud had burst. The next minute and it was coming down in torrents.

With her umbrella before her, she ran along the street, till, perceiving a capacious porch, she flew up the steps, delighted to find herself sheltered from the sudden deluge.

"It is only a shower," she said aloud, becoming conscious afterwards that she was not alone. Some one who had retreated to the farthest depth of the long, narrow porch was behind her, and it was a man: that was all she perceived. Another moment a voice was sounding in her ears; her name was spoken; and lo! all the depression, the tiredness, had fled, as snow melts before the sun.

"Miss Smith," said the voice; and Winny turned round to face the man she thought she had forgotten. "Are you wet?" he asked. "Come to this corner; the rain is driving in the other direction;" and he took her umbrella from her, and made her stand in his place. Winny obeyed as in a dream, having given him her hand, and felt the strong grasp of his fingers.

"No, I am not wet," she found words to say; and then, "What a storm!"

"A lucky storm," he answered, looking down on the clear white face; then, true to his resolutions, he added lightly, "I began to think I was to leave London without seeing you."

"I am very busy now," she answered, "and have but little time to myself. It has been such a pleasure to me to see Kate and Alice."

"Tell me all you have been doing, and all you hope to do," drawing a little nearer. "I hear great things are expected of you."

"My cousin is very kind; he gives me every encouragement, and says all manner of flattering things of me; and sometimes I think that my old day-dreams may be realised; but I don't know. When I stand and look at his pictures I see how far I am from what I aim at."

"But as you have covered some miles of the road already, why should you not go further? Probably Mr. Craven is as dissatisfied with his work as you are with yours.

"'Dwells within the soul of every artist,
More than all his effort can express.'"

"That is true," she answered; "and I have often found those lines such a comfort to me. Still, every one may reach a certain point; it is the last ascent, the rising above mediocrity: that is the test. Not but what I mean to try," she added, with kindling eye.

How beautiful she looked in her enthusiasm, but how white and thin! Surely she was working too hard. She had that clear, transparent complexion that is said to indicate the prevalence of mind over matter; and the clever eyes seemed to him to have grown larger than ever.

"One cannot associate you with mediocrity," he said. "I am sure you must succeed."

"Thank you," she said, and blushed. "Tell me," she continued abruptly, "of yourselves. Do you all like Yorkshire? Does it at all come up to dear Tranmere?"

"On the whole, I like it better," he replied bravely, knowing that Tranmere had been as the gate of Paradise to him. "I have a larger house and garden, and I am completely master; not," he added hastily, "that I had anything to the contrary to complain of with Colonel Everard. The girls get more society, and I have very good shooting at my command. Altogether, my lines are cast in pleasant places. But mine is a very uninteresting record compared to yours. No, it is not clearing yet; another ten minutes may do it, so you must resign yourself to circumstances."

"And your painting: have you done any lately?"

"A little; I have not time for much. I cannot resist those wild Yorkshire moors, and I have dabbled away many a half-hour in producing 'harmonies in brown.'"

"And why not 'harmonies in purple,' when the heather is out?"

"Because I love Nature in her sadder moods—when a storm is brewing, or the sunset just fading into a shivery light."

"And one feels that she is in tune with oneself? But you, I should have thought, you——" She suddenly stopped short, and coloured.

"Would have preferred the purple to the brown—is that what you mean? You think that I, having a very pleasant life of it, have no business with harmonies in brown."

"No, no."

"But you are right. I will try and look on the purple side in future. I wish I had a seat here for you; you ought not to stand so long, you look so tired. Are you sure you do not work too hard? Remember, Excelsior is not to be obtained by straining. All mountain guides tell you that you must make ascents slowly."

"I *must* work," she answered simply. "I have been very fortunate hitherto in selling some little trifling pictures I paint between whiles, just—just—to make money," with a somewhat nervous smile; "and no sooner do I finish them than they are purchased. Of course, it is a great deal owing to my connection with Mr. Craven; but, you see, I *must* work. I prefer it;" and involuntarily she drew herself up a shade.

Yes, he understood it all—saw it plainly enough. The girl slaving away in her proud independence; the oppressive London air, after the fresh sea and country breezes; the fixed idea of earning her own bread. What was Colonel Everard thinking about that he should allow it?

"I understand;" and involuntarily his tone was authoritative, although there was a yearning expression in his eyes that made Winny lower hers. "But you *must* not overwork. We shall never see your picture in the Academy if you break down."

She smiled. "You have seen Mr. Craven's picture, have you not?"

"I have, indeed. I went to the Academy as soon as the doors were opened yesterday morning, and spent a good half-hour before it. It is a wonderful picture."

"Do you know, I have always longed that he might have had Alice for his model: she is so perfectly my ideal of Marie de Sombreuil."

"Alice?" he questioned. "I know what you mean: the contrast between the appearance and the act; but he could not do better than he has done. The expression in the girl's face of love and devotion strung up to heroism, fighting against the shrinking horror of what she is about to do, is wonderfully brought out; while the old man, with 'aristocrat' written plainly on every feature, shutting his eyes that he may not see his daughter's sacrifice, and praying the while, is very fine. To my mind, the great beauty of the picture is that the whole is subordinate to those two; and though every face is admirably rendered, yet no one is suffered to take one iota from the simple majesty of the predominant figures."

"If you knew Gilbert Craven, with his large heart and large mind, you would understand even more: what I call the under-current of the picture. If you recollect, there is not one countenance that is absolutely irredeemably bad. I do not think he could bring himself to paint such, his faith in human nature is so illimitable. He is a thorough artist, too. He never puts his hand to any work, however small and insignificant, without the determination to paint it as conscientiously, as earnestly, as though his whole future depended upon it. He would never degrade his art by daubing a canvas, as some men who have made their name do because they are out of temper, or in a hurry, or want money."

"You have a high opinion of him."

"I ought to," she answered. "He has been the best and kindest of friends to me."

"And do you work under him?"

"Not yet. At present I am studying at South Kensington; later I am to be finished under him, though now he always gives me the benefit of his advice and help, and, above all, his example."

"Then you have some distance to walk every day?"

"About three-quarters of a mile. That I enjoy."

"And do you never get into the country from Saturday to Monday?"

"No; I have undertaken some work on Sundays that I cannot leave."

He looked at her with admiration, but he shook his head.

"You ought not to do it," he said. "You should husband your strength, and not burn your candle at both ends and in the middle too."

"Ah! my Sundays are everything to me. All the week I work for myself: I work out my own ideas; on Sundays I am obliged to be mindful of other people: to put my own affairs on one side. It is my great safeguard against becoming an automaniac."

"Mrs. Craven tells another tale; she says no one knows what a help you are to her, particularly with the children."

"Mr. and Mrs. Craven are in a conspiracy to say kind things of me. I am afraid I do not deserve them. Oh!"

"What is it? are you not well?"

"Nothing, nothing, only—did you see who was in that hansom that drove by just then? I—I—fancied it was some one I knew, and it took me by surprise."

"I did not see any one," he answered, wondering at her sudden pallor.

"See, it has cleared now, and I must be going. I am very glad I have met you, Mr. Champneys," lifting her eyes frankly to his. "Do you stay much longer in London?"

"There is some little alteration in our plans. I am not sure that we shall leave quite so soon as we expected to. I fancy you will soon have a letter from Kate."

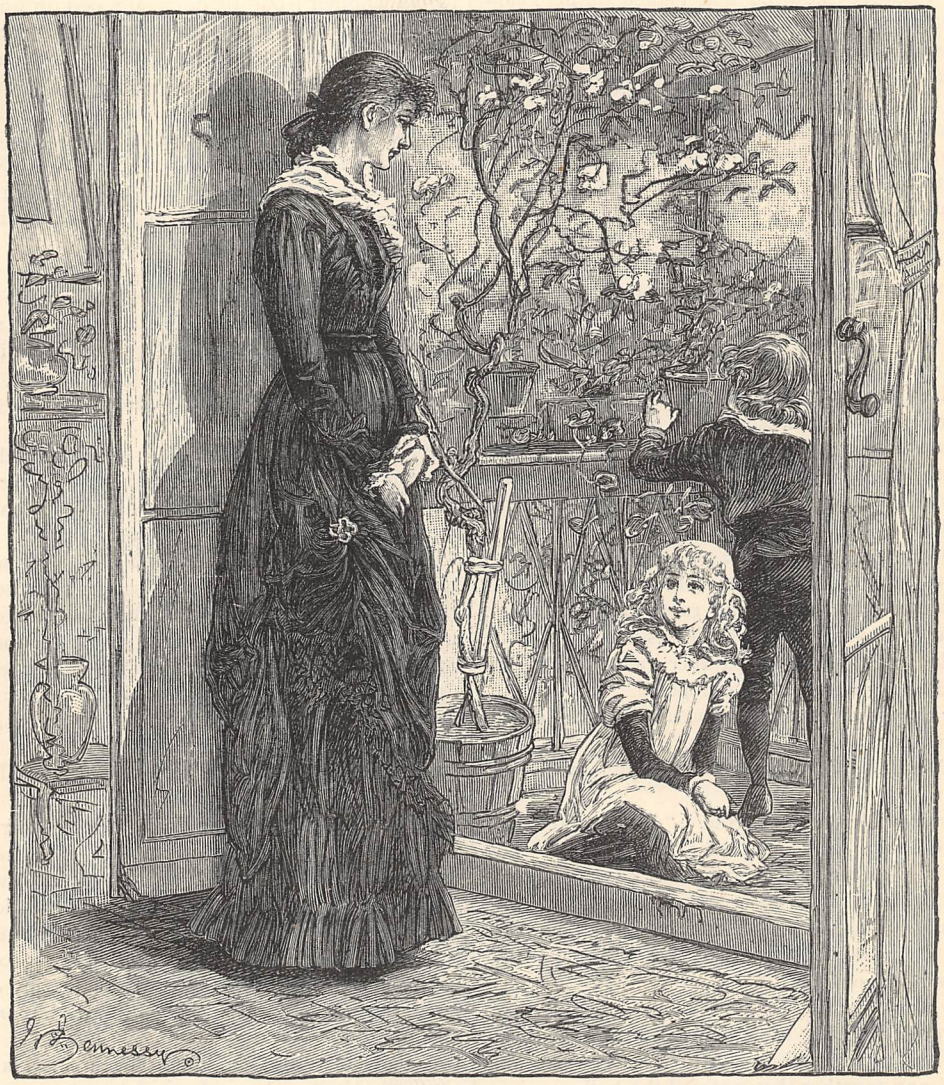
She looked up interrogatively, for Helen had not been silent respecting Mr. Hathersage. Roger smiled, but said nothing more, and she asked no questions.

"Will you come home with me, and be introduced to Mr. Craven?" she asked shyly. "We are not more than ten minutes' walk from the house."

How strong was the temptation! Another hour of the sweetest company he knew; another hour of the sweetest music he had ever heard; and then——? The old pain, the old battle, again to go through the funeral rites. No; he would be strong.

"You are very good," he said, in the usual society

conventional tone he had somewhat lost sight of during this quarter of an hour's unexpected happiness, "but I have an engagement. I was on my way to see some friends in Kensington, and I must not fail."



"TWO CHILDREN WERE THE SOLE OCCUPANTS OF THIS LITTLE BOWER" (*p.* 458).

She did not press the point, only shook hands warmly with him, and commenced her homeward walk.

The sun was shining now, the black clouds had given place to a blue sky; once more the streets were re-peopled, and all was bright.

Roger watched her from the corner of the street, saw her cross the road, turn an angle, and be lost to sight. Then he walked on, whither he neither knew nor cared; he only felt that his old enemies were at work at him, and that his buried love had leapt into fresh life. "Why did she look so beautiful," he asked himself fiercely, "this unconscious Circe?" Carriages rolled past him, with their freights of well-dressed women and daintily got-up girls, in their bright July garments, and he thought how one and all paled before the one he had just left. Not till he had sat down to a dinner combining every luxury of the season, given by Mr. Hathersage in honour of his new hopes, did his pulses begin to bate, and, under the influence of conventionality and the tropical heat of a London dining-room in July, his excitement to cool down.

Meanwhile Winny, outwardly so calm, was walking home as best she could, with all her pulses throbbing and her head burning. Why had she met him again, to feel the old imbecility revive? She was nothing to him, she told herself, with glowing cheeks. Where was her pride that she should give her thoughts to a man who cared nothing for her? And yet sometimes—today, for instance—how he had looked at her! how softly he had spoken! She did not understand; she only knew that she ought to be ashamed of herself to be thinking of Roger Champneys when there was another incident in this afternoon's storm which might well exclude all else—that hansom that was rolling along so swiftly in the driving rain. Whose was the face that had flashed across her vision, and disappeared again as quickly? Ah! if she might but have run after it! But those penetrating eyes had seen her, and yet the wheels had not stopped or the horse flagged. He had not forgiven her, then?

Even the angel of death in his house had not abated by one iota his relentless unforgiveness. No wonder her mother had died unpardoned, when she, for the trivial fault of refusing to marry without affection, was ostracised from his house and heart.

Nevertheless, like her mother, she should not cease to love him; and might it not act as another spur to her exertions to think that he—her refined, art-loving uncle—might live to be proud of her?

She was close at home now: some one was ascending the steps before her. She recognised the short, somewhat thick-set figure, so faultless in its attire, the round blue eyes, and large, rather vacant, Carnford nose, and knew there was no escape.

"How do you do, Lord Carnford?" she said, as she gave him her hand.

"Ah, Miss Smith! you cannot say you are not at home now."

Winny drew herself up a trifle. "I have no intention of so doing," she answered rather coldly. "The question is, whether Mrs. Craven is at home."

"How awfully hard you are upon one!" he said pathetically; then, as the door was opened, and his question answered in the affirmative: "Promise me you will not run away."

Winny was touched. "That I certainly will not," she answered, with her usual straightforward earnestness, "when you have been so kind as to come and see me;" and together they entered the hall.

Not a hundred yards from them, just round the corner of the street, Colonel Everard was dismissing his hansom with liberal payment, for he had been a long distance. Long past S—— Gardens, whither he had at first directed the man, out to those dreary regions where bricks and mortar reign supreme, and new squares, new terraces, even fresh gardens, rise up as in a night, had he driven, only to come back to his first destination, drawn by the wish to know how it fared with his niece. He had started from his hotel more than an hour ago with forgiveness in his heart, to come in person to answer the sweet letter of sympathy she had sent him on his recent bereavement—a letter which had touched him more than he cared to own by its self-forgetfulness, and its perfect tact in respect to the loss he had sustained. He had even gone so far as to question whether he had been altogether right in the affair two years ago: had he not been just a little hasty? Winny and Roger certainly were not married yet, and they lived at the antipodes to one another; but then, equally certain was it that neither had any money to marry on, and that they must necessarily earn some. Nevertheless, in his new loneliness, yearning for the sight of the girl whom he loved in spite of himself, he had resolved, at any rate, to seek out Mr. Craven, and hear something about her. He had been on his road to S—— Gardens when the storm broke, and, while driving through the quickly-deserted streets, all his resolutions and half-formed plans had been scattered by the sight of Winny and Roger under the porch—whither they had sought shelter from the rain—in close proximity to one another, apparently absorbed in one another's conversation. With that eyesight, noted for its quickness, he had seen, or fancied he had seen, the love shining out of both their countenances in that one transient glimpse.

"Going on all this time," he had muttered between his teeth, "and yet no mention, no syllable of it to me! I wonder how often he comes to London and meets her under porches—the scoundrel!"

By this time, however, he had driven off somewhat of the first effervescence of his anger as he walked slowly along the other side of the Gardens to that on which the Cravens lived. He stopped opposite the pretty flower-covered house, which he knew to be the artist's abode, where the bright geraniums and nasturtiums bloomed in such liberal profusion from every available ledge and sill as testified to their being tended by loving hands. The small square balcony over the porch was awned in and carpeted with a Persian rug, and in one corner thereof an enormous blue and white jar—or better, tub—enshrined a Gloire de Dijon rose-tree. Two children were the sole occupants of this little bower, and they were trying to squeeze their small faces between the boxes of flowers that ran round the ledge, succeeding, with that curious fatality of childhood, in making themselves as dirty as circumstances would allow.

Colonel Everard had not been at his station above a minute, when a fresh figure appeared at the window.

"So she has come home. I wonder what she has done with him?" he commented silently, as he gazed on the face illumined by its softest expression, but grown very thin and white. She was in deep mourning for her aunt; there were dark shadows under her eyes; but yet she seemed to him more beautiful than ever. With a sigh he turned abruptly away, and began walking rapidly towards London.

He was due in Chester Square, where his brother Frank had taken a house for six weeks, half an hour ago. There he was to hear news of his other niece—his pretty plaything—his little Con.

At his urgent request, or rather, by his express wish —incited by the many marvellous cures he had heard of—she had been taken this very afternoon to a wonderful bone-setter, with whose fame London was beginning to ring, and her uncle, it had been arranged, should repair to Chester Square about six o'clock to hear the result of the interview.

On arriving, he was at once shown into the drawing-room, where sat Mrs. Everard with her daughter, who was lying on the sofa, both anxiously expecting him.

Colonel Everard had always been treated with deference by his brother and his wife, as the head of the family, and its richest member; but, at the same time, it was well understood that, as matters were, nothing could prevent Tranmere and all the landed property coming eventually to Frank or one of his four sons.

Now, however, the case was different. Mrs. Everard, his childless wife, was dead; what was to hinder him, a singularly good-looking man, in the prime of life, endowed with every advantage, when the days of his mourning were ended, from marrying again? It was this fact that had clouded poor Mrs. Frank Everard's genial brow since the news of her sister-in-law's death had reached her: that caused her husband to deplore ceaselessly the expense he had gone to in sending the future heir to Tranmere to Eton: that made them both treat the new-made widower with an exaggerated sympathy that slightly exasperated him, in the hope that, with the assistance of his favourite Con, they might retain such a hold upon him as might induce him to remain single.

Con herself had no such motive for her affection. Whether married or unmarried, he was always the same Uncle George to her, and as he entered the room she stretched out both her hands to him.

"Come here," she cried, in her pretty imperiousness, interrupting her mother's more formal greeting; "quite close."

He obeyed, as he usually did, this fascinating tyrant, and, seating himself by her side, lent a willing ear to the disclosures that were to follow, which he could easily divine to be of a favourable nature.

Con put her face, pale and tired, but bright with a new brightness, close to his.

"The man is a magician!" she whispered, "a real wizard! What should you say if you were to see me running in a year's time?"

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY THIRD.

A DUTCHMAN'S LITTLE HOLIDAY.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

O one could remember with any degree of accuracy the year in which old Von Droonen and his wife first settled down in the little village of Twintleton. Probably had he been asked, or had Mrs. Von Droonen been asked, either of them would have willingly vouchsafed the information; but as this would have been somewhat on a par with inquiring the age of the worthy couple, no one had ever had the bad manners to put the question.

"Let me see, now," said Twintleton's oldest inhabitant one fine summer's afternoon, as he sat basking his limbs in front of the ancient hostelry, "let me see, neighbours; it were just the year o' the big storm, and that was more'n two years afore railways ran this way, and more'n five before the coaches stopped running, 'cause, bless ye, don't ye see, the coaches did think they'd soon starve the trains off the line. Ay, neighbours, and I've seen forty coaches go by here of a forenoon. But la! my memory be a failing o' me. Losh-a-me! who have we comin' here?"

Yes, who indeed? Who but Von Droonen himself and his "good lady," as the oldest inhabitant called her, when he told old Von "he had never seen the pair o' them lookin' better in all his born days," and that "the young uns in these times couldn't hold the candle to the old uns." The oldest inhabitant told Von a deal more, at all of which Von laughed most pleasedly; and as it wanted fully an hour till train-time, he seated himself on the bench beneath the famous old oak, where it is said Queen Bess herself once stopped to rest. And, still holding fast by his arm, Mrs. Von Droonen sat down by his side.

A plain but pleasant old-fashioned couple were the Dutchman and his wife; and it wasn't often the neighbours had seen them dressed as they now were, for on ordinary days, from eight in the morning, when Von took the shop-shutters down, till eight at night, when he put them back again, Mrs. Von was to be found behind her counter, in cotton gown and holland cap. It was confectionery she sold, and the school-children were her principal customers, because forsooth she gave the biggest penny-worths of anybody in the village, and talked the kindliest, and smiled the sweetest. Had you wished to see Von, you would have had to go to the inner room. There he would be in leathern apron, mending harness at the open back door that led out to the garden, where everything, including the daisies, the wall-flowers, the green-grape vine, the cocks and hens, and the cabbages, looked as happy as old Von himself did.

Oh, they were dressed *so* well to-day! That gay striped shawl must have cost pounds; that broad-cloth coat, golden guelders not a few; that bonnet, and that

hat—well, there, I must confess neither Von nor Mrs. Von was quite up to the fashion, for Von insisted that Mrs. Von should wear a head-dress that he thought suited her peculiar style of beauty, while Von himself wore a hat for comfort. So there they were, old Von smoking a cigar instead of the customary four inches of briar. With that cigar in his mouth, who was to know he wasn't a count at least? So thought Mrs. Von.

And this was their golden wedding-day!

"Bless my soul now," said the oldest inhabitant when he heard it, "how young ye must ha' been when ye first forgathered!"

Now Von had done London once before in his youth, and for the last fifty years he had been promising to take Mrs. Von up to have a peep at "dat big city." He would show her "de Tower, St. Paul's Cadedral, and de Dames Tunnel;" and Mrs. Von had lived on in hope till now.

Good Mrs. Von, what a confidence and faith, coupled with admiration, she had for her husband! All through life she had leant on his counsels as she now leant on his arm; she was nobody; she knew nothing; and when any one applied to her for information at any time, she always had the one answer, "I don't know, ye see, but I dessay Von knows."

Paddington Station was somewhat confusing to old Von. He'd be all right when he got out of it, he thought, so he tucked his good lady tighter still under his arm and followed the foot-passengers. He wasn't much wiser when he got into Praed Street; but he had a good look round, then he concluded, "Dey'd been and built some new houses hereabouts."

"Want to find the Underground?" said a kindly policeman.

Von, who did not hear over-well, looked upon this as a grim but ill-timed joke.

"Underground indeet!" said Von, "I am not dat very old yet. Ve are going to de Tower, to de Dames Tunnel, and to de Cadedral. Dat is moren our was-Ha! ha!"

And off strode Von, pulling viciously at his fifth cigar. When one doesn't know where one is, one may as well go one way as another, so thought Von. But presently Von, from sundry signs and grimaces in his good lady's face, came to the conclusion that she was trying to swallow a tear.

"Dessay it's foolish," said Mrs. Von, "but our dear boy vould just be as old as that perleeceman, 'pparently, Von."

"Dis is no day to cry;" replied Von, "dead—he is dead long years ago." But Von pressed his wife's arm still more tightly under his as he spoke.

When the policeman of the beat went home that day to dinner, he picked up his youngest child and began playing cricket-ball with it.

"Sally darling," he said to his wife, "what do you think? I've found father and mother. They were pottering round Praed Street. But for the look of the thing, and only that I wasn't *quite* sure, you know, I'd have hugged the old lady on the pavement."

"Dear me, Tom!"

"Yes, Sally; bacon and eggs is it? Sit down. You mind, Sally, me telling you how I was kidnapped when a kinshin, and how the old hag who stole me described my father and mother on her death-bed. You do? Well, I'd guessed they were dead long ago; but yonder they were, or my name isn't Tom. And I mean to go and find 'em. A needle in a hay-stack? Fiddlesticks, Sally! They're bound to go home again. They came by way of Paddington. A pal o' mine will watch and fix them there, if I don't find them at the Tower or the Thames Tunnel. Ha! ha! ha! Pass the potatoes, Sally. This is the happiest day in my life."

Von Droonen thought he was all right when he found a bus with "Strand" on it. It was going the wrong way, but it finally went back, and it was all in the holiday. Von was a happy man when he found himself in front of St. Paul's.

"Dat is it," he said exultingly, and he nodded approvingly up at the mighty dome, and approvingly at the passers-by, and Mrs. Von did the same. Fifty and two years since he had seen it; he had tripped up the stairs last time. The stairs were hard on the wind now though, so Von was fain to confess he "dessay'd he was a leetle older." But everything in and about the Tower was just the same. The mail-clad warriors didn't seem a bit older; no more did Von just then. Mrs. Von was in ecstasies. She was just a little afraid though, and stuck steadily to old Von's arm. But it was *so* kind of that tall well-dressed stranger to volunteer to guide them to the Thames Tunnel. Von could easily find it himself, so he told the stranger, but he would willingly accept his escort. The shops and stalls used to be pretty, but he "dessay'd they'd be much improved."

"Very much so," replied the stranger, though he did not add that they had long since been improved off the face of the earth—or perhaps I ought to say the interior of the earth. Well, Von had saved a bit of money in his time, and to-day, he told the stranger, he didn't mind if he spent a bit.

Dinner first, and afterwards the theatre. The Thames Tunnel would do to-morrow. Von himself was in raptures. Mrs. Von's eyes were never a bit smaller than half-a-crown all the time of the play, and her right hand was raised in wonder—she still stuck to Von's arm with the left—fifty times at least during the evening.

The stranger ordered supper, and helped to discuss it. He was amusing, he was affable, he was kind and condescending. The wine was—yes, bother the wine! Thus thought Von when he awoke next morning, not feeling quite sure about all he had done and said on the previous evening. Bother the wine! yes, and this honest couple's joy was turned to grief and their holiday spoiled, for the time at all events, when they found the stranger had fled, and Von's fat pocket-book had vanished also.

There was no use Von's "dessaying it'd be all right," and stopping in all day waiting for that affable stranger's return. He never came; and they were next confronted with him in Bow Street; and the stranger was in the custody of that very Praed Street

policeman who had suggested the Underground to old Von Droonen.

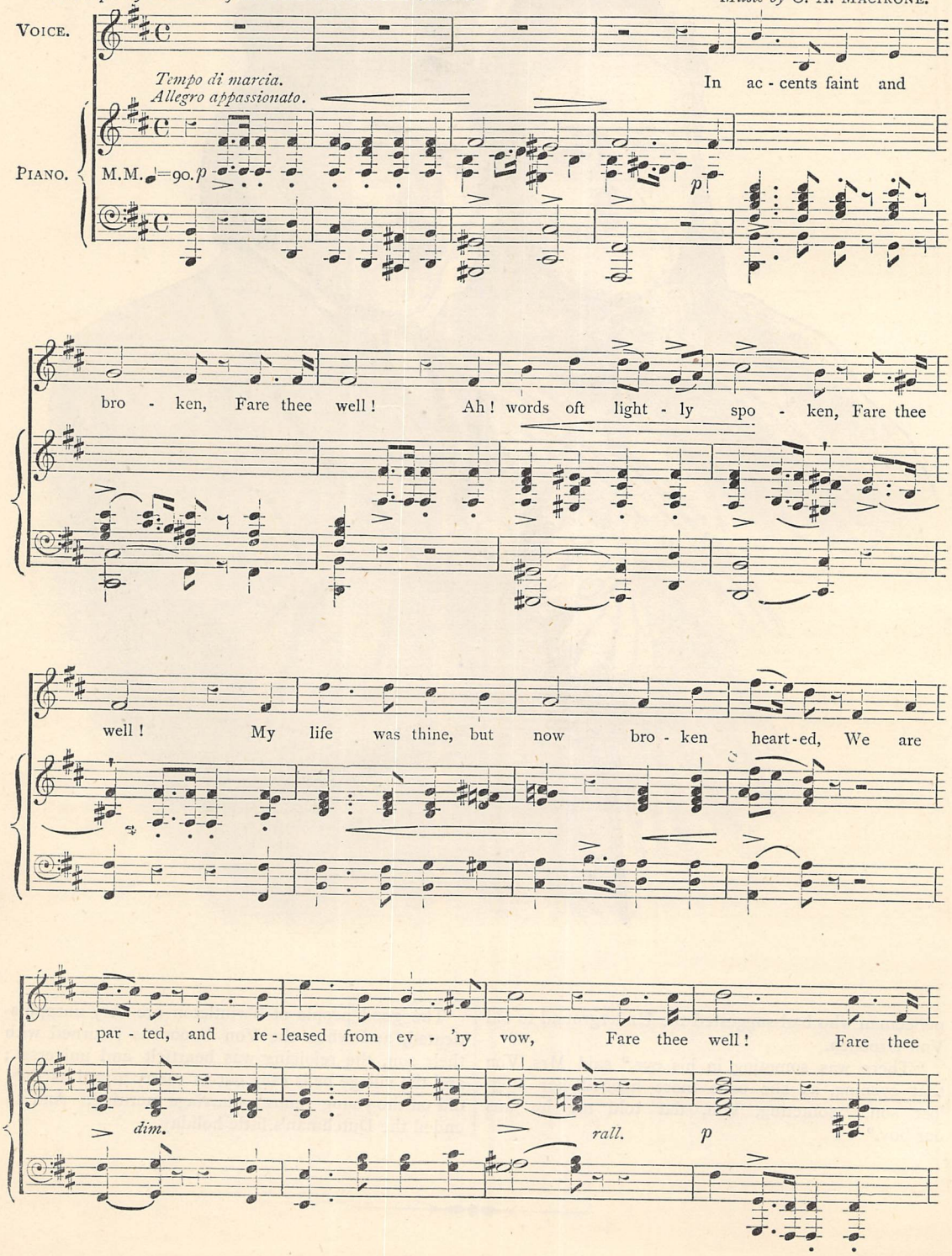
"There was someting in his eye," said Mrs. Von that evening, as she once more hugged her long-lost son, "someting, Von, dat told me he was our boy."

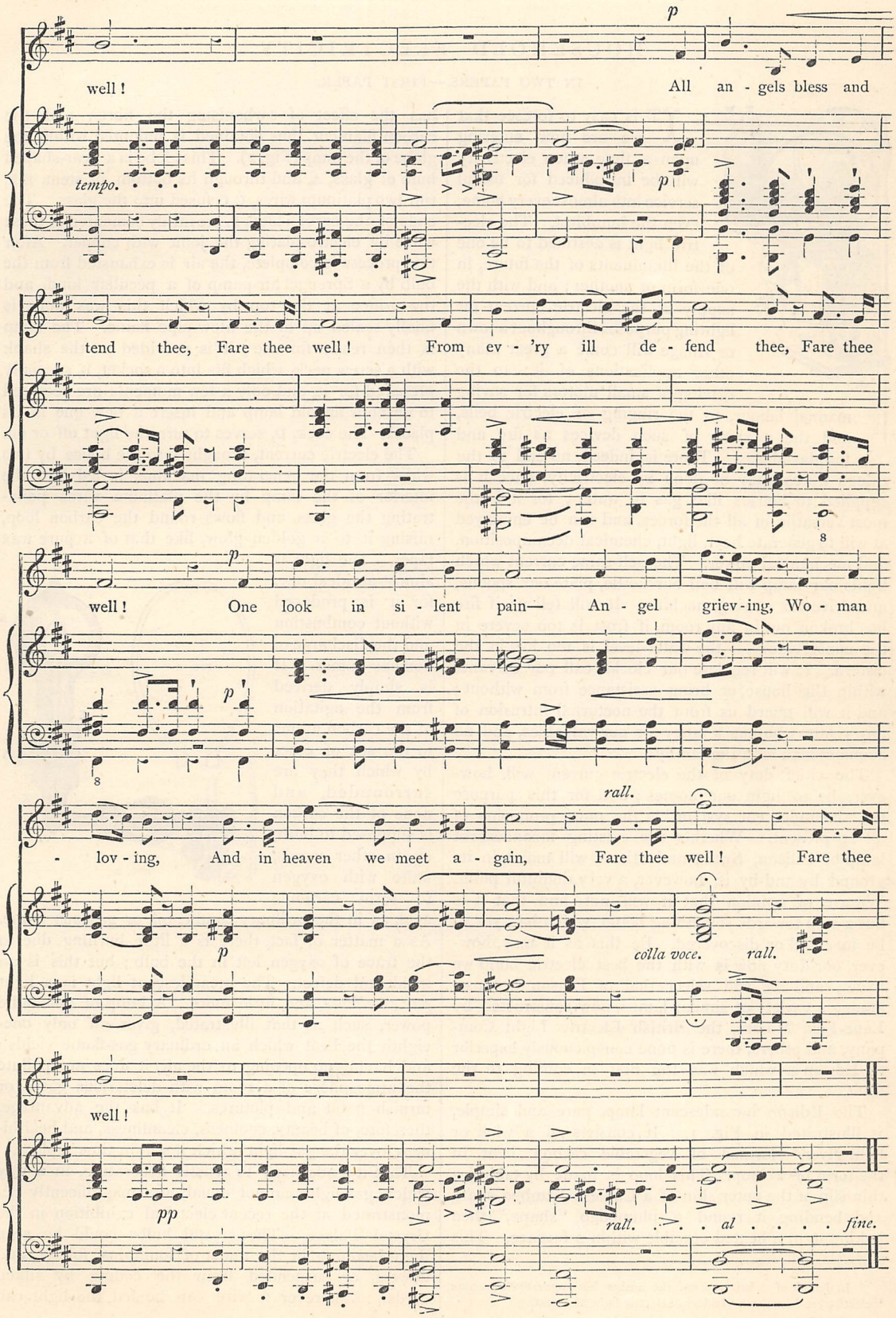
The good people of Twintleton are very unsophisticated, and when the Von Droonens returned with their son, the rejoicing was heartfelt and universal; and the village bells rang out as merry a peal as they did on the young squire's marriage morning. And so ended the Dutchman's little holiday.

Fare Thee Well!

(LEBE WOHL.)

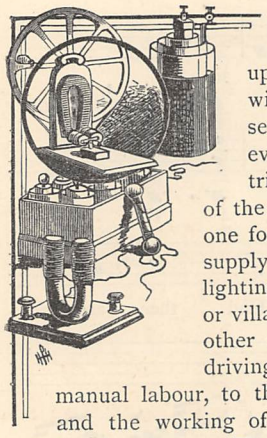
Words partly translated from FRANZ FREIHERR GAUDY. *Music by* C. A. MACIRONE.




p
well!
All an - gels bless and
tempo.
p
tend thee, Fare thee well! From ev - 'ry ill de - fend thee, Fare thee
8
p
well! One look in si - lent pain— An - gel griev - ing, Wo - man
p
8
rall.
- lov - ing, And in heaven we meet a - gain, Fare thee well! Fare thee
p
colla voce.
rall.
well!
pp
rall.
al
fine.

HOUSEHOLD ELECTRICITY.

IN TWO PAPERS.—FIRST PAPER.



IT is easy to foresee that we are now entering upon a time when electricity will be introduced for useful service into almost every home, even the humblest. The electric light is destined to be one of the illuminants of the future, in one form or another; and with the supply of the electric current for lighting purposes throughout a town or village will come a great many other applications of it: to the driving of small motors for saving manual labour, to the ringing of electric bells, and the working of such devices as fire and burglar alarms. There is, indeed, no end to the things which may be done by electricity, once it is supplied to houses like gas or water; for it is the most versatile of all the forces, and can be employed at will to generate heat, light, chemical decomposition, and mechanical power. The self-same current which lights our lamp will boil our kettle, plate our spoons, and drive our sewing-machine. It will tell us if fire has broken out in any room, if frost is too severe in the conservatory, if the water-level is too low in the cistern. It will regulate our clocks, call our servants within the house, or bring assistance from without; and it will guard us from the nocturnal intrusion of any visitor who has a fancy for our valuables, and no acquaintance with the family.

The chief duty of the electric current will, however, be to light our homes; and for this purpose the "incandescent system" is the most promising of all at present. Whether the existing incandescent lamp of Edison, Swan, and others, will maintain its ground by-and-by is, however, a very doubtful point. We are of opinion that it will not, and that it is but a step towards something better which has yet to be invented or discovered. Be this as it may, however, our duty now is with the best electric lamp we have; and we will select that of Edison because, among a variety of similar lamps, now constructed by Lane-Fox, Maxim, the British Electric Light Company, and others, there is none conspicuously superior to Edison's, which was the first in coming to the front.

The Edison incandescent lamp, pure and simple, is illustrated in Fig. 1. It consists of a wick or light-giver,* formed of vegetable carbon bent in the form of a loop. This loop is made by taking a thin slip of the outer skin of a Chinese bamboo shaft, and bending it round a plumbago "shape," then baking it in a heated crucible within a furnace. This has the effect of carbonising the fibre; and the carbon filament thus obtained is mounted within the globe of the lamp (Fig. 2). This globe is a pear-shaped bulb of glass, A, and through its bottom, or stem, E E, run two platinum wires, C C, fused into the glass. The ends of the carbon loop, F, are firmly cemented to these wires by electro-plating the joint with copper. After this process is complete, the air is exhausted from the bulb by a Sprengel air-pump of a peculiar kind, and the orifice at the top by which this was done is finally sealed up in the blow-pipe flame. The lamp is then ready for use; it is provided at the shank with a screw neck, which fits into a socket, B, specially prepared for it, and only a few moments are required to unscrew an old lamp and insert a new one in its place. The cock, D, serves to turn the light off or on.

The electric current, brought into the house by two wires from the generating machine, is led into the interior of the lamp by the platinum wires penetrating the glass, and flows round the carbon loop, raising it to a golden glow, like that of a pure wax taper. The light is almost an ideal one, for it is produced without combustion and the discharge of noxious fumes. It is simply derived from the agitation of the carbon atoms in the sea of ether by which they are surrounded, and none of the carbon is supposed to burn, or, in other words, unite with oxygen to form carbonic acid, as in the ordinary candle, oil, or gaseous flame. As a matter of fact, there is a little burning, due to the trace of oxygen left in the bulb; but this is an incidental defect. The incandescent light is a light *par excellence*, and little more. A lamp of 20-candle power, such as that illustrated, gives off only one-eighth the heat which an ordinary gas-flame yields; and having no opening to the air, it does not pollute the atmosphere of a room with deleterious gases, or tarnish paint and pictures. It has the advantage, therefore, of beauty, coolness, cleanliness, and healthiness, over the gas-light which it will in time replace.

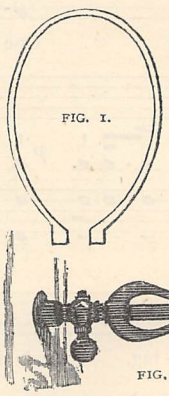


FIG. 2.

That it lends itself to artistic decoration, in a way which gas-light cannot equal, was magnificently demonstrated at the recent electrical exhibition in the Crystal Palace. The crystal bulbs could be seen there beaming in the midst of fountains, foliage, and flowers, or suspended from the ceiling by silken cords. Wherever a wire can be led the light can

* In default of a better term, the author has suggested the name "electropyre" for these yielders of electric light and heat.

be obtained, whether in air or under water. It can be affixed to any ornamental object in a room, such as the mirror sconce, as well as fitted on standards or chandeliers in the ordinary way. Those who saw the fairy spectacle of the Alhambra Courts lit by Lane-Fox lamps at the Crystal Palace, or the great floral chandelier of Edison, will understand its capacities for adornment.

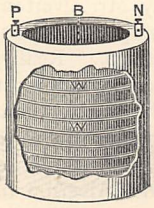


FIG. 4.

It is turned off and on by a cock, like the ordinary gas-flame, but, except in special lamps, does not admit of graduating the light. This, however, is a small drawback, which could easily be overcome, and is to some extent already, in the "Duplex" lamp, which has two carbons, and yields a half or whole light according as the current is sent through one or both at pleasure.

We need not concern ourselves at length with the dynamo-electric machine of Edison, by which the current is generated, any more than one need describe a gas-works in detail when treating of household gas-burners; for it is the intention of the electric lighting companies to found central stations and supply electricity, so that private individuals will draw upon them for the electric current they require, which will be regularly measured by an electric meter.

We may, however, give a short account of the Edison generator to make the subject more complete, and also for the reason that there will be outlying houses and homesteads which will generate their own supply of electricity. This machine is illustrated in Fig. 3, where M are a series of tall upright electro-magnets, three abreast, each triplet being connected at their bases by masses of soft iron, which form north and south magnetic poles, N S. Between these poles a coil of insulated copper-wire, A, of peculiar construction is rotated at a high velocity, and as it whirls through the magnetic space between the two poles a current of electricity is generated in the wire, and being tapped at a contrivance termed a "commutator," C, fixed upon the shaft of the coil, is led away by properly insulated wires, W, to the electric lamps. The coil, or armature, A, is revolved between the poles by means of a belt from a steam-engine, water-turbine, or other motor, running on the pulley, B, at the other end of the shaft. Thus the mechanical power of the motor is transformed into an electric current by means of magnetism, and after being led to a distant place by a circuit of wires, it can there be re-transformed into light in the electric lamp; into heat by traversing a low resistance of metal or some mineral compound; or back again into mechanical power, by a process exactly the reverse of that by which it was originally generated. That is to say, if we had another dynamo similar to that shown in Fig. 3, stationed at the distant place, and sent the current through its coil, A, that coil would begin to revolve of itself, and turn the pulley, B, which, by means of its belt or other gearing, could actuate a lathe or other piece of machinery, and thus perform mechanical work. This is the way in which the transmission of power to a distance by means of electricity is effected.

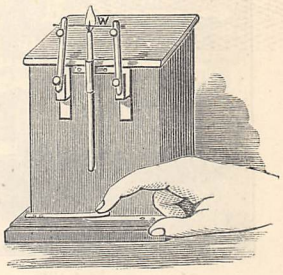


FIG. 5.

In the incandescent lamp, as we have seen, the current raises the carbon filament to a white heat; but if the current were not strong enough to do that, the carbon would only become hot, and perhaps glow with a dull red light. It is easy, therefore, to obtain only heat from the current, and not light, by selecting a suitable resistance of carbon, wire, or other resisting material. Fig. 4 is a sketch of an urn or water-boiler constructed on this plan. Here W W is a stout German silver wire carefully insulated in some composition, such as plaster of Paris, which will retain heat. The wire encircles the well or boiler, B, in which the water is placed, and the current is led to it by binding the conducting wires to the screw "terminals," P, N. The circulation of the current in W W creates heat, and in a short time the water begins to boil. This utensil is suitable for boiling eggs or making coffee.

A platinum wire rendered incandescent by the current is sometimes employed in the actual cautery for excising flesh, and Fig. 5 represents a contrivance for lighting a lamp by the same means. The finger pressing on a spring completes the electric circuit through the wire, W, and thus ignites the inflammable liquid.

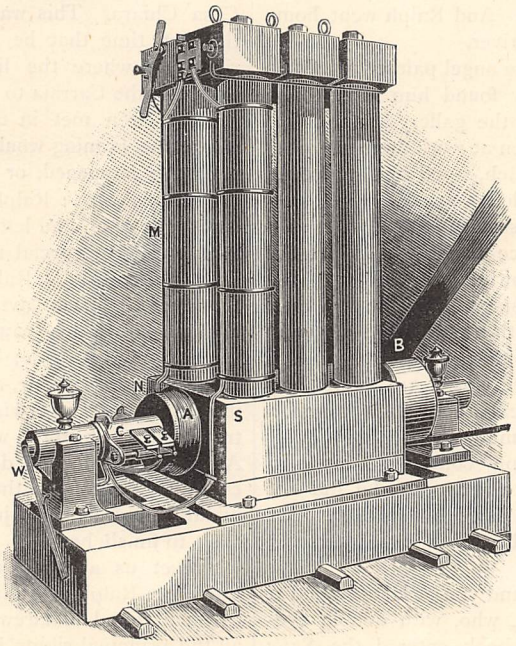
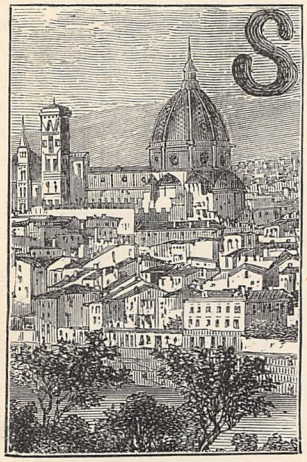


FIG. 3.

ACROSS THE RIVER.



SHE was buying lilies when Ralph Alverton first saw her. It was under a dust-begrimed old palace wall at the corner of one of the streets in Florence. Ralph Alverton was out early in search of a breath of fresh morning air before the glare of the June day began. A few Florentine women in lace veils, holding fans between their faces and the sun's rays, had passed and re-passed him on their way to church or market; but it was an English face which arrested his attention.

"*Vuole, Signorina, vuole?*" clamoured all the flower-vendors together, while each thrust their handful of dewy roses or "Virgin lilies" towards the fair face of a girl with hair of the same golden-red colour as Carlo Dolce painted for his "Angel of the Annunciation." Ralph Alverton, the artist, could not help thinking of that picture as he watched her, lilies in hand, turn away from the long stone ledge of the Palazzo Strozzi, which serves as flower-stall in the Via Tornabuoni. The tall slight figure, in her quaint costume of sage-green, went over one of the bridges to the other side of the Arno. And Ralph went home to his studio on this side the river.

He had taken a fancy to the angel painted by Carlo Dolce, and a few days later found him seated with canvas and easel before it in the gallery of the Pitti. Some copyist had already been at work there: another easel, with a half-finished sketch, stood by the picture, and there was a high stool left vacant. It was not long before it was taken possession of by its owner—the girl with the hair and face like the angel of the picture, the resemblance showing stronger with the removal of her hat. Side by side worked the two English artists all the morning with no exchange of word.

The next day he came with the fixed purpose of winning a word from her grave lips. An opportunity was easily found in some appeal about their common work; it was followed by a mutual contemplation of each other's painting. Ralph considered his own immeasurably the superior of the two, but he did not say so, and talked because he liked his listener. But the conversation was brief; the artists were discreet; and silence resulted.

"Ah, Lilias, so we have found you at last!" cried a grand-looking matronly lady, who, with double eye-glasses and Baedeker's guide-book, entered the *Salle* shortly before the hour for closing. She was followed by a party of her own people, who all came up and shook hands with the girl-artist. "Why, Mr. Alverton, are *you* here?" exclaimed a chorus of surprised voices, and then there was a repetition of greetings. "Really, in travelling, one comes across friends in the most surprising way!" said the leader of the party, whom they called "Mrs. Calvon." "I thought you were still living in London. Do you know my friend Miss Vane? No! Lilias, may I introduce Mr. Alverton to you? What a strange coincidence that I should find my two friends at work on the same picture, yet unknown to one another!"

Then the whole group of English visitors suddenly grew deeply interested in the "Angel of the Annunciation," and in one another. Mrs. Calvon put up her glasses and gave her criticisms with all the freedom of an amateur who knows nothing about art. "Will you come and see us this evening at the Hôtel de l'Europe, Mr. Alverton?" she asked, as they left the gallery.

Ralph accepted and came. In Mrs. Calvon's *salon* he learnt a little about Lilias Vane. Her family, who were very poor, had consented to her wish to come to Florence to paint. She lived at a *pension*—the Casa Chiara—which happened exactly to face the studio occupied by Ralph on the opposite side of the Arno. While they were talking of her, Lilias herself arrived with some other people, who had been invited.

Ralph Alverton made up his mind that evening that he liked her very much. Lilias did not make up her mind so quickly. She was quiet and silent, with a grave sweet look which somehow connected itself with the Angel and the Lily. But when it was time to go home Ralph offered to escort the ladies back to the Casa Chiara. This was the first, but by no means the last, time that he walked with Lilias along the river-side where the lights shone, and across the bridge of the Carraja to her home on the other side.

They often met in the rooms of mutual friends, where the evening would be spent, and when—whatever else happened, or did not happen—the end was the same always: Ralph Alverton took care of Lilias across the river, and left her safely at the Casa Chiara.

One day, by special arrangement, the Calvons and Lilias paid a visit to Ralph's studio on the Lung' Arno. Some of the party lavished a good deal of ecstatic admiration on his paintings, which he received for what they were worth; but the few words uttered in Lilias' low steady tone, and the flush of animation and interest on her otherwise calm face, were things he treasured. His studio was filled with original designs. As a rule he looked down on copyists, but he had continued the copy of the "Angel of the Annunciation," making his work last just so long as the time Lilias took to finish hers.

"Meet us at the Certosa to-morrow," said Mrs. Calvon to Ralph; "Lilias has promised to accompany us on a round of farewell visits we wish to make to all the principal sights before leaving Florence. For leave we must this week if Eustace does not appear.

We have waited long enough for him; the heat is becoming really insupportable." "Eustace" was a son Mrs. Calvon had been expecting to join them, but whose business appointment in England had hitherto delayed him.

Ralph Alverton felt sorry that the Calvons were leaving, partly for their own sake—they were pleasant friends—but still more because it would mean a cessation of those constant meetings with Lilias.

In the middle of the cloister garden of the Convent of the Certosa there stands an old well. "At what are you looking?" asked Ralph, leaving the rest to follow the monk who acted as showman, and coming across to where Lilias, stooping over the well's side, was gazing down earnestly into its dark depths.

"I was trying to think of a wish," she said, looking up with a smile. "These old wells always give me a childish fancy to wish; they make one think of the wishing-wells in which one used, as a child, to believe."

"I know what I wish," said Ralph, with a fervour which was quite earnest. There was nothing in the words; whether it was the tone, whether it was something she read in his eyes as they stayed fixed on hers, or whether it was some electric message in the air, Lilias could not have told; but there, by the convent well, she guessed for the first time that Ralph loved her.

Together they leaned over the old stone sides, and looked down the deep round abyss to where far, far below, the water reflected their faces against a background of blue sky, across which at that moment a fleecy cloud was sailing. Ralph's wish was that the day might come when Florence's river should divide them no longer. Lilias wished that the morrow might bring Eustace Calvon to Florence. So, silently, the two contrary wishes were sent down the old well—Ralph guessing nothing of how the other wish clashed with his own; Lilias just conscious that it was possible both should not agree.

Then they re-crossed the sunny garden to join the carriages waiting in the shade at the entrance gates, and they all drove back to Florence. And the solemn silence-bound monks, unmindful of the world's love-stories, came out at sunset to draw water at the old well, which to them was nothing but a source of common usefulness.

A few days afterwards, in the early morning, the artists were left standing on the station platform, from whence a pile of luggage from the Hôtel de l'Europe had just been cleared, waving adieux to the express train going north. Both were sorry for the departure of their mutual friends; both also had a special cause in their regret. Lilias would have liked to have met Eustace Calvon again; she would have described him as "an old friend—nothing more;" and so when he did not come she was not broken-hearted, but bore the disappointment very philosophically. Had they met that summer, the old friendship might have ripened into something stronger, but business claims detained young Calvon in England for three days longer than the patience of his relations could endure, and when he was free it was in the Engadine—not in Florence—that he joined them.

Mr. Alverton soon made the discovery that the old ladies—the chief occupants of the *pension* where Lilias was living—were most charming and delightful people. And so it happened that at last his evening visits became a scarcely less regular custom than the appearance of the eight o'clock tray with its two large tea-pots of watery tea. It was never a dingy, never a poky place, that *salon*, to Ralph, for the girl with the golden-glory hair of the angel was there, and her presence made it seem to him an earthly paradise. And somehow, even though the surroundings were a crowd of old maids in smart evening caps, bad tea, and a cracked old piano, Lilias learnt better every evening what the wish was that Ralph had at heart; and her own wish faded out of memory. Eustace was far away, and had never been more than "an old friend:" Ralph Alverton was close, and made her understand that he would not be content until he reached a higher standing than mere friendship.

Lilias surrendered. They settled it in so many words one day at the far end of the Cascine (the Hyde Park of Florence), where Lilias had been left to wait for a friend. The friend was late in keeping her appointment, and Mr. Alverton happened to arrive instead. There, on a stone seat just beyond the monument to the Indian prince, Lilias promised everything required of her, while some light fluffy seeds from a tree overhead fell, scattering at their feet, and eddied lightly around—north, south, east, west—like emblems of uncertainty; but words were said which sealed two fates, and close beside them flowed the yellow Arno which soon should separate them no longer.

Happy days were those which followed: happier day was that to which they looked forward in the following June. But before that day which was to give them to one another, came Eustace Calvon to Florence. And with him came discord between the lovers. How it began, why it continued, who was most to be blamed, none but themselves could ever guess; but Eustace Calvon was somehow (unintentionally) the centre-chord which caused the jar. Ralph grew jealous, suspicious; showed heat and hastiness. Lilias was proud, resentful, and turned cold as ice. The whole Calvon party had returned to Florence, and Ralph chose to disapprove of them all. He complained that Lilias let herself be monopolised by them, that Eustace talked too much to her; that he would not endure it; he would not stand it. Lilias, conscious that no cause for wrath existed, and finding Eustace simply friendly and civil, resented such injustice, and affirmed impatiently that "no one should make her cast off old friends." Circumstances and misunderstandings helped to widen the breach, until the climax was reached one day in high words on the Ponte di Carraja, where without farewell they parted—she across the bridge to one side, he across the bridge to the other side. Divided! yes, they had chosen division.

* * * * * *

A great crowd blocks the bridgeway and lines on either side the river's embankments—a black silent crowd, which all the day long hangs over the parapets, watching the water below.

"A boat upset—two men drowned—the bodies are being searched for." So passes the news through Florence. Lilias learns it on her way homewards at midday. There—passing along the Lung' Arno—she learns too the added rumour, "One is an English artist."

"Let me take you home," says Eustace Calvon, finding her with blanched lips adrift in the crowd. He leads her further up the river-side and guides her faltering steps across one of the higher bridges, which is deserted. Neither speak their fear in words, but before many hours have passed all Florence proclaims it for them: "Mr. Ralph Alverton" is the name of the missing Englishman. Eustace hastens to his rooms only to find the report confirmed: "Mr. Alverton went out with a friend in an open boat; it was thought they intended to sketch on the country banks."

"'SO WE HAVE FOUND YOU AT LAST'" (*p.* 466).

All day the search is made; all the day from early morning to late night the blackness of onlookers is there. Night comes, and still they hang over the bridge's parapet—a motionless saddened mass, spellbound to the spot.

But the pleasure and the business continue: strangers come and go from palace to church to see the sights; carriages drive out to the Cascine to listen to the band; pleasant, impromptu parties make up their evening

round of the *cafés*, and afterwards walk back to their hotels or apartments by the side of the river, beneath whose moonlit waters the dead lie.

Lilias stands on her balcony alone in the moonlight. Two days have passed; the second day's search has been as fruitless as the first: the crowds have dispersed—the people have gone away soberly to their homes. She looks out upon the cold, silver-radianced water flowing ever onwards; the line of bright lights fling their reflection across the river as on other nights, but one window from the other side is darkened—there shines no good-night signal there.

Across the bridge come hurrying, with swift noiseless steps, a weird procession of those whose office it is to carry the dead—the secret confraternity of the *Misericordia*—disguised figures robed in black from head to foot, only the eyes visible. Two and two they go, carrying lighted torches before and after the corpse. Some among them, it may be—noble or citizen—have just been called away from the dance or the feast to serve as they have bound themselves to serve at all times of necessity. Another minute they have hastened away on their midnight mission; the flare of their torches is seen no more.

Lilias, standing mute, immovable in the moonlight, remembers how on that bridge two days before she has parted with him she loves; recalls the proud, hard words which have been their last, and tries—very hard she tries—to realise that between them now runs the River of Death, and that before she can whisper the word "Forgive!" she must wait until she too shall reach "the other side."

"O Ralph, if you were here but for one short moment, I think I could make you understand!" Then, as in answer to her half-uttered cry, some one who, unnoticed, has with rapid uncertain steps passed twice or thrice below the balcony, pauses and looks up, and calls her by her name.

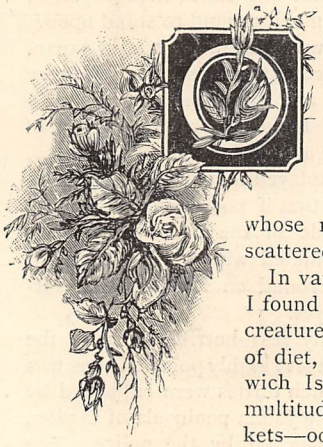
Down in the front vestibule, still left opened to the street, with none near but the old half-sleeping concierge, she learns the glad news that all Florence has been under a mistake; that Ralph has come home from his prolonged stay in the *campagna*; that the River of Death has been but the dream of two sad days; and that Ralph "understands" already, and has come to make her understand. No river need longer divide them.

"Will you come to me there on the other side?" Ralph asks once again.

And Lilias answers, "I will come."

ON CUTTLE-FISH AS A DAINTY DISH.

BY C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.



OF all the creatures which in divers countries are accounted good for food, few are to my mind so uninviting as the whole family of octopus and cuttle-fish, whose members are so widely scattered throughout the world.

In various parts of the Pacific, I found that these horrid-looking creatures were a favourite article of diet, but chiefly in the Sandwich Isles and in Japan, where multitudes are sold in the markets—octopuses and cuttle-fish, large and small, old and young, living or dead—and find a ready sale. The large ones are cut up in sections, all ready for a dish, smaller ones are kept alive in water, and twine their long slender arms, as if vainly feeling for the seaweeds and rocks where they were wont to feed. Neat little cuttle-fish are sold by the dozen, all ready for a dish. Some are dried whole, for inland carriage, and others are salted and sold as squid.

On the shores of the Mediterranean, dainty little octopuses are served as a garnish for larger fish, their long arms when delicately fried being somewhat suggestive of maccaroni. Larger ones are chopped up and eaten with tomato sauce, and when thus disguised are not unpalatable.

A preliminary visit to the fish market would, however, suffice to deter most folk from venturing deliberately to make a meal of one of the hideous creatures which they may there behold floating in large tubs; in some are delicate-looking cuttle-fish, like transparent jelly; in others, the more repulsive octopus, with protruding eyes, apparently watching for the approach of the customer whose order seals their fate. When a purchaser has selected the octopus he most fancies, the owner adroitly seizes it by the back of the neck, and though its arms twist and writhe around his hands, he contrives to give it a twist, which instantly disables, and generally kills it. Then it lies, a hideous, inert, gelatinous mass, scarcely to be recognised as the same amazingly active creature which, but a moment before, was outstretching its long arms in every direction, reaching over the sides of the tub and displaying the rows of suckers which give such terrible tenacity to its grip. When the creature is at rest, it coils these terrible arms at its side.

In breathing it spouts like a whale in miniature, spurting water from a pair of blow-pipes. It has a strong beak like a parrot, with which it crunches up crabs and other crustacea. Its partiality for these is so well known, that the fishers of the Mediterranean often bait their lines with crabs and drop them over-

board, knowing that very soon some unwary octopus will seize the prey, and hold it so securely that it will suffer itself to be drawn into the boat rather than relax its grasp.

When thus seen, moving at large in the clear water, it is not an ungraceful creature. It carries its arms curled up about its ugly body, only shooting them out as it passes any object which invites inspection, such as a rock, in whose crevices may lie hidden dainties. Then with the tips of these feelers it rapidly explores the possible storehouse, and if nothing is forthcoming, the long arms are once more coiled up into the smallest possible compass, ready in the twinkling of an eye to be thrown like a lasso around any desirable prey.

Well may the fishers dread an encounter with a full-grown representative of this horrid family, and terrible are the tales which some can tell, for the truth of which they are ready to vouch, tales wellnigh as sensational as the wildest fancies of writers of romance. Even the gigantic devil-fish described by Jules Verne, as attacking the famous submarine yacht, and that equally terrible monster of which Victor Hugo writes so thrillingly in "The Toilers of the Sea," are now proved to be no mere creation of a fertile imagination, but actual living monsters, which may at any moment enfold the unwary fisher in their awful clasp.

The largest specimens of cuttle-fish that have as yet been seen and verified by naturalists have recently been found in Cook's Straits, and are described in the "Transactions of the New Zealand Institute." One of these is of the genus *Steenstrupia stockii*. The hideous sack-like body was seven feet in length, and nine in circumference, its head all but two feet in length, and its internal shell measured six feet three inches.

Another, of a different genus, namely the *Architeuthis verrilli*, was found stranded on the shores of Island Bay, also in Cook's Straits. It was still living, and its gigantic snake-like arms writhed and curled like a cluster of huge serpents. The principal arms measured twenty-five feet in length, and the lesser arms were eleven feet nine inches in length, by seven and a half inches in width. Each long arm was furnished with three rows of powerful suckers, nineteen in the central row and fifteen on each side, each individually capable of gripping any object, with a tenacity horrible to contemplate.

The body of this monster measured seven feet two inches in length, nine feet two inches in girth, its head was four feet three inches in circumference, and its evil projecting eyes measured five inches by four. Judge of the sensations of the luckless swimmer around whom those awful arms entwined, and who felt each dreadful sucker fastening on him, and rendering escape hopeless—nothing before him but the certainty of being crunched up by the hard cruel beak, just as though he were a crab or a lobster!

After all (though, as in most South Sea deeds of vengeance, the innocent have to suffer for the guilty), the giant cuttle-fish would but be carrying out a simple law of retaliation in thus devouring one of the race which so ruthlessly consumes his lesser brethren, too often devouring them with the utmost relish while still alive. In the Sandwich Isles I was assured that a live cuttle-fish is a far greater delicacy than the finest oysters.

I heard a most horrible description of a Hawaiian chiefess of the real old school, who had thus deliberately commenced crunching up one of the long arms of a good-sized octopus, whereupon the luckless victim showed fight. First it deluged her face and neck with the inky secretion with which nature has endowed it as a means of baffling its foes. Then it twined its remaining feelers in her long black hair, but still the lady was not discomfited, but while battling with her prey, continued her horrid feast.

We talk a good deal about the ruthless beasts of prey in the lower ranks of creation, but I fear that for simple downright barbarity the human biped, in certain phases of epicureanism, could scarcely be surpassed. Our own tables might furnish painful illustrations of the evils which we encourage rather from want of thought than from deliberate cruelty: the artificially diseased livers of geese nailed to boards, kept near roasting fires, and periodically crammed to suffocation, all to furnish us with *pâté de foie gras*; the veal and the turkey blanched by subjecting the poor victims to a slow death by bleeding, the turkey being bled by having its tongue cut out.

Occasionally when I have ventured to express to some South Sea maiden my qualms on seeing her crunch a living wriggling fish between her strong white teeth, she has laughingly reminded me of our British taste for eating what she called living oysters, and I felt that I had not much ground to stand upon.

But surely horror's crown of horror centres in Japan, where at the most civilised entertainments, with every adjunct of refined taste and advanced art, the dish which holds the place of honour is a living carp, of which all present partake as of a most choice delicacy, the utmost care being displayed in carving it so as to touch no vital organ, so that if possible all the guests are helped from one side of the miserable victim, which is occasionally sprinkled with water to keep it lively, and which looks round on its barbarous torturers with melancholy eyes.

Equally cruel, and only less horrible because the deed was perpetrated by a less highly polished race, was the horrible torture to which turtles were subjected by the Tamil fishermen in the Jaffna peninsula of Ceylon, till their barbarity was checked by the police. The miserable creatures were sold piecemeal, and the great object of the vendor was to keep them in life till the last pound of flesh had found a purchaser, a matter of perhaps many hours, during which the tortured turtle lay writhing in agony, exposed to a burning sun. It was thrown on its back, and the lower half of the shell was cut off, so as to expose the defenceless animal; then each customer selected the portion he preferred, till, one by one, each fin had been amputated, and all the flesh and fat had been duly apportioned; the contortions of the unhappy turtle indicating plainly the agony which it thus endured through a long series of hours. The heart and head

"A GOOD MAN'S LOVE! OH, PRITHEE, STAY,
BEFORE YOU TURN SUCH GIFT AWAY,
AND WRITE NO UNCONSIDERED 'NO.'"

"YES OR NO?" (p. 471)

were left to the last, and not till the head was actually cut off did the eyes cease to open and shut, and the mouth to snap, proving that life and sensation were still active.

I write of this horrible subject in the past tense, as, owing to strenuous and well-enforced police regulations, such barbarity is happily no longer to be witnessed in the open fish-markets. But as a cruel nature does not change at the bidding of the wisest officials, there is reason to fear that many a poor turtle may still be doomed to die by slow torture in the back courts of many a Tamil home. I should note that the people of Jaffna are all Tamils, an immigrant race from Southern India. The Cingalese themselves are mostly Buddhists, and are consequently exceedingly tender to all living creatures.

YES OR NO?

A RONDEAU.

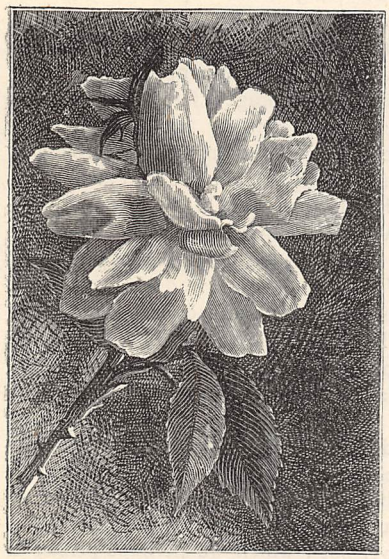
A GOOD man's love! Oh, prithee, stay,
Before you turn such gift away,
And write no unconsidered "No"
To him who proves he loves you so,
And humbly owns your regal sway.

For hearts may change, the wise folk say,
And as full oft the brightest ray
Fades in an hour, so too may go
A good man's love.

Then pause awhile. This short delay
May gladden many an after-day.
Search well your heart, and if it show
True signs of love, bid pride bend low,
And take this great gift while you may—
A good man's love!

G. WEATHERLY.

OUR GARDEN IN JULY.



THE important and interesting operation of budding our roses is that which occupies us during the days of this month which are favourable for undertaking it. It may be worth while to give a few brief hints on a matter in which too many of us at times have to record only a failure and disappointment.

Now there is certainly a great risk run if we set about our budding during an intensely hot, dry, and sultry season. Our bud gets simply scorched out of the stock after all has, as we thought, been happily completed. Or it may be that we have allowed too long a time to elapse between the removal of the young buds from the trees and budding them upon our stock, so that our collection, or lapful, has already begun to droop, wither, and dry up; or, lastly, our failure may, alas! be attributable to downright defective manipulation. Our bast matting or worsted has been perhaps tied too tightly, and we choke the very life out of our bud, or perhaps nearly displace it; or we have tied it so loosely that the veriest puff of air carries it away. As for the time of the day in which to bud, the evening is the best, and if with warm weather it be showery and thundery also, so much the better.

Briefly, then, we may recapitulate the operation and then pass on to something else; for although our garden should of course by this time of the year be in all its perfection and glory, there is, as usual, an endless amount of work to be done.

We first of all shave off, so to speak, a thin slice of bark from a rose-tree, taking with it a leaf, while at the base of this leaf is the bud. And next we simply run our knife one inch down the bark of another rose-tree—that is, of the stock upon which we are about to bud. We do not, however, cut deeply in with our knife, but merely cut through the bark to the hard wood, and we make also a small cross-cut of corresponding depth. Then with the thin ivory piece of our budding knife we gently and slightly raise the bark of our stock, which we have just cut sufficiently to enable us to tuck in our little bud under the bark, bringing the leaf just to the point where the cuts in the bark cross each other. Then we tie the bark down with matting or worsted—that is, good coarse worsted, for very fine worsted might easily afterwards break—bringing it round several times to make all secure. The next morning, should the weather turn out to be very

hot, and the rays of the sun rather fierce and scorching, a little bunch of loose moss might with advantage be tied over all. Now, from the very nature of the whole operation, it will be at once apparent that the more quickly the whole is done the better prospect there is of success, and for this reason: we must do all we can to prevent the sap of the bud, and that too of the raised bark, having time to dry.

One occasional cause of failure is that, in taking away our small bud from the tree, we get away too much wood with it. It is for this reason, therefore, that we use the words "*thin* slice" advisedly; but on the other hand, if after we have got our bud off we think it necessary to get away some more of the wood, we must be particularly cautious not to get away, with the wood that we are paring off, the germ of the bud itself.

One other experiment is worth a trial, especially when the space at our command is not large, and the number of our stocks, therefore, is proportionately small. Two different buds you can, if you like, put upon the same stock. In this case the only thing to take care about is that your two buds must be of the same habits and methods of growth, for otherwise the fast-growing bud would very soon absorb all the nutritious properties in the stock to itself, so that the slower-growing one would in a wonderfully short time begin to fail, or at the best your tree would not grow uniformly. There is no reason, however, why you should not choose two different-*coloured* roses for budding, the effect of which, if properly carried out, might be exceedingly good and pleasing.

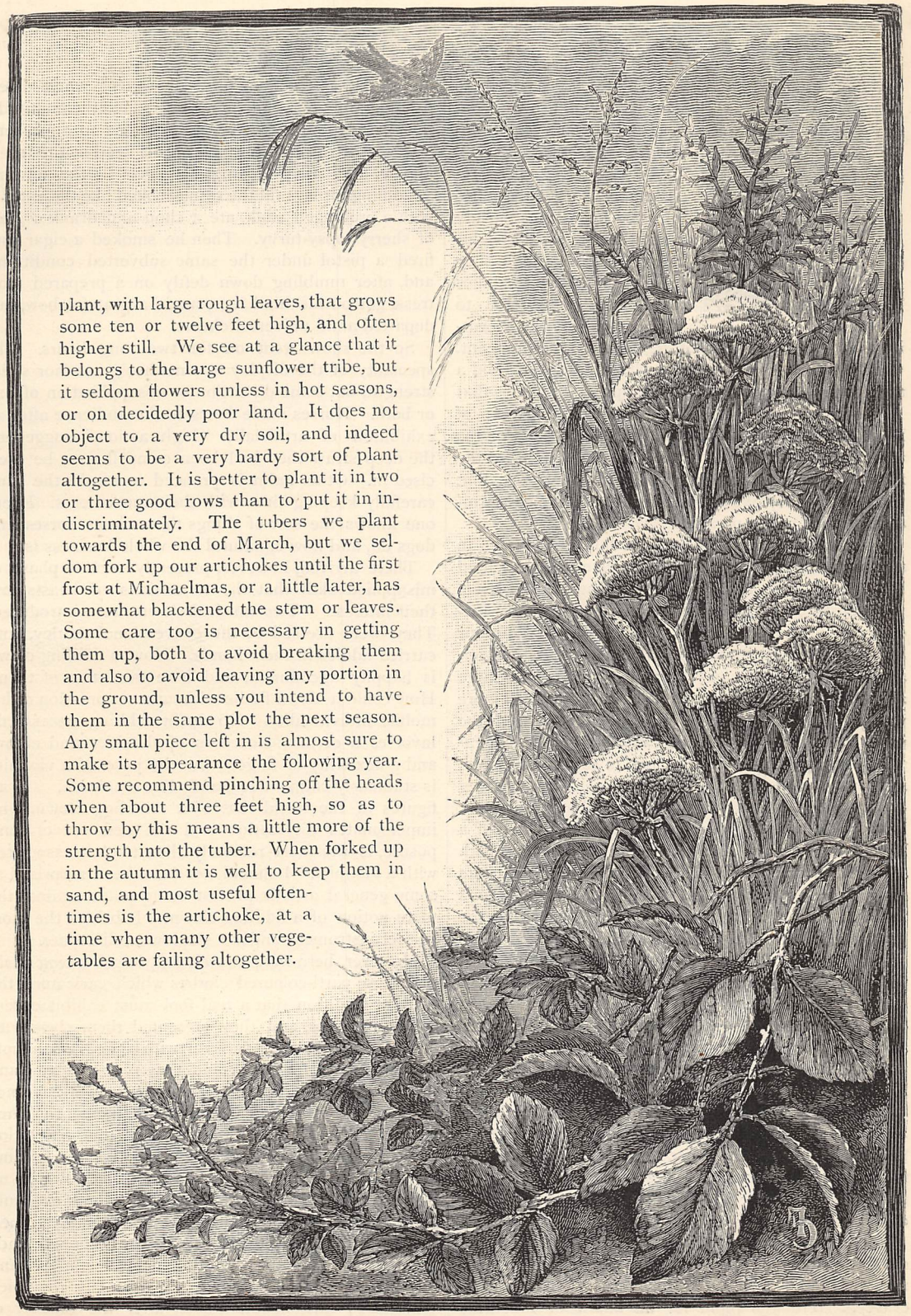
The carnations and piccotees want some attention this month, and on each stem the buds had better be reduced to only some two or three. And the stems too should be tied quite loosely to the stakes, so that as they go on growing the tie could be easily slipped up.

The dahlias, too, will be rapidly advancing, and probably further stakes and support may be necessary. The side branches especially should be well secured in the direction in which they are growing.

And then as to our perennials, which form so important a part of our supply, and especially in suburban gardens: the early-sown ones might this month be transplanted, and no matter either if it be into borders of poor soil; they will then gain vigour and acquire an early-flowering habit.

Least of all, however, must we pass by our greenhouse. And this month, our ordinary bedding-out stock being now displayed in our open borders, we are probably trying to encourage a few tender annuals and some stove plants. And by this time, too, our azaleas and camellias will have finished the growth of their new wood, so that these two we can also, when this is accomplished, turn out of our greenhouse, taking care to give them some protected situation out of doors, where they will be in perfect safety until nearly the end of September, when we again have to fill up our greenhouse with them and our winter stock of cuttings, &c. This then will give us still further room at this time in our greenhouse for experiments, while we also retain a few large and shrubby flowers for general display. Nor is there in July any fear that our window garden will fail in affording us satisfaction, unless indeed we allow the failure to arise from a want of plentiful watering, or from the sun simply scorching up our plants by piercing its rays right through the flower-pots, which we perhaps persist in foolishly exposing to its full glare. And at this time of the year we are often at a loss to know how to get some shade in our kitchen garden, it may be for those things that most stand in need of it. But bear in mind that a goodly row or two of Jerusalem artichokes, or of scarlet runners, not only afford shade, but are very useful for domestic purposes as well.

One or two words then, when we are calling out for shade, may be of use as to the Jerusalem artichoke. A native of South America, it is, as we know, a tall



plant, with large rough leaves, that grows some ten or twelve feet high, and often higher still. We see at a glance that it belongs to the large sunflower tribe, but it seldom flowers unless in hot seasons, or on decidedly poor land. It does not object to a very dry soil, and indeed seems to be a very hardy sort of plant altogether. It is better to plant it in two or three good rows than to put it in indiscriminately. The tubers we plant towards the end of March, but we seldom fork up our artichokes until the first frost at Michaelmas, or a little later, has somewhat blackened the stem or leaves. Some care too is necessary in getting them up, both to avoid breaking them and also to avoid leaving any portion in the ground, unless you intend to have them in the same plot the next season. Any small piece left in is almost sure to make its appearance the following year. Some recommend pinching off the heads when about three feet high, so as to throw by this means a little more of the strength into the tuber. When forked up in the autumn it is well to keep them in sand, and most useful oftentimes is the artichoke, at a time when many other vegetables are failing altogether.

POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS.

A RETROSPECT, AND REFLECTIONS. BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

I WANT to say a word, to any who will listen, about some Popular Entertainments of the recognised and unquestionably respectable sort, those frequented by the most steady and serious set of sight-seers, and to which they take their decorous families as a treat considered to be, if not severely elevating, yet safe, and full of legitimate entertainment. Casting about how to begin, where indeed to find a text for my sermon, I have come upon some notes that I made after taking some children to see a troop of horse-riders and their belongings. The walls of the town had been plastered with huge illustrations of the feats that were to be performed, and the groups that were to be displayed. One feature of the performance was a "grand parade."

First came a spangled band, in full blast, seated in a monstrous vehicle drawn by twelve parti-coloured horses, and built apparently of looking-glasses, street pillar-posts, and the heaviest gilt sideboards and wine-coolers that ever lumbered up any shop in Wardour Street. Presently another followed, bigger, heavier, and more gilt. This was drawn by three or four large and deliberate elephants, while some half-dozen more wagged their trunks behind it, pretending to push the unwieldy fabric along. It was an oblong "step" pyramid, with members of the troupe, in scarlet and gold, sitting on its ledges. Imagine a packing-case, big enough to hold a full-sized billiard-table, on wheels. Put the body of an omnibus on this, then that of a hearse, then that of a cab, and top the structure with a large portmanteau. Gild the whole, hang mirrors on all available sides, seat a score of Lord Mayor's footmen on its ledges, perch a ballet-dancer on the portmanteau, and you have the result I witnessed.

As the people neither grinned, gaped, nor cheered while this fabric tottered by, I fancied that I detected some latent incredulity at the supposition that any one could be interested in seeing such a thing. But I am afraid that the spectators were affected as the showmen intended they should be, and were wonderstruck, if not awed.

There were divers other vehicles and cars emblematic of nothing, with spangled men and women riding between them at a foot's pace, and checking the artificial spirits of their steeds—the hand controlling what the heel suggested. This was the introduction to the chief performance.

Some thousands presently clustered around the sawdust-strewn circle. All were seemingly in that receptive mood that an orator, political or religious, craves. Here was room for an inflow of sweetness and light, instruction, or a display of wholesomely diverting humour. The first thing which the multitude, thus greedy of influence, were expected to apprehend was an "artiste" who stood on his head at the top of a pole, and, after kicking his heels in the air and straddling his legs till the result looked like the letter T with a prolonged stalk, ate a chop and drank a glass of sherry topsy-turvy. Then he smoked a cigar and fired a pistol under the same subverted conditions, and, after tumbling down deftly on a prepared mattress, got on his hind legs, made a grateful bow, and departed amid universal cheers.

So the show went on for two long hours. The speciality of the display was neither grace nor sheer strength, but some distortion or misapplication of one or both. Horses made bows to the audience after an exhibition of artificially "high action," suggesting the deep straw they had been compelled to be exercised in. Other animals pranced to music, the band carefully keeping time with their movements. Every one knows the sort of things these circus horses and dogs do, and how unnatural the whole business is.

There arrived, however, presently such a phase of misapplied skill that the contortions of beasts lost their interest. Two musical clowns were introduced. They were dressed in the conventional motley, and carried fiddles in their hands. Now, a fiddling clown is happily uncommon, and here were two of them. How could a clown fiddle without a suppression of his mobile individuality. No doubt fiddling necessarily involves a certain looseness of shoulder and elbow, and a flexibility of finger; but the pose of a violinist is studiously calm. He stands like a column. Of all figures in the world that of a tumbling clown, who impersonates dislocation and the defiance of composure, is the most remotely alien to that associated with a violinist. I should not have been surprised at some general artistic protest being made against the mere notion of a fiddling clown. It brings the most perfect instrument under a shadow of disrepute.

However, here were two clowns, in grimacing chalk and those parti-coloured clothes which caricature the truth or tradition that a real fool must exhibit eccentricity in dress, and they presented themselves with fiddles. Would they perform with their instruments or their bodies first? Would they play a sonata and then leapfrog? Not so. They set to work at once fiddling *and* tumbling in the same moment. They kicked and slapped one another with that affectation of surreptitious enjoyment that clowns display, fiddling as hard as they could all the time. They slipped up over imaginary obstacles, and came down suddenly astraddle, sideways, backwards, without a pause in their fiddling. Then they turned head over heels and made themselves into hoops, trundling themselves about, and fiddling as fast as possible. Occasionally they tied themselves into double knots, after the manner of

clowns, but they fiddled on all through, sometimes each on his own, sometimes on his fellow-fool's fiddle. Indeed, throughout their gambols each had an occasional stroke on his companion's instrument, slily, or with conspicuous openness; this interchange of attention sometimes passing into a vehement mixture and confusion of fiddlesticks and fiddles. This went on till the "musical clowns" suddenly stopped and bowed themselves out in a downpour of applause which would have satisfied Paganini.

This is such amusement as is really popular. The mob, not of roughs, but of smooths, like something exceptional. It may be exceptionally good, but peculiarity rivals worth.

"Every dog has his day," though his own enjoyment of it be marred through his having a kettle tied to his tail. Then for a little while he is distinguished, and draws current criticism. And any man who will present himself in lively paradox wins a cheer or a jeer. The worst of it is that this popular appetite for the incongruous checks the perception of real art, and leads to a misuse of the receptive soul.

The desire for the exceptional seems to be stronger than the recognition of legitimate excellence in science and art. And it seems to me that this desire is often not only exceptional, but unpleasantly so. We have, *e.g.*, our walls placarded with pictures of giants and dwarfs. We have, indeed, set before us not merely freaks of nature, but, in all gravity, the most sensational sauce to religious invitations that has been presented in our generation. There is, however, to be said for this last, that the sheer sensation is intended to lead to the perception of important truths. This cannot be advanced for the offer of the histrionic or exhibitional shows, which simply addresses itself to the curious palate, and promises no solid food to follow. The excitement of the appetite which is moved by monstrosities is like the exhilaration of the chloroform without the saving operation afterwards. And even the present good is often sacrificed to the exigences of the passing performance. Clowns could certainly tumble better if they had no fiddles; and if they could fiddle at all, they could fiddle better if they abstained from tumbling at the same time. But a fiddling clown is delightful to a crowd which looks unmoved at simple contortions, and has no deep respect for the soul of music. In one shape or another, indeed, under various names, and at all times, the fiddling clown, the giant, and the dwarf are the standing popular heroes of the day.

HOW MOLLY MADE BOTH ENDS MEET.

BY PHILLIS BROWNE, AUTHOR OF "WHAT GIRLS CAN DO."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE SERVANT DIFFICULTY.

LIKE one or two other old-fashioned people, Mrs. Browne held some rather unpopular views upon the relations which exist at the present day between mistresses and servants. Consequently she was curious to hear how her young friend Molly (aided by the suggestions of that very sage young person, Miss Jenny) would get on with her servant. There had been in Molly's letters indications of approaching trouble in that direction, and as Mrs. Browne knew quite well that numberless young housekeepers would make both ends meet with ease if only their servants would allow them to do so, she waited with a little impatience for the history of Molly's experiences with the honest but inquisitive Hannah.

It was not long before this curiosity was satisfied. In her very next letter Molly was as completely occupied with the servant question in general, and the achievements and shortcomings of her own handmaiden in particular, as any old lady housekeeper, enjoying a cup of tea with a sympathising friend, could be. She wrote as follows:—

"Dear Friends,—

"I have never more earnestly wished that you lived where I could consult you at a moment's notice than during the last few days. However, as that is impossible, I will tell you my troubles by means of my pen, and I hope you will give me the full benefit of your opinion concerning them.

"From the first day of my arrival here I have not been quite satisfied with Hannah. In the beginning she did her work pretty well, but not thoroughly well. Soon she began to be careless about her work, and she came down late in the morning, and there was danger that Charlie would have to go without having time to take the morning meal in comfort. However, I remembered what you have so often said, that 'servants and mistresses alike have faults, and should bear and forbear;' that 'perfection is not to be hired for so much a year;' that 'angels very rarely seek for situations as general servants,' &c. &c.; and I resolved to have patience, and to make the best of the material at my command. I was confirmed in this resolve by the approval of Jenny, who said that Hannah was honest, willing and quick, and that, with these qualities, a girl might be made into a good servant, no matter what her present character was.

"I should tell you Jenny quite believed Hannah's

statement that she had no thought of listening at the door when Charlie and I were talking that evening, but had come up to ask if we wanted anything more before she went to bed, and my sudden appearance startled her. (If you remember, I told you about that in my first letter.) We resolved, therefore, to forget that unpleasant little occurrence, and to try to feel as though it had never happened.

"However, all our resolves were thrown away, for last Monday Hannah had the toothache very badly, her face swelled, and she was evidently very unwell. We gave her something to alleviate the pain, but it did no good. She cried nearly all day, and went to bed quite early, and in the morning told us she felt so ill that she knew she would not be good for anything, and had much better go home right away. The result was that she packed up her things and departed about two o'clock, leaving me alone in my new home with the beds unmade, the rooms undusted, and the dinner uncooked, and the consciousness that Charlie was bringing Mr. Malcolm home at six o'clock to high tea, with the prospect of a musical evening.

"You will scarcely believe it, but the first thing I did after Hannah departed was to laugh. I knew of no one who could come in to me, and I was so utterly left in the lurch. 'If only I could get to Jenny!' I thought; but I had no one to send for her, and I must help myself. I therefore donned a large white apron, and prepared to set to work. At that identical moment there was a double knock at the door. A caller of course! There was nothing else for it—I must answer the knock. I took off my apron and prepared to explain and excuse myself. But to my great delight it was Jenny herself. 'Well, Molly,' she said, 'how are you getting on? and how is Hannah? I came round thinking you might be in difficulties.' 'How good you are, Jenny! I am in terrible trouble! Hannah has gone; everything is to do in the house, and Mr. Malcolm is coming to tea.' 'Poor Mr. Malcolm! He is fated to share your domestic difficulties,' said Jenny. 'But don't call this a trouble, Molly. You will dispose of it a great deal more quickly if you speak of it and think of it as it is, and do not unduly magnify it.' 'What shall I call it then?' 'An annoyance, to be dealt with cheerfully and set right speedily. It would be a *trouble* if the house were to be burnt down, or Charlie were to break his leg, or you were to take scarlet fever; but to be left without a servant for a couple of days is merely an *annoyance*, and will soon be forgotten. And now let us set to work together, and we will soon make things "another aspect wear."'

"So we did. We worked together, and chatted and laughed as we worked, and, more quickly than I could have believed possible, the house was in order, the cooking was accomplished, the table was laid, and everything was ready for Charlie and his friend. The business was done so well, too; the table looked so pretty, far prettier than it would have done if it had been left to Hannah and me. Jenny has so much taste; she garnished the dishes and arranged the flowers most artistically. She is an excellent cook, and has promised to teach me all she knows."

"Really, Miss Jenny appears to be as great a paragon in her way as her brother is in his," said Aunt Susan scornfully; but Mother would not stop to discuss the matter, and went on reading:—

"When Charlie and Mr. Malcolm arrived and heard of our trouble (I beg your pardon—I mean our annoyance) they were most sympathising. I gave a full account of the help Jenny had been to me, and Mr. Malcolm was much impressed. He looked at Jenny as if he could not sufficiently express his admiration for a young lady who could work such wonders. Nor was this all. When tea was over Jenny and I had once more to take Hannah's place, and Charlie and Mr. Malcolm insisted upon helping us. Mr. Malcolm especially tried to make himself most useful, and succeeded in getting in everybody's way, and in the fun which arose out of our united efforts he came to know us more intimately, and became more really friendly with us than any amount of songs and musical performances would have made him. When we once more came to settle down we had a long chat, and what do you think was the subject?"

"Servants I should think," said Mrs. Browne.

"Servants," said Mother, continuing to read. "Charlie said that, taking everything into consideration, he was very thankful Providence had not ordained that he should be a female servant. Jenny said the same, and declared that for the most part servants in the houses of middle-class people were greatly to be pitied. It was a continual astonishment to her to find that really kind generous people, the kind of individuals who would help a neighbour in distress, and behave generously to friends and acquaintance, had no idea how to conduct themselves to servants. They would portion out the food, allowance the tea and sugar, lock up all the eatables, and keep a watchful eye upon the food in the most aggravating way.

"'I have some very dear friends now,' said Jenny, 'kind good folks as ever lived. The family consists of four daughters and the father and mother. All these daughters assist the mother in suppressing the one unfortunate servant. If there is any jam about it is carefully locked from her, sweetmeats and pastry are not allowed in the kitchen; and the shortcomings of this unlucky individual are freely commented upon. I have often thought that if I were that servant I should feel myself at liberty to get all I could out of my employers, seeing that they got all they could out of me, and gave me as little as possible in return.' 'I should not blame her if she did,' said Charlie. Jenny then said that if ever she had a house of her own, she would first of all be very particular indeed, far more particular than people are usually, about the character of the person she took into her house. But having secured an honest servant she would trust her entirely, lock nothing up, but tell her that it was necessary and right to be economical, arrange with her what quantities should be used each week, and ask for her help and co-operation in economy. Jenny talked so earnestly about it, that she has persuaded me to try

the plan. I have to begin anew with servants, so I may as well do so. I sincerely hope it will answer. I wonder what you think of it. Be sure you tell me soon.

"Your loving
"Molly.

"P.S.—I must not forget to tell you that when Mr. Malcolm was bidding us adieu, he said very earnestly to Jenny, 'I hope that you will be able to carry your theories about the treatment of servants into practice, Miss Jenny, and that I may be so fortunate as to know the result.' Touching! was it not?"

"Charlie and Mr. Malcolm insisted upon helping us" (*p.* 476).

"Jennie and Mrs. Browne would agree about the treatment of servants," said Mother.

"Indeed they would," said Mrs. Browne. "At any rate, the young lady has discovered one of the secrets of economical housekeeping. In large establishments where there are several servants, special arrangements may be made. I am not speaking against that. But in small houses where there are only one or two servants, things are different. If a servant is inclined to extravagance she can be so, even though every store in the establishment were kept under lock and key. No mistress can watch her servant at every point and prevent waste in every detail. Think of the little pieces of fat which are not melted down, the soap which may be left to dissolve in the water, the brushes which may be allowed to rot there, the matches which may be struck unnecessarily, the trifling treasures which may be burnt or thrown into the dust-bin, the cinders which may be thrown away unsifted, the coal-dust which is lost through carelessness, the gas which is wasted, the scraps of bread which may be left to become hard or mouldy, the potatoes which may be pared so thickly that a large portion of the root is lost, the little drops of beer, milk, vinegar, and sauce which are poured away, the scrapings of butter which are allowed to get dirty and then washed off, the cheese which is never pared, the injury done to furniture, ornaments, plate, table and bed linen for want of intelligent care, the loss sustained in consequence of putting cloths and towels to their wrong uses, to say nothing of the disease which may be brought into the house through uncleanly and ignorant methods. When we remember

these things we must see that it is absurd to suppose we can make both ends meet simply by locking up a few groceries and doling them out as required."

"But surely you would keep a check?"

"I would keep the strictest check, *by means of the bills*, and by comparing the quantities used each week. But chiefly I would try to let the spirit of economy rule the whole household, not the one servant alone."

"What would you have people do then?" said Mother.

"I would have them recognise the fact that they 'must look for seed of the same kind as they sow,' and give up hoping to buy one kind with another kind. If they wish to be dealt with truly and fairly they must behave generously; if they make unreasonable demands they must expect to have the performance shirked. That is all. Get an honest servant, deal liberally and openly with her—in short, trust her—and she will respond, and practise economies you would never dream of."

"Molly had better try your way and see how she gets on," said Aunt Susan.

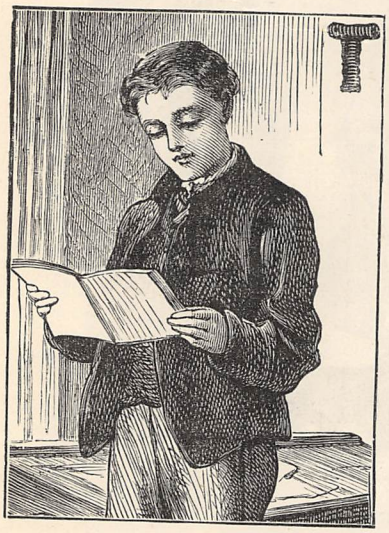
"Whether 'my way,' as you call it, succeeds or not, the other way fails often enough," said Mrs. Browne. "The people who adopt it are always in difficulties. They change their servants continually, and devote a goodly portion of their income to registry offices and advertising agencies. The mistress who 'trusts,' keeps her servant, and though wages are paid by the one and received by the other, the tie which unites the two is not mercenary. We hear complaints on all sides, but there are still in the world good servants and good mistresses, and it generally depends upon the mistress what sort of service comes from the maid."

"Take care you tell Molly all this," said Mother.

"So I will," said Mrs. Browne.

FREE EDUCATION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

SECOND PAPER.



THE school of the Stationers' Company is in Bell Court, Fleet Street, and the sons of the Liverymen and Freemen are entitled to priority of admission in rotation, as well as to foundation benefits. The scholarships are six in number, and comprise free education in the school and the sum of £20 a year for four years, either at any University in Great Britain, or with liberty, if the holder do not choose a University career on leaving school, to apply that sum of money in any calling he may select, conditional to his producing a certificate of good conduct from his employer, tutor, or guardian, on each annual payment.

The Aske Schools, at Hatcham and Hoxton, are governed by the Haberdashers' Company, and the exhibitions belonging to it are mainly intended for the maintenance and education of children and grandchildren of Freemen of that company, and offered, in the first instance, for competition among them. At Hatcham there are 300 boys who are admissible at eight, and may remain till seventeen years of age. Application must be made on the printed form, obtainable from the head master; and an entrance examination, graduated according to age, is held every Wednesday morning at 9.30 a.m. Ten per cent. of the scholars may, as the reward of merit, be exempted from the £8 per annum tuition fees, provided they are not the holders of Haberdashers' Exhibitions, which are worth £40 a year each and tenable, not only at the Hatcham Schools, but at any others approved by the managers and governors. The Hoxton Schools accommodate 400 boys, and the tuition fees are extremely low, only 17s. 6d. per quarter. Forty entrance exhibitions are given yearly, entitling to free education, as well as books and stationery—half of them tenable for two years, and the other half for one. Two-thirds of them are assignable to children educated at public elementary schools for at least three years, who have passed the government inspector's examination in a standard suitable to their age, and the remainder are open to candidates from any school between ten and fourteen years of age, who, at the end of the first year, may compete for any other exhibitions annually assigned to pupils in the schools. £600 a year is set apart for Leaving Exhibitions to places of higher education, or to enable deserving scholars to start in some profession or skilled trade.

The Mercers' School is situated in College Hill, E.C. The Mercers' Company are the governors; and every one of the 150 boys must be nominated by a member of the Court of Assistants of that body. The entrance examinations are very simple, and held by the head master, and graduated according to the age of the candidates, who are divided into those between eight and eleven, between eleven and twelve, and above the latter age. The annual capitation fee is £5 for each child, and twenty-five, being Foundation scholars, are entirely exempt from it, the places, as they become

vacant, being filled by competitive examinations, open to all under fourteen who are in the school, or are specially nominated for that purpose.

The Coopers' Company Grammar School, which gives a most valuable classical and modern education, is situated in that unsavoury sea-faring part of London known as Ratcliff. There is accommodation for 300 boys, and the smallness of the capitation fee is marvellous, as it is only 10s. 6d. per quarter, and the subjects taught include, besides the usual elements of an English education, Latin, French, German, Mathematics, Shorthand, Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy. The list is a most exceptional one. Low as the terms are, they are entirely suspended in the case of those who win the three Gibson scholarships, which are worth £20 per annum each, and are tenable for three years with free education in the school.

Trinity Square, Tower, is perhaps the most picturesque spot in London, and it is there that the school belonging to the Worshipful Company of Brewers has its local habitation. The number of scholars is limited to ninety; they are admitted between the ages of seven and fifteen, and may remain till they are eighteen years of age. All pupils are examined and approved by the head master, and the curriculum includes not only the dead but the most useful modern languages. The inclusive fees are £2 10s. per term, but twenty pupils are Foundationers, and educated free. Fourteen sons of respectable persons of the parish of Allhallows, Barking, and six from the neighbouring parish of St. John, are eligible for the latter privileges. All particulars may be obtained from the head master, or from the clerk of the Brewers' Company.

At Battersea there are two schools, which were founded in 1700 by Sir Walter St. John, and were remodelled about three years ago. The first of these is the Grammar School, to which boys are admitted on application to the head master, when they can read their mother-tongue fluently, write it legibly and correctly from dictation, and have mastered the first four rules of arithmetic. The course of instruction is very comprehensive, as French, German, Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, are all included. The full terms for tuition are only ten and twelve guineas per annum, according to age, and there are four scholarships entitling to free tuition. The other school, on the same foundation, is a middle-class one, the highest terms at which do not exceed 25s. a quarter, while the subjects taught do not embrace Greek or German, though Shorthand is added. Two Governors' Scholarships, entitling to all the benefits of the school for three years, are awarded annually in December.

The City of London School gives a very good education at a cost of ten guineas per annum, and there are a few scholarships which provide free education, and something more. Eight of them are named after John Carpenter, the founder, and are filled up as vacancies occur. Candidates may be between the ages of eleven and sixteen, but it is a *sine quâ non* that they shall have been already at least three years in the school. The benefits are free education, and books to the value of £2 per annum, £25 a year towards maintenance, and £50 on leaving school, provided the holder has remained there two whole years since his election, and obtained certificates of merit and good conduct from the head master during that period. If he proceeds to Oxford or Cambridge, or the London University, the allowance for maintenance is continued for four years longer. Then there is the "Sir David Solomons" Foundation Scholarship of thirty guineas per annum; two "Sir W. Tite" scholarships, one of £20 and the other of £25 a year; a "Jew's Commem." scholarship of £40 per annum, tenable for three years either at the school itself or at University College; and the "W. S. Hale Testimonial" scholarship of £43 17s. 6d. per annum. The "Sir A. D. Sassoon" entrance scholarships practically provide free education for four years for their holders, and go on in an ascending scale of £10 for the first year, £15 for the second, £20 for the third, and £35 for the fourth year. The examination is only in English, arithmetic, history, and geography, and it is open to all candidates, whether in the school or out of it, who are under the age of thirteen on the first of June. There are several exhibitions to the Universities for those who wish to go thither after leaving school; and as nothing succeeds like success, youths who have previously obtained school scholarships are more likely to have the pluck and ambition to go in and win them, than those who are making the effort for the first time for the greatest stake. Even as these particulars are being written, an effort is being made by Mr. Pearce Morrison to numerically enlarge the City of London School; but if two or three hundred more boys are admitted, it is to be hoped that new scholarships may be endowed, or the chances for those that exist already will be sadly diminished. There is also a project on foot of increasing the number of boys at the Brewers' School, and this is accompanied by one for increasing the number of scholarships.

Taken altogether, the opportunities of obtaining a liberal education, either entirely free or at very small cost, in London and its neighbourhood are wonderful, and ought to stimulate boys to exertion, as well as to influence their parents in the choice of residences. It is no longer necessary for the whole family to live in such a locality as Ratcliff or Hoxton, or near the Tower, in order that their boys may benefit by the Foundation Schools in these places. The railway companies offer such cheap tickets to students, and there are so many lines, and such numerous stations, that it is very easy to live in a suburb two or three miles away and send the youngsters to and fro by train; or even if they walk the distance on fine days, it only gives them the exercise necessary for the preservation of health, when so many hours must perforce be spent in study and preparation.

A future paper will deal with free education in schools all over the country; many of which are situated where house rent is cheap, and life very enjoyable. These considerations recommend themselves eminently to people who have fixed, yet moderate, incomes, and no business to which to apply themselves with the hope of increasing their resources.

HOW TO DECORATE FANS.

BY AN ARTIST.

NO one has yet been able definitely to prove when fans were first invented. There can be no doubt, however, of their existence three thousand years ago, for representations of these familiar articles have been discovered on the tombs at Thebes. The Chinese, according to one of their old legends, claim to have been the inventors, as, indeed, they claim to have first originated the manufacture of pottery, and of porcelain. Hebrews and Egyptians recognised the advantages of fans, which were common amongst them, but to the Grecians must be conceded the palm where grace and elegance of form are concerned. In the art of fan-making, as in everything else that demanded the presence of artistic taste, they excelled ; awkward curves and ungainliness of outline were unknown. Naturally enough the custom of using these articles spread from one country to another, and was handed down from generation to generation.

All that is required by the fan-painter is a box

of water-colours, a bottle of Chinese white, some sable brushes, a china palette, a bottle of gum, a bottle of ox-gall, a firm drawing-board, and a table-easel for the copy, unless the painter is also the designer, in which case she will need no copy. But our advice to an amateur is to obtain, if possible, a fan executed by a well-known artist, and to reproduce it; more might thus be learned in a few hours, than if double the number were spent in making trials and experiments which often prove failures, for a good copy is as good as a lesson to any one who has acquired some knowledge of painting.

For fan-leaves, vellum, silk, satin, gauze, paper, and chicken's skin are all employed; and most of them require preparation—namely, sizing—before the colours are laid on.

The size is made as follows:—Half a pint of water is put into a jar, and to this is added half an ounce of isinglass; this is allowed to stand through the night to dissolve: the jar is then placed in a saucepan containing boiling water until the contents are perfectly clear. If gelatine is used instead of isinglass, double the quantity is needed.

All the necessary implements being at hand, the artist may now set to work. Put the material on a stretcher and apply the size, whilst still very warm, to both sides of it with a large flat brush. When sufficiently stretched leave it to dry thoroughly. Cut out in paper the shape of the fan-leaf; when laid on the material it will serve as a guide, but a margin must be left beyond all round. It has now to be stretched on a drawing-board ready for the painting process. Gum the edges a little way in, lay it on the board, and with a clean piece of soft linen smooth it out until it is quite level and adheres closely. Be careful to keep the shape perfect during the operation. Sketch the subject lightly on the mount. On vellum or paper, a fine hard pencil can be employed for this purpose; but on textile fabrics the brush will best indicate the outlines. As no faulty lines can be erased the amateur should not, unless an exceedingly good draughtsman, sketch direct on the mount. Make first a perfect drawing on paper; then copy or trace it off on to the leaf. Red transfer paper is preferable to black, as the marks show less, and can be the more readily hidden in the painting, but the latter is also used. Transfer paper needs to have the superfluous colour removed by a piece of rag; it is to be well rubbed over the surface, otherwise the delicate shades of lustrous silk and sheeny satin will be ruined.

All colours for fan-painting are mixed with Chinese white. Ordinary water-colours mixed with the white by the artist may be employed, or body-colours can be obtained ready for fan-painting. Satin mounts are general favourites, so we will mention them first.

The texture of satin, however rich, is somewhat coarse; in consequence of which it absorbs the colours, and renders a second and third layer of the tints often necessary. Put in the darkest shades first, then the lighter, finishing up with the palest and most delicate. When these are dry, touch up the first painting where requisite, wash in the softest tints, and, last of all, put in the high lights. These last are never left, but are always put in with Chinese white. The admixture of white with all the colours enables the artist to blend the tints into the most exquisite harmonies, and such Liliputian drawings need to be harmonious, or they are excruciating to an educated eye, and contrary to the canons of true art. Do not use too much white, or the colours will crack and peel off, to the great detriment of the painting. On textile mounts more white is wanted with the colours than for those designed for painting on paper. White or light-coloured satins are easiest to work on; dark colours requiring more frequent washes, require also more patience than the amateur may care to bestow. Place a sheet of writing-paper under the hand whilst painting; it prevents the mount becoming soiled and greasy.

A vellum mount is stretched in the same way as drawing-paper: sponge it well with cold water, gum the edges, and fix it on to the drawing-board, pressing it outwards in all directions with a clean piece of linen. It does not need to be sized. The vellum mount is that on which the artist will spend his best efforts; silk and satin may be sketchily decorated with good effect, but vellum cannot be thus summarily treated. Like ivory it requires to be elaborately painted. High finish and delicate stippling are inseparable attributes of this description of fan decoration. The smooth surface admits of the minutest details being as accurately represented as in a miniature. Our advice is to those who like to secure a showy effect with very little work, don't try to paint on vellum; no one who has not tried it can imagine how much time it takes to finish even the tiniest medallion in a satisfactory manner. When it is chosen as the ground on which to paint, the subject to be depicted is well worthy of our thoughtful consideration. A painting that will only interest for a time, or one that is simply taking because it sets forth some present fleeting fashion, is not a suitable object on which to bestow much labour. All the talent which the artist possesses should be pressed into the service. She should select as a copy a masterpiece of one of the French artists, or adapt from our own some striking design. Birds and flowers, pretty as they are for satin and silk mounts, are scarcely appropriate for vellum. Figures attired in graceful draperies or costumes of the olden time; Cupids resting on fleecy opal cloudlets that float in the amethyst sky; sea-nymphs laving their white feet in the crystal-clear ripples of the water of the bay, girt round with tawny rocks; shepherdesses reclining in the emerald meadow, listening, well content, to the rhapsodies breathed into their shell-pink ears by their devoted lovers; snug interiors warm with ruddy glow of firelight; hunting scenes with the hounds in full cry; boating on the calm surface of the translucent river, flooded with golden sunshine, the heavens of azure blue mirrored on its bosom, its brilliancy toned with purple cloud reflections and dusky green-brown shadows cast by overhanging foliage—these are all fit subjects to embellish with an artist's pencil the fan that may worthily rank with those nigh priceless

treasures of past times that bear the designs of Watteau and Boucher.

On black gauze it is obvious that no sketching or tracing can be done; the worker must, therefore, brush in the outlines, trusting to her ability to get them correct in the ultimate painting. We think that it might, however, be practicable for those to whom the former style presents a difficulty, through its unavoidable want of definiteness, to lay a sketch on paper underneath the fan-leaf, and then go over the outlines visible through the gauze with a brush filled with colour. If a painting is to be done, outline with colour; but if a simple grisaille, then use white only. The decoration of gauze with a grisaille is admirable; the whole design is carried out in grey and black, relieved by Chinese white, and is charming on the transparent ground. Landscapes, white with driven snow, figures careering along the frozen lake, the leafless trees frosted with sparkling crystals and pendent icicles, may be well rendered on the deep black gauze.

Silk is treated in the same way as satin; and of painting on paper little need be said but to remind our readers that it is necessary to use white with the colours.

Wooden fans need some ox-gall with the colours; this makes them work well.

Ivory fans should not be much decorated; painting seems almost out of place on the smooth polished surface. If ornamented at all they should have only light, fanciful designs wrought on them, such as Cupids, roses, and feathery foliage. The colours for ivory-painting must all be mixed with the indispensable Chinese white. A list of colours would not be *àpropos* here, but we will mention that lemon-yellow makes with vermilion and white a good flesh tint. Emerald-green, Hooker's green, bright chromium green, and sap-green; Payne's grey and cadmium yellow, Naples yellow and Indian yellow, are some among the colours that will be found useful; the blues, reds, and browns are those most generally found in the ordinary water-colour box. A pretty fancy gains favour now—that of bringing the foreground of the picture down over the mother-of-pearl sticks.

Feather fans are fashionable, but although we can do nothing in the way of decoration with the graceful ostrich, we can paint on the smooth black and white plumes. Birds swooping down on their prey, or flying swiftly along; dainty damsels engaged in a game of battledore and shuttlecock, show well on the deep opaque ground. Arrange those colours in the draperies that suit either ground best; brilliant hues of gorgeous crimson and rich gold will be relieved against the black, while delicate tints of soft azure, pale rose and subtle green, grey and brown will gratify artistic taste on the pure white ground.

CO-HEIRS.

A CORNISH STORY.

By JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "Lady Flavia," "The Tenth Earl," &c.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE SEA HAS BROKEN IN.

ROBERT BARTON, in his pretty bachelor home, a fair white house that nestled amongst flowers and shrubs on the very edge of the tall and gleaming cliff in Tregunna Bay, but two miles from Gweltmouth, sat meditatively, after dinner, before the fire.

The month of May is usually, in Cornwall, a warm month, but even on the coast of the peninsula sudden frosts will set in after nightfall. There was a chill in the air, a white rime clung to the gorse and broom, and a fire was welcome. A pretty home, indeed, was that of Mr. Barton: too pretty, ladies would have said, for the dwelling of a man who lived alone. The bay was a landlocked cove, enclosed by the splintered crags of two headlands, and in a sheltered semi-circle the trees grew luxuriantly on the slopes and platforms, dipping their feathery boughs into the salt water, as trees never do save in West Devon and Cornwall. Above, the hill-side blushed with flowers, and the only blot in the landscape was the shaft of the great Tregunna Mine, like a grim scar on Nature's face.

The table had been pushed near to the fire, and there Robert sat, sipping his coffee at intervals, and musing of many things: of Widow Nares, of his miserly half-brother, of humble friends in Gweltmouth, of the details of his own business life at Tregunna, perhaps a little, too, of himself and his future. He was twenty-seven. That is not a very venerable age, to be sure, but still there he was, unwedded and fancy-free. His brother, Jabez Sleuthby, was as a living warning of how solitary and selfish a man's existence can become. And—what was that? a sound of hurrying feet along the road and up the broad carriage-sweep, and then a confused clamour of voices, and a furious peal of the door-bell. "Something wrong!" exclaimed Robert, springing to his feet. There was a noise in the hall, and then the room door was opened, to give passage to five or six breathless men, who, in their excitement, had cast ceremony to the winds. The faces of the two

who put themselves forward as spokesmen for the rest were known to Robert. "Why, Poltrean! Mr. Sims!" he said, glancing from one to the other, "what can I do for you? or what is amiss?"

"The sea," gasped out the first-named Cornishman, out of breath after hard running, "The sea has broken in! Twenty Christians down below, past help, I fear."

"And we are ruined men—ruined!" panted out Mr. Sims, wringing his hands.

"Where is all this?" cried Robert Barton. He knew Mr. Sims, casually, as a moneyed man in a small way, who sometimes lent his savings on the security of a merchant brig, and sometimes clubbed his resources with those of other petty capitalists of his own calibre, to lease and work a mine. The other, Poltrean by name, was what is called a mining captain—one of those practical persons who undertake to manage the underground portion of such an undertaking for a small fixed salary and a share in the prospective profits.

"It's Wheal Folly," explained Mr., or Captain, Poltrean, who had now partially recovered his breath. "We re-opened the abandoned workings only Monday se'ennight, on account of Mr. Sims here and the other enterprisers. Now, through some carelessness with the dynamite stored for blasting, as I believe, the roof of the lowermost gallery is breached, and machinery, and tin ore, and men—for half the shift were in the lower part, poor wretches!—are as certain to be swallowed up by the devouring sea as——"

"You alone can help us, Mr. Barton, sir!" bleated out Mr. Sims, the shareholder in the menaced concern; and, indeed, Robert's reputation as an engineer and as a man of sense stood deservedly high in that neighbourhood. He did not hesitate for an instant, but made his way into the hall, where stood the rest of the group who had come to announce the danger, and snatched his hat and overcoat. "Run for Mr. Morris, and call Bridges!"—such were the orders he gave to his own servants, whom curiosity had attracted there, and the mining engineer and the foreman came bustling at the summons.

"Sea broken into Wheal Folly workings!"—such was their employer's brief address—"lives in danger, too; so, Mr. Morris, I must beg you not to lose a moment. Call all the hands of both shifts—day and night too—and you, Bridges, get the carts ready and horses harnessed, and take plenty of ropes, and some lengths of spare ladder, and chuck in tools of every sort, and a spare windlass and bucket or two; they'll be of good service, I suspect. How's the tide?"

"On the swing, sir, just before we heard the roar of the explosion down shaft," returned the mining captain dolefully. "By this time it's coming in below like a mill-race. Not a minute to lose."

"Indeed, there is not," replied Robert, as he hurried on beside his two panting companions, past the plantation and along the moorland track, until, at last, they rounded a jutting peak of rock, and came in sight, close to the beetling cliff, of Wheal Folly and its rubbish-heaps, and the low begrimed chimneys of its fixed engines. Long as the spring twilight lasts in May, it was growing dark, and the darkness was rendered more intense by the glare of the fires, fed by dry furze and fagots, that had been kindled near the pit-mouth. There were torches, too, hovering to and fro as their bearers changed their position, and adding, by their smoky and ruddy gleam and flare, to the picturesque aspect of the scene. Around the gaping shaft were gathered many persons: miners, peasantry, and even fishermen, who had rushed up from their hamlet beneath the cliffs at the first alarm to render aid, if possible. And there were women, often with children clinging to their skirts or holding them by the hand, sobbing wildly, and bursting out into passionate exclamations of grief for some "Ezekiel" or "Christian" down below, the husband, the bread-winner, nevermore to be greeted in this world.

"Wheal Folly was ever as Tophet!" cried one old crone, whose two sons were among the lost ones, lifting her arms and shaking back her grey hair, like a weird prophetess. "It has swallowed money, it has swallowed men. My two boys are down pit, to die in the dark!"

It was impossible to calm these agitated women; nor, indeed, was that the most pressing duty. From below arose hoarsely, like the roar of a wild beast, the hollow booming of the mighty sea. These Cornish tin and copper mines, following the horizontal or sloping lodes of the valuable ore, constantly run far out beneath the level of the waste of waters, and approach often perilously near to the salt waves, so that but a thin crust of stone intervenes between the miners, labouring by the dim light of their lanterns, and instant death.

There was plenty of goodwill and no lack of courage among the men who swarmed around Wheal Folly pit-mouth, but of cohesion or of discipline there was none. Captain Poltrean had got together some two score of workers as cheaply as he could; and, indeed, the whole concern was managed on the rigidly economical principles which have wrecked many a ship, and brought death and disaster into many mills and mines. The feeble old pumping-engines were snorting hard, as they worked their best to keep down the mischief below; but what were they, or what would man's most scientific apparatus have been able to effect against the steady rising of the tide? It was no easy matter for Robert Barton, used as he was to the excitable Celts who surrounded him, to find out the real truth, and to ascertain why the men below had been unable, like their fellows, to regain the surface. At last old Captain Poltrean remembered that he had in the inner breast-pocket of his frieze coat a map of the mine, and this crumpled piece of tough canvas he proceeded to spread out before Mr. Barton's eyes.

"Ye see, sir, it's the Long Gallery, lowermost of all—the ninety fathom, as we call it, though it's deeper yet—that the sea has got into. Here, where my thumb is, this is the Middle Chamber—not worked this many a year, and used mostly for a storehouse—that the men have taken refuge in. There are short ladders leading up from the Long Gallery to the adit of the Middle Chamber, and up these they scampered in the first flurry of their fright, when they saw and heard the sea breaking in—never thinking they were just so

many mice in a mouse-trap, since they can get no further; but the great sea can."

"Then, captain, I gather from what you say," cried Robert eagerly, as his mind began to realise the horror of the situation, "that these poor fellows can ascend no higher, somehow, but that the flood is sure to rise to their present place of shelter? The mine must be in a state of scandalous neglect for such a thing to be."

"'THE SEA HAS BROKEN IN!'" (*p.* 483).

Captain Poltrean, hanging his head, reluctantly admitted that such was the case. "Wheal Folly, sir, you see," he said, "is just one of those gambling old mines where any turn of luck may make you or break you. It's been worth nobody's while to improve it. And if only those poor lads were safe under the blessed sky, I, for one, shouldn't care how soon I earned my bread elsewhere. Wheal Folly always had a bad repute, though the ore is richer than most, when you drop on it."

"But why cannot the twenty miners below get out like the rest?" demanded Robert impatiently.

"Because, Mr. Barton, the small shaft, from the High Gallery to the Middle Chamber, has been blocked this forty year by fallen stones and rubbish, and the adit can only be got at from below. If the poor fellows had but made their way to the main shaft, they could have been got up, gradually, by the help of the bucket and rope—for there, too, the ladders are too frail and rotten to be trusted; but as it is——!" The mining captain, who had a soft heart under his rugged exterior, drew his sleeve across his eyes as he concluded his explanation, while the hoarse noise of the sea as it seethed and splashed in the unsunned depths of the mine seemed like a terrible accompaniment to his discourse.

Robert Barton looked keenly out into the darkening shadow of the night. Volunteers, and spectators too, came straggling in, but as yet his own trained hands from Tregunna had not arrived. He could hear, however, the distant cracking of whips and rumble of carts, and, sure that his trusty seconds in command, Morris the engineer and Bridges the foreman, would soon bring more efficient help than that of the excited mob around the pit-mouth, he stepped into the bucket, and, grasping the chain, caused himself to be lowered, in company with old Captain Poltrean, into the blackness of the yawning gulf below. When they stepped out,

at the foot of the principal shaft, they found themselves in a spacious cavern, very imperfectly lighted by iron cressets stuck into fissures of the rock, and from which diverged various passages of different height and width, some being so low that no human being could enter them but by crawling along the wet and irregular floor.

"This is the Hall," said the mining captain briefly, "and yon, where you see the lights flickering about, is the High Gallery. Only four fathom down, sir, as you see; and I'll warrant the ladder safe enough, if you're sure your head can stand it."

Robert was accustomed to visit mines, and his nerves and brain were as steady to the full as those of seasoned old Captain Poltrean himself, so the descent of the perpendicular ladder in the dim light was promptly effected. In the gallery below, some seventy yards from the shaft, they found eight or ten of the workmen belonging to the mine, most of whom carried lanterns, while one, with a blazing torch in his hand, knelt at the very edge of a darkling abyss, from the far-off bottom of which arose the wash and hollow murmur of the sea, and, bending perilously forward, shouted out inquiries to the imprisoned men below, and bent his ear to hearken for the reply.

Very feeble and ghostly, like an utterance from the grave, did the voice of the miner who acted as spokesman for the rest sound as it rose from the depths below.

"We are just twenty—all told. We've two lights wi' us, mate. The tide be making cruel quick. For pity's sake, if yo' can help us, don't be slow about it, or we'll all be drowned, man and boy, like rats in a hole!"

Help! It was hard to render it. A bucket had been lowered by a rope, but it swung uselessly in the shaft. The adit, or doorway, to the cave that was called the Middle Chamber, and which now served as a dungeon to those who had sought refuge there, was quite beyond reach from above. And below, in the flooded gallery from which the miners had fled, was the sea, deepening as the tide rose, and washing sullenly against the rocks.

"Here, Mr. Barton, is the old shaft, long disused, that once gave access to the Middle Chamber, where the poor wretches are," said Captain Poltrean—pointing to a confused heap of blocks and rubbish. "A weasel could not traverse it now. And a few hours hence, not only will the troubles of these poor fellows be over," he added, in a low voice, "but the galleries and the Hall will be drowned, and all the plant and machinery destroyed—ruin to Sims and the rest of them—a sad job, first and last."

"Ah!" exclaimed Robert Barton, as a sudden idea flashed, like actual inspiration, into his brain; and, turning, he saw, to his great joy, some half-dozen of his own people approaching. "Bridges," he said to his tall foreman, "take two of the carts, and gallop back as fast as you can to Tregunna, and load them with the moist cement—thank Heaven it is ready for use—which was prepared for the new tanks. Don't lose a moment, man; it is for life and death. And you, Mr. Morris, please to send down two strong gangs of the men, with ropes and tools, and a spare windlass; and set a third gang to work to tear down palings, boarded partitions, anything of wood, from a cask to a fagot, and send them down the main shaft. I have no time to explain—only be quick, and steady, one and all. Twenty lives hang on it: remember, twenty lives!"

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

WILL THEY BE SAVED?

THE huge capstan and thick chain cable that did the work of lowering men and stores into the blackness of Wheal Folly were overtasked that fearful night, as bucket and cage went down and came up ceaselessly. Through the dark night glared the fires, fed with crackling gorse and fir loppings. Through the stillness of the night resounded the roll of heavy wheels and the clatter of iron-shod hoofs, as the laden carts came in, and the empty carts dashed forth towards Tregunna.

"Under the Lord's mercy!" was the cry of many a heart-stricken woman whose husband was among those given up for dead—"yes, under His mercy, Mr. Barton must be our trust." And it was satisfactory to the poor souls, as they hushed their weeping children and conferred with one another, shivering at the pit-mouth, or huddled around the fires, to talk of Robert's cleverness and unselfish honesty of purpose. And, indeed, Robert Barton, who had received a sound technical education as a civil engineer, was reckoned by Mr. Morris, and by every member of the profession for miles around, as a master of the craft, able, in case of need, to leave the beaten track of routine. He was doing his best now less to save property than with the far more important object of saving life. He had told off thirty men from among his own hands at Tregunna for a special duty, and they obeyed his orders unmurmuringly; but even to them it seemed strange, as they bent their backs to the task, that they should be set to the labour of clearing away rubbish and stones from the upper portion of the long-disused shaft that led down to the Middle Chamber, while others with saw and hatchet were hastily dividing the boards and fragments of wood that had been torn from the yard above into rough squares and oblongs.

"Don't fling the stones down there!" called out Robert, as the workers began to toss the fragments of rock down the abyss, at the bottom of which boiled the sea. "Stack them, my lads, against the wall carefully. They will be wanted."

The men worked on. More and more blocks and boulders and chips of stone were extracted from the cavity, which was presently so much enlarged that two miners stood in it, their heads just visible as they handed up the masses of stone to their comrades above.

"Will that mortar never come?" exclaimed Robert, glancing upwards, and then said, more cheerily, to the engineer from his own mine, "Mr. Morris, do you think you could make a good job of fixing our loose windlass yonder, where the men are getting up the stones? There is no time for morticing in the regular

way, but the floor is full of fissures, as you see, and with spike-nails well hammered, and a hawser round the rock pillar there, the thing could be done."

"If you desire it, sir, but—" began Mr. Morris; but old Captain Poltrean, whose wits were quicker, clapped his horny hand upon his knee, and exclaimed—

"Je-rusalem! Mr. Barton's hit the nail on the head. He means to clear the old shaft, and so reach the Middle Chamber and save the lives of those below: a first-rate idea—a capital idea; but is there time?"

The hideous roar and gurgling of the sea within the caverned depths, like the clamours of a wild beast eager for its prey and unwilling to be baulked, seemed to re-echo the mining captain's question. Very soon the toilers themselves were made aware of the object of their toil, and the effect of the knowledge was to make them re-double their exertions, while a fresh party, amongst which were the blacksmith and the wheelwright from Tregunna village—or "Churchtown," as it was called in that district—addressed themselves to the task of fixing the windlass, which Robert's forethought had provided with spike and clamp, to the cracks and fissures in the rocky floor, while a stout rope, for additional security, fastened the creaking structure to the prop or pillar of living stone which Barton's quick eye had detected as appropriate for the purpose. And soon the bucket was lowered, filled with rubbish, and sent up, while the miners toiled on unwearied.

The rumour soon reached the crowd gathered about the mouth of Wheal Folly pit that the master of Tregunna had decided on clearing a road to the Middle Chamber where the imperilled men were packed together, and exaggerated reports, as usual, circulated as to the rapid progress made by those employed on this errand of mercy. There was renewed hope among the women, but some of the grey-haired miners above muttered in subdued tones to one another that "such a work as that was no child's sport," and then listened bodingly to the hollow and increasing murmur of the rising tide. Meanwhile there was no pause, no rest, among those who did the bidding of Robert Barton and his subordinate engineer, who, now that he comprehended what was required, approved himself a staunch coadjutor. From beneath rose up with terrible dissonance the dreadful sound of the encroaching sea; from beneath rose up, at intervals, the cry of the affrighted occupants of the Middle Chamber—"Help! For pity's sake, mates, help us!" Vigorously, constantly, the work went on.

It was no light matter to work in such a place or in such an atmosphere. The temperature of one of these deep old Cornish mines is as hot as that of the West Indies, and Wheal Folly, long neglected, and ill ventilated at the best, had laden and heavy air for panting lungs to breathe. The labour in hand and the heat tried even the trained miners to the utmost, while Robert more than once staggered, and was forced to prop himself against the dripping rock-wall, as he gasped for breath, and scarcely could raise his voice to give the necessary orders to those under his command.

"It's the 'mine swoon,' sir," said the tough old mining captain, sidling up to him. "*I* know, bless ye! We all have it, off and on, for the first years underground; and this is a very different place, sir, from your own model pit, the great Tregunna. Take a drop from my flask;" and old Poltrean whipped out from a side pocket of his frieze coat the case-bottle he spoke of. "It's the only thing——"

Robert drank, and the draught gave him back the strength that had all but deserted him. "Thank you, captain," he said, in a voice that was no longer tremulous; "and now to the work in hand."

By this time the wet cement from Tregunna had arrived at the pit-mouth, and it was being fast sent down, not merely by the help of the so-called bucket, or broad shallow tub in slings, but of a "cage," which Engineer Morris had caused to be fetched from Tregunna, and which is more commonly to be seen at the lip of a North country coal-pit than of a Cornish tin-mine. Under Robert's directions the strong gang of miners told off for the purpose now began to close up the main shaft which led to the low Long Gallery, where the sea had broken in, and where the tide was rising formidably fast. The very conception, bold and original as it was, could never have been carried out, had it not been for the lengths of timber and woodwork that Robert Barton had ordered to be sent down. As is was, layer after layer of rough planking first covered the upper portion of the principal shaft, then came stones and broken pieces of rock, mixed with the tenacious hydraulic cement from Tregunna, and which was laid on with no nice hand, but daubed and flung and beaten down wholesale into the interstices of the clumsy masonry. Presently there arose a mound of rugged stone-work, for the completion of which it was found necessary, by Robert's directions, to demolish with pick and dynamite the walls of one or two of the small side galleries. Higher and higher rose the structure, until, evidently, a few more courses of the irregular masonry would raise the pile to the very roof of the High Gallery, thus effectually shutting out the sea.

"Our children will bless you, sir," snivelled out Mr. Sims the enterpriser, as he saw the investment that he had given up for lost within an ace of safety.

It was to Robert that Mr. Sims made his little speech, and he was almost startled as the owner of Tregunna made answer—

"Life first, property after, should be a man's motto, Mr. Sims. I have done what I could to save the mine and the plant, but I care more for the poor creatures below; and had your machinery and Wheal Folly been worth twenty times what they are, one human life, in my eyes, would outweigh their price.—What speed, lads, with your work down shaft?" he called out to the men at work, dangling, by the help of "bow" and "belt," and other rough traditional contrivances, by rope and chain, down in the deepening hole of the long-blocked Short Shaft that had allowed the miners of a century ago to find access to the Middle Chamber.

"Yarely well, master," came up an answering voice

from below. "Joe here got his torch clear through into free air, on'y the rocks be mortal heavy that lie about."

"Any word from chaps in Middle Chamber?" bawled out old Poltrean.

"Why, yes, captain. They be main scared," reluctantly responded another miner. "Talk wild like, and sing whiles—hymns, I reckon. The sea being so close clatters their wits, poor things!"

Again and again did the bucket come up, bringing small quantities of stone, but still the complaint of those below was that the masses of fallen rock were too weighty to be lifted.

"They shake, but us can't heave," was the desponding report, and it did seem as though all that had been done towards the rescue of the doomed men was destined to end in failure. Still the miners worked on, feverishly, eagerly, wearied men coming up at intervals, and fresh volunteers going down. But still there was a check to the progress of the task.

"Lasso the loose stones," cried Robert, as he rallied his strength, for the deathly faintness of the "mine swoon" was creeping over him again, and benumbing heart and brain alike; "fling down ropes, and noose the heavy rocks as firmly as you can. The windlass above will do what human muscle and sinew cannot do. Quick, quick!"

He remembered saying these words, and then the bustle and hurrying movements of the men who obeyed his orders, and next a cheer from the workers below, followed by a louder cheer from those above, as the plan he had recommended proved successful, and a huge irregular fragment of broken rock rose reluctantly into the air, and was swung to one side, and released from the cords that encircled it.

"Free, sir, now, to the right!" called a voice from the shaft in half-stifled accents—so to Robert's dulled ear they seemed, for now the vitiated air and enervating heat of the mine had done their work, and sensation, and life itself, appeared to swim away from him, and leave but a black blank behind.

The next thing which Robert Barton became conscious of was that he was leaning on the arm of a powerful man—his own foreman, Bridges, from Tregunna—and trying, not very effectually, to steady himself on his feet, under the free air of heaven, at the pit-mouth, while four or five of the women who had been keeping dismal vigil there deafened him with incoherent thanks and blessings as they strove to kiss his hand, and the crowd cheered and waved their hats with genuine enthusiasm.

"There, Dorothy; there, Dame Parsons!" interceded old Captain Poltrean, interposing as best he might between the master of Tregunna and the over-vehement gratitude of the feminine members of the group. "Can't you see that Mr. Barton is main wore out? and no wonder, nouther, what wi' the heat, and what wi' the worry, down pit there. Your husbands are safe now, take my word for it, as if their feet were treading the turf of the moor here. On'y one more big stone to fish up, and then the whip and the windlass can work, and the bucket go down to the Middle Chamber, where never a bucket has gone since my grandfather was a boy, 'prenticed down Wheal Folly."

"Are they—safe?" asked Robert feebly. He felt strangely weak. His limbs trembled, his pulses fluttered like the heart of a frightened bird, and coloured lights danced, Will-o'-the-Wisp-like, before his eyes, while there was a humming noise in his ears, as though a train of heavily-laden waggons were passing by.

"The 'mine swoon,'" complacently remarked Captain Poltrean to a doctor, one of the spectators whom curiosity or the desire to be useful had attracted to the spot, and who had now smilingly taken Robert Barton's wrist between his own practised fingers. "Not many, till seasoned, could bear what Mr. Barton has gone through to-night. And I have known lads, and men too, who had taken to tinning when other trades failed, die in the seasoning, if you'll believe me, sir."

"I am not in the least surprised at it, captain," replied the doctor drily. "Mr. Barton, however, I am glad to say, will soon be himself again."

"Here comes my lord," exclaimed Bridges, the tall foreman.

"Ah, yes! so he does," rejoined the mining captain. "We sent word of what had happened out to Marblehead Priors: for Wheal Folly does belong to Lord Malvern, of course, though I doubt if he ever made a thousand pound, or the half of it, out of his royalties; still, we thought he ought to be told. And here the earl be."

And hats were touched or doffed, and a way cleared through the excited crowd, as Lord Malvern, tall, thin, and middle-aged, but graceful enough in bearing and manners, advanced to where Robert stood.

"Allow me to introduce myself, Mr. Barton—your neighbour, Lord Malvern—and allow me, with your kind permission, to shake you by the hand at this, our first meeting, and to express my thanks and sincere recognition of your courage and skill and energy in preserving, not only my mine of Wheal Folly, but the lives of the poor fellows who have been exposed to such hardships and danger in their hazardous calling."

"Hurrah!—here they come!" cried out a score of voices, as the first of the rescued men reached the fresh, free air, and stepped out from the bucket on to the safe earth, speedily followed by others of the miners lately released from the *duresse vile* of the Middle Chamber, while wives, mothers, brothers, and friends gathered round them, and welcomed them back almost as if they had really risen from the dead. And then, not unnaturally, the heated feelings of the assemblage found relief in overwhelming Robert Barton with vociferous thanks and blessings, until, still faint and exhausted, he was glad to take the surgeon's advice, and to make the best of his way homewards, leaning on the strong arm of the big Cornishman who walked at his side. It was all that he could do to find a polite word or two in response to the polite words of Lord Malvern, who expressed his hope that an acquaintance so pleasantly begun might not end there, and cordially invited Robert Barton to visit him at Marblehead Priors. A very poor earl as ever wore coronet was Lord Malvern, but he was rich in the faculty of making

neat little speeches and of paying compliments, as he had done when Chargé d'Affaires at more than one British Embassy abroad.

Robert went home. The men were saved, and, what mattered less than the attainment of that paramount object, the mine and the machinery, and the heaped-up tin ore, might be considered also as secure, though till deep into the night gangs of miners had to remain at work at the necessary duty of walling up the mouth of the Short Shaft, so lately cleared for the rescue of the imprisoned men, to bar the upward progress of the rising tide. The task was thoroughly performed, but the short May night was almost spent before the glow of the last bivouac fire died out; and next day, not Tregunna alone, but Gweltmouth and the county rang with the praises of Robert Barton, and with eulogies on the masterly skill by which he had averted a signal calamity.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

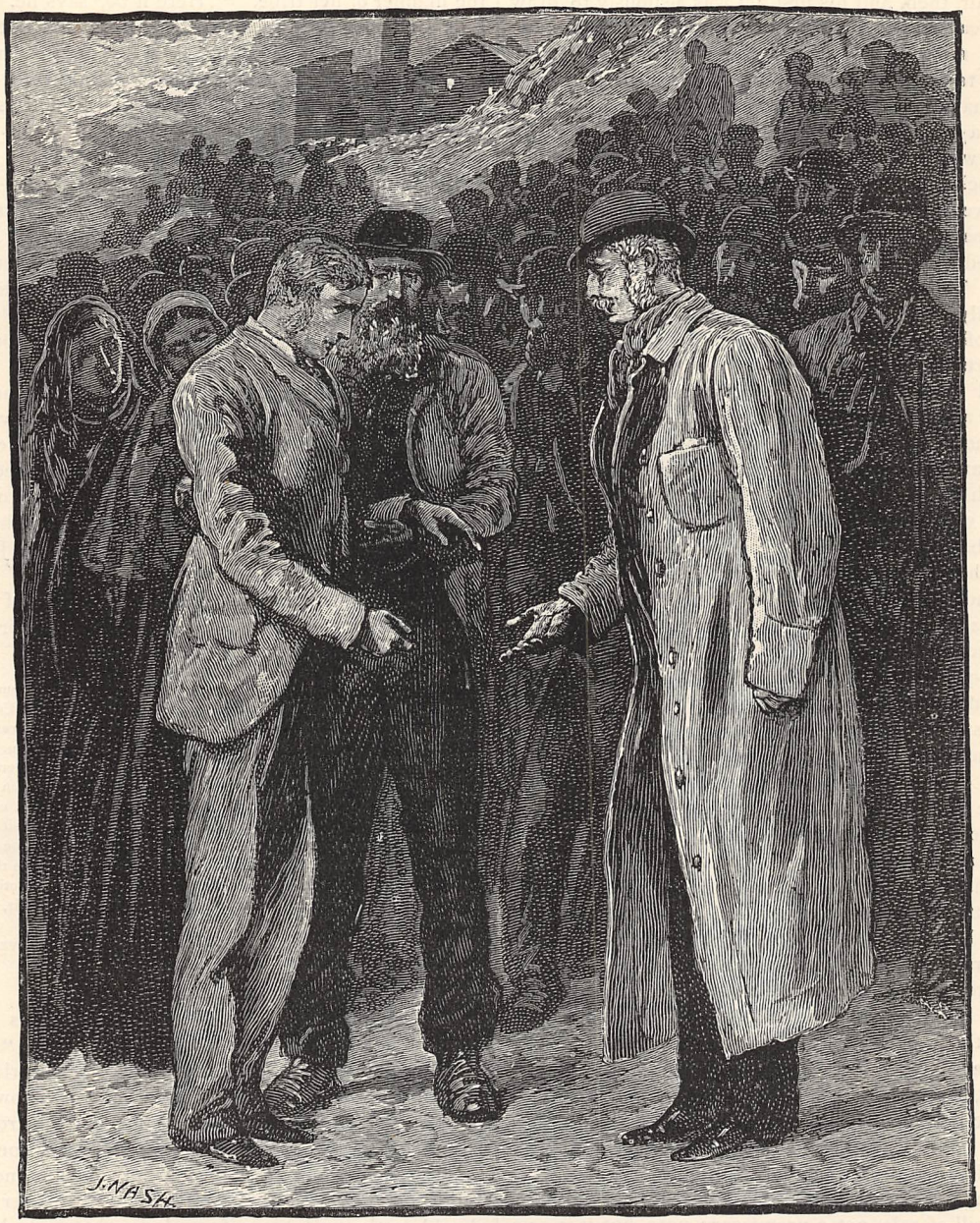
THE MISER'S HOME.

IT was evening. Work for the day was over at that porcelain manufactory which worthy old Mr. Kirkman, its founder, had bequeathed to the less worthy of his grandsons. And the miser was in his den—for it scarcely merited, surely, to be called a home, that lair in which the human beast of prey couched him by night. Home, sweet home, according to the hackneyed words of the old ballad once beloved by London street-singers, may be a very humble place; it may be a very cramped, cabined, and confined place, but it could never be such a shelter as Jabez Sleuthby, highly educated, and whose purse was only too well filled, had of deliberate purpose chosen. As for the cottage itself, standing in a garden in a lone suburban spot outside Gweltmouth, it might have been, if painted, whitewashed, and in good repair, a decent dwelling for some superior artisan, or for a clerk whose salary was below the standard of the income tax. But it was ruinous; for it had not, as to its interior, known the smartening touch of whitewash for years and years; and as regarded the outside of the tenement, the weather-beaten paint had peeled off in coarse flakes, and left the shrunken wood to bear the wet and cold and sunshine as best it might.

Jabez, who knew by experience—who better?—that to buy was cheaper than to hire, had bought, at a cheap rate, the freehold of the decaying cottage wherein he dwelt, and it was his boast that he had never since spent a sixpence towards mending the leaky roof or re-decorating the frowsy interior. The small garden was a tangled wilderness of neglect. The broken gate, as has been mentioned in an earlier chapter, hung stiffly by one rusted hinge. Boughs all but scratched the face of the rash wight who ventured to approach the mildewed door. The wire of the gate-bell had been snapped long ago, and the bell-handle wrenched off, by mischief-loving urchins. The unwashed window-panes were dim and besmirched with dust and smoke, while there were ominous gaps in the slated roof, and the tottering chimneys nodded to their fall. But the house had been cheap—dirt-cheap. Mr. Sleuthby, who, as we know, owned much house property in Gweltmouth, was not of a self-indulgent turn of mind, and had sunk but a very small part of his productive capital in providing for his own accommodation.

Yes, the miser was in his den, that den being the tiny parlour, or so-called living-room, of the house. It had a door opening into a sort of back kitchen, the only other apartment on the ground floor, but this door was barred, locked, and bolted, and, for additional security, nailed up. The other door gave access to a narrow passage, at the remotest end of which a ladder-like staircase led to the dilapidated upper storey. This also consisted of two rooms—if they deserved the name. The front room was the miserable bed-chamber of the rich man, who preferred to lie on a pallet under the bare rafters, with two rush-bottomed chairs, a lame chest of drawers, and a cracked looking-glass for his sole furniture, to the needful outlay for repairing the broken ceiling and purchasing such "plenishing," as they call it in Scotland, as would have restored some air of comfort to the wretched cell. The other room, empty, but fastened up by an enormous iron padlock, was a mere lumber-closet with a sloping roof, as indeed had the bed-room. It may be easily guessed that Mr. Sleuthby had no resident domestics. A decrepit old charwoman, at stated hours and for low pay, was wont to crawl and perform, grudgingly and slowly, such household duties as were deemed necessary, but she was never allowed to enter that sanctuary of Mammon wherein her employer spent his time when among his Lares and Penates.

When Mr. Sleuthby went out, his first care was to lock his parlour door behind him. As for the parlour itself, meagre as was the furniture, and forlorn as was the aspect of the room, with its damp walls, torn wall-paper, and carpet frayed into holes that set ugly traps for unwary feet, it was more habitable than was any other apartment in that dilapidated house. The grimy window was crossed by sturdy bars, whose thickness defied the burglar's file, and was also fitted with stout shutters lined with sheet-iron. The small grate still contained the cinders of the last fire that had smouldered there, two months ago. The whole place had an unswept, untidy aspect. The master of it, in his shabby brown coat, poring over documents by the feeble light of a single candle, of the cheapest and coarsest make, seemed thoroughly in keeping with what surrounded him. On the table stood a battered and dented tray, uncovered by a cloth, whereon were the remains of Mr. Sleuthby's frugal supper. Young as he still was in years, he had already reached that stage at which self-denial, austerely practised, begins to partake of the character of a luxury. He stinted himself, but it was now with a morbid sense of enjoyment which only the rich niggard can feel. As he ate his poor fare, his imagination revelled in the remembrance of the delicacies that it was in his power to command, did he but choose to pamper his palate at his pocket's cost. Good viands, a well-served table, were within his reach, but he was at least consistent as he mumbled his crust, and scraped the last shreds



"LORD MALVERN, . . . ADVANCED TO WHERE ROBERT STOOD" (*p.* 487).

of meat from the bone. There was a grim sense of power in what he did; and he chuckled as he remembered at how low a rate he lived, at what a fraction of his income his personal expenditure might be rated, and what a potent engine for obtaining a mastery over his fellow-creatures he possessed in the disposable wealth that lay ready to his hand.

Presently Jabez tied up, with well-worn red tape, the packet of papers which he had been busy in perusing, and shuffled himself to his feet, more as an imperfectly taught bear might have done than like a man in the early prime of life. He was in, truth, beginning to acquire, not merely the slouch and the stoop, but the sluggish movements of premature old age. A shrewd London doctor would have shaken his head had Mr. Sleuthby come to him as an intending customer of some Life Assurance Office to which the doctor was medical referee, and yet the man had more vitality in his shrunken body than might be conjectured, to judge by the gleam and fire that shone at

intervals in those cold blue eyes of his. He rose from his chair, then, and his first act was jealously to draw the threadbare and narrow curtain, of a faded moreen colour, more closely across the window that it professed to screen. Then from an inner pocket lined with chamois leather of his brown great-coat he produced a bunch of keys, small, most of them, and all of dainty workmanship. With one of these he proceeded to unlock a cupboard in the wall. There were no less than five such cupboards, filling up most of the available space. These, we may be sure, had not been included among the fixtures when Jabez purchased the place. The one which he now unlocked opened very smoothly on well-oiled patent hinges, giving to view a series of shelves, divided into pigeon-holes. Of these compartments a few were empty, while others were choked with papers and parchments, heedfully arranged and sedulously docketed. Some shelves, again, contained canvas bags that looked as if they held silver, and weasel-skin pouches or purses, in the old Cornish fashion, much less bulky, that possibly were stuffed with shining sovereigns. And, certainly, those thick bundles of talismanic crisp paper lying apart could have consisted of nothing else than Bank of England notes.

Jabez Sleuthby replaced the papers, tied together with red tape, on the shelf which was their regular resting-place, and then feasted his eyes for perhaps five minutes or six on the contents of his cupboard. As he stood there peering in, the candle in one hand, with the other he laid a caressing touch now and again on the objects of his admiring scrutiny. There was a smile on those thin lips of his as he gazed. Then a shade passed over his face, and the smile became almost a sneer.

"What would they say of me did they know of this?" he muttered, in so suppressed a tone that, even had he not been alone, no ear but his could have caught the words. "They would call me a fool, no doubt; as if a hard-headed man of business might not have his fancies like the rest, or as if I were not aware of the interest I lose week by week, year by year, through this practice of mine. They may hold their tongues, though, the dolts, for this is my only extravagance, my sole hobby. I like to see my money, I like to feel it and tinkle it, and think what a magician's wand it is I wield, and how many a Caliban—ay, and Ariel too—must bow to the waving of it! Not a bond here, not a bill of sale, not a promissory note, but it is as a shackle riveted on some debtor's wrist, unseen but not unfelt, and——"

This amiable soliloquy was interrupted at this point by a tapping of bony knuckles at the door of the room. Mr. Sleuthby started, and was quick in re-closing his cupboard door, in turning the key, and in restoring the bunch of keys to his pocket. Then he opened the door a very little. A dirty finger and thumb were thrust in, and between the finger and thumb was a letter.

"Postman brought it," said a voice harsher than the croak of a raven, and then followed an obtrusive cough.

"Why didn't you give it me before?" demanded the master of the house.

"I forgot," replied unseen Mrs. Green testily, after the manner of her tribe. "'Here it be,' says he. And then I clapped it down, till, tidying up, I recollects the thing. Toiling and moiling, specially at my time of day, and with the rheumatics, for a beggarly three-and-ninepence a week and broken victuals, clutters the wits, and so I tell you, sir."

"Hold your prate, and remember that I could get a score to-morrow out of Gweltmouth to take your place, Goody Green, with less grumbling, and perhaps cleaner fingers," severely retorted Mr. Sleuthby. "Mind I don't take you at your word some day, and engage a substitute; and mind, too, you leave no more letters of mine littering about that kitchen of yours. "Now you may go; and mind to-morrow morning you are sharp to your time."

With this injunction, he slammed the door, and the old woman, worsted, as she invariably was in verbal contests with her employer, yet deriving a certain satisfaction from the fact of her having raised the standard of rebellion, went muttering away to her own domain, and might presently be heard in the act of aggressively washing inoffensive crockery. Jabez, with his letter, was left alone.

The letter, which bore the grimy imprint of Mrs. Green's finger and thumb, was sealed with a coronet. Jabez opened it. It ran thus:—

"DEAR SIR,—I find that I must be in Gweltmouth to-morrow, Thursday, on account of the magistrates meeting to hold a Court of Petty Sessions, of which, as you are perhaps aware, I am chairman. I shall, therefore, gladly take the opportunity of waiting upon you at your residence, for the completion of our business arrangements It will be better thus than to give you the trouble of calling on me at Marblehead, and will furnish less occasion for the gossip of a country neighbourhood. I propose, then, with your permission, to visit you at an early hour, say between ten and eleven o'clock, before the assembling of the Court, if convenient to yourself, when I am sure that the matters in question can speedily, and to our mutual satisfaction, be settled between us. In the meantime, I beg to remain, dear Sir,

"Very sincerely yours,

"MALVERN.

"Marblehead Priors,

"May 31st, 18—"

"Titled old dunce!" sneered Jabez, with his cruel smile, as he read this letter for the second time. "How he piques himself on his knowledge of the world, his tact, his address! and how blunderingly he shows his hand to the adversary! Won't give me the trouble, eh? of calling at Marblehead—not he! How considerate! Ashamed of having such an acquaintance as Jabez Sleuthby, I suppose—unwilling that his servants should tattle, and his wife and daughter wonder at my shabby coat and broken boots—and so he prefers to come here, and huddle up the affair in the dark, eh? You shall pay for it, my lord! You shall pay for it!"

He shook his fist stealthily as he spoke, and then, seating himself in a rickety arm-chair, sank into meditations, that were only interrupted by the banging of the house-door, and the cough and departing steps of the old charwoman. Then Mr. Sleuthby rose, closed and locked the shutters of the parlour, carefully secured both doors, front and back, and, candle in hand, crept up the ladder-like stairs to his garret.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

IF you wish to dress well—I mean with a due regard to the fashions, and what is becoming to yourself—make the study of colour a consideration; for nowadays it is the dainty bouquet, the coloured handkerchief peeping out where it should, and the happy blending of tones in the whole dress, which bring success. Perhaps from a natural revulsion against the faded greens and yellows of the æsthetic school, we are flying into the opposite extreme, and there is the danger of appearing like a macaw, with all the hues of the rainbow in one dress—for both beadings and brocades display a mixture of many colours. Sometimes the beading is flat, sometimes each tassel of beads falls from the front of the dress and vibrates at every movement; this feature is one of the novelties of the year.

Beading, by-the-by, reminds me of shoes, for on them much care is expended just now. Flat dragonflies in a mixture of several kinds of beads are new, and there is a sort of bow which forms a frill round the instep, the edge encrusted with beads, which has been just brought out. The proverb is that "only the wearer knows where the shoe pinches;" what a great deal of pinching might be spared, and how much the beauty of the feet might be preserved, if only people would patronise rational boot-making! As a great chiropodist told me the other day, "Fashionable shoes are our best friends; every pressure in time produces its result of evil, and a too short boot or shoe a very plentiful harvest of mischief indeed, which cannot be undone possibly in a life-time." The best securities against the ills from which fashionable feet suffer are a broad sole and sufficient length for the foot to extend as it does in the action of walking.

This is the month when we ought to be donning cotton dresses, but they are no longer cheap wear, for people consider no costume complete without a parasol and fan to match. White and black are much worn, with a colour introduced into the waistcoat. A very pretty dress I noted at a recent garden party was a simple white sateen, made with broad kilt-plaitings from the waist, edged with four inches of black velvet; a broad band of the same just above; a draped tunic, and a pointed bodice; the waistcoat black velvet, with straps of the white sateen across.

Plain sateens also have no admixture of colour, except a knot of ribbons at the throat; side-basques continue to be cut round in more or less deep tabs, sometimes with a plaiting of contrasting silk between; and loose waistcoats of soft silk find their way to the front of many of tne dresses—a belt round the waist keeping them in place. Coloured wafers on plain grounds, are quite the favourite pattern this year in cottons, which is curious seeing how many really artistic patterns have been brought out.

The latest idea in parasols, should you have one made to match your cotton gown, is that it should have ten ribs instead of eight.

Crushed strawberry, ripe red gooseberry, and all that gamut of shades, are more worn in thin woollen goods, and silks, than cottons. As far as possible we seem to be trying to give a square appearance to our shoulders and figures generally. Not content with cutting the sleeves very high and full, poufs are also laid on some of the sleeves, to give an extra height, and are tied across with velvet; and for evening the last monstrosity to completely hide any beauty of which an arm may boast, is a long buttonless glove reaching far above the elbow, and well ruffled. Not to have a basket as a part of your dress, would be to argue yourself out of the mode. At the English Drawing-rooms large gold or silver baskets were fastened to one end of the train, out of which long trails of flowers seemed to creep up the skirt, and on many evening dresses such a trimming had found its way; but it is in bonnets that the basket has mostly worked its wicked will. A Parisian dame wore the first, apparently made of plaited rose-stems; now gold, silver, and straw are all turned to the same account; and the more vividly the straw is coloured in the panier bonnet the more fashionable. Flowers and embroidery in silk or beads supplement the plaited baskets and produce the bonnet. Narrow ribbons in satin and ottoman are used for strings and trimmings to bonnets, and where applied as rosettes have the many ends cut in swallow-tails. On both morning and evening dresses the same knots of narrow ribbons are most plentifully used; and if you want to brighten up a dull morning gown, follow the French mode of a cluster of long looped narrow ribbons in a mixture of colouring, fastened at the throat.

Small capes are all the fashion now, but there is a great diversity of shapes. They generally reach to the waist, and not half down the figure as heretofore, but are not so becoming to good figures as they used to be, for they do not show the waist. Occasionally they are gathered on the shoulder, so that they give this now necessary height and squareness. Sometimes they cross in front and fasten beneath a

rosette; sometimes from beneath the cape come two jacket-fronts, which by means of elastic fit the figure closely and give a very trim appearance. Thick chenille fringe borders many of these, and also coloured marabout; bands of silk covered with close-set rows of braid are also much worn, the braid quite narrow and arranged in perpendicular bands.

But capes, cloaks, and bodices all display the high shoulders; and the richest and handsomest cloaks, even the brocaded gauzes, are arranged after the same model.

It can hardly be necessary to make eccentricity of costume a gauge of fashion, yet the women to whom dress is a study lapse into the most absurd manias. Imagine a bonnet trimmed with a bunch of carrots, or tomatoes, or lemons, to say nothing of Tangerine oranges which I have seen apparently growing up the front of an evening dress!

Collars and cuffs are once more to the fore, and are taking the place, at all events for morning, of frills, which so soon get out of order. The most startling collars are the red linen ones with white spots; these would do all very well with dark colourings, but they are worn with browns, blues, and greens, and look all the more glaring if by chance the bonnet is trimmed with the now prevailing gold or steel gauze.

Riding-habits are made very plain, with scarcely any braiding on the skirt, but are mostly cut open at the throat, and show a necktie of white silk or cotton exactly like a man's, with a pin in the centre. The hats are once more the high ones, as a rule; the round-crowned felt are seen, but are not universal, as they were beginning to be.

The craze for red dresses is not as yet a thing of the past, and for a fair beauty nothing is more becoming than a red cashmere trimmed with velvet of a darker shade, and worn with a red straw bonnet trimmed with velvet also. Red velvet and silk brocaded are also worn a great deal.

There is a fashion now well suited to thin figures. From the waist almost to the knee comes a gathered puff of the material, which meets the skirt draperies. Not only are such outrageous colours as brilliant yellow and shrimp-pink blended, but most incongruous materials, and the canvas stuffs of all kinds are possibly the most extraordinary. But very certainly no harm can be done by turning to account any kind of embroidery you may have by you. We will suppose you have an old-fashioned white embroidered muslin dress. Send it to a good cleaner's, then lay the embroidery across the front breadth of a satin or silk evening toilette, edge the skirt with a ruche, and drape plain muslin at the back with as much real or imitation Valenciennes as you can find. Lace is most fashionably worn. Many skirts consist entirely of front breadths of lace gathered sparsely row upon row, with train draperies at the back.

Close-set rows of velvet are applied to many materials, especially nun's cloth, so that they appear to be striped, and tunics thus treated drape most gracefully.

For wraps and for cold days, jackets braided in close-set circles of gold braid are a stylish arrangement, though very decided, and attract the eye a long distance off.

These short basqued jackets are, however, always *distingué*, and to my mind cannot be too highly recommended for England, where there are so many cold days even in the height of summer.

Sailor hats covered with material and braided with the same circles make a good finish to the costume.

The cape illustrated in the small cut at the commencement of our chapter shows the shape of shoulders that are now considered *the* thing. The worst feature in this fashion is that it is universally adopted without regard to size or proportion; women with a superabundance of flesh add to their bulk unhesitatingly, and apparently feel not the smallest scruple in wearing dresses and mantles so puffed and padded that they rise in small hillocks on the tops of their shoulders. The cape here sketched is made of brocaded velvet gauze lined with copper-red surah; the bow and ruche match the lining, but the chenille fringe is black like the cape. The feathers in the straw hat are of shaded copper-red, for

A GARDEN PARTY IN JULY.

this is a "matching" season; all the details of a costume are *en suite*, even to parasol, fan, and stockings.

Engraving No. 2 illustrates another of fashion's freaks—black gauze studded all over with chenille tufts or pompons in the form of stars and crescents; this style of eruption is very general on mantles, the crescents matching the lining in colour, for the monotonous black mantle has given way before glints of colour that flash from reversible ribbons and linings.

The garden-party scene in the last illustration testifies to the variety that exists in the make of costumes this season. The first figure wears a French satine costume—that delightful cool material which, although only cotton, has quite the sheen of satin on its surface. This example is plain and spotted terra-cotta, and the skirt shows how the puffed plaits are managed. The second figure is in grey and brilliant cherry-colour, for cherries are dethroning strawberries and gooseberries and other curious shades of red.

The figure wearing the turreted cape has selected the favourite nun's veiling for her costume; it is brown dexterously touched up with red surah. The matron is in dark olive-green ottoman skilfully arranged with nun's veiling and the new Vandyke guipure. The colour is écru, and the design is traced out in a fine silk or gold cord.

The last figure wears cream nun's veiling trimmed with bright-coloured velvet, the buttons also being velvet; the arm-bands and gauntlet cuffs are a great departure from the plain coat-sleeves we have worn for so many seasons.

A FRIENDLY CHAT ABOUT THE MEMORY.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

Y present paper is by no means meant to be anything like an exhaustive treatise on the subject either of memory or mnemonics. I would rather it should be considered in the light of what I may term a suggestive gossip, from which a few of my readers may learn something, which may lead them in their own behalf to think the subject more fully out. Memory, the pocket dictionary tells us, is "that faculty of the mind which enables us to retain the knowledge of past events." The pocket dictionary in this definition is less vague than it often is on other subjects. Recollection, on the other hand, may be be said to be the act of recalling to the mind's eye the knowledge of events, &c., of times past. Memory we might liken to a storehouse where everything is put in its proper place, docketed and labelled, so that by the aid of recollection we can lay our hands on anything wanted at once. That is a good memory; a bad memory is like a badly conducted storehouse, all confusion and chaos. Or memory might be called the dictionary of the mind, and recollection the act of turning to it. A bad memory is like a dictionary either unalphabetically arranged, or written with fugitive ink, so that when we turn to its pages for reference, lo! the impression has fled.

Of the importance of the possession of a good memory by people of every age and class in life, I need not remind the reader. In youth it is literally the foundation of all knowledge, in manhood our every action and our success in life depends upon it, and by it our very greatest men have been made—our greatest statesmen, soldiers, poets, architects, and preachers.

"Memory is a gift," some may say. The memories, I reply, of such great men as Shakespeare, Burns, Carlyle, or Napoleon were marvellous gifts; all genius is a gift; but these men were the giants of genius. Music, like memory, is a gift, which amounts to genius in about one human being in every million; but on the other hand, both music and memory are gifts that in some measure are presented to every human being in the world, and which may either be brilliantly and successfully cultivated, or left to hang as they grew, and cultivate themselves in their own crude way.

Mnemonics is, after all, but the science of system, a science that is within the reach of all, but one the study of which ought to be begun as early in life as possible. It is painfully neglected at schools. Teachers themselves seldom know much about it, or if they do know something, it is only about one branch of it, namely, *exercise*. "I make good scholars," said a village schoolmaster to me one day, "by hammering it into them, sir."

The man meant that he succeeded, by dint of perseverance on his part, aided probably by an occasional dose of cane, in making his pupils remember enough facts and dates to enable them to present a respectable appearance on the day of examination. He exercised them well. But where was the method? That had to be found out by the child himself. This is surely not teaching in its true sense. As soon as a child can read sufficiently well, at some schools, he is put to learn passages "by heart," as it is called.

Alas! there is seldom much heart about the matter. But no system of committing these to memory is taught or explained to him, so one boy goes upon the principle of repeating the passage over and over and over again a thousand times perhaps, till he has learned it; another, a lad of more brains, seeks out some easily-retained words or ideas here and there, till he builds a kind of skeleton of the whole, and on this he hangs, easily enough, the verbiage; reading the passage once or twice over after this will suffice to stamp it on the tablets of his memory. The former boy's plan is one of *exercise*, that of the latter one of *method*. Probably both boys come up to repeat at the end of two hours, and they both do so satisfactorily enough, though the lad of method or system has been idle two-thirds of the time, and his companion hammering away during every minute of it. We know that the boy of method here spoken of is the more clever of the two, but considering the amount of indefatigable energy expended by the other, were a system of mnemonics to be taught him, we doubt whether he would not turn out the more successful man in life.

I am not going to say a word about what or which system of mnemonics ought to be taught at schools, but one of some kind should be, if we would manufacture clever, healthful men and women. If education at our schools—ay, and for the matter of that, our higher seminaries—were conducted in a less absurd way, and mnemonics formed a branch of education, we should be able to teach our youths many things that we cannot, as matters stand, that might be of real use to them in after-life, such as medicine, hygiene, or the laws of health, enough therapeutics to serve them a good turn at a pinch, enough surgery to enable them to behave rationally in an emergency, enough physiology to help to guide them in life, and enough botany and natural history to help them to draw near to the Creator in His creation. Geography, as taught at ordinary schools, is a mere farce, "dates" all cram, and "music" only moonshine. The music of ordinary schools I mean; pray do not misunderstand me.

Drawing, I think, is a great help in forming a good memory; it combines both method and exercise. The pen at public schools should hardly take precedence of the pencil.

Many of the so-called systems of mnemonics, when studied for the first time, convey to the mind somewhat of the grotesque, or even ridiculous, enough indeed to make sensitive or poetic minds shrink from taking advantage of such aids to memory. Who would

take the trouble, for instance, to learn an absurd rhyme, in order to keep green in his heart for ever the names of the counties of England, or the countries of Europe, or burden his brain with such a word as *bandarum* to enable him to remember the date of the battle of Bannockburn? Better, most people would think, to allow the rhyme and the counties to perish together, and let the dust of oblivion for ever obscure the date of that battle so sacred to "brither Scots." But children are not so particular; both the rhyme and the ridiculous word might avert a caning, and so they commit them to memory gladly. But these and suchlike "aids" are but the stepping-stones to mnemonics, which science is meant to be of very great advantage to all classes of people who have to depend for their success in life upon their memories.

The science of mnemonics is to the orator what shorthand is to the writer, it enables him to pack a great deal into small compass, and turn to that compass for certain and sure guidance whenever he wishes to. This is a very great relief, for really and truly an overcrowded memory is one that does not hold out well. It is apt to induce worry and mental confusion.

If it be true, as it undoubtedly is, that the memory should never be overstrained, then any system that tends to lighten it is worthy of study; and I know, from professional experience, scores of cases in which memories have been undoubtedly benefited by learning and following out a system of mnemonics. And when I say memory, I may add their health, for there is more connection between memory and health than one can see at a cursory glance.

No system of mnemonics can enable a man to retain perfection of memory if his health be much below par, or if he be suffering from incipient disease of the brain or nerve-centres.

We often hear men complain at a comparatively early age, say forty-five or fifty, that their memories are failing them. They are generally men in business or in professions, who have worked very hard and had "a deal to think of," *i.e.*, a deal to remember, and who have probably lived hard lives, and trusted too much to the strength of their constitutions. For the cure of cases like these, it would be as ridiculous to apply a system of mnemonics, as it is to seek for relief from medicine in any chronic case of illness, without first removing the cause. Mnemonics might have acted as the preservative, it certainly cannot be called upon to perform the cure. It would have acted as a preventative by regulating the mind and rendering a hard life free from a deal of worry, and it may come in extremely useful after the health has been restored.

Loss of memory in middle age is a symptom that should never be neglected or thought light of. Remember, it *may* point to incipient softening of the brain, and utter collapse or dementia. I do not mean to frighten any reader, so I purposely italicise the "*may*." What may be, may not be, and *vice versâ*. The symptoms of loss of memory, more often than not, are the result of over-tiredness, an undutiful kidney, or a liver that wants seeing to. If, coupled with the loss of memory, there were occasional attacks of swimming in the head, sleepiness, weakness of sight, sensibly diminishing capability for accustomed work, fits of irritability, and lowness of spirits, the case would, to say the least of it, look more serious.

The loss of memory in middle age is different from that of old age, as far as my judgment goes. In the latter stage of life there is a gradual, but to the person himself not always noticeable, decline of the powers of memory, just as there is in the powers of strength of muscle, eyesight, and hearing. For a time at least the old man hardly misses his retreating memory, he lives more in the past than for the present, and has recollections of bygone times—ere the tablets of memory got hard and unimpressionable—though he with difficulty, if at all, can trace the events of yesterday. A merciful Providence rules it should be so. And, as I said, it is the same with eyesight and hearing. Is it Charles Lamb that tells the anecdote of the old man pointing up at the castle rookery and saying, "It is very strange, but the crows be all gone from out there these many years; but I remember the time they were thick enough, ay, and noisy enough too"? I always thought that a very delightful anecdote, and sincerely hope that no thoughtless being took the trouble to undeceive the old man tottering thus pleasantly on the grave's brink, by telling him that as he spoke the rooks darkened the air and made noise enough to awaken the Seven Sleepers.

But the loss of memory that points to disease or ailment of some kind in middle age is generally transient and periodic. The patient can remember or recollect well enough sometimes, not so well at others: memory is brighter with him of a morning, or after a period of rest, than when working or when tired. Some people while speaking fail suddenly for the loss of a word—men who had once been brilliant orators—others while writing suddenly stagger at the orthography of a word with which they really are familiar, or substitute one letter of a similar sound for another, a "b" for a "p," for instance, or a "d" for a "t." Either of the above may all at once forget the name of a person with whom they are intimately acquainted—yes, or their own cognomen.

Well, this loss of memory in middle age should always be treated as a serious symptom, whether it be so or not. People who suffer therefrom should decrease their hours of labour, work more systematically, be careful to take rest whenever they feel tired, relaxation when the least low in spirits, abundant *exercise in the open air whether they seem to need it or not.* They should attend to the general health and the regularity of the system. Take a tonic, a mild and non-constipating one—remembering, however, that tonics are dangerous tools, and too often wolves in sheep's clothing, or stimulants in disguise. Temperance should be observed, and wine most sparingly used. By observing such rules as these a failing memory may be restored; then, and not till then, mnemonics may be had recourse to, in order to prevent a relapse.

Mnemonics should be to the memory what good spectacles are to the eyes—PRESERVATIVE.

JOHN CURWEN AND THE TONIC SOL-FA MOVEMENT.

FEW persons have done more in their day to popularise the spread of good music than John Curwen, the parent of Tonic Sol-fa. His method and notation have now become the means of teaching many thousands to sing who otherwise would never have learned to use their voices in an intelligent manner, and though meeting with constant opposition from staunch upholders of the Staff Notation, the system continues to gain ground, and claims as its friends not a few of the leading lights of the older method.

The story of Mr. Curwen's life is inseparably connected with the growth and spread of the Tonic Sol-fa movement. One of the sons, John Spencer Curwen, on whom now devolves the leadership, has collected some interesting materials bearing on the life and work of his father. As the compiler himself remarks, the memorials are necessarily imperfect and fragmentary. Mr. Curwen was during his whole life so occupied with the work of his choice, that he found no time for letter-writing or the keeping of journals which might have afforded more ample materials for an exhaustive biography. Sufficient, however, has been made available for presenting a clear and comprehensive view of the life and work of one who did so much for the cause of popular music, and who happily lived to see his efforts crowned with success.

John Curwen was born at Heckmondwike in Yorkshire, on November 14, 1816. When he was only six years of age his mother died, and the father with his two sons removed to Cottingham, near Hull, shortly afterwards leaving for London. Here he remained only four years, having been appointed pastor of a chapel at Frome, in Somerset. After attending school at Frome, John Curwen entered college, being then in his seventeenth year. His fellow-students at this time speak of him as a kind, free and cordial companion—hard-working and systematic in all his movements. His student life lasted six years, and at its close he was appointed assistant minister at the Independent chapel, Basingstoke, at the very low salary of fifty pounds a year. It was while labouring here that he became engaged to Fanny Vanner, who, however, died of consumption before the engagement had long continued. Her death was preceded by that of her sister Nelly, of whom John Curwen wrote a charming and touching memoir—his first attempt at authorship.

In 1841 Curwen removed to Stowmarket, where he filled the office of co-pastor at an Independent chapel, giving occasional public lectures on Sunday school methods and plans. Up to this time he had manifested no great interest in what afterwards became the work of his life, but having a great favour for children, and knowing the power of singing, he now began to exert himself in order to make it more effective in his Sunday school.

It was in his search for a system of notation that would prove easy and comprehensive to the minds of children that Mr. Curwen was introduced to Miss Glover. This lady kept a small school at Norwich, and had been teaching her pupils to sing by a method of her own, founded on the use of a primitive modulator on which were printed the syllables of the scale. Judging from the results produced by Miss Glover, Mr. Curwen decided to adopt her method, and giving up his charge at Stowmarket, and removing to Reading, where his father was located, he spent much time in modifying and improving the newly discovered notation. He made experiments with various classes of children, and even at this early stage what have since remained the chief principles of the method were developed and found successful.

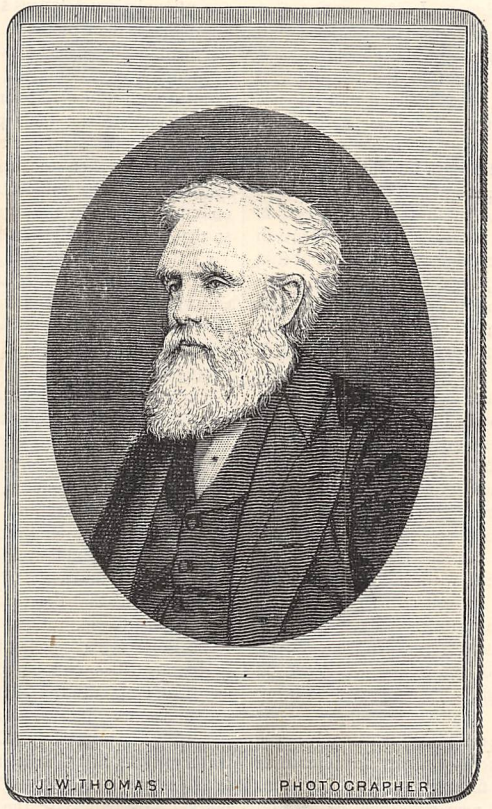
Accepting a call to a chapel at Plaistow in 1844, Mr. Curwen continued his labours for the propagation of the Tonic Sol-fa system. He did not address himself to artistic coteries or to the musical profession, but to the clergy, day-school and Sunday-school teachers, temperance and mission workers. He showed that he was in possession of a simple method which almost any one could teach, and encouraged those who were desirous of cultivating singing to learn the system, not only with a view of improving themselves, but also that they might begin teaching others. Shortly after his settlement at Plaistow, Mr. Curwen compiled the "People's Service of Song," and about the same time wrote for "Cassell's Popular Educator" a series of papers on the Sol-fa system, which have enjoyed an enormous circulation.

As the result of much over-work Mr. Curwen's health showed signs of giving way, and in 1856, obtaining leave of absence from his congregation, he went to Germany, where he remained for seven months. On his return, much improved, he occupied himself between the elaboration of a system of harmony for Sol-fa students, and the building of a new church. The first step he took in the teaching of harmony was to gather together a small number of students at Plaistow in 1857, and give them a course of instructions. Mr. Curwen's first work on the subject was issued in 1861, and immediately after he commenced "correspondence classes" for teaching harmony. This plan for reaching distant students proved very successful, and has since been largely adopted by various institutions.

The year 1863 was in many respects an important one in the history of the movement. Mr. Curwen at this time resolved not to countenance by his support

or notice any concerts in which the singers had not taken some certificate of competency. Hitherto a slight knowledge of the Staff Notation had been compulsory on every pupil taking a Sol-fa certificate, but now the test was made optional. It has remained so ever since, but it is a noteworthy fact that two-thirds of all the certificated students have passed it. At this time also Mr. Curwen became his own printer by setting up a small printing office at Plaistow. The printing of his notation with its unusual signs had caused endless trouble to the printers, and he felt that it would be advantageous to have immediate control of the printers and educate them to his own work. It may be interesting to note that the first attempt to represent classical music in the letter notation was made in the issue of Romberg's difficult music to Schiller's "Song of the Bell."

In 1864, finding that he could no longer do justice to his congregation and the Tonic Sol-fa movement, Mr. Curwen resigned his charge at Plaistow and devoted his whole time to the propagation of the system. In 1866, Mr. Euing of Glasgow founded a music lectureship in the Andersonian University there, and invited Mr. Curwen to undertake it. This he did, and for three months of the winter 1866–67 he resided in Glasgow, giving two lectures weekly. In 1867 the Tonic Sol-fa Association Choir, under Mr. Proudman, brought joy to the hearts of the leaders of the movement by carrying off the prize in a choral competition at Paris.



JOHN CURWEN.

Mr. Curwen now occupied himself closely with literary work. The new "Standard Course," "How to Observe Harmony," and "Musical Statics" followed each other, and were soon in the hands of all sol-faists. In 1874 he was presented by his friends with a life-size portrait of himself and a sum of £200. The money, with characteristic generosity, he devoted to the establishment of two scholarships in the Tonic Sol-fa College. After this his literary time was spent on the "Teacher's Manual," one of the most valuable and exhaustive works which ever came from his pen. Mr. Curwen had meantime taken on himself the responsibility and work of the foundation of a College for the training of Sol-fa teachers. After much labour and patient lecturing in aid of the funds, the College was established, and on the strength of a few scholarships began its first term of study for teachers in 1876. A suitable building was, however, still required for properly conducting the work of the College, and Mr. Curwen continued to make appeals for money to this end, offering £1,000 himself if £2,000 more could be raised. In 1879 a bazaar, which realised a large sum, was held in London, and in the same year the building of the College was commenced, Mr. Curwen laying the foundation-stone. It was ultimately opened amid much rejoicing, by the late Earl of Kintore, and every year students from all parts of the country eagerly avail themselves of the classes held within its walls. The year 1880 brought great grief to Mr. Curwen by the death of his wife. Yet he struggled bravely against himself, seeking the companionship of friends as the best means of escape from preying thoughts. But as in life the affectionate couple were always near each other, so "in death they were not divided." Mr. Curwen, although apparently in good spirits, continued to grow feebler, and on May 26th, 1880, he died peacefully in the house of a friend at Manchester.

Thus ended the life of one of the most pious of England's great men. "Not for an age, but for all time" was the life-work of John Curwen. His was a noble cause producing noble results, and the good which he did "lives after him" in a very emphatic sense indeed. The deeply religious character of the man is made doubly apparent in the many letters to his family and friends which find a place in the "Memorials" by his son. In the midst of all his public work in connection with the movement, he never seems to have lost sight of the fact that this world is not all, and that a better is in store. What a noble example this is for those who fear that the claims of true religion cannot be satisfied while a great national work is being done! Mr. Curwen's work was a great one, but he had at last completed nearly all the tasks he had set himself. "The plough was in the last furrow when the night came down upon him and he went home."

JAMES C. HADDEN.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found on page* 375 *of our May Part. The Editor's duty will be to act as "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

✶ *placed before a name denotes a speaker who has won distinction in the present or in a former debate.*

IS IT WISE TO PROMOTE EMIGRATION?

(*Debate concluded.*)

W. J. RITCHIE:—Being an Irishman, I am a native of a country from which a great deal of emigration takes place, and am therefore in a position to know some of the effects of emigration upon a country. I am aware that the condition of Ireland makes emigration from it a necessity, and that it is not logical to draw general conclusions from particular and exceptional instances. Yet, Sir, some of the good effects of emigration on Ireland are so marked that I cannot but think it would benefit any country, however prosperous. The Opener says that flesh, and bone, and muscle, and brain represent a certain amount of capital. I hope he does not value these elements in the ratio of the order in which he names them. I hold that brain is the most important element, since it is the engine which works the other machinery, and regulates its motions, and without which it would be only so much lumber. Now emigration widens the mental range by changing the original standpoint, it facilitates the mind's action by giving it more exercise, and it refines it by filtering through the world. The mind being thus invigorated imparts new life to the body, and teaches the hands to work, and habits of industry are soon acquired; and industry begets economy and thrift. Now the mind of every worthy man is so strongly impressed with the associations of youth, that all through life it is drawn back with yearning to his native land. By this means, the benefits the emigrant acquires abroad are reflected on his native land, which, in his communications with it, he enriches with thought, and the knowledge he has gained by travel, as well as by the products of his toil, though he may never return to it. I have seen this to be the case, and I know several districts in which the manners, and intellects, and social condition of the people are improved by their communication with friends who emigrated to other countries.

JOHN CARSON:—A discussion on this question can only apply to a country like ours, where the tendency is for the increase in population to outstrip the means of finding them employment. This surplus, if not drafted off to new countries, or fed and cared for by Government, is liable to be reduced by starvation and disease. As we cannot allow them to starve, and it would be economically unwise for the Government to create unnecessary employments for them at the ratepayers' expense, the only alternative is to induce them to emigrate, and by preference to our own colonies. This is done at present, as not only do we placard bills at public places, detailing the advantages of emigration to Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, but we warn emigrants against being led away by specious devices into schemes for supplying labour to the Brazils and River Plate. We also undertake that the ships leaving our shores are properly fitted up for the reception of emigrants, while any temporary advance for passage and outfit is refunded by the Colonial Governments.

I agree that "bone, brain, and muscle," like "tools and machinery," are part of the country's capital; but as tools unemployed lose in profit and interest, so when our labourers cannot be employed profitably, we lose in food and clothing by retaining them here.

Neither Opponent nor Opener says whether our encouragement should go the length of actual money-assistance; but, as the colonies receive emigrants gladly, only in very exceptional circumstances should we be justified in expending anything on their removal. The worst phase, however, is that the aged and lazy, whom we desire most to get rid of, are not wanted by other countries, and so our poor laws are generally saddled with those remaining behind. Many emigrants from their savings assist their poor relations by remittances, and some afterwards send for their friends to join them.

Any steps taken to promote emigration come back to us indirectly, in the importation of cheap food, &c., and the colonies become in time good customers for our manufactures, so that both the emigrants and those left behind are benefited.

C. B. T.:—In discussing the question whether emigration should be promoted, it is undoubtedly wise to avoid all special cases; but, inasmuch as both Opener and Opponent seem by their speeches to take Great Britain as the typical country to which their remarks should apply, I am quite satisfied with the arrangement.

There can be no gainsaying the fact that emigration has been most advantageous to this country in the past. It has been the means of peopling those vast colonial possessions which form at the present time so valuable a market for many of our home manufactures, and also supply us with numerous products of comfort and convenience. The nations which constitute our Greater Britain are a source of strength to us in peace and war, and they have become so by means of emigration promoted and assisted by the mother-country.

If it be true that the past often repeats itself, it is most true with regard to emigration. While there are regions unexplored, while there are countries thinly inhabited by uncivilised and barbarous tribes, so long will it be wise to encourage a healthy exodus of emigrants from our native land. The theories of political economists may be very learned, but they tell equally strong both positively and negatively. Experience is the safest and most satisfactory guide, and I unhesitatingly assert that its lessons are entirely in favour of Opponent's views. At the present day, the labour market is overstocked; the learned professions are overcrowded; mercantile employment of every kind is anxiously sought after by hundreds and thousands, for wages that will scarcely keep away the wolf from their door. What more effectual remedy for this condition of things can there be than to encourage all who are unable to earn enough to keep themselves in a comfortable position to emigrate to the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or some such place where there is a wide scope to obtain a handsome remuneration for one's toil? I would like to notice in detail some of Mr. Opener's remarks, but space will not permit. I am confident that at the conclusion of this debate he will be found not only opposed to the majority of his countrymen, but also to that of the intelligent representatives of the Family Parliament.

✶ N. NEWNAM:—To those who have watched the sailing of an emigrant-ship from one of our large ports, the departure of such a number of people from their native land cannot but appear a sad sight. Sentiment has strengthened our misgivings that, after all, emigration may be a great economical blunder; and, like the Opener of this debate, we have valued the emigrants at so many

✶ To these speeches the divided Honorarium of One Guinea has been awarded by the Editor.

pounds sterling per head, and have calculated the loss to this country, and the gain to the countries in which they are about to settle. But there is no such ready method of solving the question of emigration, and perhaps the following figures, which just touch one point of the subject, may help us to the conclusion that emigration, although a sharp, is still a very necessary remedy for our rapidly increasing population.

We sometimes overlook the fact, which appears absurdly obvious when it is mentioned, that agriculture must always remain the root and life of all commerce and civilisation, and that a nation, where this primary interest bears but a small proportion to the secondary interests which spring out of it, is resting its prosperity on a very uncertain base. Let us see whether this may not be the case with our own country. In 1846 we only imported 17 lbs. of grain per head of the population, while in 1881 we imported 195 lbs. per head. If we include meat, our bill in 1863 amounted to £39,453,000, or about £1 6s. per head; in 1880 it had risen to the enormous sum of £111,841,000, or £3 4s. per head—an increase of 185 per cent. We will now compare with these figures the values of our exports for the same two years. In 1863 the sum-total, after deducting the value of foreign and colonial produce, amounted to £146,600,000; in 1880 it had reached £223,000,000—an increase of 52 per cent. Assuming the same rates of increase for the next twenty-five years—and the assumption is much more favourable than the statistics warrant—we shall then be paying a larger sum for meat and bread-stuffs alone than the total value of our external trade. Now, without touching any of the vexed questions of political economy, it is very plain, in a country like ours, that this kind of thing cannot go on indefinitely. There must come a time, and that within a very measurable distance, when our enormous food bills will exceed the value of our industrial profits.

But even assuming for a moment that emigration *is* a national disadvantage, is it a disadvantage to the emigrant? He is relieved from the stress and pressure of our crowded life; he obtains, as a rule, larger returns for his capital and labour; and his children are much better placed to make their way in the world than they would have been at home. In this broader view of the subject, I think, Sir, we shall hardly fail to say that it is wise to promote emigration.

* CHARLES MOORE:—The hon. gentleman, the Opener of this debate, argues upon the principle that each man forms part of the capital of the country to which he belongs; but does he not forget that capital must be employed before it can be of any benefit to any one? For instance, money hoarded up by a miser is practically useless whilst so hoarded; it requires circulating. Therefore, I agree with the hon. Opponent that surplus capital should be moved to some place where it may be employed.

For an illustration of the benefits of emigration, look at nature. When the denizens of the hive find themselves straitened for room, what do they do? "Swarm" is, I believe, the expressive word which denotes their action; or, in more modern language, a large number of them emigrate. Bees go further: they kill the drones! Do not be alarmed, Mr. Speaker, I am not about to argue that our human drones should be molested, but I am forcibly reminded of the Apostle's words, "If any will not work, neither should he eat."

But, Sir, I must object to the "idle clerk" being taken as a type of one class of emigrants. Have they emigrated in sufficient numbers to be taken as a type? But even if they have, such persons soon discover that they must either work or meet with speedy ruin.

I submit, Sir, that Great Britain is overcrowded; there are thousands who would be glad to work, but there is an excess of unemployed labour in nearly every branch. See the large number of lady candidates for a small number of vacancies in the Post Office. See our daily papers, how many advertisements there are of "Situations Wanted;" and what almost incredible numbers of persons will answer an advertisement where a good situation is offered! On the other hand, you have only to read the papers to see that in Queensland, New Zealand, Manitoba, and various other places, there is a large demand for skilled artisans and female servants. Then, I say, God speed the emigrant! He obeys the natural law which regulates supply and demand, and he obeys the Divine command to "replenish the earth, and subdue it."

A word to parents in conclusion, if it be not out of place. Bring up your children to believe that manual labour is not beneath the dignity of man. Let them learn a trade, instead of sending them to an office because it is thought to be more respectable. Bring up your daughters to understand the management of a household. Then they shall be able to take the places of those who leave us. Teach them to "look labour boldly in the face." So shall emigration prove a blessing to those who go, and those who remain, who will be subject to less competition, and will receive better wages when the balance between supply and demand is more equally adjusted.

END OF THE DEBATE ON EMIGRATION.

The Debate on "Should National Insurance be made Compulsory?" will be resumed in our September issue.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

A LEGEND.

THE anchor's weighed, the harbour past,
Away! away! the ship flies fast.
The skipper's wife is at his side,
In fear she scans the darkening tide.
"Fear not," quoth he, "thou'rt safe with me,
Though the fiend himself should sail the sea!"
And merrily ho! the breezes blow,
Over the sea the ship doth go.

The sea grew black, the wind blew high;
"A ship! A ship!" the sailors cry;
Down sank the blood-red sun in flame,
But nearer still the vessel came.
She had no sails, no oars, no crew!
But nearer, nearer still she flew.
One lone dark man on deck they see.
They can hear him laughing mockingly.

The skipper stood with frozen stare,
His men were white with wild despair;
The tempest shrieked, the sea was flame,
And nearer still the strange ship came.
Down knelt the skipper's wife and prayed,
"God of the sailors, send us aid."
Each stony sailor bent his knee:
"Save us, O Lord! we cry to Thee!"

Hurrah! Hurrah! the spell is done!
The phantom ship is gone, is gone!
The winds are fair, and fair the tide;
The skipper's wife is at his side.
He holds her hand, he cannot speak,
A tear rolls down his rugged cheek;
And merrily ho! the breezes blow,
Over the sea the ship doth go.

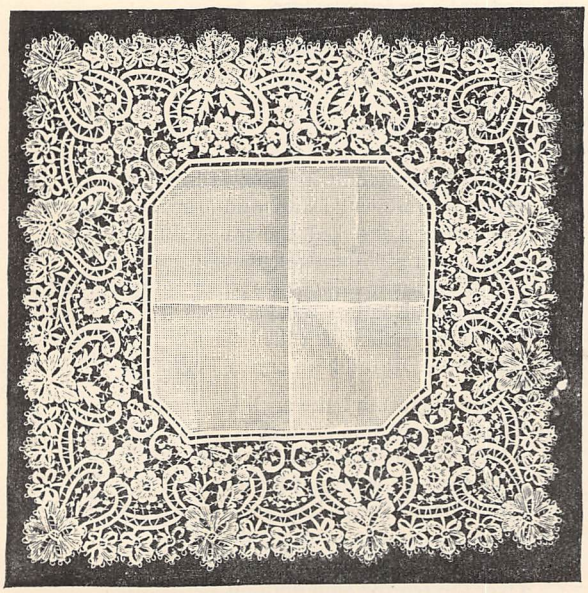
FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

PUNTO IN ARIA.

IRISH LACE.

THE project of an Exhibition of Irish Lace at the Mansion House emanated from those true friends of the people of the Emerald Isle who would improve their condition from within by promoting their industries, rather than make futile attempts at doing it from without by fomenting their discontents, and to this end are invoking the aid of Fashion. That fickle goddess has decreed that lace should be the *cachet* of the present style of dress, and since real lace is rather more precious than rubies, has flooded the market with machine-made fabrics which, though far from costly, have a fictitious value in consequence of the large demand upon them for flounces, frills, furbelows, waterfalls, and every sort of trimming that feminine ingenuity can devise. Thus the manufacture of woven Spanish, Bretonne, Duchesse, and other imitation laces has kept the looms of Nottingham busy, while those who, both abroad and at home, made the fine old real laces with bobbins and needles have been driven to seek other occupations, and have in many instances lost irretrievably the most treasured secrets of their art. But the thirst for novelty is never quenched, and he who diverts popular taste into a new channel is usually on the high road to fortune. The promoters of the Exhibition of Irish Lace wisely judged that a *furore* could be created in that direction, and money honestly got and well earned may come into the pockets of the industrial population of that country in a manner that will go far towards making them prosperous and content.

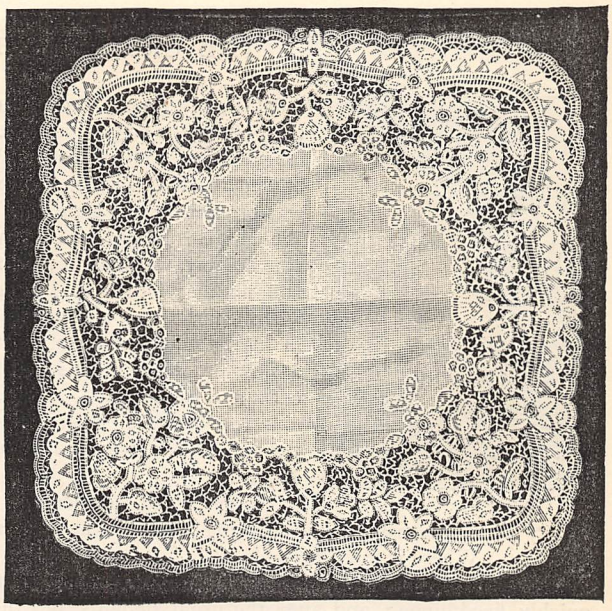
It is perhaps not very well understood, even among ladies, what special varieties of this beautiful and delicate work are made in the Island of Saints. Her daughters have fingers as nimble as their wits, and taste that equals, if it does not surpass, that of their French and Belgian sisters. At Youghal, in County Cork, at the mouth of the Blackwater, the finest and most exquisite needle point is still made, and it would hardly be possible to find a specimen of ancient Venetian or Spanish point that could not be faithfully copied there. Even the secret of the far-famed "Point de Venise à Brides Picotées" is understood. The process is slow and requires such store of patience as the world gives Irishwomen little credit for, yet they bend themselves unweariedly to their task and produce marvels of dainty workmanship. The *lacet* point is a needle-made lace that lends itself very charmingly to trimmings, and some idea of its value may be formed from the fact that when two and a half inches wide it is worth 35s. a yard. The famous old rose point has a great deal of raised work in it, which has to be done with the utmost smoothness and regularity, and it is marvellous to see how close the threads lie to one another. A reel of cotton is not more evenly wound; yet there is all the difference between the regularity produced by machinery and the work of the human hand.



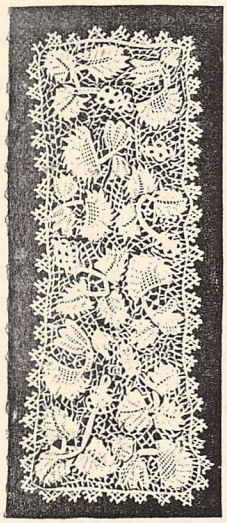
CARRICKMACROSS GUIPURE.

The lace known as Carrickmacross is indi-

genous to the town of that name in County Monaghan, about 50 miles north of Dublin, and is also the production of the needle, though the groundwork of it is fine, yet firm, muslin. This is arranged in very striking patterns, each leaflet or geometrical form being outlined and connected with a distinct and somewhat coarse thread, called in some branches of the work a "trolly," which is embellished by being twisted into loops, and carefully sewn over with fine cotton to keep it in its place. It looks very beautiful over dark velvet, and its value is naturally in proportion to the delicacy of the pattern. Irish appliqué is made on the same principle, the muslin being laid on Brussels net, and it makes very elegant flouncing. An imitation of Carrickmacross is made in Switzerland by machinery, but though effective at a distance, it will not bear comparison with the genuine article, and it stands the test of washing very indifferently.



LACET POINT.



CROCHET GUIPURE.

Needle point and Carrickmacross are, however, the laces of the few, and it is the patronage of the many that is wanted for paying purposes. The only Irish lace that comes within the reach of persons of moderate means is the crochet guipure that is made in Ulster, and there employs hundreds of hands. It is rapidly done, very substantial, and stands an astonishing amount of wear and tear. The old Venetian *Punto in Aria* may be admirably imitated in crochet, and some of the Vandyke patterns are extremely effective. Five-and-twenty or thirty years ago there was a perfect rage for it among all classes in England, and in Paris it has regained a place in popular favour during the last year or two.

Limerick lace may be described as chain-stitch on net, and is very pretty, but perhaps the sewing machine has sounded its knell, for it is so easily imitated and made elsewhere, that it can no longer be considered peculiar to the city and county of its birth. But it is there produced in very light and graceful patterns and in various widths, especially for the garniture of wedding dresses, while bridal veils of it fall in a soft elegant manner peculiar to themselves. Limerick lace curtains are also deservedly popular, and perhaps it is in this form of household usefulness that most people are best acquainted with it.

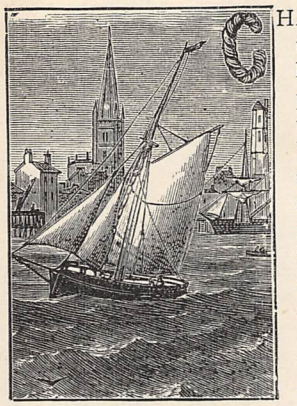
These are the four great divisions of Irish lace, but for practical purposes the crochet guipure is the one most capable of development, and its encouragement the most likely to add to the national prosperity of the island that is uppermost in all our thoughts, and which occupies so important a part in the schemes of our legislators.

We are indebted to Mr. C. Harry Biddle, the honorary secretary to the committee promoting the Exhibition of Irish Lace at the Mansion House, for information on this subject, as well as for the specimens from which we have taken our illustrations.

E. CLARKE.

CARRICKMACROSS APPLIQUÉ.

THE CRUISE OF THE *JEMIMA*.



CHARLIE, my young brother, had been fagging at his studies; I had just passed the R.C.S.E., and was proportionately elate. We had earned our summer holiday, we thought; and nothing loth was I when Charlie, with a map in his hand, pointed out a spot on the Caithness coast and exclaimed—

"Here we are! There we'll go! What say you, Frank?"

"Very good choice. Plenty of ozone, fishing and boating; fashion at a discount. Where is the time-table?"

A primitive fishing-village—call it Clanhead—was quickly fixed upon; and after the usual delights of railway travelling we found ourselves in a place richly endowed by nature, but minus an inn.

A Highland cottage, however, proved a comfortable enough shelter; and after a night's rest and a hearty fish breakfast we strolled off towards the sea.

In the one straggling street of Clanhead, were yellow-haired children who stood in wide-eyed, innocent wonder, and stared at us. Perhaps they were overcome by the sight of our hideous brown sand-shoes; or it might have been that they were bewitched by Charlie's handsome face.

Charlie is the Adonis of our family; and I—well, I am an *ugly* young man with a marvellously wide mouth, eye-sight so near that I cannot pick up a sixpence without the help of my glasses, and an expression, to say the least of it, *scared*.

Such as we were, we stood the lads' and lasses' scrutiny unabashed, plodding on till we perceived a middle-aged man leaning on a gate in, I imagined, a *dolce far niente* condition.

He turned, however, and moved toward us.

"Will ye no' be takin' a sail the mornin', gentlemen?"

"Just what we want," cried Charlie.

"Aweel, tak' ye the first turn to the reet an' it'll bring ye to the head o' the cliff. Some way bock ye'll see the openin' to a ravine. Gang awa through the gap an' ye'll soon be where the sea washes the cliff-foot. Be ye canny, for tide's high the noo, an' the shallowest water there may droun' ye. In five minutes I'll be comin' roond wi' my boat an' my mate at your service."

The boatman touched his cap and moved off; we made for the ravine, passed down it, and came suddenly upon the most magnificent expanse of rolling water that our eyes had ever feasted upon.

Shortly, from, I suppose, some sheltering nook under the cliff, came along our little craft, the *Jemima*, with her mainsail spread and her master at the helm, while Donald, his mate, kept watch at the bow.

With a "Yo hoy! Steady! Yo hoy!" she was "brought to," and in scrambled we, neck or nothing.

We were scarcely seated before, emerging from the ravine, toiling on with the help of a crutch over loose earth and boulders, came a girl, with a sweet but very sad face. Evidently she was suffering in mind and body.

"Ech, Hinny! Hinny!" said our boatman with a softened intonation. "Ye should na act sae, my dear! When gentlemen hire the *Jemima* they dinna expect to tak' her master's family aboord. Gang awa' hame again, Mamie."

"Oh, by all means, take your friend aboard, Mr.——"

"Ben is my name, sir, an' I thank ye for your kindness. Come then, bairn! an' look ye, dinna trust to your crutch when ye step aboord. Should the boat luff it may slip frae under ye. Let me lay it doon at the stern, an' gi'e me your hond. Now, steady, an' in ye are."

Ben guided the boat off, then turned to the girl again. "Eh, my bairnie, not sae mickle as a speck o' head-gear! an' they bits o' fal-lal clothing flying aboot ye; ye'll catch your death! ye maun hae my jacket on. Mebbe, sir, ye'll be sae kind as to haud the tiller whiles I dress her oop? There now, Mamie, are ye no warmly buskit?"

Off we were before the wind, our swelling mainsail hiding the man at the bow. The grand sea and sky threw Charlie and myself into ecstacies; Ben, used to such scenes, was quiet and, I thought, sad; while the lassie looked decidedly sleepy.

"Eh, my doo," said Ben, "ye were oop wi' the birds; I marked ye wendin' your way to the cliff by the first glint o' the sun. Ye'se liken to a wraith, my dearie! Ye'se aye wanderin'. Aweel, lay doon your head awhile on my shoulder, an' be takin' a wee bit nap the noo."

With his disengaged arm Ben supported the frail little body; and soon his charge was dozing as restfully as any weary child.

As she slept I espied a wedding-ring on her finger; and even in repose her face told a tale of mental and bodily suffering. Some heavy calamity, I thought, must have fallen upon her. Her child-like confidence in Ben and his tenderness toward her were pathetic; and, altogether, my sympathy was won.

Presently I ventured to ask if she were not an invalid; and returned Ben—

"Oo, yes, sir; an' she is my only bairn. Pretty doo! She married ower early. An' a week after, Tam, her husband, sailed north wi' his crew for the fishin'. Three months hae passed sin' the wofu' day, but nae word can we get o' boat or men."

"Then you think the vessel——"

"'*Went doon*,' sir, is what ye mean?—There is nae doot aboot it; for, miles awa' along coast, a piece of

her sail was washed ashore. But my lamb knowsna *that*; an' sae, i'stead o' puttin' on widow's weeds, she aye says we'se boun' to find him; an' she watches the sea an' questions every fishermon she meets till it's just pitifu' to hear her."

"She is nearly distraught," thought I. Then I gave Ben a warning note regarding the imperative need of trying to divert her mind from her trouble. Also I proffered a word of advice about her lameness, which, it appeared, arose from some recent injury done to the muscles; and which, I gathered, had been treated in anything but a scientific manner.

Ben was delighted to find that I was a doctor, and most grateful for my interest in him. Indeed, he was so earnest in pouring out his thanks when I volunteered to take Mamie's case in hand while I was at Clanhead, that the man at the bow (as he afterwards owned) became an absorbed and sympathetic listener; for Mamie and he had been playmates, and he felt rather down-hearted, Ben told me, when Tam carried her off.

Deep in our subject, and entirely free from apprehension, we scudded pleasantly along. One moment all our thoughts were of healing; the next—crash! crash!! crash!!! over our heads, under our feet, everywhere!

A swift glance at the mainsail, a wrench at the tiller, and a tremendous shout from Ben—

"BOW, there, BOW! are ye sleepin', mon?"

The warning was too late! A large vessel was down upon us; our mainsail was pierced through by her bowsprit; our timbers were shivering under her bows. I heard shouting on the deck above us; I saw a man leap from the vessel's side; I saw Mamie wake up in an agony of terror, and throw her arms round her father's neck; I heard Ben say, "Nae, dinna cumber me, but strike ye oot an' *trust*." I knew we were all in the water, for I saw Ben supporting his child as he swam vigorously toward the man who had leaped over. I saw Charley going down (neither he nor I was a swimmer), I clutched at him fruitlessly; then came confused cries of "Keep your heads up!" "Here's a life-belt!" "Catch this rope!" and so on. But soon the voices sounded far away and undistinguishable: I knew that salt water was in my nostrils and mouth; there was singing in my ears, roaring in my head; I felt a mad impulse to *rise*; I did rise; again, for a moment only, I heard eager voices near me, and caught a glimpse of the efforts that were being made to save us; in an agony I made an effort to keep up; it was futile; then, hiss! hiss! swish! through my very brain; after that, darkness, *dense* darkness! a clear consciousness that the hand of Death was on me; a cry from my inmost soul to Heaven, and—a strange deep calm.

* * * * * *

The sun was going down in a flood of crimson glory. I lay upon a well-swabbed deck all alone. Where had I been? Where was I going? What had happened? I pinched myself and felt the pain: so I was still in the flesh. I tried my voice—"Hi! hilloa! somebody!"

No one came. I sat up and took a speculative survey. The vessel was taut and trim, and she smelt of timber, but she was not of British build. As I cogitated—rather weakly, I must own—a footstep sounded on the deck, and along came a good-natured-looking seaman, fair and blue-eyed; he made his way to me and gazed smilingly down.

"What ship is this?" queried I.

A shake of the head.

"Are you a German?"

Two shakes of the head.

"*Speak*, man, in some tongue or other, will you?"

The word "speak" he understood, and obeyed with energy. But no word of any language could I pick out from his strange jabber.

Feeling, no doubt, that my understanding wanted arousing, he went away and shortly returned with six other men; some strong, fair, and blue-eyed like himself, the rest shorter, darker, but powerfully built, and all chattering the most unintelligible jargon.

As they bent their energies to make me acquainted with something or other, I tried hard to discover their nationalities, for certainly they were not all of one nation, when—happy thought!—came flitting through my brain the words—

> "And then the blue-eyed Norseman told
> A saga of the days of old."

"You are from Norway!" bawled I. "And *you*," to the darker men, "you are Swedes. Am I right?"

"Ha! Norroway! Norge! Norge! Ha! Ha! Norrike! Ha! Ha!"

The words were taken up like a refrain with boisterous satisfaction. Had I only raised my eyes to the vessel's flag, I might have seen at first that she was called the *Jarl Hakon*. But just then my wits were scattered. They began, however, to disentangle themselves, and thoughts of Charlie, Ben, and the rest crowded upon me. Where were they? Where was the lame girl? and where the *Jemima?*

It was useless to question, so I rose up and with rather unsteady gait walked across the deck and found my way to the captain's cabin.

On one side lay Ben, with pain in every line of his face; in the captain's berth, looking absolutely dead, was Mamie; stretched out on a rug lay my brother. He, however, managed to moan out "Bravo!" when he saw me.

I went to the girl's side and felt her pulse. Then, "Where's the captain?" said I to Ben's careless mate, Donald, who was standing by, the picture of helpless distress.

"Here," came a ready answer from a mellow voice behind me.

I turned. There stood a portly, grey-headed man, with a trustworthy face. He spoke English; this was worth something just then.

"Have you a wife—a lady on board, sir, who will carry out my instructions respecting this patient?"

"Are you then a physician?"

"I am a member of the College of Surgeons, and am anxious to do my best in this emergency."

"I am heartily glad, sir. A lady—no; there is not one on board. But there is a man who would lay down his life for this child. He is burly, but docile; let him be her nurse."

"Oh, her father? But he is in sorry plight himself. I fear I shall find some broken bones when I have time to look at him."

"No, not her father—her husband."

I glanced at Ben.

"I knaw," said he; "there's a reet bright siller linin' to oor clood, thank God!"

"Bring him in," quoth I.

He came, a young fellow having a splendid physique and six feet two of height, the very man who had leaped from the side of the *Jarl Hakon* to our rescue.

I stretched out my arm in front of the berth as a warning or barrier. But Tam had tact and caution. He stood mutely looking down on his ghostly young wife, then, in response to a touch on his arm, he bent his head to take my orders.

While Mamie remained unconscious he was to keep his post quietly, using the prescribed remedies; the moment she showed signs of consciousness he was to vanish.

I turned to Ben, who I found had a broken arm. "Splints!" said I to Charlie, who was on his feet by this time. "Go to the captain for thin wood, and tools to shape it, also linen for bandages—a sheet will do. Now, Ben, you are a Briton, I know; will you trust me to set that bone?"

"Trust ye? Aye, sir; I ne'er wince at sic like. I'd be poorly off an' it werena set."

That business was got through; and Ben had scarcely uttered a moan from first to last, but cold perspiration stood on his forehead, and I was just despatching Donald for a strong cup of tea to revive him when——a sudden knock on my arm.

I turned sharply. "Beg pardon, sir," whispered Tam, as his great bulk rolled and stumbled into a dark corner beyond me.

But Mamie's eyes were wide open; the whiteness had gone from her face; her breath came thick and fast; she even tried to raise herself on her elbow.

"'NOW, STEADY, AN' IN YE ARE'" (*p.* 502).

"Father! father! Ye'se foun' my Tam!"

Quaking with fear lest the remedy should be worse than the disease, I motioned Tam out from his hiding-place.

I saw the girl's face flush violently; I saw her throw up her arms to clasp her husband's neck; I saw the young giant turn white and weak with emotion; then away darted I, never halting till I reached the stern. Tyro as I was, I would rather have set half a dozen more bones than have stood out that meeting.

The captain was there, and very soon we got into conversation. Here is the substance of what he told me.

The *Jarl Hakon* was doing a pine trade between Bergen and Aberdeen. On her last homeward voyage she had picked up Tam and another seaman who were beating hopelessly about in a small boat, half dead

with thirst and exhaustion. Tam's fine frame had battled through, and he was working his way back to Scotland; but his companion in peril had succumbed and was laid in a Norwegian grave.

* * * * * *

Mamie walked without her crutch before I left Clanhead; and Ben's bone was doing famously. I was in high spirits at my success as surgeon on my own account. I had gained friends too, staunch and leal. Said Tam at parting—

"Ye'se gi'en me a bonny wife for a sickly ane, an' I'll ne'er thank ye enoo, sir."

"All right, Tam; you saved my life when you leaped from the *Jarl Hakon*, you know, so we're more than quits. And look here, lad, if ever you want a friend, send to me."

"Sae I will, sir; an' suld ye e'er need an act o' reet willin' an' faithfu' service, ye'll send to me?"

That compact was an honest one, and it will stand.

M. ONLEY.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

ACCORDING to the information I can gather from members of the medical profession and other persons who know somewhat of this question, I am quite inclined to think that the employment of Dispensing would prove a remunerative one to gentlewomen. In large towns doctors' prescriptions are dispensed by chemists. It is open to women to pass examinations and act as such. I know one instance where this has been done and the result has been satisfactory. I have been told of two other such instances. In country places and small towns, doctors' prescriptions are dispensed at the doctor's house. In most cases a dispenser's services are required, because the doctor's time is fully occupied by the long distances to be traversed, as well as the many patients to be visited. Many doctors would, I am told, be glad to engage the services of a qualified woman dispenser.

Then, too, in our hospitals, infirmaries, and public dispensaries—whether on a large or small scale—dispensers are required.

Therefore for those whose inclinations lie in the direction of science, and who feel that they possess the particular talents requisite for this particular line of work, there seem to be many openings in which they would find remuneration in return for their knowledge. The determent to several who have wished to climb this ladder has been that of pounds, shillings, and pence. This ladder is a new and untried one for women; they, as a rule, have not much at their command with which to speculate, and they naturally hesitate to pay what seems to them a large sum for the privilege of climbing up the ascent. I will set forth the means by which the necessary knowledge may be acquired, and the cost of its attainment. It may be, as there are those who have had the courage to step forward in this direction, and do not regret the step taken, that yet others will set their feet in the same direction.

In order to be a chemist the examinations of the Pharmaceutical Society have first to be passed. These examinations are three in number, but only two are actually necessary for ordinary purposes. The first, or Preliminary Examination, is in general subjects; it consists of Latin, English Grammar and Composition, and Arithmetic; it is held four times a year in many central towns in England, Wales, and Scotland. The fee is two guineas. Any one who possesses a certificate of having passed the Oxford or Cambridge Local Examinations is exempt from this Preliminary Examination.

The second, or Minor Examination, is held several times a year, but only in London and Edinburgh. No candidate under twenty-one years of age is allowed to enter for this examination; also each candidate is required to have been for the three previous years practically engaged (under supervision) in dispensing prescriptions. To give a brief outline of the subjects: the student is to show ability, to read and translate prescriptions, to weigh, measure, and compound medicines with accuracy, neatness, and quickness, to have a general knowledge of botany, and a practical knowledge of chemistry.

The fee for this examination is three guineas, and students who pass are registered as Chemists and Druggists.

The third, or Major Examination, comprises the same subjects as the Minor, but a much fuller knowledge of them is required. Students passing this acquire the title of, and are registered as, Pharmaceutical Chemists, and are legally allowed to dispense medicines.

As will be gathered, the fees for these examinations are not heavy ones; the real obstacle is the cost of the three years' training required to be passed through before presentation as a candidate is permitted.

The premium usually asked is £100 for the three years' apprenticeship. I believe I may venture to say that help would very probably be given by the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners Street, W., to a student who wished to pursue this course but had not adequate means at her disposal. Miss Clark, 18, Spring Street, Paddington, who is a Pharmaceutical Chemist, receives apprentices and instructs them practically in the elements of the subjects they are required to study.

A short time ago an effort was made by the Women's Education Union to form a Pharmacy Association, with the object of affording practice and training to those wishing to pass the examinations of the Pharmaceutical Society, but the Union has been obliged to abandon its scheme as funds were not forthcoming to meet the consequent expenses.

So far I have spoken of the course the law of the land requires all to pursue who desire to be chemists.

Dispensers in hospitals, private surgeries, and suchlike posts are not required to produce a certificate of registration. But for all such posts there is competition, often keen and close, and although it is not absolutely needful to have passed the examinations I have mentioned, there is no doubt that those who had done so, whether men or women, would be certainly chosen in preference.

Lady superintendents of infirmaries and cottage hospitals often wish to have some general idea of the work of dispensing. An opportunity to acquire this knowledge is afforded to them at the Women's Hospital, 222, Marylebone Road, W. No definite instructions are, I understand, given, as the dispenser has too many duties of her own to have time to give lessons; nevertheless, the opportunity is a valuable one, for much can be picked up by an observant eye and ear, and many have availed themselves of this privilege. The fee of five guineas is charged for a period of six months' attendance.

Drawing diagrams for doctors is an employment which I may here mention. At the same time I must draw your attention to the fact that this field is a small one. Medical men who give lectures to students in the medical schools connected with hospitals, require diagrams and sketches from time to time to illustrate their lectures. Sometimes it is a diagram in a book which has to be drawn on a large scale: the rate of remuneration for this is about five shillings per diagram. Sometimes the doctor requires a water-colour sketch made of a peculiar case of deformity or disease, and for such a requisition the sum of three to five guineas would be charged. Lecturers on scientific subjects at museums often require diagrams. For all this class of work, ladies whose fingers can guide their pencil and brush in an accurate and neat manner are very frequently employed.

Amongst articles which find a ready sale at depôts and bazaars are the following:—Bags for use in the drawing-room or in the carriage. These resemble the old-fashioned long purse in shape, but of course greatly exceed it in size. Two large ivory rings take the place of the small steel ones of yore; the ends are not gathered up as those of the purse, but are left square, and fringe is placed across them. Plush is a suitable material for these bags, and one needing no further adornment. A newer material is a satin not so thick and more silky than that known as Roman satin; on this, embroidery is worked in silks. I saw a bag of dull green satin with an Indian pattern embroidered in dim terra-cotta-coloured silk, and the effect was excellent.

Cases for blotters are in demand; they are made similar to those I lately described for railway time tables. Deep-coloured blues and crimsons are two colours greatly liked. Gold thread is much used for their embellishment, and the patterns are generally composed of stars, suns, or radii of some description. Gold thread is fastened to its place by means of sewing-silk the same shade; the golden thread is laid on its line, and the silk keeps it there by being passed to and fro over it.

The colours most used for table-cloths are terra-cottas in various shades, peacock-blues, rich reds, and dark greens. Corn-flowers embroidered in white silk look well on any of these colours.

With regard to depôts for the sale of work, a Ladies' Work Society has been lately opened at 131, Edgware Road, W. The entrance-fee is one shilling. The yearly subscription charged is five shillings; for half a year, three shillings. Commission on things sold is a penny in the shilling. The manageress assures me that she can sell work without difficulty when it is well done, and that she could give orders for plain sewing.

Another depôt not hitherto mentioned is at 52, King's Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, which is under the patronage of Lady Brassey and others. At this agency members pay half-a-crown, which entitles them to send work for six months: a commission of twopence in the shilling is charged. Here also gentlewomen seeking appointments as governesses, or companions, on paying a registration fee of five shillings can have their names on the books for a period of six months: a commission of five per cent. is charged.

I have to notify some changes which have taken place since I gave the list of depôts in a former paper. The depôt at 60, Church Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, is no longer there. The lady who took work for sale at Cardiff has changed her address from Angel Street to Duke Street in that town. I am told that so many unsaleable and badly-made things were sent to her, that she found her depôt was injured by admitting such, and that now she is more particular, and only takes work that is well executed.

I sincerely hope that all those readers who have no occasion to sell, but only have the pleasure of buying, will visit any depôt which is near them, and if possible make their purchases there.

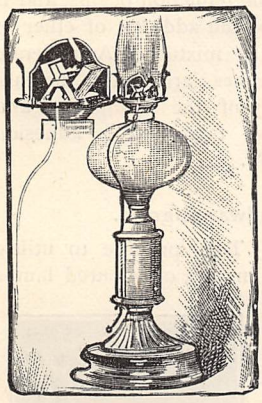
I saw a notification in print (not an advertisement) a while ago that a Mrs. Genna, 2, Vere Street, W., assisted ladies to dispose of their work and also gave instructions. On inquiry there I was told that lessons were given only to those who were employed by Mrs. Genna, that no work was disposed of for ladies, that there were no vacancies, nor likely to be any.

A. S. P.

THE GATHERER.

A Lamp-Extinguisher.

The illustration accompanying this note shows a simple means of extinguishing a lamp-light. With the finer qualities of oil especially, it is sometimes a dangerous operation to put out the light by blowing down the chimney; nor is it convenient to handle and remove a hot chimney prior to extinguishing the light; and blowing from the foot is not always successful. The appliance under notice meets, apparently satisfactorily, these difficulties, is effective and cheap. Two extinguishing plates, hinged under the cap and near the wick-tube, are furnished with arms which project outwards through oblique slots in a case connected with a wire, which extends downwards along the side of the lamp and its stand. The wire is supplied with a handle or knob, by means of which it may be pulled down so as to cause the two extinguishing plates to close on the wick-tube and thus put out the light. A spring surrounding part of the wire restores the different parts of the apparatus to their normal condition.



Utilising Diatoms.

A new use has been found for the silicious earth known to be the remains of countless millions of diatoms. According to the Royal Microscopical Society's proceedings, it is now used for making silicates of soda and potash. Diatoms are added to the alkali and chalk: the silica dissolves and the liquid is decanted and concentrated. It can be used for the manufacture of porcelain and cement. Porous plates can also be made of it, which serve to dry crystals by absorbing the water from them. Steeped in petroleum these plates serve as fire-kindlers without consuming themselves. Mixed with a twentieth part of clay, the material makes bricks which float on water. The best diatomaceous earth is the "Kieselguhr" of Hanover, which serves for the preparation of dynamite. It absorbs three or four times its weight of nitro-glycerine. It may also be employed as tooth-powder.

A New Mess-Tin.

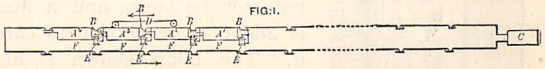
An ingenious little mess-tin, which affords the soldier a good hot meal in a few minutes with little trouble, has been devised by Colonel Silver. At the recent Brighton review the inventor provided each of the men of his regiment—the 4th Battalion Essex—with a tin containing ragout, and as this could be warmed up by lighting wicks inside the tin, a warm meal was prepared in fifteen minutes. The cap of the tin is the lamp, and contains spirits of wine and wicks, which are drawn through holes in the metal. On opening the tin the cap is removed and the wicks lighted; the makeshift lamp is placed below the bottom of the tin, between stone supports, and the meal cooks.

Electric Telpherage.

"Telpherage" is the name given by Dr. Fleeming Jenkin, F.R.S., Professor of Civil Engineering in Edinburgh University, to a system of transporting vehicles containing goods and passengers to a distance by the electric current, independently of any control exercised by the vehicles themselves. His idea is to employ strained metal cables, which will serve the double purpose of sustaining the load and conveying the electric current to electric motors attached to the trucks which hold it. The trucks or cars supporting the load run along the cable on wheels, and the load is suspended below the cable. The current is supplied to the line by a stationary dynamo at one end.

Fig. 1 shows the arrangement proposed. Here A_1, A_2, A_3, A_4 are separate sections of an insulated metal cable, and B, B, B, B are "bridge-pieces" which establish metallic connection throughout the series of insulated sections, so that wherever there is no train on the line the sections are coupled together and form part of the electric circuit. At one end of the line C, there is a stationary dynamo supplying a constant current to the circuit despite the variations of resistance caused by more or less trains upon the line. A train on the line between sections A_2 and A_1 is indicated at D; and the length of this train is such that it always spans at least one of the junctions between two sections. The train, as it enters on a new section, removes the bridge-piece B, which connects this section with that in rear, and thus compels the current, in order to maintain its circuit, to flow through a connecting wire or conductor, G (Fig. 2), on the train, in which one or more electric motors are connected. These motors, therefore, operate and serve to turn the wheels by proper gearing, thus propelling the train. Before the end of a train leaves the preceding section it replaces the bridge-piece so as to keep up the continuity of the circuit, but not before another bridge in advance has been opened. The

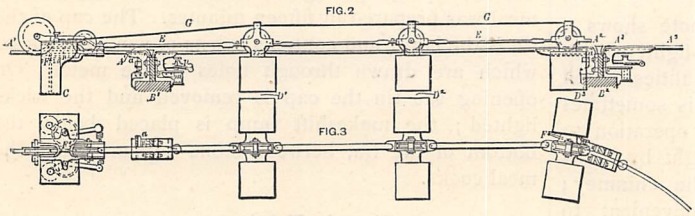
FIG. 1.



current can in this way pass in series through any number of trains on the line and propel them all.

The telpherage line is shown in fuller detail in Figs. 2 and 3, which are an elevation of it. Here A_1, A_2, A_3 are the sections of a single wire rope or rail supported

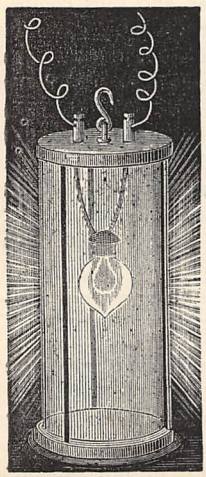
above the ground by insulating supports B_1, B_2. In general two lines of cable will be used, but a single line will serve some purposes. A train of three cars, D_1, D_2, D_3, is shown passing over the line between



sections A_1 and A_2. Every support, such as B_1, is provided with a switch lever, *a*, which in its normal position establishes electrical connection between the sections A_2, A_2, and A_1, A_1, the lever then bearing against a piece of metal which is in electrical connection with one section, while the lever itself is, through its axis, in connection with the other. The first vehicle of each train is fitted with a cam, F, so arranged as to catch each lever as it passes, and throw it over into a position such that electric communication between A_1, A_2 is severed, and at the same time a portion of the main current is diverted, through the lever and the new contact, which it now makes, into an auxiliary telegraph wire. The train consists of an electric locomotive, C, and three cars, D_1, D_2, D_3, connected together by light coupling rods, E, E. On the leading vehicle or locomotive is the cam F, which pushes aside the levers *a*, and the cam F_2, on the last vehicle, restores every switch lever to its normal position. The invention promises to be useful for conveying goods or passengers through cities, for it can be erected along thoroughfares, and as a constant succession of vehicles can be transported, it might convey a regular stream of passengers.

A New Miners' Lamp.

MM. Mangin and Leroyer have devised an electric incandescent lamp for mines, by which all danger of explosion from breaking the lamp is avoided. One form of the lamp is shown in the accompanying illustration. The essential feature is that the lamp globe is immersed in a lantern of pure distilled water, which if the lamp broke would effectually destroy the chances of explosion. Two binding screws serve to convey the current to the lamp, and a hook is added to the cover to carry it. The lamp shown is also employed to light the interior of transparent balloons for signalling purposes: the current being cut off at will to make the flashing signals.

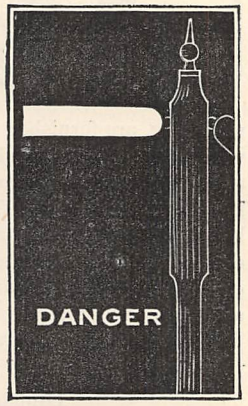


Silvering by Glycerine.

Glass mirrors are now silvered by the reducing action of glycerine on the salts of silver. The process is the discovery of Professor Palmieri. When into an ammoniacal solution of nitrate of silver a little caustic potash is poured, and a few drops of glycerine are added, the reduction begins, and is accelerated by the addition of ether or alcohol to the mixture. A moderate heat and darkness are said to increase the brilliancy of the precipitate, and darkness also favours the adhesion of the deposit to the mirror.

Illuminated Railway Signals.

Messrs. Cleminson and Tuer propose to utilise semaphore signals by night instead of coloured lamps



in railway signalling, by making the semaphore arms of glass, boxed in, and internally illuminating them. Electricity can of course be supplied for this purpose. The figures show how the arms would appear, and the arms would be visible as bands of light as far as a lantern-eye.

Silk Ornamentation made Easy.

The tendency now-a-days is to save time and trouble in all directions. Formerly it was the duty, if not the delight, of our respected ancestresses to make samplers and to embroider silks and satins in a painfully elaborate manner, not unfrequently with far from satisfactory results. In this useful department—namely, the decoration of various textile fabrics, paper, terra-cotta articles, &c.—the maxim that "time is money" has been illustrated by a simple and ingenious process of what has been, not very happily, called "Silk Ornaments." These are decorative designs of varied complexity, which may be applied either as they are or in combination to the different classes of materials above enumerated. The method of application is as follows:—Heat a small iron to the heat required for ironing, then take the ornament and damp it at the back with a moderately wet sponge or

paint-brush. This having been done, the face of the design must be placed upon the article which is to be ornamented, and—a thin sheet of paper or a piece of damp muslin having been laid over it—pressed with the hot iron. The paper must then be removed, when it will be found that the decoration will have been transferred. "Silk Ornaments" ready for use are now extensively sold, thus reducing the trouble of decoration to a minimum. We have seen a terra-cotta plate ornamented in a highly effective way by this simple process.

New Fire Protectives.

The new model theatre of Brünn is fitted with electrical apparatus devised by Mr. Haviland for use in the event of fire. By means of an electro-magnet, through which a current of electricity passes, the incombustible curtain between the stage and auditorium is allowed to fall; the valves of water-pipes are opened and discharge water copiously on different parts of the building; extra doors are opened and ventilators are closed. All these actions are started by an electric key-board with five corresponding press-buttons, each labelled with its duty. A sixth push-button performs all the operations at once. This key can also be worked automatically by means of a combustible wick or fusible metal attachment. Thus when the fusible metal melts, a press-weight could be liberated so as to close the circuit. Steam has recently been utilised in Berlin for extinguishing fires at a pen factory. Into the drying room for the wooden handles were brought three steam-pipes of an alloy of lead and tin, which would quickly melt on fire breaking out. Such was the case recently, but the escaping steam saved the premises by saturating the walls with damp.

While upon this subject we may mention the new fire-ladder truck introduced into the London Fire Brigade, and employed at the recent great fire in Paternoster Square. This long ladder, which we illustrate, is made telescopic so as to serve for the highest houses, is carried on a long horizontal truck through the streets, and at the site of the fire is hoisted to a vertical position by means of jack-screws worked by four men. When brought into a perpendicular position the ladder can be directed to any position on a roof or wall, as it turns on a revolving platform. The length of the ladder now used is eighty feet, and it is stated that without the help of this ladder to enable the firemen to ply the hose into the heart of the burning buildings, the recent fire would not have been extinguished for many hours.

The Electric Light in Surgery.

The electric light has recently been utilised in an examination of the liver by Dr. T. Oliver, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. An incision was made, and the interior of the cyst lighted up by a miniature Swan electric lamp, enclosed in a silver-plated brass tube, glazed at the end, inserted into the wound. The tube was $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and $\frac{11}{16}$ inch internal diameter. It was smeared with carbolised oil before being used, and the doctor recommends that carbolised glycerine should be used in place of glass in future operations of the like kind. The lamp was lighted after the tube was inserted, and the interior of the cavity could be plainly seen, together with the sign of disease. The Swan lamp used was the size of a bean, and gave a light of two or three candles. It was fed by two or three Grove cells, and kept cool by water circulating round the glass bulb in narrow glass tubes.

A New Egg-Beater.

Appliances for humble household purposes are apt to be lost sight of among the magnificent achievements of the explorers and inventors in the sphere of electricity. In their way, however, those smaller designs call for notice here as well as the more important—the minnows must be looked after as well as the tritons. For example, an egg-beater of unpretentious look and simple in its operation has not long since been patented. It consists of two portions. One is a tin tube about twelve inches long, the bottom of which takes the form, bottle-wise, of an injected cone; the other is a stout wire terminating in a perforated cap, which loosely fits over the cone. The eggs that are to be beaten (of course minus their

shells) having been put into the tube, the wire ramrod is then worked vigorously up and down for a few moments, when they will be found "whipped" into a light froth. The appliance, needless to say, will be found a serviceable adjunct to the stock of culinary appliances.

Electric Boiler-Alarms.

The idea of preventing boilers from becoming crusted inside by the use of a current of electricity has been applied by Messrs. Field and Thomson, and the current otherwise utilised to ring an alarm-bell and tell when the water-level has got low. The arrangement employed is shown in Fig. 1, where H K is an alarm-bell consisting of an electro-magnet H, and a bell K. This bell is so constructed as to remain silent when a current flows through the magnet, and ring when this current is stopped. The current used is supplied by a battery or a dynamo, the positive pole of which is connected to the iron shell of the boiler, and the negative pole, C, is insulated from the boiler and enters it by a packing-box shown. A float, G, on the water carries a metal arm, F, insulated at L, and making contact by rubbing with the lower part, E, of the negative pole C. Thus the circuit of the battery is completed through the water, and the metal stem C, and the bell is silent. When, however, the water-level falls below a settled point, the contact is broken, and the current stopped. The bell then rings and notifies the fact. Of course it is also intended that the current shall keep the boiler free of incrustation; but perhaps this is a doubtful point. It is more certain that it will prevent the water from becoming free of air by superheating, and thus lending itself to sudden explosion by instantaneous generation of steam.

FIG 1

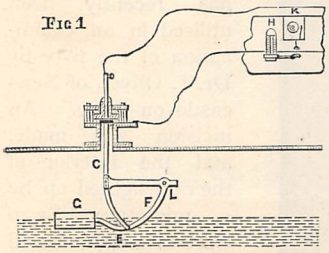


FIG 2

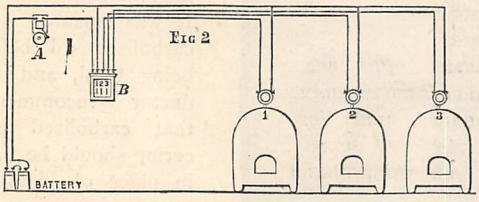
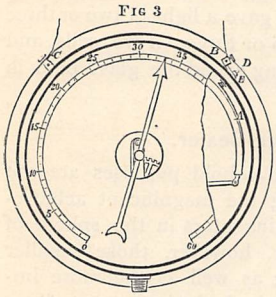


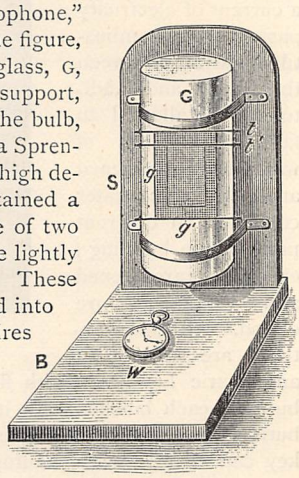
FIG 3



Arnoldi's alarm for pressure-gauges is designed to tell when engineers allow the pressure of a steam-boiler or a hydraulic press to rise above what their orders permit. Fig. 2 represents three boilers (1, 2, 3) in electric connection with a gong-bell A, and indicator B, which tells the boiler at fault. Fig. 3 shows how the alarm is attached to a Bourdon gauge. A light spring, A, is fastened on the gauge tube, and an insulated binding screw B, provided with the regulating screw D, is attached to the gauge-face as shown. The point of this screw makes and breaks contact with the spring A, upon the expanding tube. The other binding screw, C, may either be fixed there or on the piping of the pressure vessel. Wires from the circuit of the battery and indicator go to the screws, C B. To set the alarm it is only necessary to raise the pressure on the guage to the point which is chosen as the upper limit. The screw, D, is then adjusted to make contact with the spring A, and fixed at that point by the jam-nut E. Whenever the pressure afterwards rises to that point the contact between spring and screw will be made, and the electric circuit being closed, the bell will ring, and the indicator announce the fact.

A Vacuum Microphone.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Telegraph Engineers (on April 26th), Mr. J. Munro, C.E., exhibited a "vacuum microphone," consisting, as shown in the figure, of a vacuum bulb of glass, G, mounted on a wooden support, S, and base-board, B. The bulb, which was exhausted by a Sprengel mercury pump to a high degree of rarefaction, contained a metal microphone made of two pieces of iron wire gauze lightly resting on each other. These pieces of gauze were fixed into the bulb by platinum wires fused through the glass. The gauze plates are shown at *g* and *g'*, and the ends of the platinum wires, *t t'*, projecting through the glass, serve as terminals for connecting the battery and a telephone in circuit. A watch, W, placed on the base-board serves as the source of sound, and its ticking is heard in a manner remarkably clear and distinct. The apparatus is interesting in a scientific sense, as it demonstrates that the microphone will operate in a vacuum. Practically it would also protect the gauze from rusting. Mr. Munro has also constructed a metal "receiving microphone"—that is to say, a microphone which, like the Bell telephone, receives the sonorous electric current and transforms it into sound. This was also exhibited at the meeting, and is composed of a pile of squares of wire gauze contained between a metal electrode on the one hand and a mica diaphragm, or drum, on the other. When the sonorous current is sent through the pile of wire gauze, the mica plate vibrates by the expansion of the pile, and produces audible effects.



With carbon blocks instead of gauze the effect is more marked, and it is probably due to a repulsion between the microphonic contact points.

Green-bearded Oysters.

Oysters with green beards are usually shunned as poisonous. From analyses of the mud in which they have been found (and which, by-the-by, gave no signs of the presence of a metallic substance), there is reason to believe that the green-gilled aspect, so unpleasantly suggestive of copper, may really be due to the fact that the oysters may have fed upon marine plants or algæ, which imparted the greenish hue to the beard and digestive organs of the bivalve, *the body retaining its natural colour*. Some oysters having been placed in a copper solution were found to assimilate it readily. Its presence was observable by the body acquiring a bluish-green look, while *the beard retained its natural colour*. A coppery oyster is both a nasty and dangerous mouthful, so it behoves all lovers of this mollusc to reject the green-bearded ones as at all events suspicious. We note the foregoing researches because of their giving fair ground for hoping that the green-gilled oysters may, after elaborate and careful investigation of the beds where they are found, come to be pronounced innocuous.

Science on Ben Nevis.

Mr. Clement Lindley Wragge has now for two summers ascended Ben Nevis every day, to take meteorological observations at five stations on the way, including one at the summit. Accompanied by his trusty dog, he may be seen by the tourist wending his way up or down the Ben in all sorts of weather, keeping his time like the postman, for the observations are taken simultaneously with others at the sea-level, Fort William. The atmospheric pressure (by mercurial barometer); the temperature of the air and evaporation (by wet and dry bulb thermometers); the direction and force of the wind; the kind, quantity, and velocity of the clouds; the rainfall; the maximum and minimum temperatures; the quantity of ozone in the air; the actinism of the sun's rays and of daylight, the temperature of Wragge's Well, and the rain-band, were all noted on the top at various times. The instruments are sheltered in rude huts, or exposed on posts on the rocky tableau of the summit. The success has been such that Mr. Wragge strongly recommends the erection of a permanent observatory there. The arduous task of ascending the Ben every day cannot, of course, be continued indefinitely, and Mr. Wragge has shown the importance of the Ben Nevis observations. Sometimes his pony proved faithless, and Mr. Wragge had to make the best of his way on foot across the peat-hags halfway up. Sometimes he became chilled by the summit mists, after profuse perspiration during the ascent. The rude hut, with its walls full of cracks and crevices through which the wind and snow-drifts whistled, was but a poor shelter, and his hands were often so swollen and numbed that he could hardly take his observations. Usually on the beginning of November the work had to be abandoned, for the Ben in winter is impassable.

The Photophore.

The "electric frontal photophore" exhibited recently to the French Academy of Sciences is a small electric light, which is fastened on the forehead by a strap going round the head after the manner shown in Fig. 2. The photophore is illustrated on a larger scale in Fig. 1, and consists of a small Swan incandescent lamp contained in a hollow metal cylinder between a reflector and a small convex lens, as shown. The source of electricity is a small bichromate battery of M. Trouvé.

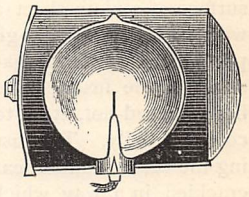


FIG. 1.

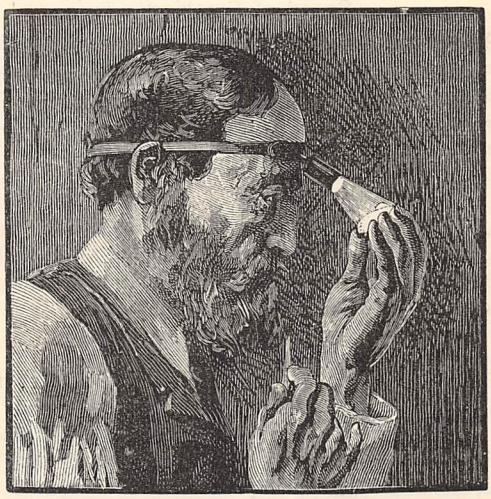


FIG. 2.

The instrument is intended for watchmakers and surgeons, to illuminate the mechanism of a watch, or some cavity of the body under examination.

Speaking at a Distance of 1,000 Miles.

A successful trial of the telephone was recently made between between New York and Chicago, a distance of something over 1,000 miles. The success was due to the conductor employed. This consisted of a steel core electrotyped with a thick layer of copper, and was in fact the conductor which we mentioned in a recent number of the GATHERER. The resistance which such a wire offers to the passage of the electric current is only about one-tenth of the resistance of the ordinary telegraph wire, hence 1,000 miles of the new wire are equivalent to 100 of the old. This success on land has led some of the newspaper writers to infer that we shall soon be talking through the submarine cables to America, but until a new kind of cable is devised this is impossible. The *induction* of the sea-water is so

powerful on cables as they are now made, and likely to be made, that the delicate electric waves of speech are completely blurred and run together in their passage through 100 miles of such conductors.

Crackled Glass.

A new kind of glass, which is smooth on one side and rough on the other, is made by spreading over the surface of a plain sheet a thick layer of fusible glass with broken pieces of glass in it. The glass is then put into a muffle furnace and strongly heated. As soon as the fusible glass melts and the glass itself becomes red-hot, it is taken out of the furnace and cooled rapidly. The fused glass then cracks off, leaving the surface underneath beautifully crystalline and crackled, in a way which gives very pretty luminous effects. By protecting the glass from the action of the flux, monograms, crests, arabesques, or other designs may be imparted to the surfaces treated in this manner.

Speed of Smelling.

According to the recent experiments of M. Bearmis, of Nancy, made with various pungent substances, such as ammonia, acetic acid, musk, and so on, the reaction time for smell—that is to say, the time between the excitation of the sense, and the signal of the person that the odour is perceived—is longer than the reaction time for hearing or seeing. It varies considerably for different substances; thus, for ammonia it is $\frac{37}{100}$ of a second, for acetic acid $\frac{46}{100}$, and for mint $\frac{63}{100}$. Musk was tried, but the time could not be definitely measured.

Steel-Iron.

Steel-iron is a new American product, useful for rails, armour-plates, anvils, fire-proof safes, and so on. It is an intimate union of iron and steel pieces, making one mass. The iron and steel may be side by side, alternate, or one may enclose the other. It is made by dividing a cast-iron mould into two parts by a thin sheet of iron securely fixed in it. The fluid steel as well as the fluid wrought-iron are poured into the double mould, one into each partition, and the separating plate unites them into one by welding. The separator must not be so thin as to burn through and allow the molten masses to combine; and if too thick it does not attain the proper welding heat. The dimensions of the plate are therefore a point of great importance. Parts of machinery and tools subject to great pressure and vibration are best made of this material.

Incombustible Paper.

M. G. Meyer has exhibited to the "Société d'Encouragement" of France an incombustible paper, capable of taking on inks of various shades, and also paintings, and preserving them even in the fire of a gas-flame. A lithograph of a sea-piece was exposed between two glass plates to the action of a fire until the glass fused, and it remained intact. M. Meyer does not state the composition of his new paper, but asbestos enters into it.

Thought-Reading and Willing.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have been highly interested with the articles on thought-reading that have appeared in your Magazine and elsewhere, and have made a careful examination and study of the best manner in which these phenomena can be attained. As I know there is a strong love of anything that borders upon the supernatural in a great many minds, I have thought that perhaps your readers might be interested with an account of my own experience in these matters.

I have found by experiment that the quickest and most satisfactory manner by which the marvellous results of thought-reading and willing are produced, is for the person operated upon (or medium, as I will designate him) to have his eyes bandaged whilst the operator, or willer, places one or both of his hands upon the forehead of the former. The thoughts of the operator must be entirely concentrated upon the object willed, whilst that of the medium is kept as blank and vacant as possible. I may here observe that the more highly sensitive and nervous the person acted upon, the more satisfactory are the results; while, on the contrary, the willer should be possessed of a very strong determination and concentrativeness of purpose.

The first time I tried the experiment was upon a friend of highly nervous temperament, and as we had failed on several previous occasions when merely sitting opposite and grasping one another's hands (as advocated in your first article), we entered upon this experiment with a great amount of unbelief and incredulity. However, at the expiration of about five minutes I found that a strong nervous thrill came over the person I was acting upon, accompanied with a twitching of the eyebrows and muscles, and a deep heavy breathing as in sleep; then my medium suddenly in a great state of excitement dashed from his seat, nearly overturning me and the tables in his hurry.

But the most startling experiments of all I performed with a younger brother, who is of a very excitable nature. The experiments produced upon him an entirely different result. There was no nervous excitement, no twitching or contraction of the muscles, or trembling of the limbs, but within a few seconds after my hands were placed upon his forehead he reeled to and fro, drew one or two heavy inspirations, and then went off apparently into a kind of mesmeric sleep. It made no difference whether his eyes were bandaged or not, he could see no person or object in the room, and, most strange to say, could hear no voice, although there were several persons in the room speaking in the ordinary tone of conversation: whereas he could hear my voice if only raised in a whisper.

He would readily find articles hidden in the most unaccountable and unlikely places, would take things from one person and place them wherever they were required on others; but the most marvellous part, and which really to all who were present seemed entirely beyond the range of comprehension and bordered very much on the supernatural, was that after touching any article and placing it back again, after turning round and walking some distance with his eyes bandaged and his back turned to the object, if any one touched that object, or even made a move as if inclined to remove it, he would instantly rush back and seize it from their grasp, evincing very pugnacious propensities if the article were retained.

I could mention many other most remarkable experiments, but I think I have quoted enough to prove the miraculous nature of these phenomena, which any person can perform upon another of rather a nervous and sensitive temperament. The speediest manner, as I have said, to accomplish this is to place the hands upon the forehead, but I have obtained the same results with only a strip of copper wire as a communication. I may add that I do not think there is the least danger attending this amusement, although, as I think you stated in your article, with persons of extremely nervous susceptibilities it might be weakening if indulged in to too great an extent.

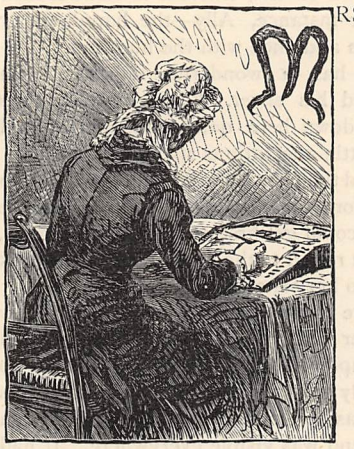
GEORGE D. DAY.

PARDONED.

By the Author of "In a Minor Key," "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

FAMILY COUNCILS.



MRS. CHAMPNEYS' Orphanage was fast approaching completion. It had been a very long business, but then it was very perfect.

The large, handsome, red brick building, toned down by its courses of white stone, with its broad balconies, elaborately carved porch, its monogram of H.C. in every direction, its pretty garden, was even more complete inside than it was out. Long spacious corridors; rooms ventilated by all the appliances for the purpose that modern science could devise; dormitories, with their rows of brightly-quilted cots; cupboards stored with every variety of toy and picture-book: there seemed nothing wanting to make it quite perfect but the little orphans who were impatiently awaiting their admission to this paradise of sand-digging and paddling.

To-day, therefore, Mrs. Champneys felt that she might, without hindrance, spend the morning in her small lodging—not a hundred yards from the Orphanage—and devote it to letter-writing.

The apartment in which she sat was but a mean one for a woman of her money and position; but the Orphanage was insatiate in its demands on her purse, and it was difficult to prophesy where and when those demands would stop.

The desire of her heart was fulfilled: next week the building was to be opened by the county member, the chapel adjoining it to be consecrated by the bishop of the diocese, and the following day the orphans were to come in. It only remained to provide for the future of this cherished scheme, and then she might sing her Nunc Dimittis, only too glad to leave the world, which in her latter days had proved so bitter to her.

A woman formerly known as of sound common sense, with but little imagination or sentiment, her son's death seemed to have warped her judgment, and she was seriously thinking—at her time of life, with impaired health, with no love for or knowledge of children—of becoming the matron of her own establishment.

In vain all her friends had done their best to dissuade her from such a false step; it was a delicate matter to suggest to her that some one younger and more vigorous was wanted for a task which required both experience and tact; she was bent on having her own way, and nothing would deter her from it.

Her cogitations to-day, which were, as usual, turned on this topic, were interrupted by her maid opening the door, and announcing Mr. Formby.

Mr. Formby was the solicitor she was expecting, to draw up her will—the third since her son's death: a man who had made himself extremely useful to her in all the business details of the Orphanage, thereby winning her entire confidence, so readily given in some instances, so suspiciously withheld in others.

He came into the room rubbing his hands, as was his wont: a withered-looking little man, with narrow, shrewd eyes, and good-humoured projecting teeth.

"Good morning, Mrs. Champneys," he cried, with exaggerated geniality. "Everything complete, eh? Have you heard from Sir Frederick?"

"Sir Frederick has much pleasure in opening the building on the day fixed: that is all settled. What I have to think of now is its future. Mr. Formby, I want you to make my will."

"With much pleasure, my dear madam. It is always a wise precaution, even when——" He stopped for a moment, at a loss to proceed.

"It is a most necessary precaution with me," she interrupted him, somewhat more warmly. "Who should have learnt the lesson 'In the midst of life we are in death' more painfully than myself? And I am an old woman. It will not take you long, nor will it be complicated."

The lawyer saw that she was inclined to be irritable, and whilst secretly wondering how she would do when matron of her Orphanage, with all the *tracasseries* that must inevitably fall to the lot of such a post, he prepared at once to fulfil her wishes.

It was, as she had said, a very simple business. After a few small legacies to some of her own relations and to old servants, she left the bulk of her fortune to the Orphanage, "erected in memory of her beloved son, Henry Champneys," to be held in trust for its maintenance and support.

Did any recollection of those three little children, orphaned almost from their birth, and all but dependent on their half-brother's generosity, cross her mind whilst providing for the unknown children of posterity for many years to come?

Apparently not, for there was no mention of their names, nor yet of those of Kate and Alice, in the document. Roger's alone figured; and, as though in bitter irony, and an undying remembrance of the injury his father had inflicted on her and hers, she left him a number of shares in some utterly worth-

less mines, which for many years past had yielded no dividends, and into the taking of which her husband had been drawn by his brother.

With a mind at rest, and feeling serene as one who has just done a good deed, Mrs. Champneys sat down to a quarter of an hour's chat with Mr. Formby previous to his departure—always on the one topic that filled her mind, to the exclusion of all others—and then prepared to resume the letter she had been about to begin when interrupted by his entrance.

The epistle was to Roger Champneys, and was to be considered as the holding out of the olive-branch: a magnanimous forgiveness for all past injuries, a blotting out of his father's sins. It was all the more cordial for the final completion of her will, which so effectually put an end to any hopes he might have been entertaining, and contained an invitation from herself to him and his whole party, including the children, to be her guests at the hotel at Sandbourne for the ensuing week, when the Orphanage was to be opened. A similar invitation, couched in even more cordial terms, was sent to Kate Hathersage and her husband, for utterly indifferent as she professed herself to be to the world and its vanities, her niece's brilliant marriage had not failed to impress her with, at any rate, Kate's superiority as Mrs. Hathersage of Towers Courlay to what she had been as Miss Champneys, the agent's sister.

It was not often that she took up her pen to write to these, her husband's nearest relations. The transiently renewed friendship in London had languished afresh under the biting breath of suspicion and mistrust, and Roger and his sisters had returned to Yorkshire with the feeling that their sympathy with their aunt's sorrow had been somewhat misconstrued.

Now, however, the poor lonely woman, rejoicing in the completion of her work, began to feel a yearning for some one nearer to her than Sir Frederick Taylor, Mr. Formby, or even kind Mr. Eustace, the clergyman at Sandbourne, to rejoice with her; and, with a sudden feeling of clanship, sent for Roger and his family to be near her on the important day.

There was a grand consultation held at Courlay on the arrival of these letters. The conclave was summoned by Kate, who had issued her invitation from her boudoir sofa, where she lay rejoicing over the beauty of her month-old first-born. It was promptly responded to by Roger and Alice, who came over from Stanton, accompanied by all the children, only too delighted to seize this opportunity for an extra visit to their nephew, who at present ran no small risk of falling a victim to too many kisses.

As the brothers and sisters drove through the park, where the deer lay lazily under the noble beeches and elms with which it was now but sparsely studded—seeing that the greater part of their brethren had been cut down by the last of the Tristrams to raise the money that could not avail to save the family acres—Alice reminded Roger of the misgivings he and she had once entertained on the subject of Kate's marriage.

"How unfounded they all were, were they not?" she asked. "Could anything have turned out better than it has?"

"Nothing," he answered; "but the fact is, Kate carries her own happiness with her. Give her a sphere of action, be it a castle or a cottage, and she will make herself contented. She is an admirable and most affectionate wife, but her husband is not so much to her as are the adjuncts of matrimony: her house, her social duties, and so on; whereas to some foolish natures—yours, for instance, Ally—the happiness or unhappiness begins and ends with the husband."

"And yet she has a wonderful influence with Spencer," answered his sister. "See how she has made him settle down here quite contentedly, and how many of his little affectations she has cured."

They had reached the front door now. The children scrambled down from the dog-cart, and tore into the house to see who could get first up-stairs to the baby, whilst Roger drove round to the stables, and Alice took her way leisurely to her sister's boudoir.

What a pleasure it was to visit Kate in her new home: to find her always bright and happy, and nearly always employed in planning or acting to make others equally so! What a different place was Courlay, with her as its mistress, to what it had been formerly! Her hand was visible everywhere. It had smoothed away, as if by magic, any little remains of old Samuel Hathersage's reign that militated against good taste; it had changed the long stately galleries, the old banqueting-hall, all the large dreary reception-rooms, that used to make Spencer shudder, into comfortable, livable apartments; it had unearthed from cellar and garret pieces of furniture that had not seen daylight for nearly half a century, and restored to them their pristine importance; in short, it had made of Towers Courlay as thoroughly comfortable a house, perfect in all its appointments, as ever it had been in the days of the Tristrams. Nor was there any lack of society within its hospitable walls to testify to her skill as a hostess, and to combat successfully her husband's old enemy—*ennui*.

As Alice walked across the large square hall, she turned for a moment aside into the dining-room to take a look at Mr. Craven's picture, which possessed for her a fascination she was at a loss to explain to herself. Standing before it, the old happy days at Tranmere would always rise to her memory, and, gazing at Marie de Sombreuil, in the place of Nora's sweet young face she would see Winny's grave, earnest countenance, and heave a sigh, she knew not why.

She did not linger above a minute to-day, for Kate was, she knew, impatient to see her, so after one look she hurried away up-stairs to find her sister with the baby in her arms, and the small uncles and aunt standing in an ecstacy around her.

"Where is Roger?" questioned Mrs. Hathersage as she kissed Alice, resigning the baby at once into her outstretched arms, and dismissing the children to the garden. "I am so glad you were able to come this afternoon. Ah! here he is. Roger dear, this is a family council, you know, of some importance—don't smile, it is important—so you had better occupy

this large arm-chair as president—unless you want to look at baby first."

No, Roger did not want to look at the baby; he could gaze on him from a distance, he told his sister, and sat down in the proffered chair to consider, with all gravity, the subject of Mrs. Champneys' letters.

"I don't wish to accept the invitation," he began; "no more does Alice. If we do, she will only think we are after her money."

"How foolish you two are!" cried Kate, taking quite another view of the matter. "It is lucky I am near at hand to keep you straight. Of course you will go; Spen and I mean to accept. I must have change of air, and I might just as well go to Sandbourne as elsewhere. Roger, you really should not listen to Alice; I have left off expecting any worldly wisdom from her, but you ought to know better."

Roger and Alice both laughed.

"I consider," responded the former, "that we are showing true wisdom in not going. One never knows how to take a woman like Mrs. Champneys; therefore, the further you keep from her the better."

"There I do not agree with you," said Kate energetically. "Far be it from me to advocate any making up to Mrs. Champneys, or any one else; but you are Uncle Henry's natural heir, and nearest relation, and as such you should not hold aloof from his widow, who has absolute command of all his money, and who, like every other woman, is not averse to a little courtesy and consideration shown to her by a young man."

"Which money," he answered, reverting to the former part of her sentence, "is all gone into the Orphanage."

"She must keep some to live upon. Roger dear, I have thought about all this a good deal, and I want you to listen to me, for I know Ally will not mind what I am going to say. You have been the very best, the most generous—yes, I *will* say it—of brothers to us, and it is high time you began to think of yourself. Some day Alice will get married and leave you—don't shake your head, my dear child; I tell you, you *will;* in two years' time Spen and I mean to send the twins to school; and then, what shall you do, Roger?"

"Continue, I hope, to act as agent to my excellent brother-in-law, and see that Molly does not get into mischief."

"That is nonsense," said practical Kate. "You will be wanting to get married yourself, and—excuse plain speaking—have no means to do so; at any rate, not sufficient to enable you to live with comfort."

"You run on too fast," he answered. "I have not the slightest intention of marrying. It is my firm resolution to live and die in single blessedness."

Kate shrugged her shoulders. "That is all very well as long as you have Alice to spoil you as no wife ever will; but when she is gone, you will some day—confirmed bachelor as you call yourself—wake up to find yourself in love. And then——!"

"Listen to the married woman," laughed Roger. "She is determined that we shall all share her fate. If I were you, Kate, I would begin to look out for a suitable pair of twin little girls for the two boys."

But Kate held to her point. "If you choose to throw away your own chances, Roger," she continued, "of course you are at liberty to do so; but you must not throw away the children's. If you do not take them to Sandbourne, they shall go with me. They are so sweet and fascinating, who knows what might happen? Perhaps Mrs. Champneys might adopt one of, or both, the twins."

Alice made a movement of horror.

"And put him or them into the Orphanage," supplemented Roger. "She might as well take all three," he continued gravely.

"I wish you would not turn everything into a joke," said Kate, laughing the while herself. "Dear me! what work I have with my lofty brother and sister!"

"Yes, you have," put in Alice, suddenly turning coadjutor. "I begin to agree with you, Kate: that is to say, in a measure. I am afraid I have been selfish hitherto—I forgot—I never thought——"

"No, of course you did not," said Roger decidedly; "it is only our shrewd sister, whose talents and foresight are quite thrown away down here, who would have married you and me off—to say nothing of Molly and the twins—in this fashion. Now, Kate, be satisfied. I am so penetrated with the sagacity of your arguments, so alarmed at the novel idea that I shall, sooner or later, be married—against my will—that I give in: I and my family will all assist in opening the Orphanage; and if we come away having mortally offended Mrs. Champneys by overlooking her pet orphan, treading on her dog's tail, or other similar indiscretions, we hold you responsible."

"I am quite willing to take the responsibility."

"It is only kind, I think, Roger," said Alice, drawing nearer to her brother, whom she considered rather aggrieved at having to give in, "as poor Aunt Bessie has so few relations. As to her adopting one of the children, I would not have it for the world. Why, the poor little darling would be miserable."

"I was only joking," said Kate. "There is no necessity, I am thankful to say, for any one to adopt the children——"

"As they are adopted already," put in Roger quietly.

"As Spen and I mean to send the twins to school," continued his sister.

"My dear child," said her brother, quite seriously this time, "we must talk about that."

But Kate did not answer him. "So now we are agreed," she cried joyfully. "You have been very good, Roger, and as a reward you shall have a long look at baby, and see if you do not perceive in him a strong likeness to yourself."

That evening reminded them all of the old days at Tranmere, with its fun and its nonsense. Alice alone was rather silent, thinking over Kate's words. Would the time indeed come when her brother would take unto himself a wife, and she be relegated to the second place in his heart, and have to seek a fresh home for herself? If so, she must bear it, and Roger must never guess that his joy would be her grief.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

TO-MORROW.

"A GLORIOUS day!" "A day of good omen!" "A day made for the purpose!"

Such were some of the exclamations that rose to the lips of the various members of the large party assembled in the unpretentious hotel at Sandbourne on this bright August morning, which was to witness the formal opening of Mrs. Champneys' Orphanage.

They were all there—Kate, her husband and baby, Alice, Roger, and the children; and Mrs. Champneys was grateful for their presence, and inclined just now to look favourably on all they said and did. As the day for the fulfilment of her wishes drew near, her courage began to fail her: she dreaded she knew not what; and it was with real pleasure that she greeted her husband's nephew, finding a kind of relief in the contemplation of the strong, reliable face, in the enjoyment of the quiet courtesy he showed her.

She was pleased with the three children, delighted with Kate and her husband; but, above all, she was drawn to Alice, with her gentle ways and manners to all around her, and her love for her little brothers and sister, which they so heartily reciprocated.

A new idea began to dawn in her mind—an inspiration, she called it—born of her observation of the relations of this happy family party to each other, and which would only have occurred to a woman, slave to one all-absorbing mania, in connection with a girl so young and fair as was Alice.

For the present she would not give it shape, for it was but just beginning to germinate; but how would it be when the Champneys were gone, and she was calmly settled down as matron to the Orphanage, to draw it forth from the recesses of her mind—in which, for the present, she would allow it to lie dormant—and look it full in the face? What if she were once more to revise that will, drawn up somewhat hastily, and to insert therein a fresh clause, to the effect that she left to her husband's niece, Alice Champneys, the sum of £4,000, on the one condition that she succeeded her aunt as matron to the Orphanage at Sandbourne?

This—and it is strange how differently things look to different people—seemed to her all that could be required of her in the shape of her duty towards her husband's orphan relatives. It would relieve Roger, it would be a provision for Alice; in short, it would kill two birds with one stone—provide for her beloved Orphanage and for her niece at the same time.

Walking home that brilliant August morning from the service just held in the beautiful little chapel attached to the Orphanage, she surprised Alice by the unusual warmth of her manner, the real tenderness of her greeting to the children, who came racing out to meet them, full of excitement, their fair hair gleaming in the early morning sunlight, their hands full of their sea-shore collections, their tongues competing as to which should tell the most. At breakfast she was very silent, but that was her wont; and both Alice and Kate remarked that she was paler, more lead-coloured than ever, and feared whether she would not be completely knocked up by the emotions, the turmoil and bustle of the day.

It was a day of hurry and bustle, of entertaining and speechifying, of heat and excitement, of sad memories, of many hopes, of a variety of complicated emotions; the only quiet minutes, those passed in the chapel; the pleasant part, the happiness of the few orphans got together for the occasion, and who were objects of intense interest to Molly and the twins.

Roger tried to save his aunt as much as he could without putting himself too forward, which would have been a dire offence; but it was impossible that any one should take her place, nor would she have liked it. Her dull sunken eye lighted up with something like pleasure, her ashen cheek kindled into a faint pink, as she listened to the somewhat halting periods in which Sir Frederick Taylor proposed her health at the luncheon, which was the culminating feature of the day, and sang her praises.

"Noble self-sacrifice!" "Comfort of the widow and orphan!" "Admiration of posterity!" and such-like phrases repeated over and over again, by the poor hot baronet—whose strong point was not eloquence, and whose red face bore testimony to the physical and mental suffering he was enduring as he went over the same ground again and again, in the hope of finding an outlet—seemed to her only a fitting tribute to all she had done and sacrificed.

Perhaps she was nearer the truth than she had ever been before that evening when, lying on the sofa in her sitting-room, resting after the fatigue and excitement of the day, whilst her older nephews and nieces were enjoying a sail in the cool evening breeze, the three small children came to wish her "Good night." There had been some dispute between them, evidently, for their voices were raised high in argument as they approached their aunt's room, subsiding into silence as they turned the handle of her door.

Jem it was who, in spite of the awe with which her trailing black skirts and generally sable appearance inspired him, mustered up sufficient courage to place himself in front of her with an interrogation, with a view to the solution of the point in dispute.

"Aunt Bessie, what is an orphan?"

This was a very easy question to answer: far more simple than Jem's usually were.

"An orphan, my dear boy, is a poor little child that has neither father nor mother."

"Then," responded Jem, with a triumphant nod to Molly and Charlie, "I am an orphan, and so is Molly, and so is Charlie. We are all orphans, aren't we?"

She could not but answer in the affirmative, hardly heeding the three "Good-nights" that followed as the trio trotted off—leaving, however, the echo of their words behind them.

"To-morrow," she murmured to herself, with her eyes fixed on the last photograph taken of her son, "to-morrow I will send for Mr. Formby; for next week, when I enter on my post, I shall probably have no time to alter my will, or concern myself with any worldly trifles—to-morrow."

When the four elder brothers and sisters came in

from their sail, they found her still lying on the sofa, white, wan, and exhausted from all she had gone through, and with no small difficulty they persuaded her to go to bed. Not, however, till she had made a little speech, expressive of her pleasure at having them all with her on this trying day, implying that now at last bygones were bygones with her, and hinting at some future reward for one of them, did she retire, after affectionately embracing them.

"TO FIND . . . THE SMALL UNCLES AND AUNTS STANDING IN AN ECSTACY AROUND HER" (*p.* 514.)

The next day broke sunny and joyous as the last, and Alice rose early to enjoy a feast of the sea before breakfast. The sight of the waves dancing and sparkling in the brilliant sunshine set her thinking of Winny, and as she dressed herself she vaguely wondered what her friend was doing, how she was progressing and prospering. Looking out of her window, she espied Roger standing below, and beckoning to her to join him. She hastened down-stairs at once, but stopped as she passed the door of her aunt's room, where stood Carter, her maid, knocking.

"You have not yet heard how Mrs. Champneys is this morning, have you, Carter?" she asked.

"No, ma'am; I am going to call her now. She seems sleeping very soundly, for I have knocked two or three times, and she has not heard me: I must try again."

"She was very, very tired last night," responded Alice. "If I were you, and you were sure she would not mind it, I should leave her to sleep. It will do her good, for it is very early yet."

"Yes, ma'am; but Mrs. Champneys would not like me to do that. She is always called at half-past seven."

"Of course, you know best, Carter." And Alice tripped lightly down the staircase to join her brother for a quarter of an hour's stroll before she went back to the children.

She and he were standing by the sea, watching the crested waves, drinking in the fresh briny air, and deep in the discussion of the difference between brigs, schooners, and cutters, when the hotel porter came running up to them, so out of breath that he could hardly gasp out the words that Mr. Champneys was wanted immediately at the hotel. The man could explain nothing: all he knew was that he was told to fetch Mr. Champneys at once. And, wondering what could call for his urgent presence, unless it were news brought by the morning's post, Roger set off at full speed in obedience to the summons, followed by Alice.

They found Mr. Hathersage in the hall, waiting for them, with a white scared face, that made Alice's thoughts fly immediately to Kate, the children, and the baby.

"What is it, Spen?" she cried, with a whole volume of alarm in her voice.

"Ah! so terribly sudden! so very awful!" was his only answer.

"Don't you see we are in the dark," said Roger, "and that you are frightening Alice out of her wits? What is it?"

"Your aunt!" he gasped. "She has been found dead in her bed this morning."

Yes, it was true: Mrs. Champneys was dead.

Carter it was, her faithful maid, who had first raised the alarm. She had continued knocking and knocking at her mistress's door after Alice had left her, till frightened, in spite of herself, at hearing no sound within, she had gone in search of Kate. Their united efforts having proved unavailing, Mr. Hathersage had been sent for, and he, being equally unsuccessful, had at last suggested forcing the door.

This had been done without delay, and, somewhat prepared for what was to follow, Kate—the bravest of the three—had been the first to enter the room, and make the discovery that her aunt was dead.

It had apparently been a quiet peaceful ending, without pain or struggle: there was a smile on the sad, worn face, which looked years younger than it had yesterday. Her to-morrow had come; but what a different to-morrow to what she had imagined!

Roger found himself suddenly transplanted to the foremost place, as his aunt's natural representative, to whom every one looked now that she was dead; and inquest and funeral following closely on one another, gave him no leisure to speculate as to how her decease might or might not affect his future.

The verdict at the inquest, that she had died of heart disease, was only what every one had expected; there was far more uncertainty as to what would be the provisions in the will of a woman who, since her son's death, had developed a large amount of eccentricity. Perhaps the person most nearly concerned thought least about it; did, however, occasionally, even in his busiest moments, a vision of a pair of luminous hazel eyes rise before him, it was at once and sternly dismissed, leaving nevertheless a smile on his countenance, such as it had never conjured up before.

Mrs. Champneys was buried at Sandbourne, in the same grave as her son; and, upon one side of the Orphanage, the windows looked out on the marble tomb that marked the spot where lay its foundress and the youth to whose memory it had been dedicated.

Various relations had turned up to attend the funeral—relations of her own, of her first husband, and one or two distant ones of Mr. Champneys, all with a vague hope of a legacy: a hope which a sight of the Orphanage served quickly to dispel.

As Roger took his place in the room where the will was to be read, it was felt by every one that had Mrs. Champneys left some of her late husband's money to this man, who had so honourably paid his father's debts and taken upon himself the support of his father's family, it would be only natural; and one or two were inclined to resent the preference beforehand.

But there was not much time for speculation. Mr. Formby was not a man to waste precious moments, and as soon as all were settled in their places he proceeded to business.

It was, as we know, a simple enough will: a few legacies to distant relations and to old servants, and the bulk of her really large fortune to the Orphanage. Roger's name was mentioned twice: the first time as one of the trustees for the Orphanage funds, the second time as the inheritor of shares in certain mines that had long ago ceased to pay any dividends.

The dream was over; the hopes which he knew now he had cherished at an end. With as firm a step as he had entered it, he left the room to seek his sisters.

"Well, my dears," he said, "we had made up our minds to expect nothing, and we were right. We shall go home as we came, neither one penny the richer or the poorer."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

HOPES AND FEARS.

COLONEL EVERARD sat in his library at Tranmere alone. It was quite a novelty to him to find himself there, such a wanderer had he become since his wife's death. Russia, Spain, Rome, Japan, New York had he not only visited, but sojourned in, causing his sister-in-law agonies of apprehension as to what every post might bring forth: now tormented with the vision of a soft-eyed Italian, now with that of an intriguing Russian countess, anon expecting to hear of a raven-haired Spanish girl, enshrouded in coquettish black lace, or, most dangerous of all, a blue-eyed English maiden being brought to reign at Tranmere.

"The man is such a slave to beauty," she remarked despairingly, more than once, to her husband, who

smiled his little foxy smile, and said nothing. He had long ago given up his hopes, and wondered that his wife, with a woman's tenacity, should cling to so futile a dream. Whether the future Mrs. Everard were Italian, Spanish, or Japanese, he cared not a jot; that sooner or later she would appear, in some shape or form, he knew; and who was to prevent it? His care now was to retrieve the errors of the past, and to provide some suitable employment for his son, who, brought up as the heir of Tranmere, had not made such use of his time as to fit him to pass the examinations which in these days are such stumbling-blocks to those youths who are endowed with only a moderate share of brains.

Frank's brains had always been considered good enough to fit him to serve in Her Majesty's Royal Horse Guards, and in days to come to reign in the old home at Tranmere; but they were found wanting when it came to his joining in the universal race, and his aristocratic shoulders were jostled with those of others, who probably knew nothing of their grandfathers, but thought to supply the want by looking to themselves instead of to their ancestors.

The ominous word "Australia" was broached more than once, and Frank discovered that his father—who was not to be trifled with—expected him to do something, and that very quickly too.

It was to little Con that he, as well as the rest of the family, turned at this juncture, to cajole the rich uncle into doing the same for them all as were his wife still alive, and Frank certain heir to Tranmere. They none of them put it precisely into words, but her mother would say in a would-be casual manner, "Con dear, have you written to Uncle George lately? He will be glad to hear all the English news now he is so far away;" or Frank, more outspoken, would come to her with his rueful face.

"There would be no talk even of Australia for me, Con," he would say in his doleful voice, "if you would but exert your influence. It is rather hard that you will do nothing when there are nine of us."

"What am I to do, Frank?" she would answer. "You know Uncle George too well to doubt his justice; and, after all, he has never said one syllable, as yet, of any alteration in his intentions. Should he marry again—which most probably he will—do you not think he is sure to make up to you and father in some way for your justly raised hopes? I cannot conceive what all this fuss is about. What harm has been done? You have been sent to Eton, where he paid half your expenses, and you are quite young enough to qualify for some profession if you would but work. You and father have always reckoned upon Uncle George making you a very handsome allowance when you were in the Blues; but if I were a man, I would far rather enter a less expensive regiment, where I should see more service, and have greater chances of going into action; so you must not look to me to ask favours of him for you, for I simply could not. I shall be exactly the same to him as I have always been, for I owe him a debt of gratitude that I can never repay."

Frank knew that Con meant what she said, and he resolved to put his shoulder to the wheel, not without a hope as to the non-alteration of his uncle's intentions with respect to his future.

And now, this last week, had put the finishing stroke to any illusions he might have entertained as to her influence being exerted in his behalf with Colonel Everard. A new star had risen in her firmament, which, for the time at least, threatened to extinguish father, mother, brothers, and sisters. Con was in a selfish—or rather, in a self-absorbed—mood just now; for she was not only engaged to be married, but she was, as her mother said, "madly in love" with the grave, sedate man who had been so quickly captivated with her charms.

As Colonel Everard sat in his library by a brilliant wood-fire—for although it was May, it was very cold—he held a letter from his niece in his hands, which had caused him no little surprise.

"DEAREST UNCLE GEORGE—(so ran the epistle),—So you are come back at last to England. Have you had enough of New York, Boston, Baltimore, and all the other American towns? or have you returned with an affection for a nasal twang, and a grateful remembrance of all the delicacies you enjoyed in that land of buckwheat-cakes and apple-sass? My knowledge of America—which is extremely vague—is chiefly drawn from a good little book I used to be very fond of reading, called 'The Wide, Wide World,' where these dishes, in conjunction with many others, figured largely.

"I do not know why I am writing all this nonsense, when I have something very, very important to tell you. I suppose I am shy of approaching the subject; but here it is at last. What should you say to your little Con being engaged to be married? Are you very much surprised? and will you promise faithfully to like Captain Warburton, R.H.A., who is most anxious to make your acquaintance? Dear Uncle George, I am *awfully* happy, and all thanks to you, who sent me that nineteenth-century magician, who hocusspocussed me with such supreme success. You have never yet seen me play tennis or skate, both of which I can do now—though, of course, in moderation.

"*Do come* here next week, and accompany us to a review, where you will have the felicity of gazing on the result of your own kind offices when you see me walking about untiringly with Captain Warburton. His Christian name is Philip, and he is one of the Warburtons of Trewe. Father says that he and you knew his mother when you were boys, and she a Miss Bennett. I send you his photograph, and if, after looking at it, you do not want to make the acquaintance of the original, I shall quite give you up. Come to Aldershot at once. *Do, do, do,* or you will never hear again from,

"Your ever loving,

"CON."

Colonel Everard put down the letter with a smile. "Dear little girl! I am glad she is happy," he thought; "though she will be lost to me, of course, in the future. I wonder what kind of a marriage it is for her—whether the man has any money? One of the Warburtons of Trewe, is he? He has a good face, and looks a gentleman, but I should have liked her to have done better. Of course the silly child tells me none of the practical part of the business. I must write to Frank, and hear about the £ s. d.;" and Colonel Everard glanced at the clock. He must defer his letters of congratulation till to-morrow, for it wanted but three minutes to post-time. Meanwhile, he would take another look at the papers.

How strangely still the house seemed! Save for the crackling of the logs of wood on the hearth, the regular breathing of his dog, and the ticking of the clock, no sound had reached his ears for hours. The soft fine rain came pelting noiselessly against the window-panes as he rose from his chair to stir the fire, throwing a look

around him on the room, which had been the special object of his care when the house had been restored, and in which all his precious books that had escaped the fire were stored.

It ought to have been, and it had been, the picture of a comfortable apartment, but now somehow there was a something lacking, which his man's eye missed but could not define. Had Winifred been with him, she could have told him that the books on the table were arranged with mathematical precision; that Mrs. Everard's large work-basket, at which she had sat and knitted, was placed, in company with every available chair, stiffly against the wall; that although it was May, and the garden was glowing with rhododendrons and azaleas, none had found their way in here, to relieve the gloom of old books and family portraits.

Suddenly his eye fell on one of these latter: the sweet flower-face seemed to smile down on him; the half-opened lips looked almost as though they were about to speak, and, with a sigh, he stooped to pick up the paper that lay at his feet. Why had he reinstated this picture to be his constant torment? Mechanically he glanced over the printed columns he held in his hand, sitting down again with his back to the portrait, that would inevitably catch his eye were he to face it.

It was one of the so-called society papers that he had taken up: a stamp of literature he did not in general affect, which, in fact, he cordially detested, but which the butler, left in charge of the house, and seeking to do all that his master could wish, had ordered, with every other newspaper and periodical he could think of, to greet him on his arrival in England.

All at once his eye was arrested by the very commonplace name of Smith, figuring in one of those little paragraphs in which the writer gave the world to understand that he was on intimate terms with every person of importance or rank in England.

"WE understand" (so ran the paragraph) "that the Miss Smith who awoke last week to find herself famous, and whose picture in the Academy we noticed in a former issue, is none other than the cousin of cheery Gilbert Craven, in whose studio she finished her education. Gilbert, look to your laurels. Your pupil has genius.

"The young lady has, in addition to her talents, the fatal gift of beauty. What wonder that, when he became the purchaser of her picture, a certain young nobleman, on whose coach we have enjoyed many a sylvan drive, should have fallen a victim to her charms? We have it on the best authority that this well-matched couple are shortly to be united, and that the event will be one of the red-letter days of a season that bids fair to be a good one."

Colonel Everard flung the paper down in disgust, and rang the bell violently.

"Chambers," he asked the butler, on his appearance, "who ordered all these papers?"

"I did, sir. I think they are mostly those that used to be taken; and I thought you would like to see them, as you have been away so long."

"I understand. I will give you a list for the future. Meanwhile, I am going up to town to-morrow morning by the first train. Tell Groves to have everything ready. I shall not take him with me."

Having so far relieved his mind, Colonel Everard proceeded further to calm it by flinging the obnoxious paper on the burning logs, whose flames went roaring up the chimney, only too pleased with their new victim. Having watched the clean printed sheets reduced to black ashes, he set himself to meditate on the meaning of those two paragraphs.

The first was plain enough, and, strange to say, true. To the second he held the key; but then, where was Roger Champneys? or was the whole thing a fabrication? True or false, he was none the less annoyed that *his* niece's name should have got into the newspapers, and, above all, into such a paper.

That was the result, he told himself, of a girl, a lady, setting up for an artist selling her pictures. She at once became public property. Every penny-a-liner in the kingdom might write about her if he chose; she was no longer herself: she was Miss Smith, the artist. Even were it true, the announcement of her engagement to Lord Carnford gave him no pleasure.

As we have said before, he was an old-fashioned man, Colonel Everard, who held what in the present day, with its platform women, its women doctors, its emancipated girls, might be regarded as almost Oriental ideas as to the sex. To his mind, women were made to be the adorners of their own homes, their father's, husband's, and brothers' companions, their children's tender mothers, their dependents' good angels, Lady Bountifuls, and helpers. Not that he would deny them the cultivation of their intellects or their talents: far from it; only let them be cultivated in the noiseless seclusion of their own homes, not trumpeted forth to the world, to cause men's eyes to be turned on them, and men's tongues to be let loose on them.

They were to him like sweet white flowers whose whiteness was at once tarnished by publicity. Winny had seemed to him a rare blossom, and her whiteness dazzling as fresh-fallen snow, reared as she had been in the utter seclusion of a Cornish village; but now he could not but think that her petals were smirched by the doubtful glare of notoriety, and, above all, by that clandestine engagement—could it have been?—friendship, acquaintance—call it what you will—which she had not thought proper to confide to him, with Roger Champneys.

London had taught her her value: had shown her, in its true colours, her surpassing beauty: had fostered her talent: had impressed on her what rank and money are worth; and she had learnt her lesson so well that she now spurned the man who, in her idyllic days, had taken her fancy, and, repenting her former folly, had made her peace with the flesh-pots of Egypt.

Yes, in truth, Colonel Everard would rather have heard that she was about to be married to Roger Champneys than to Lord Carnford, for this ready change of mind seemed to him a moral degradation. "But then, what can one expect of Mr. Smith's daughter?" he wound up, as he usually did his meditations on Winifred's shortcomings.

And this picture? Now he remembered it, he had not read one of the reviews on the Academy. What was its subject? Was it really good? or was it the fact that she was Mr. Craven's cousin, that had

produced this flourish of trumpets? To-morrow he would see for himself. He would go up to London by the first train, proceed straight to the Academy, attend a sale of noted books and china in the afternoon, and go on to Aldershot the next morning to hear all about Captain Warburton.

He was as good as his word and, despite of the distance from London, twelve o'clock saw him at Paddington. He was walking up the broad staircase at Burlington House by a quarter past twelve, rather angry with himself that his curiosity should be so keenly excited. He would buy a catalogue, but he would not open it, except to identify any picture that met with his approval. If Winny's work were worth anything, he should soon find it out: yes, in spite of the crowd that thronged the rooms in these earlier May days. Slowly and laboriously he made his way through it, referring more than once to his book when attracted by anything special, but always to find himself disappointed.

Luncheon-hour had arrived; the rooms were beginning to thin; in a short time he should have the premises, comparatively speaking, to himself. Meanwhile, he would look about him to see if any of his friends were present.

Presently he espied Lord Carnford, or rather, his back. He could tell those somewhat heavy shoulders anywhere. Was he now come out in the character of a patron of art? It must be a difficult *rôle* to sustain to one who hitherto had considered that Landseer's works were the only ones worth looking at.

He walked up to the young man, and touched him lightly on the shoulder. Lord Carnford turned round.

"Why, Colonel, who would have thought of seeing you here? When did you come back to England? Missed the best season we have had for years."

This, coming from Lord Carnford, could refer, of course, to nothing but hunting.

"So I understand. Meanwhile, I have been doing my spring fishing in Canada," responded Colonel Everard; "and uncommonly good sport I have had, too. So you have been turning your attention to the fine arts during my absence, and are come out as a patron?"

"I have bought Miss Smith's picture, if that is what you mean," colouring slightly. "Are you not proud of your niece? Every one is talking of her."

"So I hear," and the finely-curved nose seemed to grow perceptibly higher in its scorn; "but that is hardly an honour I should court for a young and handsome girl. However, opinions differ, and I confess to being in this respect behind the times. Probably it does not appear in the same light to you?"

"To me! What has it to do with me?"

"A great deal, from what I gather."

"Come, Colonel, you have known me long enough to remember that I am not a good hand at guessing. What do you mean?"

"Have you read the weekly papers?"

"Ah! I understand. My word! you believed that?"

Colonel Everard shrugged his shoulders. "More extraordinary things have happened."

"But it is not true—worse luck," he added *sotto voce;* then, suddenly grave, "Have you seen her?"

"No."

It was a "No" that precluded any further questions.

"Because I called last week, and they said she was not very well—over-done, Mrs. Craven told me. The success of the picture was too much for her."

"Ah! What have you done about that paragraph?"

"I have written to contradict it—a stiffish letter, too. I don't think they will take my name in vain again in a hurry."

"They do not mention you by name—though, of course, what they say is tantamount to it; it is the lady's they make so free with."

"Of course, I wrote chiefly on her account. Now then," soothingly, "have you seen the picture?"

"Not yet; I am in no hurry. I intend finding it out myself when the crowd has melted a little."

"Won't you let me have the pleasure of showing you my property?"

Colonel Everard smiled. How much this youug man was improved! he thought. He could not tell where the improvement lay. He had always been rather a favourite of his, but there was a quiet though boyish dignity about him now, as though he were learning to appreciate the responsibilities attached to his position. He had heard rumours of the same during the few hours he had spent at Tranmere: of extraordinary activity at Carnford, of something else being thought of and looked into besides horses, hounds, and kennels, and he had rejoiced.

"You may come with me," he answered; "but I must find out the picture for myself. I do not even know the subject of it, for I am determined to judge of it on its own merits."

"Do," responded his friend. "You cannot do better. I won't give you a lead, I promise you."

They had reached the large gallery by this time, and here Colonel Everard stood still and looked around him. There were many good pictures in the room—so many that he had to refer constantly to his book, but always without success. The space was clear enough now; only a few little knots left in the corners, towards which he moved, not expecting much, he kept telling himself, as though to guard against disappointment. He waited till the group, chiefly ladies, had ebbed away from one of these corners, and then he and half a dozen others took their places.

No need to refer to his catalogue this time for the name of the artist of the picture to which all the eyes were turned. He knew by instinct that it must be Winny's; the subject alone puzzled him, though he seemed to remember it well enough too: only he could not put a name to it. He opened his book, and under the heading "Pardoned," read these words—"They sat mutely gazing at each other: Maggie, with eyes of intense life looking out from a weary, beaten face—Tom, pale with a certain awe and humiliation. Thought was busy, though the lips were silent; and though he could ask no question, he guessed a story

of almost divinely protected effort. But at last a mist gathered over the clear blue-grey eyes, and the lips found a word they could utter: the old childish—Magsie."

Then he returned to the picture.

A great dreary expanse of water: far as eye can see a sheet of liquid amber-brown, melting here and there into a faint pale gold. On it a boat, containing two figures: a man's and a girl's. In the distance the strange weird light of early dawn creeping up gradually over the desolate waste, touching up with timid shivering hand the heads of the Scotch firs and the chestnuts, the roof of the old home, clad in its livery of brown and golden lichen, that alone maintain their supremacy over the ever-gaining flood. Here and there a break in the cruel evenness of the surface, a rick, a struggling drowning sheep, large beams, even a little child's cradle floating on the waters; but all far away, where the current hurries them along, and the masts of a stranded vessel tell of the widespread destruction. About and around the boat utter solitude, utter desolation. And standing out clear against the pale eerie light, the girl's face and the man's looking into each other's eyes; the dawning of forgiveness on Tom's young stern countenance, the under-gleam of "that mysterious wondrous happiness that is one with pain" in Maggie's "weary, beaten face," strangely in harmony with its frame of damp dusky hair that falls over the weather-stained brown dress, faded in its folds to streaks of dullest yellow, down which the water trickles in tiny rivulets.

For full a quarter of an hour Colonel Everard stood before the picture without speaking. Did he see Tom Tulliver, or were they his own eyes that were lowered before that "almost miraculous divinely-protected effort"? Was it Maggie's weary, hungry soul that looked out of the great sad eyes, or was it that of his niece in mute appeal to himself? Who knows what went on in the proud heart during that quarter of an hour's silence, whilst the blue eyes—certainly they were Tom's eyes—took in bit by bit, and yet as a whole, the speaking desolation of the scene, from which the two young faces, old in sorrow and suffering, looked forth, illuminated by a flash of heaven's own light before they passed into eternity!

At last he turned round, and spoke with a visible effort.

"I never expected anything like this," he said. "Where did she learn her colouring?"

He might have asked, "Where did she learn the whole?" but that he knew it too well. The picture went straight home to his conscience: it told him a perfectly different story from what it did to the outer world; and as he traversed the rooms towards the egress, he was silent as had he been walking through a churchyard full of his own dead.

Lord Carnford walked beside him, also in silence, but observing his companion keenly. At last, as they were nearing the door, he spoke.

"I am going to Kensington this afternoon, Colonel; will you come with me to inquire for Miss Smith?"

"I am going to the sale of Gregg's books."

"What! is not the library full enough yet? Then, will you dine with me at my club this evening? Charlie Talbot and Vernon are coming; I think you know them both."

"I will come, with pleasure," he responded. "Till then, good-bye."

"Good-bye," cried the young man gaily, and disappeared towards his club to get some luncheon. Unusually quiet and meditative was he during that meal, for he was thinking—thinking of Colonel Everard and of Winny, and of their present relations to each other—thinking of the paragraph in the paper. Ah! if it had but been true!

But there was yet hope. These last two years had done a great deal for him. He had accepted his fate, and toned down into the friend of the Craven family, and in that character had established a footing at No. 12, S—— Gardens, which had by this time converted him into an old *habitué* of the same. Gilbert, at first quite crusty and disagreeable, had been won over by his unassuming ways and apparent indifference to Miss Smith, and thinking himself mistaken, had allowed him to lounge away many a half-hour in the studio, advancing step by step, with an astuteness that deceived every one.

Winny herself was lulled into security, and was honestly glad. They say no woman likes to lose a lover, even if she will have nothing to say to him, and in a good many cases this is probably true. But Winny had so few friends that a new one was a great gain to her; and as a friend and patron she now regarded Lord Carnford.

It was much nicer. Many a talk, many an argument, did they hold together; and if he had been asked, he would have told how that it was Winny's influence which had made him look at life more gravely, and realise that it had its duties—not always to be put on other people's shoulders—as well as its pleasures.

And he had his reward. The grave white face would light up with a smile when she saw him, the long fingers held out to him in welcome, and some day, he told himself, with a great throb of happiness, those large brown eyes would smile into his, those white fingers be clasped in his. What cared he that her name was Smith, that she was an artist, and worked for her daily bread? For his mother and sisters had discovered his secret, and had preached him many a sermon on his indiscretion. The Honourable Diana had curled her lip in scorn at the idea of Carnford dangling after Miss Smith; but latterly she had let the subject alone, her woman's tact telling her that opposition would only strengthen the attachment.

Once they had seen Miss Smith, and since then their hearts had died within them. It was at a *soirée* at the Royal Academy that Diana had come up to her sister, in some excitement:

"There is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen in my life here this evening. Come with me, Rose, and I will show her to you."

And Rosamond had followed her sister, and lo! when they reached her, Carnford was talking to her, and instinct told them that her name was Smith.

And, as I said, their hearts died within them, for Diana suddenly felt her own aristocratic appearance to fade and pale before that queenly head, that long throat, those unconsciously majestic gestures. Both girls turned away, whispering simultaneously, "It is *that* Miss Smith." But from a distance Diana continued to watch her with critical eyes, and wondered.

"How thin she is! thinner than I am; and yet there are no angles about her; how plainly her hair is done, with nothing in it, and her dress simple to the extreme of affectation. She must be frightfully vain, or she would not run such risks," and the girl turned away brusquely from the contemplation of such unpardonable simplicity to talk to a plain little man, who, being remarkably small, liked nothing better than looking up into that imperious face.

By-and-by Lady Carnford was taken surreptitiously to look at the syren, and returned to her seat, shaking her head mournfully. But when it came to half the people they met talking about the girl that was with Mrs. Craven, they thought it high time to go away.

"Good birth and good principles go for nothing now-a-days," said the poor mother as she drove home.

"Well, mamma," answered Rosamond, "she is Colonel Everard's niece, so she *must* be a lady; indeed, she looks it every inch;" and with this crumb of comfort they retired to rest.

But months rolled away, and nothing seemed to come of those visits to S—— Gardens, and meanwhile Carnford had many a little flirtation that gave them hope, and he had grown so steady that they trusted he could not meditate any indiscretion. They—or rather, his mother—came to regard him as a Mæcenas, and to put the whole thing down to love of art, and no sneers from Diana would shake her in this belief.

All this Carnford thought of as he sat eating, he knew not what. He was out of spirits, for he had intended once more to cast the die, emboldened by the success of the picture, and now she was ill. Well, it would not be a long business. Overdone: that meant a little country air, a rest, and then—— He pushed his chair away, paid for his lunch, and walked out. His trap was awaiting him: he jumped into it, and sped away to Kensington.

His groom, sitting behind, with folded arms and imperturbable gravity, smiled an inward smile, thinking that her future ladyship required a good deal of wooing, and that the Cromwell Road was the longest in London. Arrived at No. 12, S—— Gardens, he jumped from his perch, prepared to ask, as usual, if Mrs. Craven were at home, but found instead that he was to hand in his master's card, and inquire for Miss Smith. At the same minute Gilbert came running down the steps without his hat.

"You are the very man I want to see," he cried, his massive face unusually grave. "She—I mean Miss Smith—is very, very ill. Have you any idea where Colonel Everard is? whether he has returned to England yet?"

Lord Carnford felt his heart sink. Was she going to elude him, just when he felt that there was grip in his hold on her? He flushed a hot red, and then paled again, but Gilbert heeded not these changes; he only heard his answer.

"Colonel Everard? He is in town; he dines with me this evening. Is she, then, dangerously ill?" The words came in a whisper, contrasting with Mr. Craven's rumbling tones.

"There are two doctors with her now, and they do not know how or when it may end. Where can I find Colonel Everard at once?"

"I will go for him," cried the young man. "I know where to find him, and I will bring him here; you may depend upon me."

"Thank you, a thousand times," said Gilbert; "you are very good," and re-entered the house; whilst Lord Carnford, turning into the Cromwell Road, drove down it at a pace that made the passers-by stare. What cared he? On he dashed, and was rewarded by catching Colonel Everard within a few hundred yards of his club. Breathlessly he threw the reins to his man, and jumped out to arrest his friend.

"What is it, my dear boy?" asked Colonel Everard, turning round with a start, as he felt his arm violently grasped from behind. "Coming with me, are you?"

"No, no; you must come with me—now, at once. Miss Smith is awfully ill; two doctors with her, Will you come?"

For a minute Colonel Everard stood, having loosed his arm from Lord Carnford's grasp, stiff as buckram. haughty as Lucifer. The young man stared at the sudden transformation.

"Do you hear me?" he asked; "she is aw—ful—ly ill: two doctors with her. Will you come?"

"Who sent you?" The voice was hoarse and harsh.

"Craven."

"What can she want of me?"

"Want of you? Aren't you her uncle? Why," drawing closer, and his voice sinking, "she may—she may—die."

Still Colonel Everard did not move; his blue eyes seemed turned to steel, and a narrow thread of red alone revealed where his lips were. Lord Carnford had often heard that his old friend had a very bad temper, but personally he had seen but little of it; today he told himself the outward visible signs were plain enough. Was he bad-hearted too, that he should refuse to see his niece when she might be dying, and every moment was of consequence? It must indeed have been a serious estrangement that could engender so much rancour.

"Well, Colonel?"

The steely eyes had softened, the stony look melted; suddenly there had arisen before him the vision of that boat on the waters: of Maggie's sad, wistful eyes; of Tom's stern young countenance, like, and yet unlike, his own; and, with theirs, that of a sweet laughing face that hung in his library at Tranmere—a face that had grown old and careworn before its time, and died all unforgiven.

"I will come."

After all, he was only following his own inclinations; Lord Carnford himself could not yearn to see

Winifred more than he did. The drive was accomplished in silence, and it was not long before they were in S—— Gardens. Then Colonel Everard spoke.

"I am very much obliged to you, Carnford," he said, as he dismounted. "I have taken up a great deal of your time in a very uncourteous fashion."

"You will let me know how she is, won't you?"

The young man tried to speak carelessly, and succeeded tolerably well.

"You shall have a note to-morrow morning."

The trap drove away, and Colonel Everard found himself entering the artist's house. Gilbert came down to meet him. "I am indeed thankful to see you, Colonel Everard," he said, without a trace of his usually genial manner. "Winifred is very ill."

"So Lord Carnford has told me. Does she wish to see me?"

"'WHO ORDERED ALL THESE PAPERS?'" (*p.* 520).

"She has no wishes, poor child. She is light-headed, and knows no one. But"—and unconsciously the kindly countenance grew gravely severe—"I think a visit from you would be the best medicine we could give her. She is crying out for you incessantly."

Colonel Everard changed colour.

"Is she dying?" he asked; and Gilbert could not but note the strained, hoarse voice.

"So they say; but I am hopeful, although the

doctors are not. I will find my wife, and ask her if you may see Winifred. Will you stay here a minute?" and he showed him into the drawing-room, where he sat down heavily and waited. At any other time he would have noted all the treasures of art and taste that lay scattered about the room, but as it was, he heeded it no more than had he been sitting in a waiting-room at a station.

"Would she die?" he asked himself a hundred times. Would that young life, so full of promise, be cut off in its bloom and beauty? Suddenly he knew how much he loved her; all the old story of his sister rose up before him, and now it was her daughter. The door opened, and Mrs. Craven came in. There was a quiet, dignified sorrow in her face that seemed to realise his worst fears.

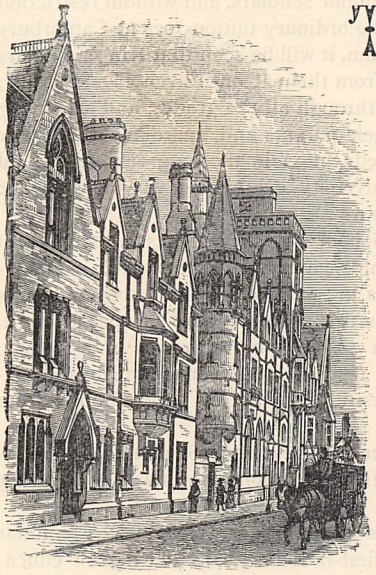
"Will you come and see her?" she said at once, after greeting him. "You must not be very shocked," she continued, "if she does not know you; she knows no one."

Silently he rose, and followed her up-stairs.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

FREE EDUCATION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THIRD PAPER.



THE work of the Education Commission has now extended over several years, although it is by no means finished. There have been many difficulties and obstacles in its path; and its action has had to be guided and modified by circumstances. In some instances schools that were supposed to give an entirely free education to a certain number have been reorganised, and while many more have been accommodated, each one has had to pay a modicum, however small, of the cost of his instruction. In other cases the number of free or Foundation scholars has been increased, and a paying element introduced to share the advantages that accrue from the special form of discipline, or the avowed aims and ends, of that particular school. Some schools are still closed, pending the formulation of a fresh scheme, and others are allowed to go on in the old fashion until the moment arrives when all is ready for it to give place to a new one. These changes have been necessitated by the alterations in the value of the property wherewith the schools were originally endowed, but in all cases the Commissioners have endeavoured to read through the mists of time the real wishes of the founders, and have acted as nearly as possible in conformity with them.

St. Andrew's College, Bradfield, near Reading, has made for itself a very good position, though it is a comparatively young school, only dating from 1850. The advantages offered to ordinary pupils are great, and the terms high; but there are sixteen Founder's boys, who must be either fatherless or sons of poor clergymen or gentlemen, and they are lodged, boarded, and instructed gratuitously, and upon terms of complete equality with the commoners. Boys under sixteen may remain on the Foundation till after they are eighteen, and they are eligible from the age of nine. There is an election for at least one of these fortunate boys every year by competitive examination, which is not very formidable as it only embraces a fair knowledge of Grammar and Arithmetic, and the power of writing correctly from dictation. All information, forms, &c., may be obtained by application to the Warden.

The Isle of Man has long been a favourite resort of officers and others who, with small incomes, large families, and a general desire to make the best of things, are obliged to invoke the assistance of Messrs. "Hook and Crook," and pitch their tents where rents are low and living cheap. To them King William's College is a boon; for not only is there a first-rate classical or modern education (the latter including German and French) to be had by day pupils at from £8 to £10 per annum, but there are ten scholarships giving entirely free education. Boys are eligible at eight years of age if able to read and write; and if they have previously attended any other school, must produce a certificate from it.

Parents whose boys are gifted with sweet voices and musical taste will do well to turn their attention to Magdalen College School, Oxford, where sixteen choristers receive free board, lodging, and instruction. Candidates must have their names placed on the President's list, and when a vacancy occurs will be admitted to compete for it. They are not eligible before nine or after eleven, and if successful a payment of one guinea per term must be made with each, which covers their school subscriptions and weekly allowance of pocket-money. Some few advantages are offered them when they cease to be choristers, but free education ceases as soon as their voices fail. Similar privi-

leges are given to choristers at Durham, Gloucester, and Salisbury.

Bedford Grammar School is one of the best in the kingdom, and its terms are moderate. There are certain entrance exhibitions to be competed for annually in the month of March, which give exemption from the payment of tuition fees throughout the school course.

King Edward's School at Birmingham has undergone great changes in order to adapt it to the requirements of modern times. Two-thirds of the pupils pay, but the remaining third are elected to Foundation scholarships which entitle the holders to all the benefits of the school gratuitously. They are awarded to candidates of greatest merit in examinations for admission, or in the half-yearly school examinations. There are also a few exhibitions of value in money over and above exemption from tuition fees.

At Bolton-le-Moors in Lancashire there is a Grammar School, founded in 1664, for which a new scheme has recently been under consideration, and may perhaps by this moment be in working order. There are, or were, thirty-six free scholars, admitted by quarterly competitive examinations for the vacancies. All particulars can be obtained from the head master.

Wales is not without its advantages, for in many parts of it prices are extremely low, while good fishing and shooting may readily be had in such a manner as to supply the family larder with what dwellers in towns consider luxuries, at a very moderate price. At a small place near Lleyn, Carnarvonshire, there is an endowed school, called Bottwnog, where fifty-six boys receive a perfectly free education. Another one is the Deytheur Grammar School at Llansaintffraid, Montgomeryshire, where the education embraces both classical and modern languages, and preparation for the Universities, and all in the Hundred of Deytheur who can read are admitted free.

At the Bristol Grammar School there are a few entrance and other scholarships, the holding of which is equivalent to exemption from school fees; and its governors have also the charge of Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, which, under certain conditions, provides free education to 160 Foundation boarders, who must have been born or resided for three years in the parishes of Congresbury or Netherbury, or within the bounds of the Parliamentary borough of Bristol. There is a good English education with elementary Mathematics, French, and Latin; but it ceases at the age of fourteen, though the governors will permit as many as ten at one time to remain another year as the reward of merit.

At the Perse Grammar School, Cambridge, where there are 140 pupils divided between the classical and modern sides, at least twenty-five boys are educated free, paying neither entrance nor tuition fees.

The King's School at Canterbury is of unknown antiquity, and remembers with pride many great and good men who were there taught and trained. Under the present *régime* it is a first-grade classical school. There are fifty King's scholars, divided into twenty-five probationers, fifteen junior and ten senior scholars. The election is solely by competitive examination, and for the two former takes place twice a year, in November and July. All boys, whether already in the school or not, are eligible, and there are no restrictions as to place of birth or residence. Probationers are elected for two years, and receive £10 4s. 8d. per annum; junior scholars receive fifteen guineas annually for five years, or until they shall, within that period, have been elected senior scholars, when they receive £30 per annum for five years. Boys are eligible for probationerships up to fourteen, and for junior scholarships up to sixteen; and the examinations for the former are in Arithmetic as far as reduction, Latin, Grammar, Geography, and English History; and for the latter the Arithmetic must extend to decimal fractions, and there must be Greek and Latin Grammar, translation from English into Latin, and from unprepared Latin into English, or by giving a week's previous notice candidates may substitute some Euclid and Algebra for the Latin translations. The senior scholars are elected only in July from among the junior scholars, and without restriction as to age. As the ordinary tuition fees at Canterbury are £20 per annum, it will be seen that King's scholars are not exempt from them at once even if successful; but if they pass through all the grades, and are living at home with their parents and guardians, they have a perfectly free education in the long run, and stand a chance of University exhibitions, varying in value from £30 to £50 a year.

The King's School at Chester has a number of King's scholarships gained by competitive examination; the juniors are tenable for two years, but may be prolonged for two more to boys of special merit. These are open to boys between ten and twelve; the seniors are for boys between fourteen and sixteen, and both entitle the holder to exemption from tuition fees.

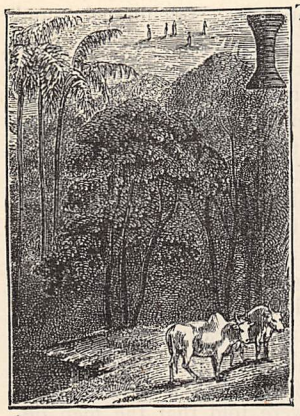
At the Chesterfield Grammar School ten scholarships providing free education are annually offered for competition.

Doncaster has a large and important Grammar School giving a first-rate classical and English education. Those who participate in it free of all charge are sons of freemen, burgesses, and residents in the borough, under twelve years of age, and chosen by open competitive examination.

Cowley's Grammar School, at Donington, in Lincolnshire, is a second-grade classical school, and gives an admirable education quite free to all parishioners.

Durham is a very ancient foundation, dating back to 1100, when it was the school of a Benedictine monastery. Henry VIII. re-founded it; in 1844 it was re-built, and it is governed entirely by the Dean and Chapter. There are eighteen King's scholarships, each of the value of about £40; they are tenable for four years, to which the Dean may add a fifth if he thinks well to do so. Besides exemption from classical fees there is £30 in money. The examination papers are set by the Dean and Chapter, and the election rests entirely with them. All boys under fifteen whose parents are not wealthy are eligible, but to have any chance of success they should have a tolerable knowledge of Latin.

A VISIT TO A CEYLON COFFEE ESTATE.



IT was in the month of April that we found ourselves in the picturesque little town of Kandy, which is prettily situated amongst the numerous hills of the Central Province of Ceylon. On some of the slopes we noticed coffee estates, and determined to take an early opportunity of visiting one, to ascertain the mode of cultivation carried out in the island. One of the chief beauties of Kandy is its artificial lake, which was formed by some of the old Kandyan kings by means of forced labour. It is a good-sized sheet of water, and apparently floating on its surface is a small island containing a ruin and some groups of feathery bamboos.

The most interesting spot in the town, however, is the "Maligawa," or "Temple of the Sacred Tooth," deeply revered by all pious Buddhists, as it is said to contain one of the teeth of the great founder of their religion. We paid a visit to this building, which is surrounded with a moat and shaded by dense palm-groves.

Some Buddhist priests with close-shaven heads, and clothed in yellow robes, met us at the entrance and courteously offered to show us the sacred shrine. The interior of the building was so dark that we were provided with lights before venturing further. The sacred tooth itself is not exposed to the vulgar gaze, but we saw the shrine in which it is preserved. This is plated with pure gold and encrusted with valuable jewels. Dim lamps burned around, and near by were deposited in great abundance floral offerings, the air being quite heavy with their perfume. Once a year the tooth is borne around the town in a procession of elephants, a number of which are kept at the various temples.

In another part of the building we saw crystal effigies of Buddha, and on almost every wall birds, animals, and reptiles were depicted in tawdry colours. Outside a kind of low tower, is a rude balcony, from which the Kandyan monarchs were wont to harangue their subjects, or witness the public executions when the criminals were trampled to death by elephants.

Early one morning we started for our visit to a coffee estate a few miles from Kandy, and as it was situated on the slopes of Hantane Peak—whose summit rises 4,000 feet above sea-level—we determined first to scale the mountain, as we had heard that the view was magnificent. After a toilsome climb we reached the top, and were well repaid for our trouble, for a panoramic scene lay before us which it would be hard to describe. Far away in the dim haze of a tropical morning could be traced the faint line of ocean's horizon, and in every direction hill rose above hill, and valley succeeded valley, till the mind became bewildered.

Far below rolled the broad Mahavillaganga river, encircling Kandy like a silvery serpent, but here and there lost to view amongst thick forests and towering cocoa-nut plantations. Eastward was a fine range of mountains, over the summits of which the sun was now gloriously rising and pouring his beams into the still shadowy and slumbering valleys.

After scrambling down over almost inaccessible cliff-like rocks, we found ourselves on a large coffee estate which proved to be the one we were in search of; and we soon found our way to the bungalow of the manager, where we were received with the hospitality proverbial amongst coffee planters.

After a bath and breakfast we sallied out with our host to see the estate. We found that the coffee-trees were all planted in rows, each about six feet apart and stretching right away up the hill-side. The tree rather resembles the laurel in foliage, but is not allowed to attain any height, being topped down when four feet high. The coffee-tree takes three years after planting before it will yield fruit, and requires shelter from the wind and a good soil to make it bear well. We were informed that the young plants are put out in holes eighteen inches deep and wide, which are previously filled in with good jungle mould, the greater portion of the soil of Ceylon being naturally poor. The jungle is, in the first place, felled by Singhalese contractors—this race being famed for their skill with the axe—towards the end of the year, and is generally finished and ready for burning by March. The great forest "burns" are one of the most curious sights in Ceylon. Imagine torches being applied to a hundred acres or so of felled and lopped trees which have become as dry as tinder from exposure to a burning sun. The tremendous blaze which instantly ensues, and the dense clouds of smoke forming and hanging over the scene like a pall, are something astonishing and can be seen for miles around. The following morning nothing is to be seen but cinders and charred logs, the sole remnants of former forest giants, destroyed by the ruthless hands of the enterprising planter to make room for the coffee or tea plant. The operation of planting is usually finished by the month of August if the season is favourable, but diseased and sickly plants have to be constantly supplied by fresh ones till no vacancies are to be seen. In the second year the planter gets a very small crop called the maiden-crop, and in the third year the estate is said to be in full bearing, when the pulping-house and other necessary buildings have to be erected. The berry, when ripe, resembles the ordinary cherry in shape and colour, and appears in crimson clusters on the trees, delighting the eye of the anxious proprietor. In every berry are two beans, which are pulped out by machinery, the beans disappearing into the fermenting

cistern, and the husk into the pulp-pit, where it accumulates for manuring purposes. The beans are suffered to ferment for thirty-six hours, and are then drawn into the washing cistern, where they are thoroughly cleansed with spring-water, whence they are carried to the "barbacue," an open space paved with cement or asphalte, where they are spread on matting, fully exposed to the rays of the sun, to dry. When the drying operation has been repeated three or four times, the "parchment," as it is called, is sewn up in stout bags and despatched by bullock-carts to the nearest railway station, whence it is sent on as quickly as possible to Colombo, where it is again thoroughly dried and the parchment skin removed by a "peeler;" it is then put through a winnower, which takes off a delicate skin still remaining, called the "silver-skin," and it is then called "clean coffee," which, after being separated into various sizes, is at length fit to be shipped to the home market, and is usually packed in casks for the voyage.

Having followed our friend to the large estate store, which was a substantial building of brick with a corrugated iron roof, we found ourselves in the "pulping-house," the floor of which was laid down with asphalte. The pulper itself was a machine consisting simply of a cylinder covered with copper, standing on an iron frame and which was turned by the action of a large water-wheel close by. The cylinder in turning presses against an iron bar called the "chop," which removes the skin of the cherry; the bean falls over into a sieve below, and the skin is dragged behind by the cylinder and escapes by a spout to the pulp-pit; the bean passing through the sieve is carried by a spouting of water to the cistern, where the water escapes by a drain, the entrance to which is covered with perforated zinc to prevent the beans falling through. There are many other varieties of pulpers in use in Ceylon, some large enough to be driven by a steam-engine.

Adjoining the pulping-house we were shown the large stores, double-storeyed and capable of holding many thousands of bushels of coffee: at the time of our visit they were empty, the crop season having been over some time. We were next taken to the cattle establishment, which was on a rather extensive scale. We were much struck by the fine appearance of the large Indian bullocks, which are used in carts for transporting the coffee, and are remarkably strong and docile. There were also a large number of cows, imported from the neighbouring coast of India; they are of a dun colour and rather handsome, but the yield of milk is not so large as that from an English cow, and is inferior in quality. Closely adjoining the cattle-shed we found a large piggery. The pigs are usually of native breeds, though some planters have imported the Berkshire and other kinds from England. In the jungles adjoining the estate—our friend informed us—were many wild pigs, and at night they did much damage amongst the coffee, coming up even to his kitchen garden, close to the bungalow, and digging up cassava-root and other delicacies of which they are fond.

The labour force on a Ceylon coffee estate consists of Tamil coolies, who are imported in large numbers from the neighbouring coast of India, chiefly from about the region of Tinnevelly, Trichinopoly, and Madura. These coolies gladly come so far from their homes, as they are better treated and receive higher pay in Ceylon than they would in their own country. The planter entrusts his "kankani," or headman, one of known influence and popularity in his own village, with a sum of money styled a "coast advance," backed with which the "kankani" is nearly sure to bring over a good force of coolies.

The women do almost as much work as the men on the estates, indeed seem to be preferred by many for "picking," and the children—who are remarkably precocious—are enlisted at an early age for weeding and other duties. All struck us as being very unprepossessing and anything but cleanly in their appearance, though we were told that the men delighted in a cold shower-bath under one of the numerous waterfalls after their day's work was finished. The Tamil language sounded to our unaccustomed ears most inharmonious, especially as it is always spoken in a remarkably high key, as if the person addressed was far distant when really standing close by. The domestic arrangements prevalent amongst the Tamils are peculiar, it usually being the custom of the men to take on their intended wives for at least a year on trial, and if they turn out bad-tempered, or bad workwomen, they are discarded and a fresh spouse chosen. Polygamy is allowed, but the "kankanis" alone generally avail themselves of it, an ordinary coolie being barely able to sustain one wife and a family.

With the exception of a few converts—who, by-the-by, are principally Roman Catholics—the Tamils are Hindoos by religion, and are often devil-worshippers. On almost every estate is to be seen a wretched mud structure with a thatched roof, called the "kovil," or temple, in which is to be found a hideous idol, and sometimes a mere stone is placed in the ground as an object of worship. Great good, however, is being effected by the missionaries, who have established a great many estate schools in all parts of the coffee districts, on the theory that ignorance is a great enemy to conversion, which doubtless it is. The coolies are housed in long low buildings called "lines," in which there are no windows, the inhabitants preferring to shut out all the fresh air and light possible, and to live in a dark atmosphere of smoke, which makes its exit through the roof. This mode of life in such a climate is inexplicable, and must be most unhealthy, but fortunately they imbibe a considerable amount of fresh air at their work during the day.

The Tamils exist chiefly on curry and rice, varied occasionally with a detestable kind of dried fish imported from India, a scanty diet enough!

We were told that the cultivation of coffee had considerably increased in the last few years, owing to the high prices ruling in the London market, there being little less than a million hundredweight exported direct from Ceylon every year; and the coffee estates are

more than a thousand in number, and yearly increasing. Tea and cinchona are also receiving attention from planters, the soil and climate being suitable for the growth of both these valuable trees, the seeds of which are being imported in large quantities, the former principally from Assam, and the latter from Java, India, and South America. The tea at present grown in Ceylon is entirely consumed locally, and has yet to make its name known to the tea-loving English public. I am bound to say we thought the flavour excellent. Several varieties of cinchona are being experimented upon, all of which in various proportions yield the valuable medicinal bark so highly prized by chemists.

VIEW ON A COFFEE ESTATE, WITH PLANTS IN FOREGROUND. (*From a Photograph.*)

Delighted with all we had seen of a coffee estate, and with the valuable information imparted to us regarding Ceylon, we returned about sunset to our friend's bungalow, where we had been pressed to stay the night. After a refreshing bath and a capital dinner, we found ourselves stretched out in long cane chairs in the spacious verandah, listening to the curious concert of cicadas and tree-frogs, whilst from the distant coolies' "lines" came floating the discordant sounds of the native tom-toms mingled with the shrill notes of a kind of bamboo flute.

The air on these mountain-slopes is quite chilly at night, and we were glad to have the luxury of two blankets. At Newera-Eliya, the sanatorium of Ceylon,

the diversity of temperature is very remarkable; in the early morning there is often a slight frost on the ground, whilst in the middle of the day the temperature is like that of an English summer day.

Early the next morning—after a slight repast of buttered toast and coffee—we bade adieu to our kind host and set off on our return to Kandy. The air was cold and invigorating, and with regret we found ourselves gradually descending lower and lower into a warmer atmosphere: in fact from an elevation of at least 3,000 feet to one of 1,600 feet, which is the height Kandy stands above the sea. To the people of Colombo this sounds a good deal, and as there is a railway connecting the ancient with the modern capital, they often avail themselves of the opportunity to pay Kandy a visit, the natural beauties of which are quite sufficient attraction.

ARTHUR KNIGHT.

[Since the above was written the lovely island of Ceylon has been passing through a period of great commercial depression, occasioned by the failure of the coffee crops for two or three successive years, owing to the spread of the coffee-leaf disease, and the untoward seasons. The planters, however, all seem hopeful that brighter days are not far off; they trust that the disease will wear itself out, and that more promising seasons will smile upon them. Meanwhile they are pushing on the cultivation of other products unaffected by the dreadful fungus which assails the coffee-plant, such as cocoa, tea, Liberian coffee, and especially cinchona.]

BLOCKED IN A TUNNEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A RACE FOR LIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A MEETING—AN ALARM.

"YOU here, Miss Lowderson?"

The young lady thus addressed looked up in quick surprise. Before her stood a gentlemanlike young man, apparently about twenty-three years of age.

"It would have been more extraordinary if you had not met me," she replied, smiling at his eager manner. "I live here."

"In Wittlesleigh?" he exclaimed. "How very odd!"

"Not at all odd," she retorted. "Considering I am the rector's daughter, it is not such a *very* curious thing that I should live here, is it?"

"Dear me! I beg your pardon. Of course not," he replied. "But you see, Miss Lowderson, I have always associated you with Bircham."

"Are you staying here?" she asked, anxious to pass on, for the young sailor was standing directly in the narrow path which traversed the little wood.

"No," he said; "I'm about to rejoin my ship, the *Niobe*, at Fairmouth. I only came over to see an old friend; you will think me strange when I tell you she is my old nurse."

"I think it is very kind of you," replied Miss Lowderson. "Don't let me detain you, Mr. Simpson. Good-bye." She held out her hand. "I trust you will have a good voyage; and, perhaps——Good-bye."

"Must you go?" he said. "It seems ages since we met."

"I am going to Bircham this afternoon; my father and sisters are going abroad on Monday. Good-bye."

He shook hands with her again, and looked meaningly into her dark eyes, and replied—

"Not good-bye, Miss Lowderson, I hope."

"*Au revoir* then," she answered quickly. Then, bowing pleasantly, she hurried on her way, leaving him gazing after her retreating figure.

Annie was the youngest of the three daughters of the Rev. James Lowderson, Rector of Wittlesleigh. The young ladies were much liked by all around them, and helped their father in the parish. Annie was shy and retiring, and could scarcely be persuaded to go anywhere in "society." Change was, however, necessary for her, and so she was obliged to pay periodical visits to her uncle and aunt, while the rector, with his eldest daughters and son, took a holiday on the Continent, which Annie objected to strongly, on account of the Channel passage.

They were just then about to start on one of those early summer trips, while Annie had arranged to go down to Bircham for the time. She had met Mr. Simpson there the previous summer, and had liked him very much; while he, a (not rich) sub-lieutenant in the navy, had fallen very deeply in love with retiring Annie Lowderson. Since then they had not met; and she kept her own counsel, for she did not wish to encounter the quizzing she would surely have received from her sisters. But there was little time for anything but packing and a hasty meal. Annie reached the station in good time, her neat luggage already addressed upon a leathern strap by herself, and additionally protected by the company's label.

Annie kissed her sisters, who had come to see her off, and assured them that she was quite safe, but agreed to telegraph her arrival at Bircham.

Her sisters returned home, and speculated upon the time that they would in all probability receive a telegram from Annie. So tea got itself over somehow, and supper-time was rapidly drawing near. The rector was writing in his study, when the page-boy entered with a telegram, and put it down as he was bidden. The rector was so deep in his article for a

review that he continued writing, for as Annie had sent the promised message, he was not uneasy. Meantime her sisters, Clara and Mary, were wondering why the telegram had not been received; Clara was nervous, and was sure something was wrong; Mary was equally alarmed, but kept her opinions within herself. At last they ventured to disturb their father in his study.

As they entered they perceived the telegram.

"There it is!" exclaimed Clara. "How silly we were to be frightened! Annie is quite safe, you see," she continued, as she opened it. She had scarcely glanced at it when she screamed loudly.

"What is the matter?" cried the rector.

"There is something wrong!" gasped Clara.

Her sister snatched the paper from her yielding fingers, and read as follows:—

From	To
A. DAINTREE, Bircham.	REV. E. LOWDERSON, Wittlesleigh.

"*Annie has not arrived. Did she leave home as arranged?*"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A PRISONER.

THERE was no other occupant of the compartment in which Annie Lowderson seated herself. She pulled up one window, and having arranged her parcels to her satisfaction, sat looking out of the window and thinking. Despite herself, her thoughts *would* go back to that meeting in the little wood. She could scarcely have told herself seriously that she loved Robert Simpson, but she had already begun to think about him, and to compare him with other men, and others with him. We may, therefore, conclude that at any rate she took considerable interest in the young sailor. His manner that afternoon, his looks, the half-ventured pressure of the hand, would all have passed unnoticed or unremembered, had Annie not associated with them a meaning which her heart told her they possessed. So she sat in a pleasant reverie, turning these and former incidents over in her mind, scarcely noticing the water-laden district through which the train was hurrying, for the traces of the late floods were everywhere visible. Whole fields were submerged in some farms they passed, and even the railroad was not free in places, and the engine and carriage wheels splashed noisily through the outlying water. But these things had little interest for Annie, and as her thoughts hurried her along she closed her eyes, and ere long fell fast asleep.

A dull roar like thunder awoke her. She was in utter darkness, and the carriage was quite stationary.

For a moment she could not realise where she was. She fancied that she was still dreaming, but when she rose and extended her arms, the contact with the windows and the stuffed arms of the first-class carriage assured her she was awake. Suddenly the idea struck her that she was in a tunnel, and looking out, she endeavoured to ascertain if this was the fact. If so, she must have been left behind.

She leaned out of the window, and touched the wall on one side; the other side was apparently void. No light, no glimmering of day could be seen. Then she remembered that the carriage she had entered was the last in the train, for it was to be detached at the junction. She was in the way of any following train, and might be killed if she remained.

But Annie Lowderson was not deficient in courage. Naturally nervous, she possessed strong common sense withal, and instead of sitting down in despair, or giving way to hysterics, she repressed a decided tendency to sob, and set about her own release.

A strange charnel-house chill struck her, and a peculiar odour assailed her nostrils. The dripping of water was still audible, and at a distance a large white patch of light lay upon the ground, like the gleam from a lantern. This Annie thought must be the light coming through the ventilator of the tunnel.

She decided to endeavour to walk out alone. Without pausing, or giving herself time to think of the danger she was incurring, she stepped down upon the line, and walked cautiously forward.

She had not proceeded very far when the sense of chilliness and dampness became more marked. The dusty smoky air had given place to an entirely different atmosphere. She no longer felt the dust, but an earth-like smell pervaded the air. Still no light was visible, not even the welcome gleam from the ventilating shafts which she had already noticed towards the opposite end. However, she determined to proceed, notwithstanding the chill and nervous terror. The solitude and the weird dripping of water, which now and then fell splashing near her, at times almost overcame her, but she struggled on.

The end was nearer than she supposed. She had not advanced more than fifty yards when her foot struck against a large piece of stone. In stepping aside from this, she plashed into a pool or rivulet of water, and once again into earth and *débris*. Walking became difficult. Large blocks seemed to have cast themselves in her way; a mound of earth and stones now confronted her—a wall rising between her and the light. The water was apparently increasing in volume. With a sinking heart she recognised the terrible truth—the roof of the tunnel had fallen in, and she was a prisoner.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

RESCUED.

THE Rector of Wittlesleigh was not long in arriving at the station. His position enabled him to obtain replies to questions which less-known individuals, not being newspaper reporters, might have long sought in vain. In a few moments he had gathered all the details of the catastrophe that the station-master could afford; and then, taking advantage of his knowledge of the neighbourhood, and his own responsibility in the county, he sought and obtained permission to accompany the "break-down gang" which was about to proceed to the scene of the accident.

Having arrived at Marlham (the station before the

"'YOU HERE, MISS LOWDERSON?'" (*p.* 530).

tunnel was reached), he immediately set things going faster. He was well seconded by the men themselves; and the "break-down gang," under the station-master's orders, lost no time in proceeding to the mouth of the tunnel, which was blocked up. Here, for the first time, the rector learned that the down train had cleared the tunnel, and no other had passed. His daughter must therefore be safe. No accident had occurred at the other end; the signalman said he had had the bell from the other end as the train passed out, but no signal had reached him after that. He had heard a great noise, and looking from his box, it seemed as if the roof of the tunnel had fallen in. Water had poured over the line, and was now running rapidly in the trenches in the cutting. He had at once telegraphed to Marlham and Wittlesleigh, and that's all he could do.

A young man was standing amongst the anxious group of officials, and for the second time heard this explanation. Turning to the rector, he said—

"You need not be anxious, sir; the train must have got through safely. We cannot get on, it seems."

"But I *am* anxious, sir," replied the rector, somewhat tartly. "My daughter left home at three o'clock, and I have here a telegram, sent from Bircham at seven, saying she had not arrived."

"I beg your pardon—your daughter—Bircham—Miss Lowderson? Why, I——"

"What!" exclaimed the rector. "Do you know anything of my daughter? How can you possibly know anything of her movements?"

Simpson—for it was he—hurriedly explained the circumstances, and while he was so engaged, the superintendent rode up on horseback.

"Here, Jones," he said, addressing the signalman, "had that down train the tail lights on?"

"Yes, I'm sure of that," said the Marlham station-master. "They were put on according to order: last carriage was to be slipped at the junction."

"Then that slip coach is in the tunnel, for no lamps were attached to the train at the junction, *I* know!"

The excitement at this announcement was intense. Robert Simpson, though, was particularly calm for a minute or two, and then suddenly inquired, "How far do you think the train got in? Beyond the "slip"?

"Ay, ay; it's only a few dozen yards that is down," replied the signalman. "It's that brook that has done it. The water is out above."

"How far is it round? How long will it take to reach the carriage and the passengers?" cried the rector impatiently. "Oh, my poor Annie!"

"It's a matter o' six mile round; over hills, shorter, but in this dark, dangerous. Better ride over."

"You can't ride across the ford, the river is over its banks by now," said the superintendent.

"Four mile more," muttered the signalman.

Robert Simpson at this turned to the "ganger" of the navigators, and inquired, "Have you a long rope?"

"Yes, sir, in the van; plenty of rope."

"How deep is the tunnel from the top down?"

"A matter of eighteen feet, I should say, or more."

"Come along, then. Show me the way to the top of that arch, and I'll descend through the shaft."

"But, sir," inquired the rector hastily, "have you thought of the risk? You are a noble fellow!"

"My dear sir, I am determined. I am a sailor, and accustomed to ropes, you know."

Before any other remonstrance could be addressed to him, Robert Simpson was ascending the steep footpath to the summit of the embankment, preceded by the ganger with a lantern, and followed by half a dozen "navvies" carrying stout ropes.

After an extremely difficult climb through the miry and marshy ground, the little party reached the summit, and scaling a paling, they advanced along a plantation which crowned the summit of the hill through which the tunnel was driven. Just beyond this, and guarded by a grating, was the opening—one of four or five which ventilated the Marlham tunnel.

"Now," cried Robert Simpson, "break away that grating, some of you, and let me down. Don't lose time. My sweetheart's below, mates!"

"What do you say?" cried the rector, who had followed them unperceived. "This is an insult, sir!"

"I have no time, sir, to explain myself before these men. I did not know you were present, but I love

your daughter, and I am going to do all I can to save her.—Now, men, are you ready?"

"Yes, sir," said the sturdy "navvies."

"Then lower when I shout," said Robert Simpson, as he climbed lightly to the summit of the shaft, and, after an ineffectual protest from the angry rector, who secretly admired his courage and determination, the young man let himself hang by his hands over the deep hole.

"Lower away gently," he cried. "Good-bye, sir."

After a few moments, which seemed an hour, the pull upon the rope slackened. A hollow voice came up from the tunnel—"All right; I've cast off!" Then all was silence.

They waited five—ten—fifteen minutes, but not a sound came up from below, and no one spoke except in whispers.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

FOUND.

ANNIE LOWDERSON was almost despairing. Too greatly overcome to make any attempt to return when she found she was a prisoner in the tunnel, she lay half fainting against the rough blocks of stone and brickwork that had fallen. She felt sure that before long her terrible position would become known, and an attempt at rescue would be made; but oh, how slowly the time passed! How long she had been in the tunnel she could not imagine: hours perhaps; but she would not give way. Even in her terror she was enabled to pray for strength to endure, and she was mercifully supported. Then she thought of home, and the anxiety all there would feel, and then she got rather confused, and fancied she saw stars before her eyes. She rubbed them, but one particular star seemed fixed. It was some distance away. And then came a shout. Rescue at last! Starting to her feet, she screamed loudly, and endeavoured to make her way towards the light. It approached rapidly. She called out again; a joyous reply came to her ears; the lamp advanced more quickly; she stepped forward to meet her rescuer, and, to her surprise, was caught in a man's arms, while a voice whispered in her ear—a voice which brought a blush to her cheeks—"My darling, how thankful I am to have found you!"

"Oh! can it be you, Mr. Simpson?" she said. "How good, how brave you are!"

But after a pause she sighed deeply, and struggled to be free. Robert assisted her to retrace her steps; and now a great sense of happiness and serenity stole over her. She was safe!—saved by the man of all others she would rather have rescued her. And as she leant trustful, and still weak, upon his arm, she listened to his account of the accident, his meeting with her father, and his determination to save her.

She listened in silence, happy beyond measure, all fears now thrown aside, and a deep thankfulness in her heart. No word of love had been spoken, yet somehow, by a subtle influence, those two lost wanderers in the dark tunnel felt perfectly happy and assured of each other's affection. It needed no words to tell that. At last the foot of the shaft was reached. Annie had told how she was the only occupant of the carriage, and there were no other travellers in the tunnel, so no further delay was necessary. Bidding her not fear, for the distance was trifling, Robert wound the rope firmly round her waist, and telling her to hold tightly, she was drawn up in safety. He quickly followed, and found himself a hero: the object of much heartfelt congratulation and grateful thanks.

All this he put lightly aside. He had "only done his duty;" all he required was an assurance of Annie's love, and that he was sure would come. So, after a brief and tearful parting on Annie's side, he tore himself away, and reached the *Niobe* in time.

As he gained the deck a brother-officer accosted him. "No bad news, I hope, Simpson? You look rather down-hearted."

"Haven't heard a word; my uncle has quite forgotten poor me. These great lords have short memories sometimes," he added, somewhat bitterly.

"Not heard! my dear boy, there's a telegram for you."

Simpson rushed down and obtained the telegram, which was to the effect that he was to join the *Serpentine*, then guard-ship in Kingston Harbour, Ireland. His leave to be extended as he had requested.

Before next sunset Robert Simpson had reached

"THE YOUNG MAN LET HIMSELF HANG BY HIS HANDS."

Bircham, and had been invited to remain, as he hoped he would be. He found Miss Annie Lowderson in the garden next morning, when she expressed a doubt whether she would ever be able to repay him for his goodness and bravery.

Robert Simpson's reply will be guessed by all our readers. He thought that if he were rewarded by Miss Annie's heart and hand he would indeed be repaid, and more than repaid, for his action in her behalf. The young lady, after some becoming hesitation, assented. When the Rector of Wittlesleigh came into the study that morning, he found, like the miller of the ballad, that he had "a daughter the less," and he made no objection to the arrangement.

A PERSIAN ORGY IN CAIRO.

BY A. J. BUTLER, M.A., FELLOW OF BRASENOSE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

ALL over the East the Persians celebrate, with strange barbaric rites of their own, the anniversary of the death of Hoseyn, the Prophet's grandson, who was slain in the plain of Karbala; but nowhere is the ceremony performed with more fanatic fury than in Cairo. There, on the evening of the tenth day of the first Mohammedan month, prayers are held in the Mosque of Hasaneyn, and subsequently a procession of men, clad in white, cutting themselves with swords and knives, passes through the streets to the house of the chief Persian in the city, where the rites are completed. Many people see the procession, but no Europeans are admitted to the house. By exceptional fortune, however, or rather thanks to the Khedive's kindness, I received a special invitation and went, accompanied by an orderly and an officer of the ceremonies, to the residence of the great Persian on the evening of the festival. As usual, no time was fixed; so we arrived, as advised, soon after sunset. Passing across the courtyard we were shown up-stairs, and regaled with coffee and cigarettes by our host. Below we could see the courtyard draped in black; it was roofed over with a large awning, and hung with lanterns; a pulpit also, shrouded in dark green cloth, was erected against the wall, and on the steps tapers were burning, and two large candles in lofty silver candlesticks. Slowly the courtyard filled with Persian figures; ladies in balloons of silk, with closely-veiled faces, flitted across and vanished up-stairs into the hareem; our room, too, began to receive the more honoured guests. Four long hours we had to wait and no signs of procession—or of dinner. It was just nine when our host rose from a grave and silent company and bade us to supper. We found a long table laid in a fine room with a beautifully panelled and painted ceiling. Our food was rice—set in large bowls, and prepared in various savoury methods—lentils, and a sort of cold stewed meat, and a tasteless jelly. It was a real Persian dinner, very good of its kind, and a feast to our fasting palates. Each person had a fork, but the Persians preferred their fingers. Only eight guests were privileged to partake of supper.

When the meal was over, the company returned to the reception-room; but as this was twenty feet above the courtyard, I went down with an Egyptian friend, and was soon placed in a seat of honour on a raised dais, close by the pulpit. A nargileh was brought and we were soon puffing away as calmly as if we had met, unconscious of any coming excitement, solely to dream over the tranquil fumes of tobacco. During the whole evening two Arab sheykhs had been chanting verses from the Koran, and the greater of the two, Sheykh Ali, was sitting so close in front of me now that my knees touched his portly shoulders. When his turn came to sing again he chose a pinch of snuff, and retaining it between his finger and thumb, first swayed his great head, then rocked and rolled his enormous body with ponderous balance, and so, first humming a stave, he lifted up his voice and cried with that mixture of drawl and screech which the Arabs call singing. At every pause the crowd shouted, "Allah! Allah!" and the sheykh whisked his snuff-laden fingers so swiftly across his nose that the one pinch lasted for twenty applications.

During this song the procession had been coming from the mosque. And now a woman, descending from the hareem, passed out into the street and quickly returned with a man who carried in his arms a child bleeding and screaming. Both disappeared up-stairs. The child, who had represented Hassan, the brother of Hoseyn, in the procession, had been cut and wounded by its father, though not severely. Soon messengers came running in to announce the coming of the procession; a noise of shouting gathers outside and grows louder and louder; the doors are hastily flung open and three tall banners enter, and men with flaming cressets round them. The noise is now very near—a deep guttural howling like that of a host of angry madmen, changing sometimes to a frenzied yelling and mingled with the clash of swords. A white horse with a long white saddle-cloth enters; a little boy clothed in white is riding him, and carrying a small scimitar, while the blood flows over his cape from some shallow gashes on his head. The trappings of the horse, too, have been dyed with a rude design in blood. The child

represents Hoseyn, and seems calm and quiet as if his wounds did not trouble him. When the horse reached the middle of the court, it was wheeled round to face the east, and all the people shouted.

The clamour reached the gates, and we all stood up in intense expectation, as through the doorway came pouring, in wild disorder, some five-and-twenty wild-looking men waving curved scimitars and brandishing long knives, with gestures of the maddest excitement, while their shaven heads were hacked with wounds from which blood was streaming all over their white linen robes. It was like a charge of fanatics flushed with blood in battle; they seemed as if ready to hack themselves, or each other, to pieces; and though I was the only European in the courtyard, I could not but feel that the slightest impulse might turn their fury even on the friendly crowd around. Nothing, I thought, could better give one the idea of actual battle, though strangely enough one felt none of the horror with which one imagines such scenes. But, after rushing pell-mell together and clashing their weapons furiously in the middle of the yard, the men were formed into a sort of ring round the boy on horseback, who still faced the east; there they shook their swords above their heads, and continued to wound themselves as they shouted, or rather howled, in deep savage tones, "Hassan! Hoseyn!"

In this ring they rushed twice round, brandishing their arms, then stood awhile, and the horse was led away and disappeared through the staircase doorway, and I had leisure to observe them. Their faces were afire with excitement; their heads were shaven in various ways, most with a lane shaved from the forehead to the crown through the hair; others with the crown quite bald, and some with just a tuft of long hair left hanging at the extreme back of the head. Their wounds were chiefly on the top of the head, and not as a rule serious; but only in one case did I suspect a man of having borrowed blood; and some had great gaping gashes laying open the whole cheek, and the clotted blood stood out an inch thick. Two or three men moved about inside the ring, mopping the wounds; the white dresses were dyed with splashes and streams of crimson, and some men had large parts of their robes soaked in blood. It was a ghastly but fascinating spectacle. The shouts continued, and the momentary lull was followed by a fresh outburst as another party entered with two riderless horses, each caparisoned in white, and carrying on his back a helmet and suit of ancient mail. These two horses were led straight across the courtyard through the throng, and disappeared at once.

Now the attendants tried to stop the barbarous sword-dance; some gave up their weapons peaceably; from others they were wrenched and wrested by main force. Then, each man holding his neighbour in front by the girdle, they all rushed and plunged forward, and vanished through the same doorway as the horses before. Then men came and gathered up the curved scimitars and broad double-edged knives and daggers, which had been flung dripping in a heap on the floor, and one carried them away at an armful. These swordsmen who mutilated themselves were dervishes. In the house they took off their white robes, and those who were not too badly wounded returned and mingled with the crowd, with a calm bearing which showed that they were not worked upon by hashîsh or any other drug. Throughout the rest of the ceremony they were only distinguished by their blood-stained turbans; but, as far as I could judge, only eight or ten of the whole number re-appeared.

The next scene in the drama was the recital, in Persian, of a solemn litany in memory of the two martyrs. A priest stood at the foot of the draped staircase on the platform and intoned slowly, in a fine clear voice, a very musical chant. At the end of every verse came a refrain or chorus, in which the crowd, now in the centre of the courtyard—that is, almost exclusively people who had taken part in the procession—joined. While they sang the chorus, "Hoseyn! Ah! Hoseyn! Ah! Ah! Hoseyn!" they beat their breasts furiously; some few were stripped to the waist and beat both breasts; but most merely opened their robes and beat the left breast with the right hand. They struck really savage blows with the open hand, that resounded with a loud sharp clap, and after striking they flung back the hand outwards to its farthest reach, to bring it home again with the greatest force. And in the midst of all were three stalwart men, one of negro race, naked to the waist, who wielded scourges made of chains tipped with leather. These men, as the others beat their breasts, raised high their scourges in both hands, and in accompaniment to the refrain, lashed themselves on either shoulder-blade alternately, with a rapid swing from stroke to stroke. The noise of the rattling chains, and the hard thumps as the blow descended on their bare flesh with a force that seemed enough to crush the bones, was barbarously revolting; one saw, however, no worse result than an ugly flush under their dark skins; there was no blood let.

All the Persians in the court-yard joined with various degrees of enthusiasm in the refrain, most merely patting the left breast in rhythm without removing the robe; but all wore a look of intense solemnity. During the whole evening I never saw a single glance cast upwards to the hareem, though there I spied plainly enough, through the Venetian shutters, some beautiful faces unveiled and looking down on the ceremony. When the litany was ended, the men with scourges and the other half-naked men began to belabour themselves more furiously than ever, till at last they were forcibly stopped and sent away in-doors to clothe themselves.

Next there followed a prose recital of the story of Hoseyn's death, in Persian. A sheykh mounted the stairs and sat down upon the topmost step between the banners. In a fine, ringing, impressive voice he told the tale. The audience were now seated on the ground and on the benches, their eyes all fixed intently on the speaker. At the more pathetic parts they cried and sobbed like children, and

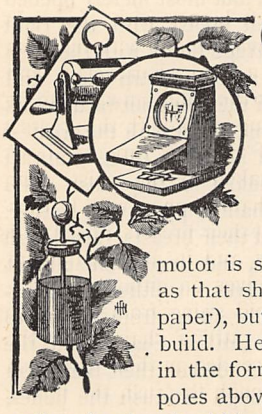
beat their foreheads for grief. There was nothing like sham or affectation in it; old men and young men and boys wept in their handkerchiefs, whimpered like whipped babies, or shook through all their frame in paroxysms of inconsolable sorrow. It was very astonishing to witness the passionate personal heart-broken anguish with which men, whom one knew familiarly as quiet industrious workers in brass, calm polite carpet merchants, or wary dealers in antiques, were affected as they listened to the story of a youth slain in battle twelve centuries ago. It showed an unsuspected capacity for passion in Oriental character, and it set me thinking on parallels in our religion and in mythology.

When the recital in Persian was finished, another man mounted in place of the narrator and re-told the story in Arabic. This was followed with the same fervid sympathy and the same expression of hopeless mourning.

The Arabic recital was, as a rule, slow and very pathetic; but it was varied here and there by a few passages of rapid chanting between the prose. At the end the speaker called on all the people to pray; and first, as they sat, they all stretched out both hands and held them uplifted, with their gaze fixed far away above, as they called, "Allah! Allah!" Then all rose up, turned to the east, and murmured a short prayer; the sheykh descended, and the ceremony was over—one of the strangest that the moonlight had ever fallen upon.

HOUSEHOLD ELECTRICITY.

IN TWO PAPERS.—SECOND PAPER.



COMING now to the employment of the current for driving sewing-machines, lathes, punkahs, coffee-mills, churns, pumps, and so on, we have an excellent sample of a small electric engine in the Griscom motor, which is illustrated in Fig. 1. This motor is simply a little dynamo, such as that shown in Fig. 3 (in the first paper), but differing in size, shape, and build. Here the electro-magnets, M, are in the form of a ring, having opposite poles above and below. The revolving coil, A, is placed within this ring, and the current is led to it by the terminals, S, and the commutator, C. Soon as the current is passed through the coil it begins to revolve at a rapid rate, turning the pulley, P, at the other end of the shaft with it. A strap, D, from this pulley to another, B, on the driving shaft of a sewing-machine conveys the power to the latter, and keeps it going.

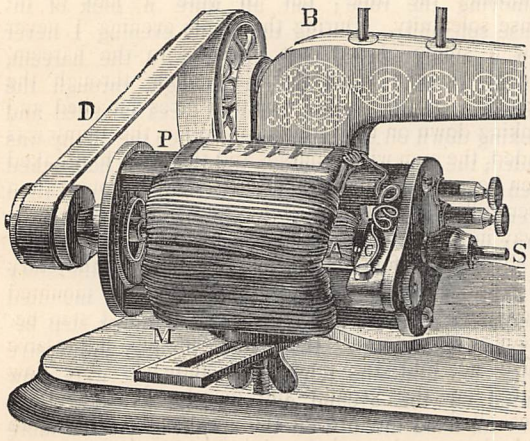


FIG. 1.

Such a motor can be, of course, maintained by the current from a voltaic battery as well as a dynamo. A useful battery for the purpose is the "bichromate of potash" battery, which is provided with it, and allowing the operator to regulate the speed of the sewing-machine by a pedal which dips more or less of the battery plates into the exciting solution. As, however, we are anticipating the time when the necessary current will be drawn from the general supply "laid on" to a house, we need not linger over this contrivance.

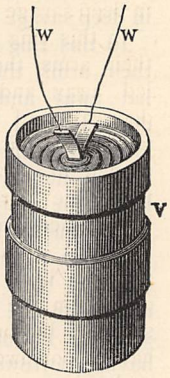


FIG. 2.

The "secondary battery," or accumulator for storing up the current, so to speak, in a kind of reservoir, is more to our present purpose than the voltaic battery, although some very large buildings have been lighted with current from the latter. One of the best accumulators is that of M. Faure, which is illustrated in Fig. 2, and consists of a glass vessel, V, containing a solution of sulphuric acid in water, and the plates in which the electricity is stored. These are two wide strips of lead, each coated with peroxide of lead or minium, and sheathed in a bag of felt or flannel. The two plates are then laid over one another, and rolled up together, as shown. Wires, W W, run through the cover of the cell to the lead plates, and connect its poles to the wires leading to the generator or the lamp, as the case may be. Such a battery, when charged by a dynamo, retains the current, as it were, in store, and yields nearly the whole of it up again at any future time. No doubt they will be supplied by-and-by to many homes, and charged during the day

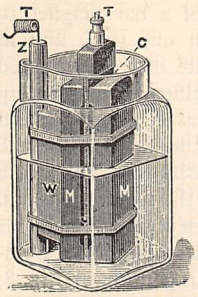


FIG. 3.

with electricity for consumption at night in electric lamps, or in other ways. They will also be useful for storing the current derived from fitful sources of power, such as windmills, tidal floods, mountain torrents, sunshine, and the induced currents of lightning-rods; for the day is not far distant when at least the gentler kinds of atmospheric current, hitherto kept at bay by the lightning-rod, will be actually brought into the home, to render good service there.

When accumulators are employed in houses, there will be little need of the ordinary voltaic battery to ring our bells; but these are at present so commonly used for this purpose, that we cannot omit a description of perhaps the most useful kind of all—namely, the Leclanché element. The most novel form of this is shown in Fig. 3. It consists of a glass vessel containing a solution of sal-ammoniac in water. A rod of zinc, Z, dips into the solution, and forms one pole of the battery, the other pole being formed by a plate of carbon, C. This is surrounded by two cakes of manganese peroxide, M M, mixed with powdered carbon, and the zinc is kept apart from these by a block of wood, W, inserted between them. The terminals, T T, form the poles of the battery from which the current is drawn off.

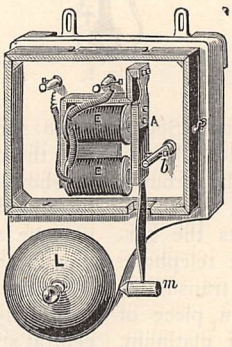


FIG. 4.

One or two of these cells will ring an electric bell of the pattern shown in Fig. 4, where E E are two electro-magnets, which, when traversed by the current, attract a soft iron armature, A, which knocks the hammer-head, *m*, against the bell, L, and causes it to sound. The forward movement of the armature, however, carries it out of contact with a screw pin, *b*, and as the current enters the electro-magnets by this contact, the interruption stops the current, and the electro-magnets, ceasing to be magnetic when the current in their coils is stopped, release the armature, which thereupon springs back into contact with the pin, *b*, again. This, however, has the effect of re-establishing the current in the coils, the armature is attracted forward as before, and the bell strikes another tone. This action goes on as long as the current from the battery is kept on the bell circuit, and the bell continues to ring with a trembling rhythm.

The press-button by which the battery circuit is closed and the bell rung is shown in Fig. 5, where A is the exterior and B the interior. The small knob, K, is pushed in by the finger, and, bearing upon the flat spring, S (B), brings it into communication with a metal contact

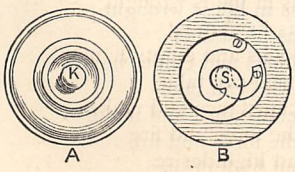


FIG. 5.

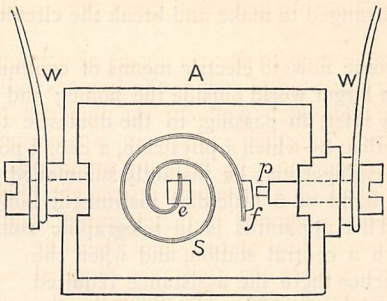


FIG. 6.

beneath, thereby closing the metallic circuit of the wires between the battery and bell. These press-buttons are of various design, and can be added to the handle of an ordinary drawing-room bell-pull as well as let into the wall. They can also be fixed between the edge of a door or window-frame, in such a manner that when the door or window is opened without the knowledge of the house, an alarm-bell will be rung; and thus they constitute an efficient burglar-alarm for safes and houses.

The use of the electric bell in telling fire is well shown by the thermostat of Mr. Edward Bright, C.E., which is sketched in Fig. 6. Here A is a very small box or case enclosing a coiled spring, S, made of two strips of different metals, say brass and iron, soldered back to back. The spring is fixed at one end, *e*, but free to move at the other end, *f*; and being composed of two metals which expand unequally for the same elevation of temperature, the spring curves outwards into contact with the metal pin, *p*, when there is an undue rise of temperature in the room where it is placed. The pin, *p*, and spring, S, are both connected in circuit with a battery and bell by the wires marked W W, and when the spring closes the circuit by coming into contact with the pin, the bell rings. Here, in fact, the heat of the room acts like the finger of a person pressing the button of an ordinary electric bell, and thereby closing the circuit. These little tell-tales can be fitted up in any part of a house, and either connected to an alarm-bell within the building or to the nearest fire brigade station, through the street fire-alarm system of the same inventor.

Frost tell-tales of a similar kind can be readily constructed by employing a thermostatic spring, or the mercury column of a thermometer, to complete the electric circuit by their shrinkage under cold. Flood and cistern levels may likewise be indicated by proper

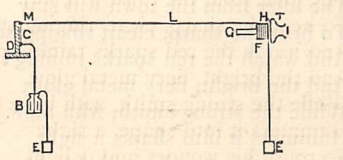


FIG. 7.

floats, arranged to make and break the circuit of such a bell.

We come now to electric means of communication with the larger world outside the home; and of these, we may refer, in passing, to the domestic telegraph of America, by which a physician, a cab, a policeman, or a messenger may be instantly summoned by shifting the hand on a little dial instrument hung on the wall. This apparatus is in telegraphic communication with a central station, and when the call reaches there the assistance required is at once despatched. The domestic telegraph is not yet introduced into this country, but will probably be so ere very long.

Meanwhile the telephone is among us, and doing excellent service in the hands of the United Telephone Company. The telephonic circuit is shown by Fig. 7, where M is a microphone transmitter connected by the telephone line, L, on the one hand, to the distant receiving instrument, T, and on the other hand, through the battery, D, to the ground by the earth-plate, E. The distant receiver, T, is also connected to the ground by an earth-plate, E, and thus the electric circuit is completed through the earth. Sometimes, however, a return wire, run close beside the outgoing wire, L, is substituted for the ground, especially if there are other telegraph wires in the neighbourhood, for this plan prevents the currents in these wires from disturbing the telephone message by an induced influence. The transmitter consists of a delicate contact between a piece of carbon, C, and another piece of carbon or platinum, M, these pieces being fixed on a support, D. The current from the battery traversing this sensitive joint is so modified by the sound of the voice acting on it, that when it passes through the telephone, T, at the distant place, it causes the latter to speak the same words there. The Bell telephone, as is now well known, consists essentially of a bar magnet, G, having a coil of wire, F, stuck on one pole, and in front of this pole a flat thin plate of iron, H, fitted with an ear-piece, I. The undulating currents set up by the voice in the transmitter traverse the coil, and modify the attractive power of the magnet on the iron plate in front, thereby throwing the latter into vibrations, which reach the ear in the form of speech. The actual appearance of the telephonic apparatus supplied by the United Telephone Company in this country is shown in Fig. 8, where T is the Bell telephone. It is combined in one board with the Blake transmitter, of which the mouth-piece is shown at M; and also with an electric call-bell, L, having its press-buttons shown at A A. The Blake transmitter is a microphone, in which the sensitive contact is formed of a button of hard carbon pressing on a tiny platinum head carried by an adjusting spring, which permits of delicate regulation. The agitation of the voice is communicated to the contact by means of a vibrating metal drum, or tympan, like that in the telephone receiver.

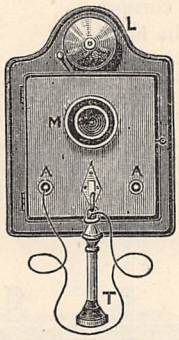


FIG. 8.

To speak by telephone, the first thing done is to ring the call-bell on the telephone board of the person of whom an audience is desired. When he responds by ringing the call-bell on the home board, he may be addressed by speaking into the microphone mouth-piece, and his reply can then be heard by listening in the ear-piece of the telephone, T. This is usually done now through the intervention of a central station, or exchange, where clerks are in readiness to cross-connect any two subscribers to the exchange, so that they can talk together in a private and confidential fashion.

Such are the leading uses of the electric current in our homes; but it is highly probable that there will be many other applications of this subtle servant.

THE SHOEING FORGE.

A STONE'S-THROW from the market town,
Close on the lane that wanders down
Between tall trees and hedgerows green,
The famous shoeing forge is seen;
Open it stands upon the road,
That day and night is overflowed
By ruddy light that leaps and falls
Along the rafters and the walls.

And often, halting on his way,
The idler from the town will stay
To hear the sharp, clear, ringing sound,
And watch the red sparks raining round,
And the bright, fiery metal glow,
While the strong smith, with blow on blow,
Hammers it into shape, a sight
To rouse his wonder and delight.

Now in the smouldering fire once more
The bar is thrust; the bellows roar,
And fan the flame to fiercer light,
Until the metal waxes white;
Then on the anvil placed again,
Ding-dong, the strokes descend amain;
Strong is the arm, the vision true,
Of him who shapes the iron shoe.

For thee, O Reader, is the thought
That great success in life is wrought
Not by the idler as he stands
With wondering looks and empty hands,
But by the toiler who can take
Each adverse circumstance and make
It bend beneath the force and fire
Of firm resolve and high desire.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

"DING-DONG, THE STROKES DESCEND AMAIN."

"*THE SHOEING FORGE*" (*p.* 538).

OUR GARDEN IN AUGUST.

THE month of August, although usually the hottest and most settled of our summer months, is nevertheless one of the first in which we begin to make our early preparations for the floral display of the summer which is to follow. Very anomalous this sounds, but so it is, for from our flower beds, which are now in all their glory, we are about to take our whole stock of cuttings, which we shall afterwards watch with so much care and interest under the glass protection of our little greenhouse through the winter months that are to come.

Now we certainly do not much care to take our stock of cuttings earlier than about the end of the month, for while on the one hand our object certainly is to have our young cuttings thoroughly rooted and established by the time that autumn has well set in, yet on the other hand we should not think it wise to let our cuttings have a month of thoroughly hot summer weather in which to make a sudden and prodigious start, for where only a limited space is at our disposal they will, by the time the following spring has thoroughly advanced, have attained such a size as quite to inconvenience us.

And we should select our cuttings as far as possible from those shoots or small branches that have not borne flowers. Now our geraniums, and indeed most of our soft-stemmed plants, we generally propagate from the parts removed in cutting down our plants when the best of their bloom is over. Round the lower part of the main stem there are plenty of young lateral shoots which serve best for cuttings. Well, we cut through the little stem just above a leaf to form the top of a cutting, and just below another leaf, some three or four inches perhaps, to form the bottom, while we only remove one or two of the lowest leaves. We always take care to use a good keen-edged knife, as it is important to make what is called a clean cut, and not a jagged, awkward one. Of course we merely remove the lower leaf or two so as to admit of our placing our cutting firmly in the soil in which we are planting, while all the upper leaves we retain uninjured as far as possible. And plenty of sand is necessary when we are taking our cuttings. A sandy soil is far more favourable for them, and indeed the more delicate or difficult to root a plant is, the more sand you should mix with your soil. And then the soil should be fairly moist and pressed down firmly.

We put in our cuttings in this way: taking first of all a small piece of wood which we call a dibble, and perhaps of the dimensions, or thereabouts, of an ordinary penny lead-pencil, we make a hole in the soil sufficiently deep to allow our cutting to feel, as it were, the bottom of the hole when we have inserted it, and we then press with our hands, or with the dibble, the soil firmly round the little stem of our cutting; then when our pots and pans are well filled we give them all a mere sprinkling of water—just enough, in fact, to settle the soil well about them. Perhaps the more delicate of our cuttings we afterwards place under a hand-glass, but even this should be occasionally slightly lifted for a little time so as to allow the collected moisture to pass away, otherwise there is certainly a danger of your cuttings damping off, as it is called.

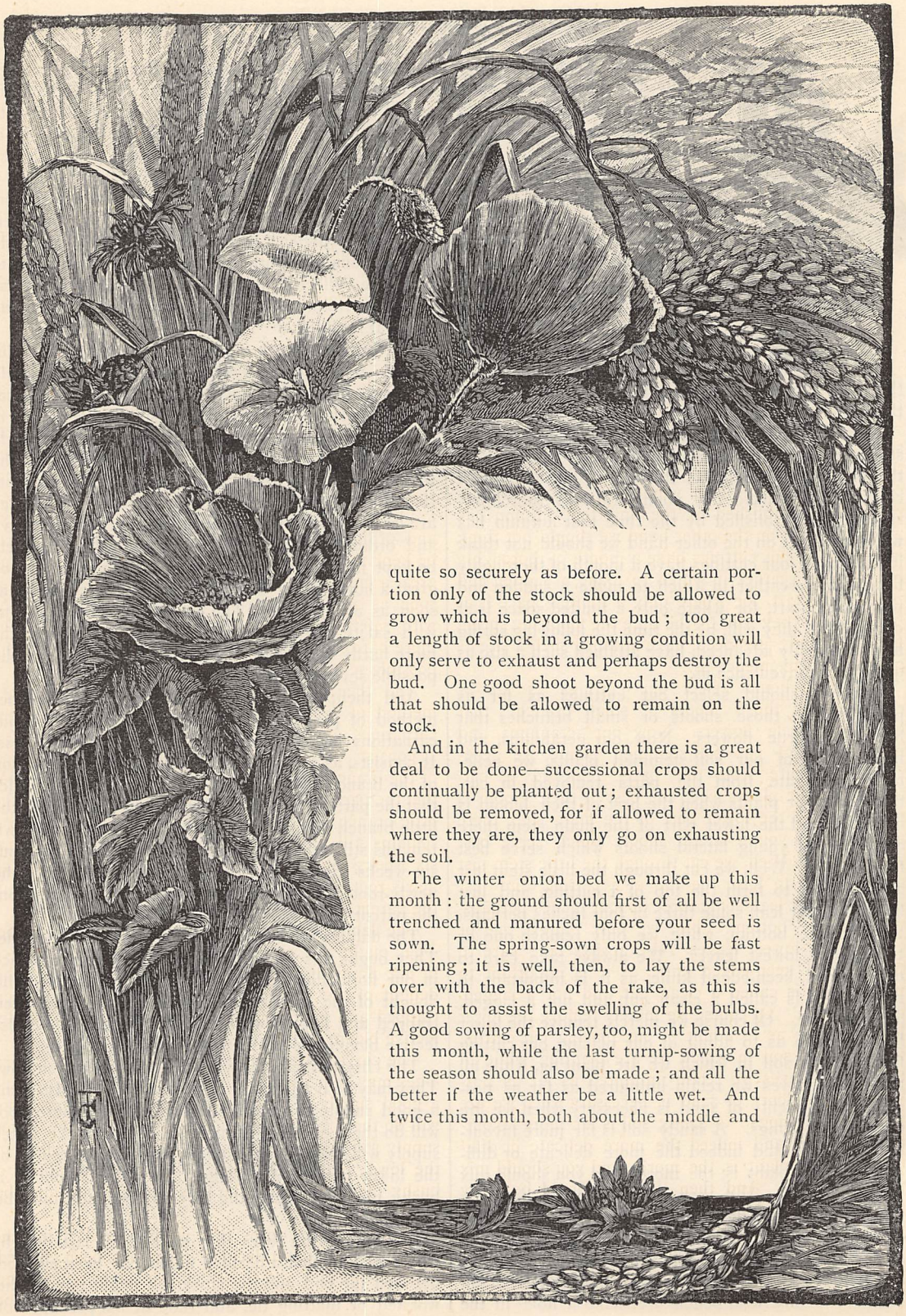
Our ordinary stock of cuttings—geraniums, for instance—require no protection of this kind; they should be merely placed in a good sheltered and shady situation, for certainly a fierce August sun, or even some of that heat which we not unfrequently have in the early part of September, would be very likely fatal to the well-being of the whole stock. And an occasional repetition of that water-sprinkling, especially if they are leafy cuttings, will benefit them, but not the heavy and ordinary watering. The cuttings should merely be kept moderately damp. Nor need you be in too great a hurry to get everything into the greenhouse as soon as all is done. The longer you can postpone with safety the general housing of the plants, the more hardy will they be when they are exposed to the possible severities of the winter season.

And then, too, this month we attend to another method of propagation known as layering. All our carnations and piccotees we raise by this process. It consists, as we well know, of simply fixing a portion of the branch of our plant beneath the soil in order that the part so buried may strike out roots, while the little branch or limb that we have thus pegged down remains still attached to the parent plant. In about six weeks' time, when the roots are well made, the newly-rooted plant can with safety be severed from the parent one.

The dahlias are occupying a good deal of our time. They ought this month to occupy a prominent place in our floral display. The dahlia is, unhappily, the delight of the earwig, and these should have been trapped and kept down earlier in the season. A defective bloom had far better be removed at once.

The chrysanthemums will want some attention now. They may be occasionally re-potted, and will also want a good supply of water. A little liquid manure, too, will do them good sometimes. A failure in the water supply will soon show itself in the turning yellow of the lower part of the foliage. In order to obtain a bushy plant, of course the very strong shoots must be "stopped."

And among the roses that we budded last month, where we find that a decided union has been effected between the bud and the stock, we might remove the worsted or matting tie, and retie it, but perhaps not



quite so securely as before. A certain portion only of the stock should be allowed to grow which is beyond the bud; too great a length of stock in a growing condition will only serve to exhaust and perhaps destroy the bud. One good shoot beyond the bud is all that should be allowed to remain on the stock.

And in the kitchen garden there is a great deal to be done—successional crops should continually be planted out; exhausted crops should be removed, for if allowed to remain where they are, they only go on exhausting the soil.

The winter onion bed we make up this month: the ground should first of all be well trenched and manured before your seed is sown. The spring-sown crops will be fast ripening; it is well, then, to lay the stems over with the back of the rake, as this is thought to assist the swelling of the bulbs. A good sowing of parsley, too, might be made this month, while the last turnip-sowing of the season should also be made; and all the better if the weather be a little wet. And twice this month, both about the middle and

at the end of the month, cauliflower seed should be got in on a light rich border. In the first earthing up of the celery bed more than usual care is advisable, and a dry day ought to be chosen for the operation.

In our fruit garden we are mainly at open war with vermin and the insect tribe in general, as a raid is generally begun about this time on the fruit. The wall fruit, which will be rapidly ripening, might well be gone over at night time, when the slugs and snails think to escape our notice, and climb the trees and walls. We do not mean merely sunset, but quite late, with a lantern, is the best, if not the only, time for the effectual taking of prisoners. New strawberry beds should be made up not later than the second week of the month; while among the grapes do not leave a shoot that is not actually required, and a last thinning out of the berries may be made.

The melon frames, too, especially just as the fruit is beginning to ripen, will want a good deal of attention. In order to keep the fruit from touching the soil, cover the surface of the bed with some slate or tiles; and, besides, this also materially assists the plant by reflecting the sun's rays. In fact, perhaps the most critical time with the melon is when the fruit is setting. Water should, as the fruit is ripening, be almost entirely withheld, while earlier in the season, whenever water is given at all, it should always be of the temperature of the bed. Plenty of light too when ripening is what the melon likes. When one or two melons have already been cut, and you are hoping still to bring on others that are as yet very backward, the vine should be pruned back a little and the soil stirred: this, together with a good watering and a slight lining of fresh manure, with the frame kept close and moist, will probably ripen the backward melons.

HOME-MADE ICES.

I WILL commence by stating that this paper is intended for the sole use of amateurs; by which I mean those who not only have never made an "ice" in their lives, but who, perhaps, have never entertained the idea that they could make one; and to such I will endeavour to prove that it is a simple matter to manipulate a score; indeed, so far as suggesting variety is concerned, my difficulty will be to know where to stop. It would be useless to speak here of the professional system of making ices, because the "freezer" and "spatula" are not in the possession of ordinary people, neither could time be given to the process, which is tedious, whereas in following out the "blocking" system the ices are, in a great measure, independent of attention.

The necessary utensils—which ought to be found in every house—are a bucket, or small tub, or pan, of earthenware or zinc, and a tin mould, having a close-fitting lid. Any size or shape will do, so that it is water-tight, and the lid really fits; if at all loose, a piece of stout calico should be laid over the top of the mould before the lid is put on. I know of nothing that will answer the purpose better than a "Devonshire cream" tin, which is a plain round canister, but having loops of tin on the lid and canister too, it can be securely tied down; besides, as the cream is sent in them to all parts of the country, they are of better make than the ordinary tins, containing mustard, coffee, &c., which, as a rule, will not hold water. A cake tin, or jelly mould, will answer your purpose, but the rim must be plain—a fluted one will not do—to fit which any tinman would make a lid for a few pence.

For a mould that holds a quart or thereabouts, you will need from fifteen to twenty pounds of ice, according to the weather and the nature of your preparation. In winter time it may probably be collected from your own tubs and pails; but if you buy it at a fishmonger's, ask for "table ice," and you'll get the right thing. Don't have that in which fish has been packed. Presuming, therefore, that you have to purchase it, it will cost but about a penny a pound, and as a quart mould would be sufficient for a dozen people, the extra expense (taking into consideration that the dish is a real treat) is not much. More than half the weight of ice would, however, be required to freeze a pint; so it is cheaper in proportion to make the larger quantity, as for two quarts not more than twenty-four to twenty-six pounds would be needed. I am giving the maximum amount when the weather is really hot, and the recipes are, in most cases, for one quart, and can easily be reduced or increased at pleasure by the reader.

Now for the process, which, besides being simpler than that of "freezing" proper, referred to at the commencement, is cheaper as well, though I do not claim that ices "blocked"—though they are equally delicious and refreshing—are so smooth; this is owing to their not having been worked with the "spatula" at intervals during the "freezing."

First cover the bottom of the tub or pan with ice, broken up into pieces the size of an egg, and mixed with common salt. Next set the mould in, and entirely surround it with more broken ice, until the top is reached; then spread another layer of ice and salt—of which a pound or more will be wanted altogether—all over the top of the mould. You see now the necessity for a tight-fitting lid. Set it in a cold place until required. In cool weather it will probably be firm in two hours, but in hot it may require four, or six, so some of the ice must be reserved and added, with salt, the water being drained off from the first supply as it melts; for unless the mould be kept well covered, the mixture will not be uniformly frozen.

I will give instructions for making both cream and water ices, though I think you will probably be more successful with the former, which should be, as their name implies, made from cream; though perhaps few will go to that expense (except those who are fortunate enough to have the run of a dairy); and very good ices may be made with equal parts of milk and cream, or even less of the latter, in some cases, where eggs are used.

Fruit Creams, such as *Raspberry*, *Strawberry*, *Cherry*, *Blackberry*, *Plum*, *Peach*, *Apricot*, *Currant*, &c., are sure to find favour, and all that is necessary in most cases, providing the fruit be ripe, is to rub it through a coarse hair-sieve into the milk and cream, sweeten to taste, and it is ready for blocking. If a sieve is not at hand, the fruit must be squeezed in a cloth and the juice extracted that way. The juice of currants is best drawn off as for jelly, and all fruits not ripe enough to "sieve" easily should first be simmered with the sugar for a few minutes. Three quarters or a pound of fruit, according to quality, and six or eight ounces of sugar, to taste, will be required. A small quantity of lemon-juice will improve most kinds, and those made from stone fruit are further improved by the addition of a few drops of almond essence, or the kernels blanched and pounded, or finely chopped.

Jam can be used instead of fresh fruit in winter time, and added, as before, but in a rather larger proportion. The lemon-juice must not be omitted. Tinned or bottled fruit, by leaving out some of the syrup, may take the place of jam. If the latter happens to be dry or too stiff—sometimes the case with bought preserves—the jar should be set into a saucepan of water, which must be kept boiling until the jam is soft enough to mix with a little of the milk warmed; this will facilitate the "rubbing through" part of the business very much. Any ices for which red fruit is used should be coloured with a few drops of cochineal; otherwise they will have a "muddy" look

Pine-apple Cream is worthy a trial, and the tinned fruit answers even better than fresh, as it is rich and syrupy. If whole or sliced pine is used, it should be simmered in its own syrup with more sugar until tender enough to rub through the sieve, but "grated pine" can be just mixed with the milk and cream; it requires no cooking.

For *Cocoa-nut Cream*—very nice—use about half a large nut, or one small one, and avoid making it too sweet, or it is sickly. Add a grate of nutmeg if the flavour is liked.

The following kinds need a custard foundation, because, unlike the fruit creams, they have no "body," so they need the addition of eggs. Three or four, yolks only, should be used to a pint and a quarter of milk, and half a pint of cream; but if the latter is unobtainable, five or six will be wanted. Make the custard in the usual way by thickening the milk and eggs over the fire in a jug set into a saucepan of boiling water, and when cool add the cream, well beaten, and the flavouring, which may be maraschino, curaçoa, or any other liqueur.

Vanilla Cream is a general favourite. Use the pod if you can get it, and simmer it in the milk; if not, essence will answer.

One table-spoonful of lemon-juice with two of ginger syrup and a couple of ounces of preserved ginger makes *Ginger Cream;* and two ounces or more of sweet almonds, with a few bitter ones, blanched and pounded, is nicer than essence for *Almond Cream.*

For *Orange* or *Lemon Cream* the rinds should be grated, or thinly peeled, and simmered with sugar in the milk, and the juice and cream added when quite cold. The rinds and juice of three or four will probably be wanted, but as fruit varies so much at different seasons of the year it is impossible to say accurately; and the custard must not be poor, or the juice will make it thin. Orange cream is far nicer if a lemon is used as well.

Chocolate Cream is made by mixing with the custard four or six ounces of good cake chocolate, boiled separately in a little milk; vanilla essence—just a dash—will improve this, and it is also necessary for *Coffee Cream*, made in the proportion of half a pint of *very strong clear coffee* to a pint and a half of custard.

I will now pass on to water ices, though I have by no means exhausted my list, yet sufficient variety has doubtless been suggested for the majority of people.

Now here there is greater restriction as to kinds; for only what I may term sharp flavours—such as *Currant*, *Raspberry*, *Lemon*, and *Orange*—are really nice, though others are often served. First, a syrup must be made by boiling together, in the proportion of a pound to a pint, loaf-sugar and water for fifteen minutes or so until thick; then the fruit can be added in the same manner as for cream, or if not quite ripe it can be simmered in the syrup and "sieved" as before. In recommending tinned or bottled fruit for cream ices, I said leave out some of the syrup or juice, but in the case of water ices it can *all* be added. The rinds of oranges or lemons must be boiled in the syrup, but the juice will retain a fresher flavour if added off the fire. The reason for making the syrup instead of adding sugar and water is plain; for it is obvious that solidity must be given in some way, so as to make the mixture a good consistence. The exact proportion of fruit and syrup cannot well be given, so I deemed it better to give the correct mode of making the syrup, the basis of all water ices. So if, for instance, a pint be made, the fruit can be mixed in sufficient quantity to suit the palate.

Currants, black, white, or red, will make a delicious ice. Equal parts of the juice and syrup will be about right.

Lime-juice, too—the genuine unsweetened—about half a tumbler to the quart, will make a refreshing ice for those who like its peculiar flavour. It is generally much cheaper than the "syrups" or "cordials;" so is pure lemon-juice, which answers equally well.

I may mention that *Jellies*, *Blancmanges*, *Creams*, &c., made in the ordinary way with gelatine or isinglass, are often "blocked," which not only renders them more grateful to the palate, but hastens the setting when time is an object. They, it is hardly neces-

sary to say, need not remain in the ice for more than an hour or two, so only a small quantity would be wanted. If put in—for extra convenience—while warm, the mould must be set in without the lid, care being taken to make it firm, and not to allow the ice and salt to come quite to the edge of the mould.

Many kinds of puddings "iced" in this way would furnish a treat at a nominal cost, but they are best put into the ice when cold, and the lid secured, just as for the ices.

Summer Pudding, mentioned in "Picnic Dainties," would be as welcome as any, or one made of alternate layers of sponge-cake, ratafias, and macaroons, each layer covered with boiled custard.

Pine-apple Pudding is a delicious preparation. Arrange the fruit—first cooked in the syrup—and thin slices of cake, or bread, in the mould, filling up with custard and syrup alternately.

The following I can recommend as good and economical. Simmer four ounces of Carolina rice in a pint of milk until cooked, and beat in three or four eggs with sufficient sugar just before removing it from the fire; and when cool, stir in a quarter-pint of cream, or it *may* be dispensed with. Fill up a mould with this mixture and layers of jam, raspberry, currant, or strawberry; or marmalade gives variety. If plum or apricot jam is used, mix an ounce or two of pounded almonds with the rice. If tinned fruit is used instead of jam, the fruit *only* can be put into the mould, and the syrup, also set in the ice, served with the pudding. If preferred, the rice may be blocked separately, with a fruit compôte, or whipped cream, as an accompaniment; and ground rice or, better still, rice-flour may be used.

A very delicious *Pudding Sauce* is made by mixing a quarter-pint of cream with a table-spoonful of red currant jam, a few drops of vanilla essence, and a tea-spoonful of brandy, or with apricot jam and a glass of sherry.

Cocoa-nut Custard Pudding is a Yankee favourite. Boil a grated nut in a pint and a half of milk, add two eggs and a little cream, and pour it over two ounces of grated bread. A grate of nutmeg or pinch of cinnamon is sometimes added.

The foundation for any others into which eggs enter that fancy may dictate to the reader, must be thickened over the fire to cook the eggs.

To turn out all the kinds of ices, jellies, and blancmanges, dip the mould quickly for a second into hot water, and as quickly dry it with a cloth, and slip the contents into the dish.

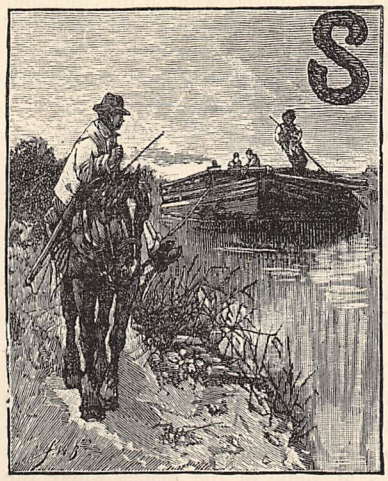
In conclusion, I will just say that in making ices on a large scale it is well to provide two kinds, which, being often eaten together, should blend well in flavour. Vanilla Cream with Raspberry, Currant, or Cherry, either cream or water, and Strawberry Cream with Lemon or Orange water are safe combinations. Vanilla and Chocolate Cream, or Coffee Cream, eat well together; so do Apricot and Almond Cream.

But be the kind whatever it may, I think that those who make a trial when "our boys" happen to be at home for the holidays, will not run short of helpers, either in the concoction or the consumption of their ices.

LIZZIE HERITAGE.

THE WATER-BABIES OF OUR CANALS.

(HOW SOME FOLKS LIVE.)



SINCE the introduction of railways the use of our artificial waterways has been to some extent superseded, and on many of them the traffic has been considerably lessened in consequence; but they still form an important element in the system of our inland navigation and commerce. Their total length has been estimated at about 4,710 miles, and on their surface are constantly floating some 25,000 boats and barges of various kinds. These form the homes, if such they may be called, of at least 100,000 human beings, and of this vast number at least three-fourths come under the appropriate title of "Water-Babies," as given at the head of this paper.

The canal-boat children scarcely know what it is to be away from their native element, and the tiny cabin in which they are born conveys to the minds of thousands of them the only impression they ever have of the meaning of "home." Great efforts have been made from time to time in their behalf, and particularly since the well-known philanthropist, Mr. George Smith of Coalville, directed public attention to the crying necessities of their condition. By his self-sacrificing exertions on their account much good has already been doubtless accomplished; but scarcely a tithe of the improvement which he intended to bring about has hitherto been effected. Indeed, mainly through the inoperativeness of the Canal Boats Act, passed in 1877, with the object of ameliorating their condition, the needs of these little ones are practically as great and pressing at the present moment as they were

six years ago. But theirs is a case in which pity should hold a loftier place than condemnation. When we consider their wandering life, the temptations to which they are exposed, and the comparatively few opportunities afforded them of being brought into contact with those of superior intellect and condition, we shall cease to feel surprise that the inhabitants of our barge cabins should have sunk so low as they have in the social scale.

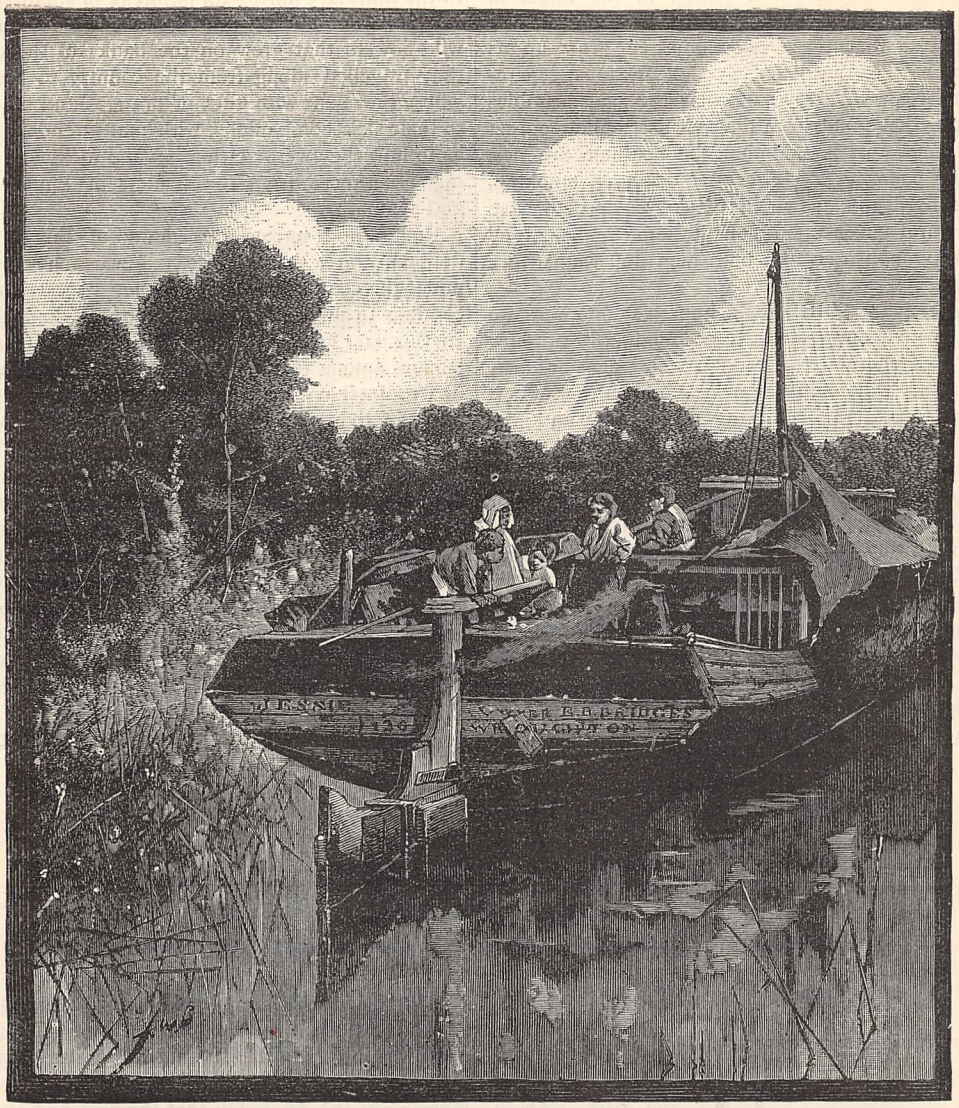
But we must be careful not to place indiscriminately all the members of this useful and necessary class in the same category. There are, happily, a few pleasing exceptions of boatmen and their families, who not only are in every sense well-conducted and respectable, but who are earnestly desirous of an improved state of things with regard to the rest of their craft.

It is not uncommon, either, to find that among this latter class some of them have comfortable fixed homes of their own, situated somewhere on the banks of the canal they are accustomed to traverse, in which the wife and family for the most part reside, or to which they can occasionally turn in time of sickness, or other necessity. In this case the children are as well brought up and educated as those of the majority of other labouring men. But with the greater number of boatmen the case is sadly different. Without education themselves, they are either ignorant of, or utterly indifferent to, its advantages for their children, who, like themselves, grow up coarse and brutal in manner, and altogether regardless of both religion and morality.

Before the passing of the Canal Boats Act it was computed that ninety-five per cent. of our floating population could neither read nor write, that at least ninety per cent. were drunkards, and that not more than two per cent. attended any day or Sunday school, or belonged to any branch of the Christian Church. Since that time various canal agencies have been set to work, and it is stated that the men, in many instances, are more sober than they were, and giving more attention to education, both as regards themselves and their offspring. But it is to be feared that great results in this way cannot be expected until the law passed in 1877 for the amelioration of their condition is not only amended, but more stringently enforced.

From the narrowness of the canals in this country, and the comparative shortness of the locks, our barges are much shorter than those in use elsewhere, and the cabins are, therefore, proportionately cribbed and confined. Their average dimensions are about seven feet and a half long by six feet wide, and rarely exceed five feet and a half in height; or, in other words, they are about the size, as has been remarked, of a second-class compartment in a railway carriage. In this confined space are stowed the usual cooking stove and other domestic appliances, as well as boxes, seats, and bunks for sleeping on; and it has, moreover, to provide accommodation, such as it is, for a man and his wife, and not uncommonly six or seven children in addition. The sanitary arrangements of the cabin are, moreover, in a great number of cases extremely unsatisfactory. But this depends largely on the class of boat employed. Those known as "fly-boats," and worked by crews of three men, are, as a rule, well fitted, well painted, and scrupulously clean. Those engaged in the coal trade, also, are well-built and arranged, but sadly deficient in size of cabin. The worst class of all are the boats employed in the iron-ore trade. Many of them are scarcely fit to be used. They are not only frequently old and worn out, and, as a natural consequence, extremely leaky and damp; but, moreover, scarcely ever undergo the process of either cleaning or painting, and are filthy beyond description, and full of vermin. As may be well imagined, fever, smallpox, and other contagious diseases are often engendered in these abodes, and spread imperceptibly along the whole course of the canal traversed by the boat. This is undoubtedly a source of great danger to the neighbouring population, and cases have continually occurred where the outbreak of an epidemic has been traceable to this cause.

More than one-half of the boatman's time is said to be taken up either in the work of loading and unloading his barge, or in waiting in the basin, as he is often obliged to do for weeks together, until his turn comes to get alongside the wharf. This is a time which might be largely utilised for his benefit and improvement were proper and sufficient agencies employed, but which is unfortunately more often passed by him in acquiring those habits of idleness, drunkenness, and swearing for which he is, too often, justly known, and in which the wife is always ready to closely follow his example. Indeed, in the accomplishments of drinking, swearing, and even fighting, the women are as proficient as the men, and the children are not far behind their parents. The little ones are frequently given as much liquor as they like to drink, and, indeed, have it often forced upon them by their father or mother out of a spirit of purely wanton mischief and wickedness, or to excite the loud boisterous mirth of drunken companions. It is no wonder, therefore, that these poor little creatures grow early familiarised with every kind of wickedness and vice, and that the use of profane language is as natural to them as their mother-tongue. They are neither taught to read nor write, nor to have any idea of religion or religious observances. They seldom, if ever, go to school; and, indeed, from their being so constantly on the move it is extremely difficult to get hold of them for any educational purposes. It was proposed to remedy this state of things by inserting various clauses in the Act already referred to, by which they should be brought under the supervision of the Local School Boards; but from several causes this attempt has hitherto almost entirely failed. This is partly due to the indifference manifested by the school authorities at some of the places where the boats are registered as belonging, as well as the extra trouble entailed upon the attendance officers in getting such children to school; and partly to the facilities given by the Act, of which advantage is promptly



"IT GLIDES SLOWLY ON THROUGH PLEASANT OPEN COUNTRY."

taken, for boatmen to get outside the boundaries affected by the authority of the Board, and thus to enable their children to elude both the vigilance and the grasp of those appointed to look after their educational interests. The life of the poor Water-Babies, therefore, still continues to be both a hard and a sad one. We are apt to think, as we stand upon one of the numerous bridges and watch the lazy movement of the barge as it glides slowly on through pleasant open country, imposing, as it seems to do, but little labour upon those on board, that the case is very different. The children have, unlike the denizens of city slums and narrow alleys, the full enjoyment of sunshine and fresh air, and the by no means small advantage of frequent change. The effect of all this is doubtless to be seen in their vigorous appetites, and, considering the many unfavourable conditions under which they are placed, in the comparatively sturdy health which most of them appear to enjoy. But beyond the otherwise wretched and comfortless existence which these little creatures necessarily lead, we cannot forget the cruel treatment to which many of them are constantly subjected. At the early age of six or seven they are often made to trudge along behind the worn-out, broken-down animals which are drawing the boat along, to try by shouts or blows to keep them to their task. Then these poor children are often thrashed and knocked about in a manner which is not conducive either to the amiability of their temper or to the improvement of their intellect. With such harsh treatment at the hands of those to whom they should naturally look for

kindness and succour, and reared in the midst of such a demoralising atmosphere, it is scarcely to be wondered at that these poor children grow up as ignorant and as hardened as the previous generation, and follow in every particular the bad examples which they have had, from their earliest childhood, set before them. It is said that the boatmen are not, as a rule, long-lived. Excessive drinking, smoking, and the hardships to which they are exposed, have their natural effect upon constitutions weakened by immorality or disease, and both men and women are aged at fifty.

Our sketch would be but an imperfect one were we to fail to give our readers a peep into the brighter side of their character. Although their wages are less, their honesty will compare favourably with that of any other portion of the labouring population; and Mr. Smith informs us that never once, during the whole period of his inquiries and travels amongst them, did he hear them speak in any way disrespectfully of either the Bible, religion, or the Queen. There are many indications, too, that goodness, tenderness, and gratitude are not altogether wanting. They are characterised by a strong feeling of sympathy for those of their own class who may be in distress of any kind, and a ready willingness to help each other according to their limited means. And this kind of brotherhood is not confined to the adults alone; for we are told how that when some of their companions were laid up in the infirmary during an outbreak of smallpox, some of the other children would gather daisies and other wild flowers that grew on the banks of the canal as they travelled along from the country to the wharf. These they sent with gifts of oranges and other fruits to their sick companions, with many tender inquiries as to how they were getting on, and messages conveying assurances from the senders of kindly interest and sympathy.

Rough and uncouth as many of this class undoubtedly are, there is often a warm heart beating under the coarse exterior, and they are extremely susceptible to any little acts of kindness done to them. In this fact lies the chief hope of the missionary who labours among them. They are apt to resent anything like professional or dictatorial interference with their mode of living or other concerns; but any one who goes the right way to work will not find it difficult to win either their attention or respect. Wherever missions have been undertaken and carried on amongst them in the proper spirit, a great and rapid improvement has been discernible in the character and conduct of a class formerly remarkable for their roughness and ignorance. Temperance principles have begun to spread among them to some extent; and so, in a limited degree, has a desire for education. Altogether there is a prospect of "brighter days in store" for the Water-Babies of the next generation.

W. MAURICE ADAMS.

CO-HEIRS.

A CORNISH STORY.

By JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "Lady Flavia," "The Tenth Earl," &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

AT MARBLEHEAD PRIORS.

"A MAN must attend to his duties," said the earl, with a smile.

"But I thought that these magistrates' meetings—Quarterly Sessions, or whatever they call them—were such tiresome things," rejoined the countess half-peevishly, as she toyed with her toast.

"Petty Sessions, my love, not Quarter Sessions," said the earl mildly. "But I, at any rate, am chairman of them; and a country gentleman, such as I am now, must serve his country in whatever humble sphere lies open to him."

And as Lord Malvern spoke his eyes turned unconsciously to the fine French clock on the massive chimney-piece. It was at breakfast-time at Marblehead Priors that this conversation took place, early on the morning of the Thursday that the earl had appointed for his visit to Jabez Sleuthby. It is but two miles by the cliff from Marblehead to Tregunna, where Robert Barton dwelt; but to Gweltmouth it is at least five by the road, that for part of its course runs inland. So the earl very naturally had ordered out his carriage to facilitate the discharge of his magisterial duties. But there was only one carriage—or, more correctly speaking, one pair of carriage-horses—belonging to the somewhat impoverished lord of Marblehead Priors, and Lady Malvern rather wanted the carriage for visiting purposes; hence her discontent.

Of course, in an earl's mansion there should be no such difficulty. A peer of England is presumably rich; and if an average baron or viscount may be credited with a large income, an earl's income-tax should surely be payable on a still more handsome scale!

A word concerning Lady Malvern. She had been pretty. She had never had a sixpence. She had been the fourth daughter of a Lord George Something, and

she had married a poor earl, who regarded the diplomatic career to which he had been trained as his natural calling; while at the Foreign Office there was, under the letter M, in the archives, a memorandum to this effect: "Malvern, Earl of, formerly Attaché, late Chargé d'Affaires—weak, well-meaning, and unsafe. Failed to put the screw on at Athens in 18—, and had to be superseded and sent to Portugal. At St. Petersburg allowed himself to be gulled by Prince Stroganoff," &c.

There are such confidential reports in the safe keeping of the higher permanent officials at all Government offices; and at the sight of them successive holders of Ministerial dignity, confident that, as regards the routine of Her Majesty's Service, the clerks know best, are able to gauge the merits of such applicants as the Earl of Malvern, who still preferred his claim to an embassy—Lisbon or Rome, if Paris and Vienna were out of reach. With him it was a bread and cheese question, because his annual revenue was so small, and the public pay so convenient.

Her ladyship cherished a pet fiction, which served to wile away many an idle hour in her dull home. It was with her an article of faith that the next spring she should start for her London campaign, with new dresses for the girls, new jewels, new equipages, grand entertainments, and a stupendous marriage for the beauty of the family to crown the social triumphs.

Lady Gwendoline, young and tall, lovely of feature and golden-haired, was surely worthy to wed with a duke, should so big a fish be just then swimming in Belgravian waters as a bachelor unattached. Even the other daughter, and elder one, poor dear Edith, with her unfortunate back—since Lady Edith's spine was slightly bent, and her face plain, kind, and thoughtful—might marry a rich clergyman or Indian official, since to her also accrued the advantage of being born in the purple.

In her heart of hearts the countess knew quite well that her day-dream was impossible, that the Gloucestershire and Worcestershire estates were dipped in the dismal Slough of Mortgage, the Herefordshire property shrunk to a pittance, and her earl by far too poor to indulge his family in the forbidden luxury of a London season. Yet she clung to her project, and would go so far as to write to Felix and Worth in Paris, and to correspond with Miss Larkspur, the London Court milliner. But she never spent a superfluous half-crown on dress, being well aware how small was the net income of that kindly, needy ex-courtier, the present earl.

Lord Malvern had no son. Had he had one, he would probably have been more comfortable in his circumstances. For a son, if twenty-one years of age, can concur with his papa for their mutual and immediate benefit, in killing the goose of an estate that lays the golden eggs of rents: or, in other words, in cutting off the entail. But the earl had no male heir in line direct, and his involved lands in the shires of Gloucester and Worcester were to go, along with the title, to a kinsman so remote that he had only of late come to look on himself as an earl expectant, and who might easily have passed his lordship in the street without knowing him.

The Cornish and the Herefordshire property were not thus strictly tied up, and on what they brought in, and on credit—an elastic item when a titled landowner is concerned—the family at Marblehead Priors lived somehow. As for Marblehead Priors—a religious house, suppressed by Henry VIII.—it was a pretty place, but not a grand one. It stood grandly, though, on its lofty headland, with a wide look-out over land and sea; and its pleasaunce, which your Wiltshire or Hampshire gentleman would have called a park, was tolerably spacious and tastefully laid out. There was a big stable with few horses, a large conservatory ill off for exotics, and pineries and vineries of which the forcing-fires had long since gone out. The huge cellars were scantily stored; the fine furniture was of a past fashion; everything wore an air of decay.

The youth and beauty of the earl's youngest daughter, Lady Gwendoline, seemed to light up the melancholy old house like actual sunshine. Yet her mother, the countess, sighed when she looked at her, for the market matrimonial in such a neighbourhood is never too well stocked.

There was a baronet, to be sure, rich, single, and still young, but four miles off, at Trenilly, one Sir Pollock Hartopp, and Lady Malvern had laid herself out to conciliate the Dowager Lady Hartopp; while the rough young owner of Trenilly had shown his clownish admiration of Lady Gwendoline De Vere plainly enough. But Lady Gwendoline could never be brought to fancy Sir Pollock, and eligible suitors were scarce, and unless that brilliant vision of a season in town should be realised, what, the countess felt, were her girl's chances in that world-wide lottery that contains so many blanks to counter-balance its tempting prizes?

At present this history is concerned, not with the ladies of the Marblehead mansion, but with Lord Malvern himself, who was strangely fidgety and impatient until his carriage came round to the door, and he was able to start for Gweltmouth and the Court of Petty Sessions.

There are carriages and carriages. That of Lord Malvern, but for its coroneted panels and silver-plated harness, would have made but little show; and though it answered its purpose fairly well in Cornwall, would hardly have pleased the fastidious eye of a Londoner. The tall bays were somewhat past their work. The coachman and footman were cheap, country-bred servants, and their gorgeous liveries were not in the gloss of their new smartness. But the equipage was always scrutinised with respect when it exhibited itself in the streets of Gweltmouth; for a lord in England is still a power in the land, and has not quite lost the magic halo of prestige that tradition imparts.

On this particular occasion Lord Malvern did not give the gazers clustered in front of the court-house—for every pageant, no matter how poor or petty, will attract spectators in this our inquisitive world of grown-up children—the pleasure of seeing his aquiline

features and well-fitting coat, as he alighted to preside over the sentencing of minor offenders.

As the carriage approached the upper angle of the steep High Street the earl pulled the check-string. "You will go on with the carriage, James, to the court-house, and wait for me," he said to the astonished footman. "I shall be there shortly."

"Yes, my lord," answered James, and he jerked himself back to his place on the box, and said a word to the coachman.

Off rumbled the carriage down the steep High Street of the ancient seaport. Parallel with the principal street of Gweltmouth is, on the westward side, a labyrinth of lanes, and into the midst of these, first looking furtively over his shoulder, to make sure that no one was watching him, Lord Malvern plunged. He had to thread his way through very intricate, and not too sweet-scented, networks of by-streets, wynds, and courts; for this was the fishermen's quarter, and fisher-folk, all the world over, are a conservative and a clannish race, content to dwell under conditions that give the minimum of air, light, and elbow-room, so that they can pack together, and exclude the profane vulgar who never hooked a giant skate or battled with a monstrous conger. So Lord Malvern had to pick his steps as best he might over the cobble-stones of the irregular pavement, down the sharply-sloping hillside, while over-head projected, from upper windows, booms and spars, whence nets and ponderous surf-boots and wet wearing apparel hung to dry. The earl was good at finding his way. His experience of the tortuous streets of foreign towns stood him in good stead here, for he speedily cleared the maze of lanes, struck into a broad road beyond, saw the straggling houses and the open country stretching far away, and after one or two inquiries of bakers' boys and postmen, was able to pilot himself to Mr. Sleuthby's garden gate.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

LORD MALVERN KEEPS HIS APPOINTMENT.

THE earl, when he had been directed to Jabez Sleuthby's suburban abode, looked at his watch, and was glad to find that he still had time before him. He knew well enough the usual routine of Her Majesty's justices of the peace at Petty Sessions, and how the squires would hold informal converse as to the scarcity of game, and the accounts of a local turnpike trust, until the rector and the martinet of a retired admiral should insist on commencing business. He knew, too, that Mr. Slogo, the solicitor and magistrates' clerk, had by far too much respect for the peerage to begin before the turning up of the titled chairman of the court, but would amuse Admiral Tartar and his reverend colleague by rustling over papers, giving orders to janitor and tipstaff, and bustling in and out of the Sessions House as mysteriously as if a trial for life or death were coming on. And, as yet, it was probable that but one or two of the quorum had arrived in Gweltmouth. Lord Malvern had time for his interview with the proprietor of the porcelain works, although we may be certain that his errand had no direct connection with china of any pattern or quality.

The bell at the miser's gate was, as has been mentioned, broken, but there was a rusty knocker attached to the battered house-door, which, when used, sent hollow echoes resounding through the dilapidated tenement. In answer to this sepulchral sound, when the earl knocked, there appeared the sepulchral presence of blear-eyed Mrs. Green, the charwoman, very old, cross-visaged, and with grey hair straggling from beneath a portentous black bonnet. Mrs. Green had her instructions, and in a very short time Lord Malvern found himself in Mr. Sleuthby's parlour.

"Your lordship is punctual," said Jabez, with a grim smile; "pray be seated."

Lord Malvern took a chair. The room contained just four of these cane-bottomed articles of furniture, and one black high-backed arm-chair, from the worn surface of which stray horse-hairs protruded. This was Mr. Sleuthby's throne. He settled himself in it, then, with his papers spread out before him on the bare Windsor table, and scowled at the earl as he was in the habit of scowling at the humble debtors who came to pay instalments and to crave for delays. Lord Malvern was a little puzzled. Even the squalor of the room, even the wretchedness of the surroundings, damped his spirits. He was, so far as the shallowness of his nature allowed it, a man of the world. He did not expect a money-lender to receive his clients in the midst of gilded cornices, mirrors, and span-new furniture. Your secretary of a Bubble Company does that; but then the company wants your cash, not to part with any of its dubious balance at the banker's, and can therefore afford expensive upholstery. The usurer knows the value of the goods in which he deals. Such a loadstone is ready-money, that it will draw the daintiest of those who seek it to the dingiest chambers in Northumberland Street or Golden Square, and make bluest blood wait patiently in the mean ante-chamber of the lender, Jew or Christian. Still, the dingiest of London business premises were not so startling as the interior of Mr. Sleuthby's miserable cottage. When the earl and he had met before, it had been, by appointment, at the *Greyhound*, a secluded third-rate hotel, where Jabez Sleuthby's clothes had not looked so extravagantly shabby, nor Jabez Sleuthby's manner appeared so eccentrically dictatorial, as was now the case.

"We may as well get to business at once," said the earl gaily. He belonged to that old school of diplomacy that tried to make things pleasant, that turned the flank of an adversary, so to speak, with a laugh or an epigram, and answered inconvenient objections by the graceful offer of a pinch of snuff. He was apt to trust to his tact, to his knowledge of men and cities, not knowing what a baby, what a flaccid mass of wax, to be moulded anyhow, he seemed, in the shrewd eyes of the merciless Jabez.

"Nothing I should like better," answered the latter coolly, as he consulted a memorandum on the table before him. "Your lordship's intention, I presume, is to reimburse my advances, which amount now, I see,

including interest overdue, to two thousand seven hundred and eighty-three pounds, four and eleven. I am prepared to give your lordship a formal receipt of the sum due."

And the miser shuffled his papers as a sharper shuffles his cards, and made an elaborate pretence of searching for the necessary documents. "Money," he added, "is always acceptable to me."

"'I AM AT A LOSS, THEN, TO KNOW WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU.'"

"I have not brought you any to-day, Mr. Sleuthby," said the earl lightly.

"Indeed, Lord Malvern, I am very sorry to hear it," rejoined the usurer, with quite an edifying austerity. "I am at a loss, then, to know what I can do for you, not to mention the serious inconvenience to which the delay will put me—very serious, for I am a poor man, my lord."

The earl was not a novice, and he was aware that those whose illicit or half-avowed calling is that of the lending of money are always—if we may take their word for it—poor men.

"My object in coming here, sir," said Lord Malvern in his frank way, "is to borrow—on valid security, of course, and at any reasonable rate of interest—a fresh sum from yourself; and I am afraid I must ask for a larger loan than has been the case before. The fact is"—and here the visitor grew quite confidential—"that I am desirous of paying certain old bills, of extricating myself from certain liabilities of long standing, and that for this the command of a sufficient amount of ready money is of course wanting. And so I have come to you."

"Your lordship's family solicitors, surely, would have been the fittest persons to assist in such a case," said Mr. Sleuthby, in a tone of virtuous surprise. He was not at all afraid of scaring away the bird from the trap, well knowing that a nobleman who can get a large loan at five per cent. through the medium of his own attorneys is not likely to dance attendance on such a one as Jabez Sleuthby. The earl winced perceptibly.

"You see, Mr. Sleuthby," he said deprecatingly, "my affairs are in rather an entangled condition, and lawyers such as mine—most respectable men, but slow—are apt to suggest difficulties where a more modern man of business like yourself sees his way at once."

"From which I gather," returned Jabez, as from beneath his beetling brows he scanned the weak, hand-

some countenance of his aristocratic visitor, "that your lordship needs an advance on mortgage: cannot manage it with the Lincoln's Inn gentry, and therefore thinks the gold-mine may be found in this poor hut of mine, which I am sure is highly honoured by your presence in it, Lord Malvern. Now, to save time, I will ask two questions. What, in the first place, is the sum required?"

"Twelve thousand pounds," said the earl, trying to see whether his host was shocked or staggered by the magnitude of the demand. But Jabez remained impassive.

"And on what is the loan to be secured?" he asked coldly. "I have heard that Cotswold Castle, your lordship's seat in Gloucestershire, is a fine place, and has thirty thousand acres or more in a ring-fence."

"But that," said the earl, pushing back the grey hair from his temples, "was mortgaged heavily in my father's time; and, besides, it goes to Wotherspoon."

This last sentence was somewhat bitterly spoken, for Wotherspoon was the obnoxious kinsman next in succession to the title of Malvern, and was, indeed, a thriving wine merchant at Manchester, who had exchanged his patronymic of De Vere for that of the maternal uncle who had bequeathed him the business, in days when no one could foresee that he would become heir presumptive to the family honours.

Jabez chuckled. "There is a Herefordshire property, I believe, my lord," he said; "but that is charged, I understand, with her ladyship's jointure, and is also mortgaged. And there are the estates in Cornwall here, mines, minerals, quit rents, turbary, and so forth, but not quite marketable security, after all. I have glanced over the deeds that your lordship deposited in my hands at the time of our first, and as I had hoped final, transaction, and the impression on my mind is that, with every desire to accommodate your wishes, I could not do so without detriment to myself."

"I should be the last man to propose to you, Mr. Sleuthby, any arrangement which, in my poor opinion, was either prejudicial or unsafe," pleaded the earl. "If you will look over this calculation," he added, producing and unfolding a written paper, which he handed to the miser, "I think you will see that the property will bear the additional charge. I am not a man of expensive habits, and at Marblehead Priors we go on quietly enough, and frugally enough, to satisfy the dictates of Dame Prudence. I say this lest you should apprehend that I should be unable to be ready with the half-yearly interest."

Lord Malvern flattered himself that he had a head for business, but he was wrong. Jabez Sleuthby *had* a head for business, and his quick brain had mastered the situation concerning the earl's pecuniary affairs—a task beyond the compass of the noble owner of Marblehead. The latter he regarded as an elderly dupe, to be humoured or browbeaten, according to his own choice of the more profitable course. When Lord Malvern expressed his idea that Mr. Sleuthby was reluctant to engage in the proposed loan for fear the stipulated interest should not be forthcoming, Jabez could have laughed aloud at the absurdity of the thing. Such lenders as he never desire that such borrowers as the Right Honourable the Earl of Malvern—or, for the matter of that, any borrowers, down to the poorest widow that ever craved an advance on her few household chattels—should be ready with interest and principal on the proper day. But he was solemn, and even severe, of bearing, as he said, "You must allow me, my lord, time to think the matter over. It is a very important step for a man in my position to take, and one of which the consequences must be fully weighed. I cannot disguise from myself that my wish to oblige your lordship is strong, and that I am biassed by it, perhaps, against my better judgment. But to provide for so considerable an advance I should be compelled, not merely to exhaust my own available resources, but to trespass on the kindness of those who sometimes assist me in a case of difficulty. It is awkward for me, certainly."

There are time-honoured fictions in all professions, from that of Mr. Briefless of the Temple, who wafers on the door of his chambers the gratuitous statement that he will be "back in half an hour," to that of the money-lender. Jabez, like other imitators of Shylock, not seldom spoke as if the cash he dealt in had to come out of half a score of purses. The "friend in the City" is a useful myth when coyness to lend means higher interest. Lord Malvern was ready to pay higher, or, in fact, almost any interest, to get rid of certain duns and their tormenting correspondence. He really did want the money very much.

"I must in self-defence, my lord, have leisure to consider the matter more calmly," said Jabez, after a pause, "than I can possibly do while still under the influence of your lordship's persuasive manner. I will, however, lose no time in coming to a decision, and, if permitted, will call upon your lordship at Marblehead to announce it."

The earl, though he thought with dismay of the effect which Mr. Sleuthby's queer old coat and odd gait and bearing would be likely to produce on the feminine members of his own household, was too deeply committed, and too anxious for success, to flinch from even the task of receiving such a visitor under his roof. He therefore, as gracefully as he could, gave Jabez a cordial prospective welcome to Marblehead Priors, and even expressed the pleasure with which he should look forward to cultivating, apart from mere business relations, so agreeable an acquaintance. Then he took his leave, and by the same devious route as before made his way to the court-house, where his brother magistrates were impatiently awaiting his arrival.

"A trout neatly tickled!" was Jabez Sleuthby's pithy soliloquy, as, with a contemptuous smile on his crafty face, he eyed the receding figure of his late guest.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

A MORNING CALL.

"REALLY," said Robert Barton to himself, "I *must* call at Marblehead Priors." It was a bright June morning. The fickle Cornish climate was at its best, and the balmy air was strangely soft, whilst hedge-

rows, gay with the wild rose, and whose banks were gaudy with flowerets, rare in Eastern England, stretched along the road that led from Tregunna to the Cistercian cell that had become, in the fulness of time, the dwelling of one of the neediest earls in the peerage. Robert had often, since the night which had witnessed the rescue of the miners of Wheal Folly, thought of the earl's invitation to visit him at his neighbouring mansion; but somehow he had never found time to do it. At last, for a wonder, he had nothing to do, or, at any rate, nothing which should prevent his strolling along the pleasant thoroughfare that led to Marblehead. On his walk he thought, naturally, once or twice of the visit which he was about to pay; but, as a rule, his mind was busier with details of daily life. Of Lord Malvern he knew, since he had no taste for gossip, very little beyond the patent facts that he was a poor lord, that he was a diplomatist out of work, and that he was a gentleman of blameless repute. Of the rest of the family, even by report, Mr. Barton knew nothing. There might, for aught he was aware, have been sundry stalwart sons and a bevy of bread-and-butter misses at Marblehead Priors. There was certainly a countess. Her he had once seen, afar off, in her emblazoned barouche, drawn by the same pair of raw-boned bays that had drawn the earl's carriage to Gweltmouth on the day of his interview with money-lending Jabez.

"My lord is at home, sir," said the footman who admitted Robert when he rang the clanging door-bell at "The Priors;" and then added, in an undertone, "And excuse me, Mr. Barton, for the liberty—but God bless you, sir, for what you did at Wheal Folly pit. Father and brother Jem were both down it, and at death's door but for you—if I may make so bold as to thank you." And then the discipline of the well-drilled household prevailed, and with automatic steadiness the visitor was ushered into the presence of the noble owners of the place.

The large drawing-room of Marblehead Priors, a semi-circular, handsome apartment, known as the "Round Room" to successive housekeepers, had many windows, some of which commanded really enchanting glimpses of land and sea. It contained on this occasion, besides the earl and countess, besides golden-haired Lady Gwendoline, and pale gentle Lady Edith, two visitors of some local note—the Dowager Lady Hartopp, and the present baronet, her son.

Robert was very courteously, and almost warmly, received. The earl felt a sort of gratitude towards him, less for saving Wheal Folly, such as it was, from being hopelessly flooded by the sea—since the place brought him in, at best, a poor two hundred a year—than for preventing the fearful catastrophe that might have occurred. Lord Malvern's good name was very dear to him; for was he not a candidate for Government employment? and what could have been more damaging than newspaper censure on the mismanagement that had cost so many lives? Not that the earl was, in the ordinary sense of the word, by any means to blame because of the danger at Wheal Folly. He had done nothing more than grant cheaply a short lease of the mine to speculators, who had worked it cheaply; but the daily press does not draw nice distinctions, and Lord Malvern did not want his prospects to be blighted by public opprobrium.

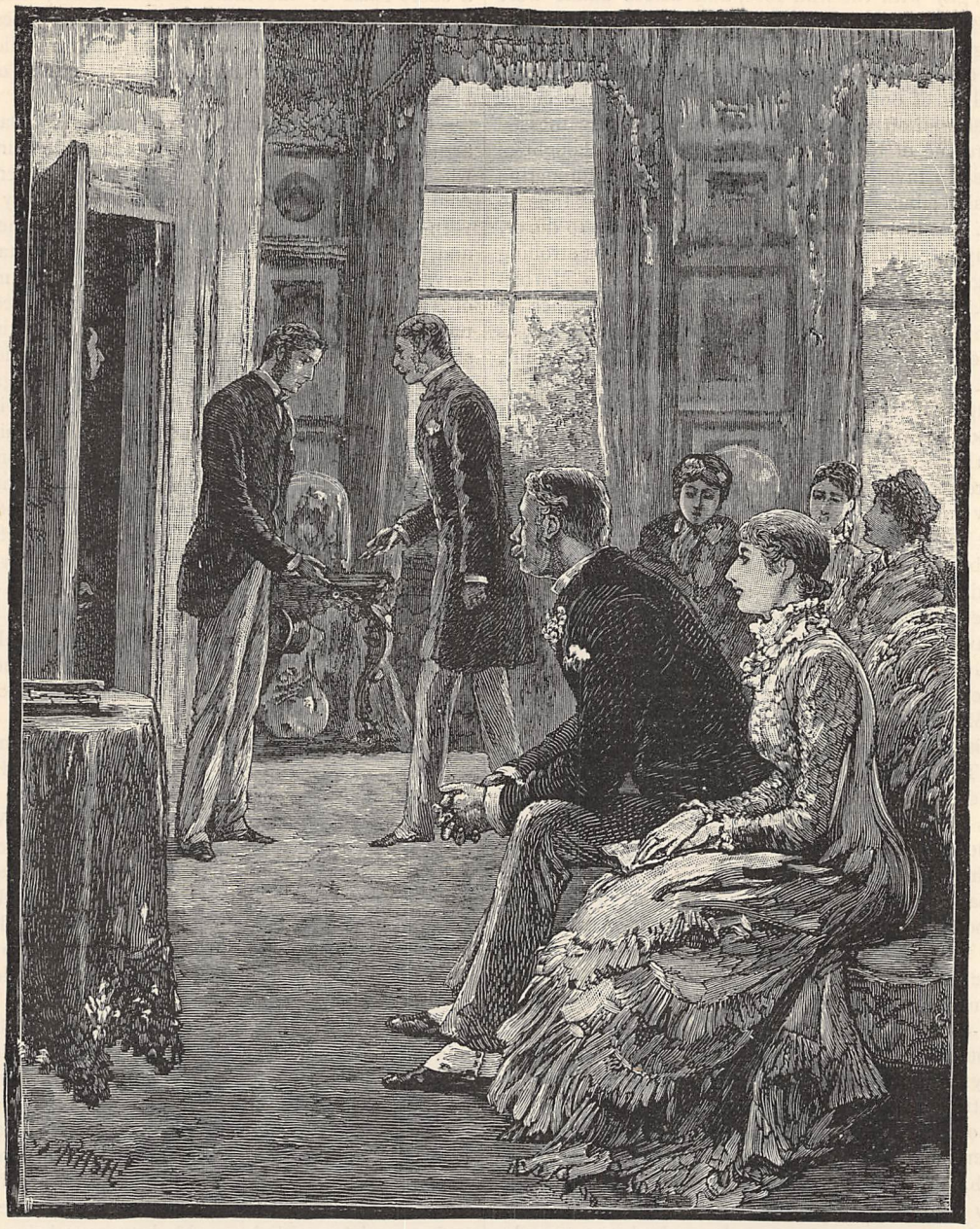
The countess was very glad to make Mr. Barton's acquaintance. It was a thinly-peopled neighbourhood, where presentable young men were at a premium. And Robert's name was more familiar to Lady Malvern—on whose unoccupied hands time hung heavily, and who, therefore, conversed much with tattling servants—than was her ladyship's name to the master of Tregunna. That he was popular and esteemed, unmarried, unbetrothed, and in prosperous circumstances, atoned, in her motherly eyes, for the briefness of his pedigree. She had more than once regretted that she did not know him—that he did not visit at Marblehead. He might personally be an acquisition to the very limited society that was accessible on that secluded coast; and then, might he not, in default of an archdeacon, or a lieutenant-governor of something hot out in India, marry poor Edith of the unfortunate back and sweet temper?—for Lady Malvern was insatiable as a match-maker.

It was rather late, for matutinal hours at least, when Robert reached Marblehead, and he found himself impressed, as did Lady Hartopp and her son, to accept the earl's hospitality and to stay for luncheon, as often happens in a country house.

It was a tolerable luncheon to which the company sat down. Lady Hartopp and Sir Pollock had been expected for a day or two past, and therefore some special activity had reigned in the kitchen. Young Sir Pollock's sullen brow relaxed as he emptied his plate. The rough young baronet knew good fare from bad. He was very silent, big, and red-faced, and apparently stupid, though sometimes he could lift up his voice loudly enough, and in a billiard-room or in the hunting-field was deservedly respected. He had not the best of tempers.

His mother, a tall, decorous dowager, stood slightly in awe of him, and was very much afraid, too, lest he should find Cornwall too dull to hold him, and wander off, and marry, not impossibly, some ballet-dancer, whom he would bring back as Lady Hartopp to bear sway at Trenilly, and to scandalise country opinion. Wherefore she encouraged her son's dumb admiration for beautiful Lady Gwendoline, and was quite in a tacit conspiracy with her noble hostess to bring about a match so desirable.

The countess was very clever in the fulfilment of at least a part of her duty as a match-maker, adjusting the puppets whose wires she designed to pull, with considerable skill. She not merely managed that Sir Pollock should sit near her youngest daughter, but actually drew him out, and made him talk. He talked of a house that he had just bought, and of a pair of fiery chestnut colts that he was breaking in for harness, and of Lady Gwendoline's pony-carriage, and of a cricket match in which he was to play, and of the Yeomanry, in which historical cavalry corps he was a captain. He also talked of his yawl, a fine new craft,



"ROBERT WAS VERY COURTEOUSLY . . . . RECEIVED" (*p.* 551).

that he had ordered from a famous yacht-building firm at Blackwall. He spoke in short sentences, and somewhat egotistically, as was his nature; and Lady Gwendoline listened and answered, while her mother beamed benignly on the intercourse of the young people that she had taken such pains to bring together.

"I should have thought this coast," remarked the earl, looking out of the window nearest him, which commanded a noble prospect of crag and beetling cliff and rolling sea, "was too wild, and the Atlantic weather too fickle, for yachting to be a very enjoyable amusement. In the Mediterranean, of course, it is different," he added, almost sighing as he thought of the Bay of Naples, like a huge blue turquoise in a setting of gold, with the isles of Ischia and Procida purple in the distance; "but here the sea appears to me too imperious a tyrant to be trifled with."

"You come out with me in the *Foam* when they bring her round from London, and I'll show you, Lord Malvern, that sea don't signify much, nor a good stiff

breeze, when you've a smart craft and a handy crew. Why, in that little cutter yacht I had before, the *Mermaid*, I've weathered more than could be expected off Scilly, and round by Clovelly too, for a cockleshell like that. Just you come with me for a trial trip, and trust to me to bring you safe and dry ashore again," said young Sir Hartopp.

Lady Malvern smiled, and said something flattering to her young guest's—and would-be son-in-law's—self-conceit. It was impossible that she should admire Sir Pollock's boastful tone and rough demeanour, but money in the eyes of a manœuvring mother covers a multitude of sins. Not that the baronet's real faults were many or peccant. His chief fault was the dull egotism that had been fostered in him by the having his own way earlier and more completely than is good for most of us. His father had died while his heir was yet a schoolboy, and Sir Pollock had come home from Winchester discipline to domineer over obsequious dependants, and to be spoiled by his mother's helpless indulgence.

The young man had a bad temper, as has been already said, and cared for few things beyond his own gratification; but he was free-handed enough, sometimes astonished those about him by an act of spontaneous good-nature, and had plenty of courage, with a dash of rashness, such as these sanguine, bull-necked youths not seldom possess. Such as he was, he had a very great sense of his own importance, and scarcely deigned to notice the minor members of the company, such as Lady Edith and Robert Barton.

It was to Lady Edith that Robert found the most to say. Her pursuits and his were in some measure alike, for she was known and loved among the poor, while the owner of Tregunna was perhaps the most popular person in that part of the country.

"Your name, Mr. Barton, is quite familiar to me," said the earl's plain-faced eldest daughter; "and I have heard wonders of your new schools at Tregunna."

The countess happened to overhear the remark, and smiled approval. Poor Edith of the weak spine, so she thought, was playing her cards judiciously. But she was wrong; Lady Edith's mind was occupied with very different subjects from marrying and being given in marriage, for she was simply one of those sweet-natured, unselfish girls whom we see doing their best, without ostentation or parade, to smooth the path through life of those whose bruised feet stumble over the sharp stones. The world had given very little, except the hollow sound of a courtesy title, to Edith De Vere; but she was always cheerful, unrepining, and tender to the woes of others, though rarely free from some dull sense of physical pain.

Lord Malvern bore the burden of keeping the conversation, as it were, up to concert pitch. He was a fluent talker, and sometimes entertaining, and had a knack of telling anecdotes that were not too lengthy, and of relating experiences that were never suffered to be prolix. He was one of those whom it is difficult not to like, and perhaps equally difficult to respect, so genuine, but so shallow, was the kindliness of his disposition.

Lady Gwendoline said less than any other person at the table. She looked very noble, graceful, and good, with her clear blue eyes and golden hair, and tall well-shaped form, straight as a lily, and with a pure pale face that reminded those who saw her of the lily too. She had known Sir Pollock all her life. He had taught her to hold her reins properly when she was a slim child on a shaggy pony, and he a big, boastful youth. She liked him then, as she would have liked an elder brother, strong, loud-voiced, and good-natured. He was crosser now, and less talkative, and, somehow, she did not like the young man quite so well as she had liked the hobbydehoy. Of her mother's schemes on her behalf she knew nothing. Match-making mammas keep these projects to themselves—at least, when they have to deal with daughters such as Lady Gwendoline De Vere—and are wise in so doing. Certainly, no notion of being Lady Hartopp of Trenilly, with say thirty thousand a year of revenue to compensate for a loveless marriage, had ever crossed the girl's mind.

"I suppose," muttered Robert Barton to himself, as he walked home along the cliff-path, "they are making up a match between pretty Lady Gwendoline and that titled sop Sir Pollock. It is a good match, of course; but a sacrifice, too. When will this buying and selling, this barter of rank and beauty for a tempting income and a snug jointure, come to an end?"

END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.

"ONLY MIDDLING."

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE family physician ought to be the family friend. It is to the advantage of every one concerned that he should be so. Yet it is a belief common with many that a medical man is always on the outlook for what he is pleased to call "cases;" that while shaking hands with an acquaintance he is taking the temperature of his palm; that while looking in his face he is but judging of the state of his blood and weighing probabilities, wondering to himself whether when called next it will be apoplexy or a complete "break up;" and that to this terrible man of medicine the eyes are not the windows of the soul, but the windows of the liver.

As matters stand, it is very different with the physician of the present day. Unless a very young man indeed, or a practitioner in some of the seaside villages

of Cornwall or Skye, where a doctor can neither die nor live, he is rather overworked than otherwise. He certainly has no need to pray for cases, nor is he always thinking about disease, nor always reading about it; you will find the morning paper as often in his carriage as the *Lancet* or *Medical Times*, and that volume which you see him so engrossed in, as his carriage rolls along the street, may be neither a new treatise on *trichiasis* nor a medical theory, theme, or thesis of any kind, but merely the last new book from a lending library. Such is the modern medico, and I expect those families are best off who look upon their physician as a friend—a friend without a bit of the "bogey" about him—a friend free to drop in for a few minutes when so minded, or put in an appearance at afternoon tea, like any one else, without causing a thought of anxiety, or even the suspicion that the visits may mean prospective guineas, or a lengthened Christmas bill. A medical man is a man of the world, he sees all sides of life, and may often be the best of advisers in matters quite outside his ordinary duties. But apart from this, who, when real sickness comes, will be better positioned to cope with and conquer it, than he that knows the constitution, or in other words, the health-history of every member of the family?

Now, after an experience of nearly ten long years as Family Doctor to this Magazine, I do not think I am likely to be accused of presuming too much if I style myself a friend to my readers. I will do so and chance it, and in this paper I will take the privilege of a friend, and drop in as it were to have a little quiet and seasonable chat with the reader, and I may have a few things to remind him of that he has almost forgotten.

"The whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick." This is true, literally as well as spiritually; but there are thousands and thousands of people in this country with whom we mix and mingle every day, who, although neither invalids nor sick, in the strict sense of the term, enjoy but indifferent health, yet *might be* well and happy and strong. It is to these I speak. I write on behalf of the "Only Middling."

The "Only Middling" is a far larger class than most of us have any idea of. Ask one of them how he is to-day, and if courtesy demands a reply to the point, it comes pat enough—"Middling." In other words, his health is nothing to boast of, and he scorns to complain. He would not think of calling in a doctor, nor of going to visit a doctor. There isn't much the matter with him, he thinks. He is just about in his ordinary state of health, perhaps not much better nor much worse. He is not so strong as he would like to be, he confesses this much to himself; colds easily affect him, the weather affects him; he is prone to lay his aches on the shoulders of the east wind, and his lassitude and weariness at the door of the west.

It is on this class of people, the "Only Middling," that quacks fatten and grow so big, that dingy little dens in the back slums of London are no longer large enough for them, and, backed by the balance they have amassed at their banker's, they are fain to build villas on the Thames, or pretty houses at seaside watering-places. Yes, for the "Only Middling" take a deal of medicine on the quiet—privately. People of this class are most gullible. They say to themselves—

"Yes, that is exactly how I feel; those are my symptoms to a 't.' It's my liver that is wrong. I'll have some of those pills."

A week or two after, being still "only middling," they exclaim—

"To be sure, stomach derangement. How could I have been so blind? Here are all my symptoms, one after the other, and a good many more that I haven't got yet. I'll send for some of those pills."

And so they go on all the year round, as vacillating and wavering as the weathercock.

Now let me tell these people, to begin with, that they need not expect to get permanent benefit *from medicine of any kind*, and that it is dangerous in the extreme to use quack nostrums. It would be far safer indeed to mix up all the drugs that an apothecary's shop contains, without regard to their chemical properties or their compatibilities, and take a tablespoonful of that three times a day. In this latter case one would know what one was taking, anyhow.

But, dear me! man was never meant to live upon medicine, and yet there are thousands and thousands who think they cannot live without it. Nonsense! Throw physic to the dogs, and come and let us have five minutes' suggestive conversation together.

What is the matter with you? You don't know? You are never particularly strong, particularly bright nor happy; you have no great appetite; your tongue is usually furred of a morning; you are no breakfast-eater, but you usually dine and sup well enough, and you are more hopeful and stronger in every way in the after part of the day than in the forenoon.

Well, your pulse indicates no disease; your heart is not strong, to be sure; but then, you know, hearts have a habit of sympathising with the tone of other organs of the body. Your liver is healthy but apt, like a badly-driven horse, to shy at times; your spleen does its duty fairly well, and so do the kidneys; and your lungs are intact, while your temperature is about normal, though I have no doubt it fluctuates slightly.

No, your complexion is not so clear as it might be, nor your eyes, though both might be worse.

What do I think is the matter with you, do you ask? What is the cause of so much "only-middlingness"? Well, I'll tell you, and you need not start and turn pale when I do so. You are suffering from the effects of *chronic poisoning*. No, I do not think that anybody has been giving you anything, or that there is very much the matter with the well, or the water, or the drains. Nor do I think that your family grocer or baker are putting plumbago, plaster of Paris, or *cocculus indicus* in their goods. You are poisoning *yourself;* you are suffering from the effects of effete matter in the blood. That is the whole truth, the whole secret of your grief, and until you get into a habit of living that shall insure, not only purity, but healthful richness of blood, you will never be one day really well or one day really happy as long as you

live, even if you swallow the whole British Pharmacopœia, mixed or separate.

And I will go further and say that your "only middling" people cannot reasonably hope for long life. If they ever do see sixty, they never see seventy.

I am talking very candidly with you. And I am bound to say it is far easier to suggest a remedy for your complaint than to cause you to adopt it, for there is a painful amount of truth in the old saying, "Habit is second nature." We gradually adopt habits that are prejudicial to the health, and when the health suffers and we try to throw the former off, we find we have been wearing a garment the warp and woof of which has been interwoven with our very flesh and sinews.

Ah! but health is worth trying for, and good habits of life may be made to replace bad ones if we try. Well, I say that in cases of "only-middlingness," where there is no actual disease, the individual, the invalid if he will permit me to call him so, is suffering from impurity of blood. Nature has bestowed upon us certain organs and emunctories, destined to keep the blood in a state of perfect purity, a purity which alone is compatible with perfect health.

Every organ in the body has its own duties to perform, but each organ is but part and parcel of a grand whole; the one must not clog or hamper the other, or the machinery of life will work but poorly. The combined duties of all the organs are to make good blood and to keep it pure.

The rough work of the blood-making process is commenced, at all events, in the mouth. The food *must* be sufficiently masticated, and masticated slowly so as to be mingled with a due proportion of the salivary juices. In the stomach blood-making goes on in earnest, and healthy and wholesome must be the lining membrane of that organ, and pure must be the blood supplied to its *villi* and its glands of secretion, or poor indeed will be chyle and chyme produced, and poor and polluted all the blood in the body in consequence. Therefore, one who has but middling health cannot be too careful in the choice of his diet—*how* he eats, *what* he eats, and *when* he eats. He should remember that he is but little likely to be *too* abstemious, that the great, or rather one of the great faults of the age is over-eating, which heats the blood, fevers the system, expends the nervous power needlessly, puts a strain upon other organs as well as the stomach, irritates the brain, and renders the blood so impure that it is beyond the power of liver, lungs, kidneys, and skin to eliminate the poisons it contains.

Wine or spirits taken on an empty stomach not only tend to irritate the coats of it, but they cause an immediate expenditure of that gastric juice which ought to have been conserved for the purposes of digesting and dissolving solid food. Can we wonder then that the common habit of taking stimulants between meals produces dyspepsia and poisoning of the blood?

The liver and kidneys are very accommodating, I must admit, but just try the experiment of giving them less work to do for a week or two. Reduce food in quantity, be more particular about its quality and what you mix it with, and you will be surprised at the result. All the more will you be surprised at the good that will accrue if, in addition, you adopt a system of blood-purification by means of the skin. Thus: a Turkish bath (with your doctor's sanction) once a week; a warm-water wash with soap followed by a cold, or nearly cold, sponge-bath in the morning, with sea-salt dissolved in it; a warm bath every second night before going to bed, and a course of almost hard exercise daily in the open air.

It is absolutely necessary that the bowels be kept gently open, but taking medicine for this purpose is to be deprecated. If aperients must be taken, let them be the mildest possible, but remember oranges, prunes, and ripe fruit generally, especially if eaten first thing in the morning, tend to keep the system easy.

Now just one word in conclusion to the "Only Middling." Do you meditate a change to the seaside this autumn? Much good may accrue from it. But begin a system of regular living, exercising, and bathing about a week or a fortnight before you go, and take some of the milder bitter tonics—infusion of calumba, for instance, or its tincture, also one or two mild aperient pills. And while at the seaside, or enjoying mountain air, *learn* to live regularly.

ALL ALONG THE WEAR.

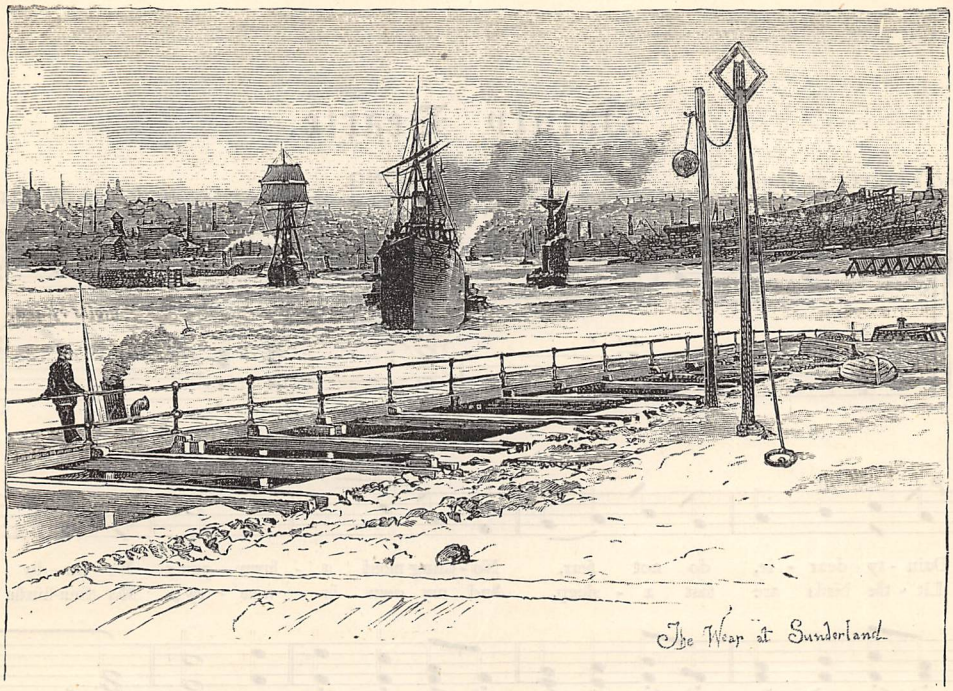
NOT one of the largest of our streams, the Wear is one of the most interesting. It courses through varied scenery, through scenes that are made classical by poets, under the walls of that "cathedral huge and vast that frowns down upon" it; through the richest of the lead-mining dales, and across the centre of the greatest of our coal-yielding counties, whilst finally it empties itself into the sea between banks that have long been noted for the vessels they have built, and the industries that have gathered in and near Sunderland-by-the-Sea. In early days, ballads, such as that of "Rookhope Ryde," tell of the deeds that were done on Wearside, far up beyond the region of coal and commerce, where the bishops ruled in state; and later and more polished minstrels, down to Scott, have told us of the deeds of the knights who lived at Witton-le-Wear when "Harold the Dauntless" was dreaded, and of the more peaceful spirit that has prevailed since,

when the "grey towers of Durham" are the objects of other fame and aspirations than those chronicled in the period of rude wars and ancient forays.

The waters that form the Wear come from the wild moorlands, where the counties of York, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham unite. The stream is small at St. John's Chapel, a mining village far up from the course of traffic. It flows down by Stanhope, and thence by Witton-le-Wear, Croxdale, and Durham, on through the coal country to Hylton and Sunderland, where it loses itself in the sea. It is not a commercial stream like its northern neighbour the Tyne; it has not the depth nor the volume of water that others have; but on its banks are castles and cathedrals, priories and palaces, ancient homes of the lords of the county palatine; these in the present have given place to the glories of a coal out-put that has no parallel amongst English counties, and to a production of lead that is as great in proportion, whilst in recent years the river has pressed into the first of those that build our iron walls.

From Wearhead to Westgate the Wear runs through a hilly region, bold and rocky; its sides are shut in by bluffs and sparsely-wooded slopes. The population on its banks is scanty, the white-washed cottages that define themselves amongst the emerald fields being those of lead-miners and small farmers, and the hamlets being few, retired, and lonely. A noble race inherit the dale: a race thrifty, sober, and religious—"lusty lads and large of length," as those the ballad pictures as in the past dwelling on the northern lake. Brought up to the work of the lead-mine, skilled in that unique labour, inheriting its traditions, and adding to its work that of the more healthy occupation of managing a few acres of grazing-land, the inhabitants of the old forest of Weardale have had of late, in the dulness of the lead-mining industry, to pass through a period of tribulation that has been endured without flinching, and without loss of self-respect. Below the region of Stanhope, where the railway terminates, the scenery on the riverside "broadens slowly down," the land loses its invariable toll to grass, and corn-fields become more frequent; while the villages are more numerous, and the industries more varied. Cleveland furnaces, far to the east, demand large supplies of limestone, and hundreds of workmen find employment in the quarries of Frosterley; lead is still sought in conjunction with iron; and when the ancient and pleasant village of Witton is passed the coal country is impinged upon, and throughout the rest of the north-eastern course of the Wear it is never far from coal and coal-mines.

THE WEAR, NEAR STANHOPE.



And yet it is in that region that the Wear has possibly its finest scenery. It bends to the north, and flows up past Croxdale's woods, and on through a hill-region, under the shade of the "cathedral huge and vast," and few are the scenes that are fairer than that of the course of the Wear as traced from "Durham's Gothic shade." Near Kepier Woods it runs northward through a good land—a land of hill and dale, well timbered, fertile, and full of coal. It passes east of the stately castle of Lumley, and, still in the coal country, it turns to the east at Pelaw, and runs on by Washington, through a deepening bed by Hylton, and through Sunderland, where it loses itself in the German Ocean. The isolation and barrenness of Weardale have been lost before Wolsingham's steel works are reached; coal studs the country with mining villages in the central course; and ship-building makes three miles near its mouth resonant with the clang of the riveters' hammers, whilst that prosperous industry and coal-shipment give the foundation of the prosperity of the growing town at the mouth of the Wear. And just as the scenery on the river changes with its course, from the greenness of a pastoral and scantily-peopled country to the "academic groves" of Durham, and the sight of the forges, the cones, the yards, and the thronged buildings at the mouth, so do the industries alter.

Lead is lord in Weardale, and that precarious and antique industry has built up a population quaint in custom, rugged in character, stern in speech. Coal predominates in the central reaches, and strews near the banks its great pit-heaps, huge mines, and ever-winding wheels; whilst its population is one that has the characteristics of the collier, and that still retains some of the traces that long ago were pointed out in Chicken's "Colliers' Wedding." Below the "clamorous iron flail" of trade is swinging; there are the huge furnaces that ever, in Hood's phrase, "vomit sparks red, yellow, and white;" the reverberating mills that send out huge plates and bars of iron like fiery serpents; the great glass works that revive memories of the converting "pots" of Sheffield; the yards where the skeleton vessels are clothed with iron sides; and the spouts ever rattling as the coals drop down, 2,000,000 tons a year.

The characters of the people on Wearside differ as markedly; the dialect varies; and from the heights where its waters gather, down to the spot which a thousand years ago Carlepho, Bishop of Durham, granted to Benedictine monks, there is no dull mile in the sixty that from its source to the Wearmouths the river Wear embraces. Collieries, like that of Wearmouth, costing £100,000 to reach the coal; churches dating back to 674; docks, parks, winter gardens, museums, works, mansions, and noble bridges—these are the scenes that, at the mouth of the Wear, tell of the upgrowth and the development of one of the chief of the northern towns.

Dainty Dearie.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

Words by CHARLES JOHNS. *Music by* J. W. ELLIOTT.

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO.

p *molto ritard.* Ped. *

p *p*

1. Dain - ty dear - ie, do not fear, No - thing need a - larm you; No - bo - dy but
2. Lit - tle birds are fast a - sleep, And my own is wea - ry; Mo - ther-birds fond

p *p*

mo - ther's here, No - bo - dy be - sides is near— Mo - ther will not harm you!
vi - gil keep, While o'er earth night's sha - dows creep— So will I, my dear - ie!

ten.

mf *cres.* *dim.*

No! she loves her pet too well, Loves her more than words can tell— Sleep - y, dain - ty
Blink - ing eye - lids still un - close— Best of babes, she does but doze— Dim - pled, dain - ty

fz *mf* *mf* *dim.*

dear - ie! Rest, my bon - nie bird - ie, rest
dear - ie! Rest, my bird - ie, on my breast,

p *cres.* *rall. e dim.* *p*

Here where sleep has found you; Sleep on mo-ther's lov - ing breast, With her arms a -
Sleep where fond arms fold you; Dream of her who loves you best, While she gen - tly

poco rit. *fz* *colla voce.*

dim. ritard. ad lib. *a tempo.*

- round you— Drow- sy, dain - ty dear - ie!..... Lul - - la
holds you— Sleep-ing, dain - ty dear - ie!.....

dim. *pp* *colla voce.* *pp* *poco cres.*

ad lib. *p*

These notes for 2nd verse only.
molto rit. ab lib.

- lul - la by,..... lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

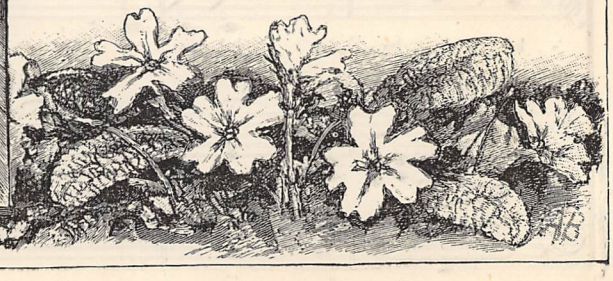
pp

poco rit. *pp* *a tempo.* *rallentando.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

FLOWER-GATHERING AND FLOWER-GATHERERS IN NORTH NOTTS

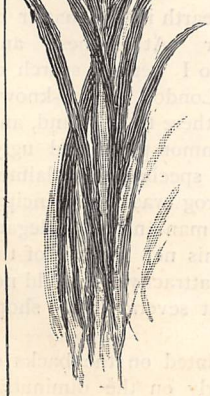
IN a former volume of this Magazine, when writing upon Fruit-Culture in North Notts, I promised one day to introduce the readers to the Flower-Gatherers of the same district. I now propose, though somewhat tardily, to redeem my promise. Wild flowers flourish as luxuriantly in this favoured locality as do the plum, apple, strawberry, &c. Nearly every hedgerow is, in early spring, studded with "star-like primroses," and ever-fragrant violets. Women and children eagerly seize upon these simple flowers, carry them home, and tastefully arrange them into bunches. The gatherers then dispose of their flowers to the hucksters, who in turn retail them to the lovers of nature in the manufacturing centres mentioned in the former article. But violets and primroses by no means comprise all the flowers so sent to market. When they are nearly all over, the meadows far and near will soon be resplendent with golden cowslips; and a busy time indeed is cowslip-gathering, for many hundreds of pecks are



annually gathered and picked for concocting that innocent and delicious beverage, cowslip wine. Daffodils, too, are in great request, especially about Eastertide; and such favourite woods as Babbington Springs are eagerly searched for them. Townspeople interested in church decorations must often feel their artistic talents sorely restricted by the paucity of spring flowers available at this Queen of Festivals; but our North Notts flower-gatherers make praiseworthy efforts to supply the ever-increasing demand of our nineteenth-century asceticism. But as spring swiftly glides into summer, so the sweet wild spring flowers quickly cease to bloom, and the flower-gatherer's occupation becomes limited. The gardens now supply, on a reduced scale, what the fields have hitherto done. Roses, wall-flowers, sweet-williams, candy-

tuft, mignonette, &c., are now in demand; and so the flower-picking, bunching, and selling go on with little intermission until King Frost reigns supreme.

It is marvellous how such immense quantities of wild flowers are gathered, and still more marvellous how customers can be found for every bunch. But the flower trade, so far from showing any signs of decay, is rapidly increasing; and each succeeding season makes additions to the ranks of the flower-hucksters. Many women earn two shillings or more per day, gathering and "bunching" flowers; so that it is readily



conceivable that, with the help of her children, the mother of a family may add fifteen shillings or a pound to the weekly income—a result in no measure despised by the hard-working, money-making dwellers in North Notts. In connection with women's work in this neighbourhood, I ought not to omit mentioning the blackberry trade. When plum-picking is over, women wander over the fields, armed with a hooked stick and carrying a basket, in search of blackberries. Immense quantities of this homely fruit are gathered and conveyed—*viâ* the huckster—to the large towns of the neighbouring county of York. So remunerative, too, is blackberry-picking, that in a good season gleaning is utterly neglected, and the stray ears of corn lie unheeded among the stubble, until the blackberries are all gathered.

HENRY INGRAM.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

SOME time ago I mentioned Arrasene Embroidery; it still continues in favour, and as some of the details connected with this work are, I find, not widely known, I will give a few which will, I believe, prove useful to many readers. Designs for this special work, and skeins of the arrasene yarn, are obtainable at 27, St. Paul's Road, Bradford, Yorkshire. The correct stitch is that known as crewel or stem stitch. Chenille needles are used, and short needlefuls should be taken. Fruit-blossoms of many kinds are effective, such as apple, orange, apricot, horse-chestnut, blackberry, almond-blossoms; foxgloves, begonias, orchids, and the thicker, heavier flowers are more suitable for representation than those having delicate petals.

This embroidery can be worked without a frame, but experienced workers affirm that the work is much easier and better done when a frame is used. When finished, a damp cloth should be spread over the back of the work and an iron passed over it. When the work is not in a frame, its face must be placed upon a thickly-folded flannel before this process is gone through; but should the material be velvet or plush, the work must be held tightly out by hand when ironed.

In many old houses there are cupboards in the sitting-rooms; it is the present fashion to hang curtains over these doors, and for the decoration of these curtains arrasene embroidery is particularly suitable; I have also seen panels for the doors of old-fashioned chiffoniers and movable cupboards, and open cases for coal-boxes, embellished with arrasene embroidery.

Counterpanes and eider-down quilts are made ornamental in various ways. A pattern in Russian embroidery is often worked in blue or red cotton on white counterpanes. For eider-down quilts, devices in silk patchwork look well: strips or squares of this interspersed with strips or squares of dark velvet.

The old-fashioned plan of marking linen with cotton is being revived; the present style differs from that formerly in use, in that it is more ornamental; initials, monograms, and other devices are embroidered on a large scale in satin stitch with white linen thread on sheets, pillow-cases, pocket-handkerchiefs, and other household possessions. For ordinary cross-stitch marking, sixpence per dozen letters is the charge usually made.

Menu cards are still in request; their present form is that of a small square with a double leaf, so that they stand on the table without aid. The newest designs appear to be tiny pictures—little views and landscapes—with flowers scattered about: a kind of medley, such as one sometimes sees on a page in this Magazine, wherein the pictures are to be seen placed here and there as in a kaleidoscope, apparently without rhyme or reason.

"Guest cards" are also in demand. The newest form for these is the shape and size of a gentleman's visiting card. Floral designs are the prettiest for these. A gold line should be marked round the space wherein the name is to be placed; then a slit is made at one end, and a slip of paper bearing the name can be inserted. This provision makes the card useable on many occasions and thus increases its value. The rate charged for hand-painted cards is about 12s. per dozen for menu cards, and 6s. per dozen for the guest cards.

There seems to be a great dearth in the matter of ornamental invitation cards for "At Homes" and tennis parties. A few weeks ago I went in search of some for a friend, to a shop in London of well-known name; only three designs were there to be found, and they were so uncommonly common-place and ugly, that all people who saw the specimens exclaimed against them. A crouching frog was the principal object in one, and a stiff young man and an inelegant young woman standing at a tennis net was one of the others; the third was even less attractive. I could not meet with this class of card at several likely shops where I inquired for them.

I have lately seen flowers painted on the backs of ivory brushes, more particularly on the diminutive brushes which are for the use of infants. At the present time the market is overstocked with painted

china, of second and third-rate order, and therefore I would dissuade any one from painting or from learning china-painting, except the few who can produce work of first-rate excellence.

It is perhaps rather late in the season to talk of fire-screens, but it must be remembered that preparation has to be made a long time beforehand for coming needs. The present fashion of a standing folding screen gives great scope to artists; each division of the three or four can exhibit a different design, or one may embrace the whole. In these again, as on the cards, one often sees a medley of small pictures, and branches of blossoms, and flights of birds, and a scattering of flowers, and fluttering butterflies; the background is usually a pale colour, cream or blue. There is a "Ladies' Work Society" at 39, George Street, Baker Street, where work of a high order of excellence (chiefly embroidery) is exhibited. At present, I learn, there are no vacancies for members.

There is a class of work for which the fingers of some women are particularly suited. I allude to the making of artificial flies for fishermen. Great nicety and neatness alone do not suffice; deft fingers and sensitiveness of touch are required; these gifts are not very widely distributed, but they are possessed by some, and I would recommend those lucky ones to turn their attention to this employment.

There are feminine fly-makers who are considered to show great skill in their productions, and to whom fishermen send for baits of this kind; these have, I believe, full employment for their hands. This sport is on the increase rather than on the decrease, and therefore both in town and country the demand will still exist.

It is always well to get a private connection if possible; this might be done by sending specimens to members of a fishing club, or to the managers of the hotels frequented by amateur fishermen; at shops the wholesale price given to the makers is comparatively very low. I gather that for trout flies from twopence to fourpence could be asked for those well made. The feathers for these are obtainable at a poulterer's shop, pheasant, grouse, partridge, and the fur of hares and squirrels being used. The manufacture of salmon flies requires greater art and cunning, and therefore higher prices for this branch of fly-making can be obtained. The manipulation of floss silk and gold tinsel, as well as the presence of macaw, jay, peacock, and other feathers, increases the difficulty and enhances the value of the work. The best plan for success is to buy a good specimen of trout and salmon fly, and to practise imitation until perfection is reached.

One other suggestion I would bring forward, and that is the mounting of microscopic specimens. This is rather a circumscribed field, but as it is a work which requires a peculiar delicacy of touch, which the majority of people lack, there would probably be employment for any one whom nature had adapted for it.

In an earlier paper I spoke of painted glass being more in request for private houses than formerly: at the present time it is yet more in requisition; squares of glass so decorated are fitted into narrow brass frames, and placed in the lower parts of windows in lieu of short blinds, in those rooms which are over-looked by passers-by. Larger glass screens are also used instead of the canvas or wooden cheval screen. The cheerful light of the fire is seen through the glass, although the heat of it is diminished. Ferns and flowers painted on clear glass are the prettiest for these fire-screens.

Lessons in this decorative art are given by Miss Collingridge, 9, Beaumont Street, Portland Place, W., who is a gold medallist, and has for the last eight or nine years trained pupils most satisfactorily.

A. S. P.

WAITING.

FAR away from merry England,
In a strange and distant land,
All alone, and bronzed and bearded,
Toils a man with axe in hand;
And he smiles amid his labour,
As the day dies in the west,
For he sees, as in a vision,
White sail on the ocean's breast,
And a form he loves the best.

"Blow, O winds," he cries, "and waft her
To her new and happy home!
Speed, O sail, and bring my true love
O'er the wild and heaving foam!"
Little recks the busy toiler
That the maiden of his dream
Sleeps, the red sands for her pillow,
Where the whirling sea-fowl scream,
And the wild waves flash and gleam.

MATTHIAS BARR.

THE FAIR MAID OF CHERBURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MOONBEAM TANGLE," ETC.

ONLY one more voyage, Rachel."

"Oh, but coffin-ships, Harry! The word haunts me!"

"But only one more run, my bonny bird! Just to Aberdeen in ballast, an' back again to Harwich with granite afore we know we've been out! Then we shan't have to start life in debt, lass; every penny o' the share in George's boat 'll be paid up; an' the little craft from that time for'ard shall keep a good thick thatch over our heads, an' a side o' bacon in the kitchen, an' a pig in the sty—a raal Barkshire, my pretty one!"

The ring of solid comfort in this last allusion momentarily displaces all gruesome thoughts. The rosiest pair of lips in Cherbury are put up trustfully, to be kissed with a vigour which only a young sailor, due aboard his ship within two fleeting hours, is capable of imparting to the salutation. After this there is a delightful pause, while the August sunshine, filtering its way between the mossy piles of Cherbury Jetty, beneath which the lovers stand, surrounds their figures with a golden halo.

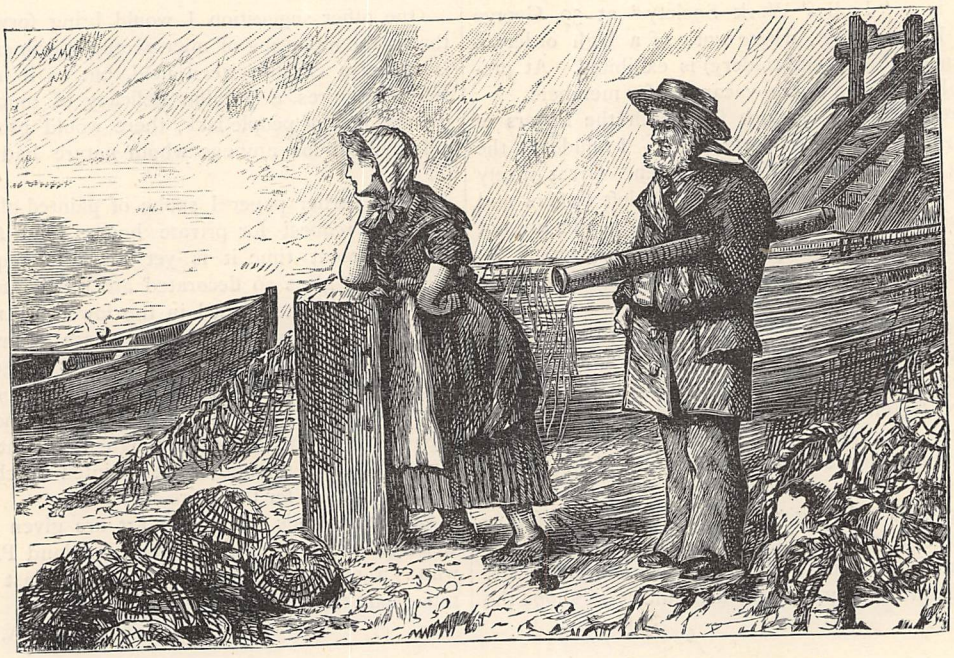
"What's that they tell me about Farmer Gordon havin' been so often up at your mother's while I was away, last voyage?" suddenly demands the young sailor. "Of course there's nowt in it, sweetheart; but I don't like to near, as I did hear the other night, the names o' Tom Gordon an' Rachel Cheal bein' coupled together so free-and-easy like—although Tom is old enough to be your father."

For a moment Rachel gazes into her lover's face in bewilderment; then, clasping his hand in both of hers, leans back against a weather-beaten bulkhead, while musical laughter ripples from her rosy lips.

"Oh! but where have your eyes been, Harry, my man?" she asks, as soon as she is able to speak; then she continues, very demurely, "As thou sayest, lad, he is often up at mother's; an' he is old enough, an' to spare, to be my father; an'——"

"Let him bide, my lass; let him bide. I can trust thee with any man of 'em all," interrupts her lover impetuously, as he hurriedly glances off to the foot of the lane which leads down to Cherbury Cove. "Here be George, an' little Jim, an' your uncle Humphrey; an' that means it's dead low-water, an' I must slip off at once if I'm to make Harwich this flood. God bless thee, my pretty one!" And he holds her to his heart in a clinging embrace, while a stentorian shout for "Ha-ry-y-y! Harry Ree-e-e-eed!" awakens the echoes of the cove.

"Aye, aye, George! aye, aye!" cries Harry in response. Then the two lovers emerge from the seclusion of the jetty, and join the group on the foreshore; and, after a hurried greeting, Harry puts off with

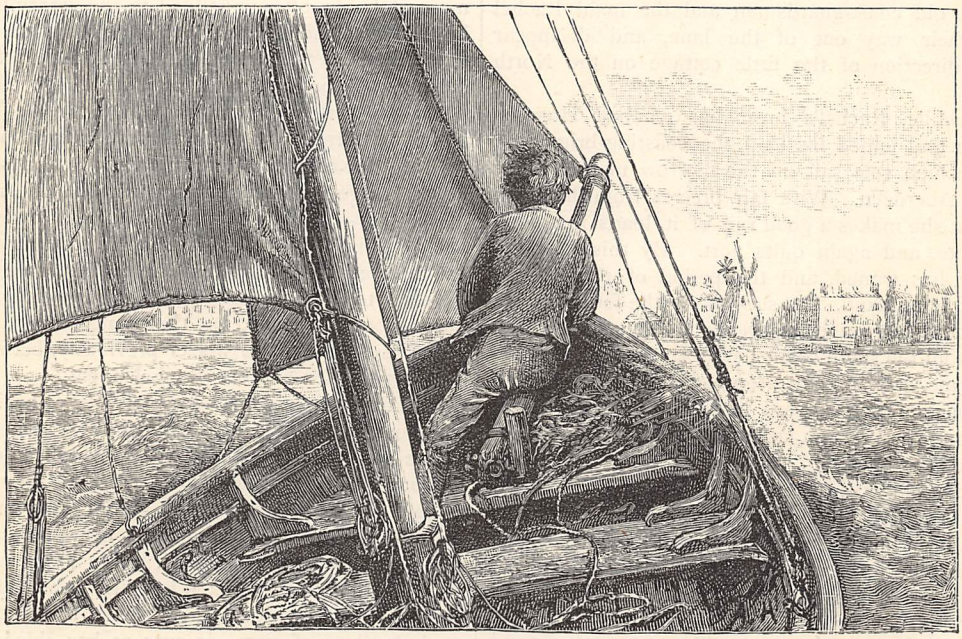


"RELUCTANT TO CRUSH THE LAST FLUTTERING VESTIGE OF HOPE" (*p.* 566).

George and little Jim in the boat to which hopeful allusion has been already made, and slips away before a gentle breeze from the northward in the direction of Harwich Harbour. It is not until the little craft has rounded Cherbury Point, and is lost to view, that Rachel's kerchief ceases to flutter in the air, and Rachel herself consents to turn and retrace her steps with her uncle to the village.

The Cheals are a family of which Cherbury has occasion to feel proud. Humphrey, a veteran of Her Majesty's Coast-Guard, is a man who, holding his own life cheap, has again and again voluntarily encountered deadly peril at humanity's call, and is known and respected throughout the whole county. Though now close upon sixty years of age, he still holds the onerous post of coxswain of the lifeboat; and if blessings always fell where blessings are due, it is on his good grey head that they would descend in showers, for many have been called down by the wives whom he has saved from widowhood. Stowed away in a locker in his trim little cottage on the North Down, and only visible on ceremonial occasions, are two medals—the Humane Society's and the Albert; and other decorations would be his besides, were it not that he is as modest as he is brave, and holds that saving a fellow-creature's life is a duty, and not—to use his own words—an affair to go and make a fuss about.

Humphrey Cheal has two sons—George, the elder, Harry Reed's bosom friend and partner, a stalwart young fellow on whom the Honourable Society of the Elder Brethren of Trinity House have already conferred the certificate for pilotage duty in the Estuary; and little Jim, the younger, a blue-eyed urchin of fourteen, who can handle oar or tiller with any lad of his age and weight in the village. It had been a somewhat tender point with Humphrey, in his earlier life, that his family had numbered no daughter; but this deficiency had since been supplied, his sister-in-law Rachel—now, alas! a widow—having brought into the world a little Rachel, who in due course had grown to be the very apple of her uncle's eye. To her, the most lovable maid in all Cherbury, the gentle reader has been already introduced under the jetty.



"STRAINS HIS EYES TOWARDS THE HARBOUR" (*p.* 567).

"'Tis a cruel, cruel task, is parting!" she sighs, as she wends her way up the lane by Humphrey's side; "and 'twould break my heart, uncle, if this voyage were not Harry's last!"

"Right you be, my bonny lamb, right you be. Parting is a heavy business at best, an' that's Bible truth," assents Humphrey. "But then, you know, we mustn't take on when we're right in sight o' port, so to speak," he continues in a more cheery tone. "Why, bless my heart, I shouldn't feel a bit surprised if you were to anchor up there an' tell me, as peart as mebbe, that Harry had gone and bespoke 2, Sheldrake's Cottages, afore he started!"

"Aye, bless the lad! that he did, uncle: bespoke the cottage, an' what's more, bespoke the pig! Just the plumpest little chap I've seen this many a day—as round an' soft an' beautiful as—as——" Her eyes beam softly over the retrospect, and the simile is lost.

"I'm main glad to hear it, my lass," comments

Humphrey thoughtfully; "for there's no denyin' that I'd wish to see thee settled all comfortable if so be that any other change in the family is to come about. I've heared folks talkin' a deal o' late, my dear: couplin' your mother's name with that o' Farmer Gordon."

A merry laugh issues spontaneously from Rachel's lips. "His very words, uncle; Harry's very words! 'Heared folks couplin' Rachel Cheal's name wi' that o' Tom Gordon!' But the queer part o' the tale is, my bonny lad thought the Rachel Cheal was me, uncle—me, an' not mother." And over the recollection she laughs the tears back into her eyes.

Humphrey laughs too; and thus, laughing and chatting, the old coast-guardsman and the maid Rachel make their way out of the lane, and disappear in the direction of the little cottage on the North Down.

Meanwhile, Rachel's lover has reached Harwich Harbour and joined his ship, the coasting-brig *Auld Reekie*, which sets sail on the morrow morn for the port of Aberdeen. With fair breezes from the south and west she makes a good run of it, loads her cargo of granite, and again quits port. By this time the summer has waned, and the period of the autumn equinox is at hand. At sunrise on the fourth day of her homeward voyage the brig encounters strong head winds from the south-east; before sunset it is blowing half a gale, and an hour afterwards—with her foresail in ribbons and her foreyard in splinters—she has put about, and is making a last blind effort to run for the mouth of the Tees.

A grim object, to the seafaring eye, is the *Auld Reekie*. For five-and-forty years, fair weather and foul, she has been knocking up and down the east coast of Great Britain in search of a livelihood—now carrying wood, now coal, now stone—and a storm-beaten, patched-up, unseaworthy old hulk she looks, through all her three coats of paint. To catch sight of the line where now the Plimsoll mark would be, the observer, it was averred, would have to station himself a couple of boat's-lengths off her weather-beam; and even then it would be necessary for a good stiff breeze to lay her over at an angle of 45° to her lead-line, before his curiosity could be assuaged. Such is the vessel in which Harry Reed has shipped as mate, and which—with her foremast gone by the board, her 250 tons dead-weight of granite shifting in her hold, and her rotten sails blown to rags — is staggering along in the inky darkness before the awful fury of the equinox. Like many another coffin-ship before her, she is allowed short shrift. In a few minutes a terrific sea—eager, as it were, to put her out of her misery—takes her on the counter and makes a clean sweep of her deck; and the same moment she reels, shudders, and finally plunges down headlong into the yawning gulf which opens to receive her.

And Harry Reed? In this instance vigorous young life, sustained by might of purpose, does not succumb quite so readily as rotten old timber. For two nights and two days, awful privation and suffering are his; but at length—numbed, bruised, lacerated, and with the death-stupor stealing upon him—he is observed and picked up by an outward-bound vessel.

In due course he recovers; and, enrolled as one of the hands, proceeds with the ship to Valparaiso, whither she is bound direct. There, with the present of a silver coin and many elaborate directions, he entrusts to a hanger-on of the harbour an English letter—a wild outpouring of all the long-pent passion of his heart—to be posted in the town. What eventually became of that poor painfully-produced sheet, no one living knows. Possibly the drunken tatterdemalion to whom it was handed—a Spanish half-caste—put it to practical use as cigarette-paper, and its rhapsodies, like many other lovers' rhapsodies, drifted away in smoke; more probably it lies imbedded in the greasy lining of his jacket to this day. One thing is certain: that it never reached the suppliant hand stretched forth to receive it, or brought relief to the soul famishing for news in the little old-world village beyond the Atlantic. From Valparaiso, the ship at length returns to Lisbon with copper-ore, and from Lisbon she starts with a general cargo for—word most musical to one, at least, of the crew—Ipswich. Once more in the Downs, where she lies three days wind-bound, English newspapers are received aboard; and in one of these, in a column devoted to local intelligence, a young sailor spells out, amongst other items, that a marriage has been solemnised, just three weeks previously, between one Thomas Gordon and one Rachel Cheal.

And the fair maid of Cherbury—what of her? Verily she too, like her lover, has passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, as her wasted face and great lustrous eyes bear record. Day in, day out, fair weather or foul, she must needs stray aimlessly to the beach where the last kiss lingered upon her cheek, and the last good-bye was whispered. She is never alone. Honest Humphrey—broken in spirit now, and bowed with grief, yet loving his poor shorn lamb still more tenderly than of yore—is ever at her side; and to murmured questions—the expression of the passionate yearning that is within her as she gazes beyond the waters of the bay and beyond the horizon—will give answer in softened words, hopeless himself, yet reluctant to crush the last fluttering vestige of hope.

It is in the gladsome sunshine of a young May morning that a gallant ship, which has voyaged from afar, bears up in Harwich roadstead, and signals for a pilot. Not long has she to wait for a response. A trim little craft comes dancing over the waves like a white-winged gull, and swings up gaily alongside. In another minute George Cheal has swung himself aboard, and little Jim prepares to put about and return.

But on the deck of that gallant ship it would seem, in good sooth, that the sea has given up her dead; for stalwart George, gazing with startled eye on a face which greets his sight, staggers back and grasps the taffrail for support. Few words pass between the long-parted friends, for their feelings are too deep for utterance; but a moment or two afterwards there is a wild scream of delight from alongside, for Harry Reed has descended into the boat, and mechanically

taken the tiller. A little later the boy Jim has unloosed the arms he has thrown about his old comrade's neck, and scrambling forward, strains his eyes towards the harbour which the little craft is now rapidly nearing, and in a very fever of excitement imparts the intelligence that Humphrey and Rachel have come over from Cherbury and are awaiting his return.

Halting of speech, mechanical of action, stony-eyed as one who dreams, Harry Reed sits with his hand on the tiller, asking no questions; hearing nothing beyond the quick throb of his pulses, and the surging of the blood in his ears. So the moments pass, and the boat is brought up alongside the harbour steps. Yet another brief interval, and Harry has fumbled his way mechanically up on to the pier; and a moment more and he becomes suddenly conscious of the approach of a woman's figure, of a passionate cry in his ears, and of a half-fainting form in his arms.

"Rachel, Rachel!" groans the strong man in his agony, when his voice at length comes to him, "couldst thou not have remained true to me even this short while?"

Her fingers move over his face, as the fingers of the blind move. "True, Harry?" she murmurs; "Aye, true till death!"

"True?" he cries, casting her from him in a sudden phrenzy of passion, "when thou'rt married?"

"Married?" she whispers, gazing helplessly into his face. Then suddenly she comprehends, and begins to laugh hysterically and sob; and he, by some subtle intuition, suddenly comprehends also, and straining her to his heart, cries—

"Idiot that I have been! I was blind—blind; but now I see!"

And all this time a grey-haired, weather-beaten coastguardsman has been tacking round and about these two central figures, yawing off as he has approached, only to be drawn at last into irresistible contact with them. What further words may have been spoken, or acts performed, by the little group, history does not record; but that Humphrey Cheal quitted Harwich Pier-head that morning with a clear two inches added to his stature, is capable of distinct proof; for is not Humphrey himself—a witness as little given to romancing as any officer who serves Her Majesty on the storm-beaten coasts of these islands—ready to vouch for the fact?

They did not wait long, those lovers, for the last act of their little domestic episode; they thought that, after that parting of theirs, there was no occasion to do so. It was shortly after daybreak on the first Wednesday of the month of May that they met; and the following Wednesday, just a little before noon, the bells of Cherbury Church rang out a gladsome peal, and Rachel Cheal and Harry Reed, kneeling side by side, turned over a fair fresh page, and as man and wife commenced a new chapter of the great book of their lives.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great and persistent efforts which are being made by the advocates of hygienic dress, the toilettes of to-day appear more *bizarre* each month. While French women tolerate daring innovations on the received code of good taste, English women are rash enough to copy these modes in inferior materials and in inferior makes.

I have had the opportunity of noting lately so many wonderful dresses, that I am prepared for the future not to be astonished at any vagaries of Dame Fashion. Imagine a pretty woman, yes, a really pretty woman, disfiguring herself by a gown of broad brown velvet stripes, alternating with orange satin stripes. The skirt was so arranged that the stripes were perpendicular, except in the scarf tunic, where they were horizontal; on the bodice they were perpendicular, and a Swiss pointed bodice of brown velvet divided the two. The figure was cut into three distinct divisions—I had almost said four—and go where you would, as long as the dress was in sight, it would attract attention. A brown holland dress, at the same fête, had a dark green velvet corselet bodice and a velvet parasol, and that also caught the eye. The parasols used in London during the season have been very wonderful indeed. Velvet parasols have been the rage; they cost a great deal, and are well-nigh spoilt when they have been shut up once or twice, as the velvet cover shows the creases. A novel idea is a parasol covered all over with brown grass made up on silk, and though it looked more like Robinson Crusoe's useful umbrella, and was anything but ornamental, it cost the absurd sum of seven guineas. Piece-lace fulled on to a satin parasol, and secured by pearl beads of large size, is a new idea which has been done to death. Dressmakers send bonnets and parasols to match the dresses almost as a matter of course.

I hope that the modiste and not the wearer was responsible for a perfectly transparent lace parasol, the pattern outlined in gold. Held up in a very broiling sun, it rather centred the sun's rays to the eyes than interposed between them, and the pale face grew redder and browner. Cheap and fashionable parasols are made plain outside and painted inside, which is quite a new idea, and not a bad one, seeing that those who patronise them contrive that the ornamentation shall be seen. We do not hide our talents or our possessions now-a-days. Our dress, it would seem, to be fashionable must attract the eye; and while a great deal of most expensive ornamentation is used, there is much cheap rubbish. But expensive trimmings are applied to simple fabrics. A holland dress—quite ordinary holland—was so bedizened with steel embroidery, that it cost nearly twenty pounds with parasol and bonnet complete.

It would be very little use for me to tell you about Paris bonnets, for no one wears them in London or elsewhere in England, judging from appearances; but no one nowadays need run up a long milliner's bill. The fashion of the year has been the basket bonnets. These may be bought at many of the drapers', in gold or silver, or brown, or green, indeed in many varieties, and require very little more than lining, strings, and an aigrette or a small bunch or wreath of flowers. Beaded bonnets are also much worn; you may buy the beaded crowns and the beaded lace by the yard; two rows of the lace round the face suffice, strings and a tuft at the side complete it. It hardly requires a taste for millinery to accomplish this. Hats, too, are simple enough. The sailor is the prevailing form, either encircled with flowers or covered with them, but always high in the crown and broad in the brim; still, besides these, very large hats overdone with feathers

are worn, and the high-crowned French ones which English women have not learnt to put on. A decided change in hair-dressing prevails. Whereas for the last few years, every one, be the face long or short, the brow broad or contracted, has appeared with a coil at the nape of the neck, and a fringe over the face: now, whether the neck be long or square, beautiful or ugly, the hair is drawn upwards to the crown of the head, so that the knots or plaits, or coil, meet the fringe, and tortoiseshell, ornamental pins and diamond ones, are used to secure them very often. Should any of you be inspired with the desire to adopt this style of coiffure, you have nothing to do but to comb the hair upwards and then twist it. If you have abundance of hair you dispose of the ends in these knots, or in a plaited coronet, or in flat simply rolled strands of hair, which form a circle on the head; you must twist it a little loosely so that at the back it stands away from the head, and, with a fair amount of hair, to such an extent that it seems as if there were a frisette; but no frisette is necessary. If in turning the hair up some loose short pieces of hair remain, these are shortened sufficiently to be curled with the irons, just one little curl each side. It is a style which is admirable where stars and diamond pins are used.

Just now you will be wanting some thin summer dresses. Amongst the newest are the cream spotted muslins printed with Pompadour bouquets. These are made up quite simply—tunics crossing in front and draped at the back, bordered with lace, and gathered lace-edged flounces below. Full-banded bodices and light half-length sleeves ending between the elbow and the wrist are most worn with this style, and for most of the soft woollen stuffs. Nun's veiling in a long gamut of fashionable shades is made up for fête and dinner-gowns, but Toile de Veuve is newer. This is made in wool, but is a stiff coarse sort of old wire-grounded barège, very durable and very pretty. If you happen to have an old Yak lace shawl by you, drape it with cream ribbons and border the skirt with flounces of this Toile de Veuve; the bodice of the same. It is also much ornamented with woven patterns in cross-stitch and is occasionally shot. Thus treated it is most fashionable in Paris, but not so much in England, where possibly it will find favour next year.

The fronts of day-dresses composed entirely of lace is a favourite style; the lace is run on to piece-net and then fastened row upon row with brooches of jet wherever they can be used. Velvet gauze or soft Merveilleux silk forms the back of the skirt and the bodice, and any amount of jet trimming and bows of narrow ribbon are introduced. Should you care to place the fashionable succession of bows down the side of the skirt, I will tell you how to manage it. You take four ends of ribbon and pin them carelessly in loops from the waist, then you tie each two ends in bows, one on the top of the other, and carry down the loops again quite carelessly, but with a certain method, and they look as if hands had hardly touched them. The proper treatment of ribbon is quite a study. I note that, in some of the very broad box-plaits, wide satin ribbon is carried down and ends in a large bow. Nothing is too fanciful, and you hardly see two ribbon arrangements alike.

The newest waterproof wrap-cloaks have mackintosh on one side and a soft bright silk on the other—green, blue, brown, any colour you may prefer—this converts an ugly garment into a pretty one, and depend upon it a circular cloak with the present bouffant fashions at the back of gowns is best. What sights are to be seen with ulsters and semi-fitting dolmans, which do not admit of the necessary flow of the skirt!

Black piece-net, made up over coloured silk, is a durable useful dress for women young and old, and these can be worn for full-dress morning and evening wear. Terra-cotta shows up well beneath, especially if bows of the same ending in pompons catch up the drapery. Cashmeres are now considered appropriate for the most full-dress occasions, and in light shades are trimmed with white guipure. Electric blue and fraise écrasé of the lightest tone are the most fashionable, but the latter to my mind looks best in soft silk, trimmed with saffron-coloured lace, while soft silks are much trimmed with the new apricot tone of lace. For slight mourning let me recommend you a grey zephyr cloth with black spots; it is extremely pretty and stylish. If you

are out of mourning, the same tone looks well with red spots. They should be trimmed with lace and bows of narrow ribbon used liberally. Low dresses are once more fashionable for dinner parties, so are high bodices; the heart-shaped and square-cut bodices have had the best of their day. Gloves are made to come above the elbow, and have many purchasers. Shoes are universally worn for full dress morning and evening.

Gloves are made to reach far above the elbow, and silk ones of extra length have been much patronised. They have two buttons at the wrist, and are easily slipped on and off, taking the necessary wrinkles or rumples on the arm much more kindly than the softest Suèdes are wont to do. These silk gloves are dyed in many shades, and they are more economical wear than kid, for when the fingers show signs of age the gloves can be converted into mittens by cutting the fingers off entirely, together with half the thumbs, and buttonholing the edge with silk to match.

Shoes are much more generally worn than boots both in the morning and evening; and as the stockings are visible, silk ones are adopted when practicable. Some women dislike the feel of woven silk on either hands or feet; with the latter, the difficulty is overcome by wearing gauze Balbriggan stockings of the very lightest quality beneath the coloured silk ones, the gauze doing double duty by protecting the skin when the colour rubs off, which in some dyes it is apt to do. Shoes for full-dress wear are now made ornamental with beaded embroidery and buckled bows, but in these, as in all accessories of the toilette, the colours should harmonise with those of the gown worn at the time.

What the French call "tournures," and the English "bustles," are still on the increase. Until the warm weather set in, and when heavy materials were worn, the small cushions padded with horsehair and tufted down were worn to give the necessary bulge below the bend of the waist that Fashion now decrees. One of these pads was tacked on to the waistband at the back of the skirt, but now a cooler arrangement is required, and ingenuity is as rife and fertile as ever, for several devices are resorted to in order to compass the desired end. Of course, the most skilful dressmakers depend on their manner of draping the dress to give the effect of a large tournure, but the knowledge of intricate draping is given to few, so cross-barred muslin or horsehair is brought to the rescue, and several bustles and combinations of bustles and petticoats have been introduced of late. Of the former, the V-shaped piece of muslin covered with narrow frills of corded muslin, and tied into shape with tapes, is perhaps the best. A petticoat and tournure combined is made of corded muslin, and is gored to the figure, and the back breadth is trimmed with flounces, sewn on very full, stiffly starched and never ironed. Sometimes steels in cases are added across the back breadths of the dress-skirt, but when possible these aids are better omitted, for they have a trick of bending out of shape, snapping, and speedily getting out of condition. There is still a marked difference between the cut of English and French corsets, but on one point they are similar in order to suit prevailing modes—they are both cut very long on the hips, so as to give as much as possible the effect of a slight figure with a long waist.

Now let us glance at the illustrations and interpret them, commencing with the small maiden wheeling her perambulator. Her frock is of soft Indian foulard, which, be it remarked, is finer than French foulard. Red and cream checks form the skirt and bodice, cream foulard the sleeves and full front; the lace round the neck is cream, and the shoulder-bows are red satin ribbon. If a more ordinary frock be desired, zephyr or nun's veiling might be used in the same way.

The gay world is on the wing, and the large group shows us promenaders by the sea, and travellers by land. The lady who has just joined a fresh arrival, wears a Tussore silk costume, with tablier of brown Surah; the waistcoat and bouillonné frill heading the paniers, and the cuffs are also of Surah. The tablier is crossed with a lattice-work of Tussore, a pompon fastening down the diamonds at certain intersections. A pompon fringe of the two colours falls above the plaiting that edges the skirt. The second lady wears a smart costume of pink nun's veiling, trimmed with rows of narrow black velvet ribbon, which figures on the revers, cuffs, and turned-up panels at the sides. The black skirt is trimmed with several rows of lace; the bows are black, likewise the lining to the epaulettes. The bonnet is tied with two sets of narrow strings, and note here that, in order to make loose-looking loops which Fashion now decrees, each set should be tied separately so as to avoid any matting together of the cluster.

The third figure wears an electric blue sateen costume, with Pompadour tablier and waistcoat, the flowers being blue and pink on a cream ground. The sleeves are cut with one seam only, and that at the back of the arm. They are set very high on the shoulders, where they are slightly padded to make them look full and higher than the shoulder-seam, a feature that is increasing rather than diminishing.

On the fourth figure the sleeves are rendered more important still by the addition of full bouillonnés at the top. The material of this dress is printed and plain muslin of the new shade of pale mauve. The flowered muslin is used for revers and over-skirt. The skirt is mounted in wide plaits all round, a style that is superseding the narrow kiltings to which we have been so long accustomed.

The fifth figure wears the still popular crushed strawberry colour trimmed with ripe red gooseberry velvet, the dress being grenadine, and the tablier figured satin in the two shades. The back of the skirt is a waterfall—by which is meant a succession of plaits falling in lines undisturbed with draping.

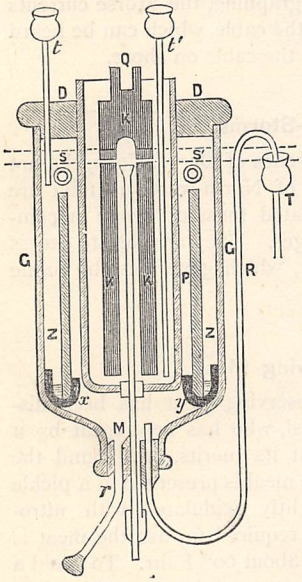
The seated figure is in brown cashmere, with broché trimmings, the flowers being large pansies in several shades of rich old-gold. The large guipure collar outlined with gold cord is a feature in this costume.

A single figure remains—a girl of twelve in Turkey twill, cream guipure, and black stockings, with hat to correspond, and the popular shoulder-cape, a costume that need not fear ruin should the watering-can which she carries be misdirected in its work.

THE GATHERER.

A Constant Voltaic Battery.

A very constant battery has been devised by Dr. E. Obach. It consists of a bottle, G (see the figure), placed on a suitable support in an inverted position. The bottom is cut off and replaced by a wooden cover, D. A porous pot, P, of red earthenware is supported by a cork ring and closed by a plug of cork saturated with paraffin, through which penetrates the square end of a carbon plate, K. This plate is perforated through the heart by a hole. A glass tube, M, of which the extremity is slightly funnel-shaped, reaches to the top of the carbon and penetrates the porous pot and plug of the bottle. The bottom of the porous pot is paraffined as well as its upper part and the head of the carbon. Upon the bottom of the bottle rests a gutta-percha ring, *x y*, in the form of a trough filled with mercury, in which dips the lower portion of the zinc cylinder. Two tubes, R and *r*, pass through the plug at the lower part of the bottle; and of the two cupped tubes in the cover—*t* and *t'*—*t* reaches to the upper part of the zinc, and *t'* to the bottom of the porous pot. The liquids circulate as follows:—Fresh nitric acid enters at the bottom of the porous pot by the tube *t'* whilst the spent acid runs off by the radiating holes at the top of the carbon into the central tube, M, and into a receptacle below. Fresh sulphuric acid solution enters at the upper part by *t*, and flows by the siphon, R, into the tube, T. The surfaces of the liquids are nearly even, as shown by the dotted lines in the figure, the sulphuric acid solution being at the highest level. A glass tube, S S', is traversed by a current of cold water to keep the liquids at constant temperature.



Two New Knives.

Novelties may always be looked for from the headquarters of the cutlery trade, and in the two new knives under notice we find very good specimens of Sheffield workmanship. One of them is a knife specially designed for peeling. The end of the blade for about one-third of its length is the knife proper, with which the incisions, &c., are to be made, while the remaining two-thirds of the blade are occupied with an ingenious appliance for peeling purposes. The "Wheatsheaf Peeler"—as it is called—peels so closely and evenly as to effect a considerable saving by the prevention of waste. The other novelty is a cement-hafted table-knife. This particular kind may be allowed to remain in boiling water for any length of time without the blade becoming loosened. Nor does the cement itself dissolve, a common source of discolouration being thus avoided. As is well known, the blades of table-knives often get loose, or the handles discoloured, but these evils are successfully prevented by the use of cement for securing, as in the "Wheat-sheaf" knives. the blade to the handle.

A Diffusion Motor.

At a recent meeting of the London Physical Society, Mr. Woodward described an experiment illustrating motion produced by diffusion. A porous reservoir of clay containing air was suspended from one end of a weighted balance beam. A glass tube projected from it below and dipped into a vessel of water. A jet of hydrogen was allowed to play on the outside of the reservoir, and the balance beam began to oscillate. The oscillation kept up and the device became in fact a diffusion engine. The action is explained by the variation of pressure in the reservoir set up by diffusion.

A Monster Spring.

The largest steel spring known to exist was recently made at Pittsburg, U.S., in the Superior Iron and Steel Works. The ingot for the spring was cast 14 inches square and 7 feet long. This was subsequently rolled down to 6 inches by 4, and 24 feet long. To properly heat this bloom a special furnace 30 feet long was built, and after heating it was rolled down to a band 310 feet long, 6 inches wide, and ¼ inch thick. Its weight was 1,700 pounds. The spring is to be used by the United States Spring Car Motor Company, in order to drive tram-cars by the force of a coiled-up spring.

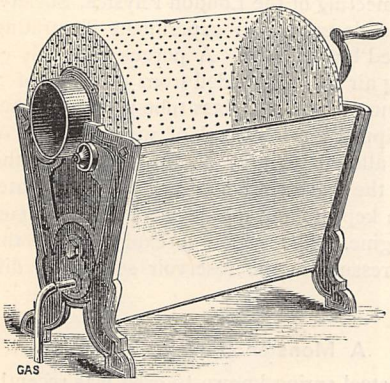
A New Rubber-Plant.

In the annals of discovery it is by no means unusual to find that things believed for long years to be utterly worthless all of a sudden acquire considerable value. The vegetable world supplies one of the most recent "cases in point" in a creeper which rejoices in the scientific name of *Cryptostegia grandiflora*. The plant was noticed by a gentleman in South India to flourish luxuriantly in poor sandy soil near the sea, and to spread so quickly as to make it difficult to keep it within limits. Doubtless he thought it a weed and, therefore, a nuisance, in spite of its beautiful flower, but he happened to identify it some time afterwards in Mr. Christy's hot-house in London, and learned that it possessed an economic value. Mr. Christy having informed him of the mode of collecting its juice, experiments were at once undertaken with the most

promising results. Samples of the rubber were declared by experts to be clean, of firm texture, and good in quality. As there are thousands of acres of waste land in the low country of South India and Ceylon, it is possible that the cultivation of this rubber-yielding creeper may be taken up on an extensive scale. The plant needs scarcely any looking after, beyond a fence up which it may climb, and probably the labour of gathering the juice could be easily done by natives. Consequently there is every reason to expect that these rubber "plantations" may be made to yield a handsome return for the capital and labour employed in their development.

New Coffee-Roaster.

The illustration represents a coffee-roaster which is capable of roasting a pound of beans in eight minutes, or a quarter of a pound in three minutes, and is remarkably cheap. Being a quick roaster it produces finer coffee than the slower roasters in the trade. The cylinder containing the coffee is turned by the handle shown, and the heat is supplied by gas-jets below: the gas being carried by a flexible rubber pipe. We may add that coffee can be very well roasted in a cast-iron frying-pan over a small gas-burner, a plan frequently followed on the Continent.



New Inks.

An endorsing ink which does not dry rapidly on the pad, and is quickly taken up by the paper, is made by taking aniline colour in solid form 16 parts, 80 parts of boiling distilled water, 7 parts of glycerine, and 3 parts of syrup. The colour is dissolved in hot water, and the other ingredients added whilst agitating the liquid. Syrup added increases the good qualities of the ink. A new invisible ink, which shows when the paper is dipped in water, is made by mixing linseed oil 1 part, water of ammonia 20 parts, water 100 parts. The mixture is to be agitated each time before using, as the oil may separate out and stain the paper.

Mid-Ocean Telegraphy.

The idea of telegraphing from ships out at sea is not a new one, and crops up from time to time. Mid-ocean telegraph stations have been proposed, and may possibly be carried out some day. The chief difficulty in the way of their adoption is the necessity of keeping the ship anchored and connected to the cable on the bottom by a fixed branch cable or conductor, in all sorts of weather. Professor A. E. Dolbear has proposed a plan which may render this communication unnecessary. A large metal plate attached to an insulated conductor is lowered from the ship to the bottom on the track of the cable, and another plate is merely submerged. Between these two plates is a battery and Morse key. On working the key as in the ordinary mode of telegraphing, the Morse currents induce other currents in the cable, which can be heard in telephones attached to the cable on shore.

Dust-Storms.

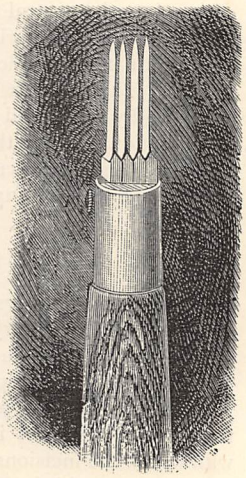
According to the researches of Dr. H. Cook, the hot simooms or dust-storms of North-western India are produced by a concentrated form of ozone accompanied by electrical changes. They are due to excess of atmospheric electricity, which generates the ozone in large quantities.

Preserving Meat.

A new process for preserving meat has been discovered by Signor Pavesi, who has kept meat by it for a year or two to test its merits, and found the flavour still retained. The meat is preserved in a pickle consisting of water slightly acidulated with nitro-muriatic acid, and when required for use the meat is dried at a temperature of about 60° Fahr. To avoid a slightly brown colour the meat may be steeped in plain water before being dried.

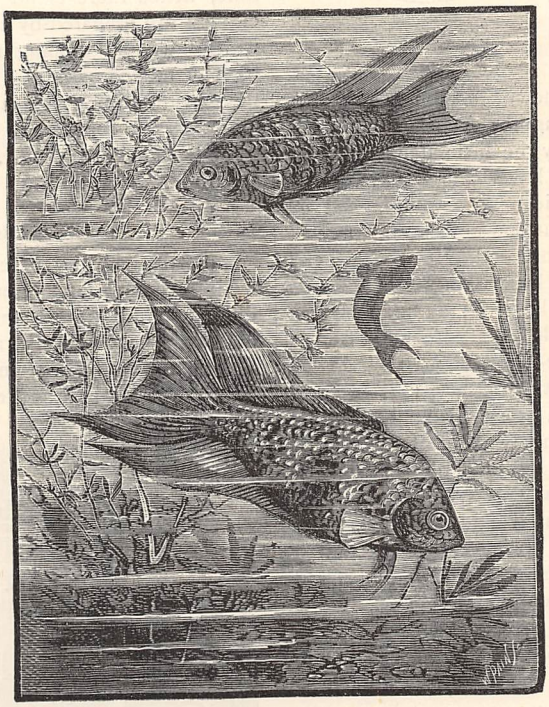
A Polyblade Knife.

In the accompanying woodcut is represented a thoroughly useful article for the kitchen. As its hybrid name will have suggested, it is a knife with many blades. It has been devised for the purpose of enabling certain stages of cooking to be much more rapidly passed than is ordinarily the case. For instance, the operations of slicing French beans, cutting up into pieces orange-peel for marmalade, chipping potatoes, all entail the consumption of much time. By using the polyblade knife these operations can be performed in a very smart manner. Indeed, it is said that it will cut enough French beans for a family in five minutes! Whenever the blades need cleaning or sharpening, they can be removed from the handle without delay by simply unfastening the screw at the side, by which they can as easily and speedily be tightened up into position again. This invention seems to be as really useful as it is ingenious.



The Paradise Fish.

This beautiful fish, perhaps the most beautiful of all fishes, is a member of the *macropus* family. The length is about ten centimètres, and the back is brown, changing to greenish-grey on the belly, but marked with changeable yellowish-green and blue and red cross-lines. The fins are large in proportion to the body, but are less in the females. They are natives of China, where they are usually kept as ornamental creatures ; but little is known about them in a wild state. They are peculiarly adapted for being household pets, as they live in a very little water, and can be kept out of the water for twenty minutes at a time without injury. They feed on crawfish, insect larvæ, worms, mussels, flies, and so on. Their nest consists of a congeries of small air-bubbles in which they deposit the sperm. At first the young live on the nest of foam, and afterwards upon larvæ.



A New Lily.

A new lily with a very large snowy corolla and exquisite perfume has been imported from Bermuda, where it was found wild. The lily is believed to be a descendant of some *Lilium eximium* or *longiflorum* strayed from some old garden in the island, but it differs from these species. It is called the *Lilium Harisii*, and its peculiar merit is its power of producing a succession of flowers. Soon as one stem is in blossom, fresh floral stems are given forth, and thus an uninterrupted series of flowers are exhibited during the season. It is easily cultivated and small first-year bulbs will produce flowers.

Sulphur in Shot Rubbish.

Recent excavations for public works in Paris have laid bare a store of native sulphur in an accumulation of old shot rubbish. The crystallisation is evident to the eye, and under the microscope the crystals are seen to be octahedral. M. Daubrée explains its presence by supposing that sulphate of lime and organic matters, such as manure, shoe-leather, bones, and vegetables, associated with it in the heap have acted chemically on each other. In some places the sulphur is rich enough to pay for its extraction. It usually shows in a "breccia" of small pieces thickly incrusted with crystals of sulphur. When the bed was opened by the diggers it exhaled a powerful odour resembling that of phosphorus, and probably due to phosphuretted hydrogen gas. Sulphur crystals are sometimes found between the layers of decaying trees.

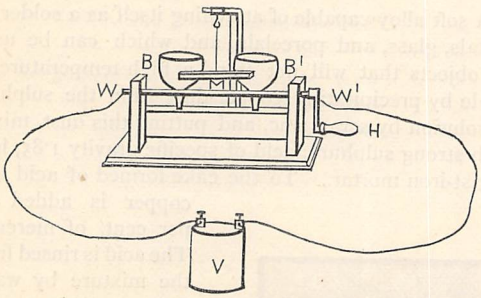
A Useful Solder.

A soft alloy capable of attaching itself as a solder to metals, glass, and porcelain, and which can be used on objects that will not stand a high temperature, is made by precipitating copper-dust from the sulphate in solution by scrap zinc, and putting this dust, mixed with strong sulphuric acid of specific gravity 1·85, into a cast-iron mortar.. To the cake formed of acid and copper is added 70 per cent. of mercury. The acid is rinsed from the mixture by warm water, and in ten or twelve hours the alloy is hard enough to scratch tin. If to be used now the alloy must be heated so hot that when brayed in an iron mortar it becomes soft as wax. In this ductile form it can be spread out on any surface, to which it adheres with great tenacity when it gets cold and hard.

A Magnetic Chime.

Professor D. E. Hughes, the well-known electrician, has been making some remarkable researches into the nature of magnetism by aid of his induction balance, which we have illustrated in a former page of the GATHERER. He has come to the conclusion that a magnetic body such as iron, nickel, or aluminium, is composed of molecules every one of which is a separate magnet, with two poles of "north" and "south" polarity. When the body, let us say an iron bar, is in a neutral state, and shows no signs of magnetism as a whole, it is because these molecules are arranged so that they satisfy their mutual attractions amongst themselves, the north poles being bound as it were by the south poles amongst them. When, on the contrary, the body becomes a magnet by being magnetised with another magnet, the molecules are directed so that all the molecular poles of one kind point in one direction. The neutral state is produced by jarring the bar, so that the molecules fall into their places ; but even in soft iron the particular direction

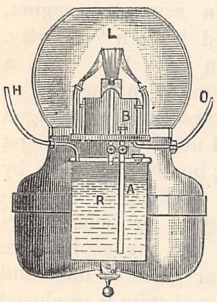
given to the molecules can be preserved by torsion, and tempering. When iron is tempered so as to become like steel, the molecules do not move so freely, and hence the magnetic direction given to them is not so easily disturbed by heat or mechanical vibration. A curious effect is that when a current of electricity is



sent through an iron wire, the magnetism of the wire can be reversed by reversing the twist given to the wire. This is illustrated by the little device of Professor Hughes which we have called a magnetic chime. It consists of an iron wire, W W', fixed on two supports, and clamped at one end, W, but free to turn round its axis at the other end, W'. To this end a handle, H, is fitted so that by working it backwards and forwards the torsion of the wire may be altered in direction. A magnetic needle, M, is suspended from a support in front of two wine-glass bulbs, B B', of different tone; and when a voltaic battery, V, is inserted in circuit with the wire, on working the handle, H, to and fro so as to reverse the twist of the wire, the magnet needle oscillates and hits each bulb alternately, thus producing a pleasant chime. We may add that Professor Hughes finds the magnetic molecules in a piece of iron to be capable of movement through a small range with very great freedom and rapidity, and this is the reason why the telephonic currents are able to change the magnetism of the telephone magnet so quickly. Until the telephone was invented, it was not believed that magnetism could alter so quickly in a piece of iron.

A New Artificial Light.

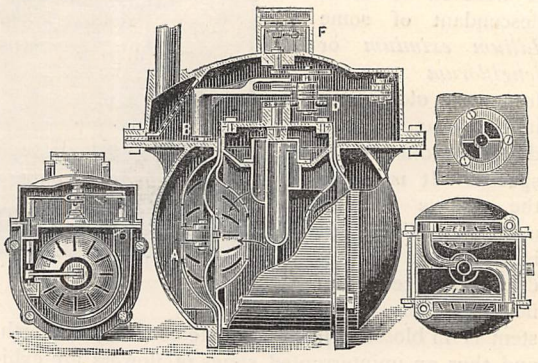
The new incandescence lamp which we illustrate is an improvement on the ordinary lime-light burner, by the addition of albo-carbon gas in place of the ordinary hydrogen or coal-gas. It is well known that the lime-light is produced by causing a jet of oxygen gas to burn in conjunction with a jet of coal-gas against a piece of lime. The intense heat generated raises the lime to a white heat and causes it to emit a very brilliant light, which is chiefly used for scenic effects in theatres. Again, it is well known that if ordinary coal-gas is passed over naphthaline or lumps of solid



albo-carbon, the gas is enriched and gives out a white strong light. The inventor of the new lamp, which we illustrate, M. Hélouis, has combined these two systems and produced a very powerful light. In the figure, R is a reservoir containing naphthaline. The coal-gas enters it through H, and is vapourised by the naphthaline. The liquid under the influence of the gaseous pressure rises in the plunge-tube, A, which is provided at the end with a nozzle and cock, to regulate the flow of the hydro-carburet into the chamber, B. This chamber is highly heated by a crayon or block of lime, L, which is kept in a state of incandescence by two gas-jets, one of oxygen and the other of carburetted coal-gas, impinging upon it as shown. The oxygen is brought into the lamp by the pipe, O; and the two gases do not mix before ignition at the lime, hence there is no danger of explosion. The crayons are prepared by cutting them from a block of white lime and dipping them for five minutes in a bath of melted paraffin. The paraffin drives out all the moisture and prevents the crayon from breaking in pieces. The oxygen is prepared by decomposing sulphuric acid at red heat.

Potato-Ivory.

An artificial ivory of creamy whiteness and great hardness is now made from good potatoes washed in dilute sulphuric acid, then boiled in the same solution until they become solid and dense. They are then washed free of the acid and slowly dried. The ivory can be dyed and turned, and will be useful in many ways.



A New Water-Meter.

The new diaphragm water-meter which we illustrate is warranted to measure correctly under the lightest as well as fullest pressure, while all other meters only register correctly when the water is passed through them at a certain pressure, and are apt to let it pass in driblets without recording it at all. The dial, F, on the top registers the water passing. The apparatus works noiselessly. It has no piston or other part liable to corrode in the water, and being made of unfinished castings, is cheaply and readily put together. A sanitary advantage of the meter is the fact that it can be set to give only as much water as is required without the need of storing it in tanks, where it is apt to become

polluted by absorption of noxious gases or dirt. The arrows show the flow of the water through the meter, and the diaphragm, A, against which it presses, actuates a train of mechanism, A, B, D, which works the hands of the recording dial, F.

Foam-Balls.

Balls of foam blown up by the wind from the sea have recently been seen of extraordinary size. Some two feet in diameter have been observed on the North American coast after a cold, dry, windy day.

Non-copying Ink Pencils.

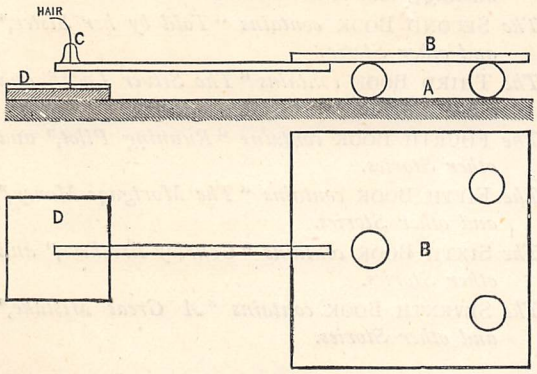
Ink pencils are useful things, but it is sometimes unfortunate that a copy of the writing can be taken from them by pressing another paper over the script. An ink pencil has now been introduced which does not lend itself to copying. What is written by it cannot be stamped off, either wet or dry.

A Sixty-ton Crane.

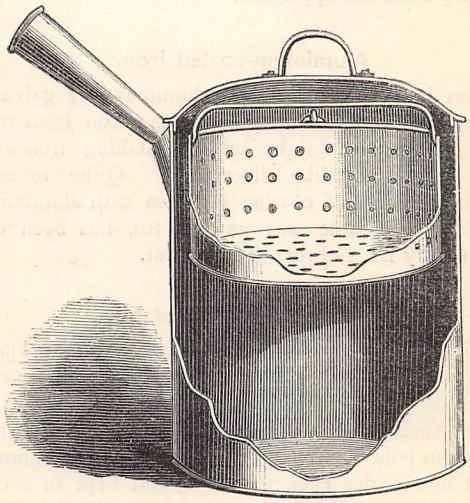
Probably the largest crane in existence is now erected at the works of Messrs. D. J. Dunlop and Co., shipbuilders, Port Glasgow. It is capable of lifting 60 tons and has a jib 60 feet in length. It is erected on a jetty at the Inch Works of the above firm, and is intended for shipping heavy boilers, engines, and so on into newly-built ships. The crane was made by Messrs. G. Russel and Co., of Motherwell, who some time ago constructed a 30-ton derrick crane, which, until the new one, was believed to be the most powerful in the world.

A New Earthquake Detector.

A cheap form of earthquake detector would be a useful appliance, in some parts of the world at least, where buildings are apt to be damaged by earthshakings, and the apparatus we illustrate appears to be what is required. It consists of a ground and polished glass plate, A, about five inches square,



placed level once for all. On this rest three accurately turned ivory balls about 1½ inches in diameter, and on the top of these balls is placed a plate, B, similar to the lower, but having attached to it a projecting arm with a long vertical hole pierced through it. Through this hole passes a steel needle, C, with a fine point which rests by its own weight on a lampblack surface formed on the plate D. A hair about two inches long should be fixed to the eye of the needle to assist in adjusting it. The instrument thus becomes a pendulum of infinite length, so that when the ground, and therefore the lower plates, move, the top plate with its arm and needle remains practically steady, and the point of the needle marks on the lampblack surface the amount of motion and the direction in which the lower plate is moved. Fixed on the gable of a house this instrument will show a shaking of the gable to $\frac{1}{6}$ of an inch.



A New Potato Steamer.

There are some people who have gone so far as to assert that if they could only get a well-cooked potato for dinner they would leave *entrées* and expensive "made-up" dishes generally to others. Probably the difficulty of properly cooking potatoes is familiar to most readers. For instance, a common experience is that some tubers will only boil and not steam, while others behave in quite the opposite manner. These and other obstacles, however, have been successfully overcome by the new potato steamer, represented in our woodcut. It consists of two parts—a pot and an inner perforated vessel or lining. The potatoes are first laid in the latter utensil, which is then placed in the bottom of the pot with enough water to cover them. Having boiled for the requisite time (say, a quarter of an hour), the lining is raised and hooked on to a hook near the top of the pan. Here, then, they steam, and in about twelve minutes or so, according to size, will be done to a nicety. It is claimed for this patent steamer that it will cook, with certainty and precision, every kind of potato that greengrocers provide for their customers.

Luminous Magnets.

Many years ago Baron Reichenbach, who was no relation of the famous Munchausen, made a statement

to the effect that he had observed a faint white light emanate from the poles of a magnet, after his eyes had been inured to darkness for some hours. The statement was generally discredited at the time, but Professor W. F. Barrett, of Dublin, has recently experimented with an electro-magnet excited by a battery, and two boys, who were not in the secret, declared they saw a faint conical luminosity proceeding from the poles.

Aluminium Foil.

Thin leaves of aluminium are now sold in books just like gold or silver leaf. The foil is used instead of the latter, and also in preference to tin foil for making electrical apparatus.

Aluminium-coated Iron.

Iron is now coated with aluminium by galvanoplasty. The aluminium prevents the iron from rusting and keeps a bright surface, making iron-work look something like silver-plate. Quite recently another process of coating the iron with aluminium, much in the same way as with tin, has been discovered by Dr. Gehring of Landshut.

Utilising Diseased Potatoes.

Diseased potatoes are now turned into a valuable food for cattle by boiling them, draining off the water, which is poisonous, and then drying the mess on sieves, such as gravel screens. The boiled tuber is free from poison. When dry the potatoes are rammed tight into a dry cask with salt, and kept in a cool place till wanted. One copperful can be dried and packed while the next is being cooked, so that a large quantity can be cooked in a day. These facts should be known to every farmer.

Zinc-painted Iron.

The new process of protecting iron from rust by means of a zinc paint is likely to be useful as it is so easily applied. It is the invention of MM. Neugeau and Delaite, and the paint is prepared by mixing metallic zinc in powder with oil and a siccative. This paint is applied to the iron by an ordinary paint-brush. Two coats preserve the iron from the atmosphere and sea-water. The paint is steel-grey in appearance, but may be painted over. The paint is cheap and is recommended for fences, telegraph-poles, lamp-posts, and iron structures in general. A very good mixture of ingredients for the paint is 8 parts, by weight, of zinc, 71 of oil, and 2 of a siccative. The paint is useful where galvanising, the Bower-Barff oxidising process, and others would be impracticable.

Leather from Leather-Waste.

Artificial leather made of leather-waste mixed with five to ten per cent. of sinew, and pressed into sheets like cardboard, is now made in Germany. The two materials are separately prepared—the leather pieces washed, cut, boiled in alkaline lye, torn, neutralised with sulphuric acid and water, then freed from the acid by washing. The sinews are similarly treated, but steamed in an acid bath until they become like glue. These materials are then mixed, pressed into sheets, moistened on both sides with concentrated solution of alum, and the upper surface is finally treated with a thin coat of solution of caoutchouc in carbon bisulphide to increase its resemblance to leather.

Firing Clothes by Sunlight.

A curious case of ignition by the solar rays was recently recorded. During a fine morning in March last, while two ladies were talking together in a drawing-room at Finchley, the dress of one was seen to give off smoke. It turned out that the solar rays, focussed on the dress by the lens of a graphoscope which stood on a table near, had set the cloth on fire. This record has elicited two others, describing similar cases in India of the wicks of carriage lamps being ignited by the sunshine concentrated on them through the glass fronts. As a serious fire might arise in this way through the merest accident, the circumstance mentioned deserves to be widely known.

STORIES FROM CASSELL'S.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

The Editor has at last ventured, in response to repeated appeals, to make a selection of some of the short complete Stories which have from time to time appeared in the pages of this Magazine, for the benefit of a large number of readers who are unable to obtain them in any other form, now that the Annual Volumes and Monthly Parts, in which the Stories originally appeared, are out of print.

The present Series consists of SEVEN BOOKS.

The FIRST BOOK *contains "My Aunt's Match-making," and other Stories.*

The SECOND BOOK *contains "Told by her Sister," and other Stories.*

The THIRD BOOK *contains "The Silver Lock," and other Stories.*

The FOURTH BOOK *contains "Running Pilot," and other Stories.*

The FIFTH BOOK *contains "The Mortgage Money," and other Stories.*

The SIXTH BOOK *contains "Gourlay Brothers," and other Stories.*

The SEVENTH BOOK *contains "A Great Mistake," and other Stories.*

The Editor, in conclusion, hopes and believes that these Stories, which have already delighted many thousands of readers, will, in their present handy and permanent form, prove as acceptable to as many thousands more of that great and increasing world, the reading public.

PARDONED.

By the Author of "In a Minor Key," "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

"THEN I WILL ASK HIM QUESTIONS."

BUT after all the doctors were wrong, and Gilbert Craven was right. A fortnight after Colonel Everard had arrived, on that afternoon in May, at No. 12, S—— Gardens, Winifred was alive, and, what was more, was slowly—very slowly — creeping back to health.

His coming had been the turning-point in her illness. The sound of that quiet concentrated voice, the touch of those long fingers, had seemed to soothe and calm her as no others could. He had only been with her a few minutes, and although she had not known him his very presence had had a magical effect upon her. Helen, burning with indignation against the man for whose pardon Winny was crying out so passionately in her delirium, was somewhat mollified when she saw the wonders he had worked.

There was no doubt that he was very fond of her. Day after day he was at the house, having established himself at an hotel close by, content to wait for hours, if he might but see her only for a few minutes. And every day the few minutes were prolonged, and although she was still tossing and burning with fever, yet she got a little sleep, and that was a great point gained.

So it went on for more than a week; and although Colonel Everard and Mr. Craven dined together more than once, there was no mention made of the estrangement between the former and his niece. As a rule, they talked of everything under the sun but Winny, by tacit consent avoiding the subject that was uppermost in their thoughts.

"Why do you not have it out with him?" Helen asked her husband, time after time. "If you don't, I will."

But Gilbert, man-like, shrank from the task.

"I am not fond of prying," he answered; "and Colonel Everard is not a man of whom you can ask questions."

"Then I will ask him questions," said Helen valiantly. "Depend upon it, there is some misunderstanding somewhere, and I am determined I will get to the bottom of it."

"Do, if you can. He can't snub you, as you are a lady, and you will manage it much better than I should."

"Ah, you men!" cried Helen. "Where would you be without your wives to do all the disagreeable work for you?"

Gilbert laughed. "If Colonel Everard chooses to quarrel with his niece, what is that to you or me?" he answered. But Helen was not so acquiescent; she would thoroughly sift this matter, she said, and put an end to this misunderstanding, which had no small share—of that she was confident—in Winny's illness.

She found it harder than she expected. It was one afternoon after Colonel Everard had been to see his niece, and was evidently in spirits about her, that she resolved to open fire.

Winny had had a few hours' sleep and consciousness the night before, and, in high good-humour, her uncle came down into the drawing-room to have a cup of tea with Mrs. Craven.

Helen smiled; she had invited the fly into her parlour, and he had come; now, how to commence the work of dissection?

It was not difficult to get on to the topic of Winny; they had but just left her: what so natural as to speak of her? And so she did. She talked of her picture, of her illness, of her talent, of how dear she was to herself, her husband, and her children, to all of which Colonel Everard assented, but at the end of which she was no nearer the truth than she had been at the beginning. "Should she become downright personal?" she asked herself; and then she glanced at the face opposite her, and her courage failed. Her pause gave him the advantage; he changed the conversation; in one moment he had abandoned Winny, and setting down his cup, was asking Mrs. Craven if he might look at her china. Helen assented, with a sigh; and here they were taking down this and that from shelves, cabinets, and brackets, and miles from the one topic in which she was just now interested.

But she was a woman, and not to be thus easily baffled, and she had a little trap, of which she had suddenly bethought herself, ready laid for him. It consisted in a water-colour drawing, which hung over a valuable piece of Chelsea china. If he looked at the one he could not fail to see the other.

They came upon it quite suddenly on turning the angle of the two rooms.

"Ah! that is a good piece of Chelsea," he said; and then he saw the drawing.

"You recognise that, Colonel Everard, of course?" she remarked, following the direction of his eyes.

"Yes."

What a hateful monosyllable "Yes" is when you

wish to pursue a conversation! "No" would be infinitely preferable: it might be the commencement of an argument; but with an assent there is nothing more to say. Helen felt that cold, quiet "Yes" like a stopper put into her mouth.

"It is very good, is it not?" she asked, almost breathlessly, afraid he would return to the Chelsea figure. "Winny has often described it to me."

The picture represented Jacob Wood's cottage at Tranmere—that very cottage whither Winny had been taken on the night of the fire, standing as it did in a clearing in the woods not far from the head of the lake, backed by the autumnal trees: a pretty little bit of colour and warmth.

"I liked it so much," she continued, "that I begged her to give it to me; but I can assure you she was rather unwilling to do so, and she must needs copy it faithfully before she would part with it. I always laugh at her about that picture."

"Yes."

He could have solved the riddle for her. Roger Champneys had rescued Winifred from the fire, had carried her to the cottage. No wonder the drawing was precious to her.

How odious he was, thought Mrs. Craven. Had he no other word in his vocabulary but "Yes"? And he could be so agreeable. Ten minutes ago he was charming. She must try again, or she would be too late.

"She loves anything connected with Tranmere, I believe, poor child. I sometimes wonder if she has done right in giving up everything for her art. My husband will not hear of such rank heresy. He declares that, with her talent, she had no choice; but then he is a terrible bigot, and so intensely proud of his pupil;" and Helen stopped to mark the effect of that allusion to Winifred's abrupt departure from Carnford House.

"I do not wonder," came the answer to the latter part of her sentence. "Unfortunately, the pursuit of art may lead to the loss of health."

"She worked too hard, Colonel Everard, a thousand times too hard, and not altogether at her painting, though she was eager enough about that, I am sure. But she would not fall into one groove, she said, so she tried to keep up her reading and singing. On Sundays she would be off to an East End parish to help and teach, and she was always ready to assist me or the girls, and to play with the children. It makes me very unhappy to think of it all now; but you know what she is, and you can understand how it came about."

Yes, he quite understood. It had been the same at Tranmere and at Carnford. Everything connected with the house: her aunt's business, personal or otherwise, all had fallen into those ready, capable hands.

"I am certain, Mrs. Craven"—and this time his tone was warm and hearty—"that not the faintest shadow of blame can attach to you or your husband. Winifred is wilful, and when a girl of her age insists upon going her own way, having once warned her, you can do no more."

"Ah! but you can," she cried. "I ought to have watched over her more; but the fact is we grew so accustomed to her doings that we never thought about how early she rose, or how late she went to bed, how she worked in her bed-room, or the little sleep she allowed herself. No; the bottom of it all is not wilfulness: it is pride."

"Indeed?" He was evidently growing interested now.

"I may tell you, Colonel Everard, for you are her uncle and guardian, how persistent she was in being independent. No arguments, no talking to would shake her in this resolution; and we gave in, lest she should, as she said she would, leave us, and go out as a governess. She was certainly much happier after we gave way; but the result was that she burnt the candle at both ends, foolish child; and now that her picture has secured her her much-prized independence, she may have paid for it by loss of health."

Colonel Everard was silent. He was thinking of that cheque returned. He could well fancy what Mrs. Craven's opinion of him must be. Well, he had been misjudged before now, and no great harm had come of it.

Helen was far from meaning any reproach to him. Winny had taken care that no blame should attach to her uncle when she, in her pride, had returned his cheque; and therefore it was with an uneasy sense of having said something stupid that Mrs. Craven observed the silence that followed upon her words. Gilbert was always warning her against letting her tongue run away with her, and now she had offended Colonel Everard. How grave he looked! There was nothing for it but to go on talking.

"She is an artist heart and soul," she continued, somewhat at random, "and tells me she never intends to marry, but to devote her life to painting."

Colonel Everard bent forward. "Does she say that?" he asked. "That is strange. There was a report—an untrue one, I know—of her being engaged to be married, in one of the society papers a fortnight ago."

"Was there? It is perfectly false, but, all the same, annoying. I am glad she never heard of it. Who was the man?"

"His name was not mentioned, but as he was said to have bought her picture, it was not difficult to guess Lord Carnford."

"What can have given rise to such a report? They are very good friends, but nothing more. I always fancy he will end by marrying his cousin, Lady Jane Mousford; he is always about with her."

"He was not always merely a good friend to Winifred."

"I know; but that is quite over. He saw it was of no use, and has turned his attention to many another quarter since then."

"So she is determined to live and die an old maid?"

"So she says."

"Ah! that was well put, Mrs. Craven. Without depreciating your sex I may, I think, say that their words and their acts are occasionally contradictory."

"I think, Colonel Everard, you may safely say it of both sexes," said poor Helen in despair, as her guest rose to depart, and she found herself no nearer the truth than she had been at the commencement of their conversation.

The door opened, and the servant brought in a note, Mrs Craven glanced at the address.

"Why, it is from Mrs. Hathersage," she said—"Kate Champneys that was. You know her, don't you?"

"I used to know her. She has made a brilliant marriage, has she not?"

"Indeed she has. Her husband is very rich, and she is very happy. I suppose she has come up to London?"

"And her brother? is he still Mr. Hathersage's agent?"

"Yes; and I believe it answers much better than those family arrangements usually do. He very seldom comes to town, and when he does, it is on such a flying visit that we see nothing of him."

"Is Miss Alice as pretty as ever?"

"Prettier, I think. Poor dear Winny was quite determined to put her some day into a picture. I only hope it may come off still, for indeed I am quite in spirits about her now. Ah! here is Nora," as her daughter entered the room with a bright smile on her face.

"Such good news, mother," she said, after shaking hands with Colonel Everard: "I have just been upstairs, and nurse says Winny is in a beautiful sleep, breathing as calmly and as regularly as a baby."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

THE TURN OF THE WHEEL.

KATE HATHERSAGE was in London, and so was her brother. He had come up on business, to stay with his sister, and was spending a longer time in town than he had for many years.

He had left Stanton full of joyful anticipations. For the first time since his father's ruin, a vista seemed to be opening out to him of something like plenty: of a future day when he need not think of every sixpence: of a final and absolute clearing up of his father's debts: of a time when he might bring a wife to his home. Who that wife was to be, he hardly dared whisper even to himself. One thing he knew: she was still single; otherwise, what hope had he? By this time she must have met men before whom the recollection of himself—if she had any—must have faded into oblivion: men who could not but worship at the shrine of so much talent and beauty, and who, like Lord Carnford, could offer a position worthy of the same.

With all this, and with the notices of her picture that he had cut out of every paper he had come across, his thoughts were busy as he bowled along in his dog-cart to the station, where he was to take the train for London. How beautiful the country looked in the fresh, sweet morning air, where everything seemed to tell him of his love! The little birds sang of her; the tender green of the hedge-rows, the fruit-trees smothered in pink and white blossom, the misty blue hills in the distance, the streak of sunlight that glinted across the moorland, all spoke to him of her.

She was quite a famous artist now: had learnt perhaps to give herself airs, and to look down on the Roger Champneys of the world. Would she be altered? would she pardon him his neglect of her through these long years? or would she—which was more probable—be utterly indifferent to him? If he had nothing to combat but that, he would win her yet; but if her heart was given to another——well, he must bear it.

And then he took a letter from his pocket, and read it. An astonishing piece of good fortune had befallen him and his sisters and brothers, the news of which, contained in the few lines he held in his hand, seemed almost too good to be true. Those shares which in somewhat heartless irony Mrs. Champneys had left to him, after lying dead for so many years, had been galvanised back to life, to yield, late in the day, a golden harvest. They were all in America, that land of surprises, in which Roger's father had had such profound faith, and which was not, as it turned out, so entirely misplaced. His star was evidently in the ascendant; would it culminate with Winny? Of course he must go steadily to work, and not let himself be carried away by visions which might never be realised, but which, nevertheless, refused just now to depart from his imagination. Quite ashamed of his castles in the air, which he told himself were unworthy of a man of five-and-thirty, he jumped from his dog-cart just five minutes before his train started, bought a paper, and settled himself in his railway carriage.

He had a long journey before him, with plenty of time to read his newspaper from end to end; after which he once more quietly relapsed into the land of day-dreams.

"Would you like to have a look at this, sir?" asked his one travelling companion, a respectable tradesman from one of the more northern manufacturing towns—for Roger did not travel first-class—"a very amusing paper," he continued. "I was wondering if that could mean our young lord up at the Abbey. He drives a coach, as, of course, you know, sir." And he handed Roger the paper, with his finger pointing to the paragraph that had caused Colonel Everard so much annoyance.

Roger took the proffered paper, and read the passage indicated once, twice, three times. It seemed as though he wanted to photograph the lying words upon his brain. For half an hour he sat and stared at the printed invention with fixed eyes and rigid face, as had he seen some ghost, and then he gave the paper back to Mr. Bubb.

"No, Mr. Bubb," he said—and his voice sounded to him as though it belonged to some one else—"it does not allude to Lord Fairlie: I do not think he has any idea of marrying. He is full young," he continued, with a dreary smile; "he only came of age last December." And then he once more picked up his own newspaper to stop any further conversation, and,

hiding his face behind its friendly shelter, returned to his meditations.

Good-bye, all his dreams, all his hopes, all his castles in the air! For five long years he has loved hopelessly but, ah, how truly! And now, just as hopeless is changing to hopeful, the whole fabric is swept to the ground. Well, he knew who the young nobleman alluded to was; and, with his knowledge of the past, the statement seemed to him so perfectly probable—nay, even certain—that he never dreamt of questioning its veracity. He could see it all. Lord Carnford, like himself, had been waiting, whilst Winny, true to her nature—which, when it had once set an object before it, never rested till it was accomplished—had withheld her hand from him till she had made herself a name. Her pride would not permit her to come to the richly-endowed man nameless and portionless; but now that was at an end—with her success had come surrender. It was easy enough to understand. More fool he for resting his hopes on so slender a basis as that of a beautiful and clever girl remaining single because a land agent in the North had taken it into his head to love her. He had not even the satisfaction of blaming any one but himself, and that he did in no measured terms.

By the time, however, that he had reached London

"'YOU RECOGNISE THAT, COLONEL EVERARD, OF COURSE?'" (*p.* 577).

he had regained something of his normal composure; only there was a dull aching at his heart, a wearied sense of the nothingness of all things, which made it difficult for him to meet quick-eyed Kate, who was awaiting him, with his usual smile.

"You are cold, dear," were her first words to him; "you look quite pale." And he did not contradict her, thankful for the east wind that gave probability to her surmise.

It was not long before they were sitting in her pretty drawing-room in Curzon Street, and discussing, with the aid of a bright fire and hot tea, the possibilities of the shares really turning up trumps: Roger with an effort, feeling as though he cared very little about the whole thing; Kate with the sound common sense that had more than once made her brother regret that she was not a man.

"Ah, dear!" she said, "I have often told you everything comes to him who waits."

"Only it comes too late," he responded; then added hastily, "as a rule, at least. You remember the case of poor old Germaine, don't you? Have you seen anything of the Cravens, Kitty?"

"I'm ashamed to say I have not. I have been so dreadfully busy since I have been here—only a fortnight, you know, Roger—and they do live in such an un-get-at-able region; but I mean to go very soon, and look them up. I have not even been to see the picture. We must go together some morning and inspect it, must not we?"

Yes, Roger would go; but long before Kate had found the leisure to accompany him to the Academy he had spent many a half-hour gazing, with the tenderness with which we gaze on the relics of the dead, on that canvas, which brought back to him so forcibly the time at Carnford House when he had unfolded to Winny the beauties of "The Mill on the Floss," wondering if she too had borne it in mind as she painted in Maggie's sad, weary face—like, and yet unlike, that pencilled outline he counted as one of his most precious treasures. Every day during his stay in London he might have been seen walking up the steps of Burlington House at an early hour, making his way straight to the picture, of which every stroke, every tint, spoke to him of his love; and then out again. The man at the turnstile, who saw him come in day after day as regularly as the doors were opened, and stay so short a time, began to regard him as an amiable lunatic; and Kate little guessed how her brother employed this portion of his time.

As we have seen, she wrote to Mrs. Craven to apprise her of her arrival in town, and to appoint a meeting; but, alas! it never came off. Engagements, business, the rush and bustle of the season, interfered on either side to postpone it indefinitely, and later on Kate was confined to the house. As she remarked, she and the Cravens lived at the Antipodes to one another; and thus it came to pass that Roger never heard any contradiction of the statement that for the present, at any rate, had taken the sunshine from his life.

If he could once have opened his lips on the subject that lay so near his heart, he might easily have got at the truth; but he had learnt from necessity to be so reserved where Winny was concerned that he could not bring himself even to speak her name. Mrs. Craven, in her answer to Kate, mentioned that her cousin had been very ill, but that she was now much better, and with that and cards of inquiry the matter ended.

Roger stayed three weeks in London, during which time his hopes as to his shares became certainty, and then he returned to Alice with the good news; but, to his sister's surprise and secret sorrow, looking older, quieter, more careworn than when he went away.

And so it happened that the tangled confusion of threads, which might with one word have been reduced to order, remained jumbled up together, whilst the object towards whom they all converged lay on her sick-bed, surprised to find herself still alive.

What was even a greater surprise to her returning consciousness was to see her uncle's tall figure come in day by day, sit by her bedside, say a few kind, gentle words, and then go out again. It seemed like some delicious dream that she was afraid to dispel. With wide-open eyes she would watch his every movement, fearful almost that if she spoke he would melt into thin air, but with a smile of satisfaction on her face that told of her inward contentment. Soon, however, when she grew stronger and her mind clearer, and she knew that he was real flesh and blood, and no dream, she began to talk to him—to tell him how very, very glad she was to see him again—and to put her thin, wasted hand into his. There were no allusions to the past, no goings back; it was all happy and serene. "Explanations there must be later," Mrs. Craven said to her husband, but they must wait till Winny was strong enough to bear them. Meanwhile, the fractured friendship was being invisibly mended, and was acquiring the cohesion necessary to stand the strain that the eventual clearing up of the misunderstanding was sure to put upon it.

Having once taken a turn for the better, Winny grew hourly stronger, until very shortly the day arrived when she was able to be carried down-stairs to the drawing-room for change of air and scene. Gilbert it was who, abandoning his brush, as he had often done of late, laid her on the sofa, whilst Helen, who had followed in the rear, armed with every appliance for the comfort of the invalid, arranged the cushions, and put ready to her hand anything she might want. Then, with a soft motherly caress of welcome to convalescence, she withdrew, carrying her husband with her, and Winny was left alone to enjoy the pretty surroundings, and to recover the fatigue of the move.

The sun came pouring in through the window, toned down by the red blinds, the scent of fresh roses came stealing from table and bracket, the air was warm and fragrant; once more the world seemed beautiful to her whose foot had been so perilously near its threshold, as, with returning strength, the joy of existence began again to pulse in her veins.

Her eyes filled with tears of thankfulness as she thought of all she had gone through, all she had gained. How good God had been to her! Her dear uncle was restored to her, her once lonely desolate life filled to overflowing with love and beauty, her lifelong craving stilled in a measure she had never even looked for; turn which way she would, there was nothing but cause for gratitude.

By her side Helen had placed a dish containing the cards of all those who had inquired after her during her illness. There were many well-known names in that card-dish: those of men and women whom the world delighted to honour: poets, painters, philanthropists, historians, politicians—all the varied elements that went to make up Mr. and Mrs. Craven's heterogeneous acquaintance, from earls and countesses downwards to the struggling author or artist who came to S—— Gardens, sure to find there sympathy, if not substantial help. They had all come to inquire after Winifred, the beautiful girl—unknown to some of them, well known to others—who had, as it were, blossomed in a single night to fame, only to be struck down the next day with what looked at first like mortal sickness.

It touched her not a little, as she listlessly turned over the formidable heap of white cardboard, to see how many people whom she did not even know by sight had called to ask after her, whilst her own personal friends had been unremitting in their attentions. It seemed to her that every fourth card she took up bore Lord Carnford's name on it; and even Mr. Corbett, with the numerous cares and worries of his East End parish—one of the poorest in London—had found time to come frequently to learn how she was whose weekly presence was sunshine to him and many others in their hard up-hill life, and for whom they had offered up such earnest and heartfelt prayers.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hathersage"—it was the last card in the dish, as, tired out by this slight exertion, Winny was about to replace them on the table by her side. What a long time it was since she had seen Kate or, indeed, any of the Champneys!—since she had seen *him!* Two whole years. Of course he had quite forgotten her, if indeed he had ever really thought of her, for he never came near S—— Gardens, though every year he spent a week or two with Kate in London. It was best so, much the best. Art was a jealous mistress, and would not brook a divided heart; and yet she sighed. She was too weak to put these thoughts from her, as she had done so resolutely when in health; and those memorable words that Mr. Champneys had uttered as he bore her from the flames were as present to her as had she heard them but yesterday. She wondered if Kate would come and see her now she was better: if sweet Alice, with her quiet resting ways, were in Curzon Street: if Roger knew she was ill.

The door opened, and Mrs. Craven came in.

"Winny dear, I have brought Colonel Everard to see you, but only for five minutes. I shall come and fetch him at the end of that time, and meanwhile you must let him do all the talking, and you must only listen;" and with a swift glance round the room, to see that Winifred had all she wanted, Helen had withdrawn, and left the uncle and niece together.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

EXPLANATIONS.

"I AM glad to see you down-stairs again, Winifred," said Colonel Everard, as he seated himself by the side of her sofa; "it looks like real recovery."

He had drawn his chair close up to her, and was looking down on the thin white face, on the transparent blue-veined hands, against all of which he was trying to harden his heart. That conversation with Mrs. Craven the other day had somewhat shaken his conviction, at any rate, as to Winny's latter fault, but there still remained her original misdeed—the first beginning of her clandestine meetings and correspondence with Roger Champneys; and as long as that was left unconfessed—although he would be all that was kind to her, all that was tender, in her present state of weakness—he could not take her to his heart whilst that barrier stood between them.

Winny was looking at him with shining eyes, and both her hands stretched out in welcome.

"Uncle George, dear Uncle George, how good of you to come and see me again this afternoon! The very sight of you does me good." But there was a wistfulness in her manner that contrasted with her words as she timidly stole her hand into his. That one word "Winifred" had given her a shock. Never when he was pleased with her had her uncle called her anything but "Winny" or "Win."

"You must not talk," he answered kindly, but gravely, "or I shall have to leave you;" and as he spoke his eyes roamed round the room, so attractive in its originality, until they finally rested upon Winny's drawing of Jacob Wood's cottage at Tranmere. She saw what he was looking at.

"Dear Tranmere!" she said softly. "Will you tell me all about it, and how it has been restored?"

"There is not much to tell," he answered. "As far as he could in the restoration, Mr. Williamson kept to the original plan of the building—of course with modern additions and conveniences. I have a first-rate billiard-room now, and the new offices are the joy of Mrs. Bowles' heart."

"And it has been shut up all the time you were away?"

"Yes. I left a contingent of servants in the house, the rest I discharged. I was away for a year."

"Time enough to go round the world," she answered, smiling, although her heart was heavy. The precious five minutes, the first they had enjoyed alone together, were being consumed in the merest commonplaces, whilst there was much—of that she felt suddenly convinced, and it had come upon her as a revelation—yet to be cleared up between them.

"Uncle George," she began, rearing herself up, though with difficulty, on her sofa, and facing him with troubled eyes, "I want to know—please tell me—are you still offended with me?"

He put his arm round her to support her.

"Hush!" he said; "we will talk about that another time: you are not strong enough to bear it yet. Lie down," he continued soothingly, as he felt how she trembled. "Remember we are both under orders."

She had taken one of his hands in hers, in her excitement, and although she obediently lay down again, she did not relinquish her nervous grasp.

"Please, please tell me," she gasped imploringly, feeling how much had been implied in his answer.

"I am not going to continue this conversation," he answered authoritatively, for he was genuinely frightened at her deathly pallor and trembling agitation. "Let it suffice you that I am here with you. Ah!" with a sigh of relief, "here is Mrs. Craven. Now you will be reasonable."

Yes, Helen had come back punctually to the moment.

"The five minutes are up," she said. "I am come to carry off Colonel Everard. Winny, you must say good-bye. Why, my child, how white you look! You have been talking too much."

"Good-bye, Uncle George," said the girl, wearily taking his hand, as he stooped down and kissed her on the forehead. And then he was gone.

That evening she was worse, and there was a return of fever—so much so that Colonel Everard was not allowed to see her for two or three days. And how he missed his visits to her! Like Roger, he would go and stand before her picture, jealous that Lord Carnford should have forestalled him in purchasing it, reading the lesson it taught him, till, day by day, it sank deeper into his heart.

Deceit—ah! if it had been anything but that he could have pardoned it; but it was the old story of her mother; and now she was acting precisely as she had by him to the Cravens, to whom she owed such a debt of gratitude. In her unsuspiciousness Mrs. Craven had told him that she and her family never saw Mr. Champneys, little thinking of walks together, of meetings under porches. Faugh! the whole thing disgusted him. To put it at its lowest, it was so unladylike—so school-girlish. And that same girl to paint a picture like this! It seemed incredible.

"I beg your pardon," said a sweet soft voice, as a lady, in stepping back, came in somewhat close proximity to him, and a face was turned towards him that for the moment seemed to eclipse all the works of art by which he was surrounded.

"It is I should beg yours," he responded courteously, riveted by the deep blue eyes that met his, and puzzled at the same time as to where he had seen them before. But when her colour deepened, as it did on recognising him, he remembered her at once.

"Miss Champneys?" he said interrogatively, wondering to see her apparently alone.

"I am afraid I was very rude just now," she answered, still crimsoning nervously, as she remembered the circumstances under which her brother had parted from Colonel Everard; "but I thought you were my brother-in-law, who was just behind me not a minute ago. This is my first visit here, and I have spent all my time before Winifred's picture."

"It is good, is it not?" he asked.

"It is beautiful," she said softly: "exactly what she would paint. I always believed in her, and I am not in the least surprised."

He looked down kindly on the face that had grown so in depth and beauty since he had last seen it.

"I should say faith would be a strong characteristic of yours," he remarked half-jokingly.

"So they always tell me at home," she answered, smiling. "But, Colonel Everard, how is Winny? She has been ill, has she not?"

"She is still ill, but is, I am happy to say, recovering. Do you never see her now?"

"Kate sees her often, but I very seldom, for I am so little in London. We were talking about her only last night, and I was saying that I had seen her only twice last year; and Roger, although he comes to town every year, had never spoken to her since he met her two years ago accidentally under a porch in a thunderstorm. You know my sister is married, Colonel Everard?"

"Yes; I not only heard that she was married, but that her marriage was one that gave you great satisfaction."

"Indeed it does. I am staying with her now in Curzon Street. Will you tell Winny that I only came to London yesterday, and that if she is well enough to see me, I shall come and visit her as soon as ever I can. Now I must go and look for my brother-in-law, for he seems to have no intention of looking for me."

"Let me help you in your search," said Colonel Everard, thinking that any one so lovely must not wander through the rooms alone.

"Oh, thank you. I see him over there, and he sees me;" and before he had recovered the impress of her warm hand-shake, she had slipped through the crowd, and was by Mr. Hathersage's side.

Colonel Everard followed her with his eyes to her destination.

"I never saw a girl so improved," he thought to himself; "she has grown quite lovely." And then he went back to his little talk with her.

"Accidental meeting under a porch!" "Not seen her for two years!" Had he been nursing a delusion all this time? Could it be that his niece—his dear niece—was guiltless of the crimes laid at her door? He would beat about the bush no longer; he would go straight to the point, and find out the truth from the very beginning. Who was it had first put the idea into his head? He quickened his steps as memory came to his assistance. No, there was no blame to be attached to her who was dead; all the blame lay with him. He had often thought since those days—discovering at the last how her love for him, strangely as it had sometimes been shown, had burnt on through years of cold acquiescence in the inevitable—that her jealousy, mean and petty as it had been, was not so unreasonable as he had always deemed it, and loyally since her death had he in all things vindicated her memory.

These reflections brought him to his club, and he went in for a few minutes before starting for Ken-

sington. There were two or three letters awaiting him, which had arrived since the morning, one of which, forwarded from Tranmere, bore an Australian post-mark, and was addressed in an uneducated handwriting. He took it up and turned it over, wondering who his correspondent could be, and then opened it, his astonishment growing as his eye travelled down the page, which was to open once more a wound that had been a long time in healing.

"HONOURED SIR—(so ran the letter),—Ye will wunder to recieve a letter frae me—me whom ye turned away frae your servise like a dog, and whom ye have, of course, long ago forgotten. My name is James Macdonald, and I lived with ye as your grume. That waur five years ago. I was a very gude servant; I never drank or betted or swaur, and I took grate care o' my horses. But one day—I don't richtly ken how it was—I had ben out, and got wet thro; I went to the 'Everard Arms,' and I tuk too much. I was very much the warse for licker, I will not deny it. Ye heerd of it, and altho I had lived wi ye three yers, and ye had niver had occasion to find fault wi' me, ye turned me awa' at wunce. I had ane little lass, and she was sick, and I begged to stay wi' ye, and ye wudna hearken to me. Then I swaur that I wud be revenged on ye; and I was. My bairn died, and I waur sae miserable that I didna care what became o' me. It was I who set fire to yer house."

Colonel Everard started, and there swept over his countenance an expression which was not good to see: an expression which for the moment completely disfigured the handsome face. Then he resumed his letter:—

"I was sorry after I had done it, and I saw how the flames they shot up. I wud ha' gi'en my richt hand to have undone my wark, and yet I was glad, for I kenned how ye stuck to that there house. Then when the yung leddy, who was sae gude to us puir folk, waur lost, I thocht I suld ha' kilt mysel. Then ye waur burnt, and I was glad and sorry, and says to mysel, 'Sarve him richt!' But I waur real sorry wen ye waur sae bad; for I was not a wicked mon till ye made me so"—here Colonel Everard's lip curled with scorn—"and I remembered wat I had heerd o' ye, as how ye didna ken how to pardon. How will it be when it comes to his day o' rekoning? I thocht; there will sure be nae pardon for him; and I waur fritened lest ye suld dee, and thro' me. For altho' I am bad, I am a Scotchman, and I believe in a God and in my Bible, and I kenned ye wud be nae better off up there than a puir chiel like mysel. But ye are alive, Sir, for I saw yer name in an English newspaper; and I am dying, and I want to make a clean brest o' it before I dee. God has bin gude to me, and I have got on wunderful sin' I hae bin here, but I hae niver forgotten that flaming house, and the yung leddy carried out as tho she waur ded—and I fancy that waur I in Heven, I suld see them theer. And now, Sir, I hae tauld ye all, and praps ye will curse me—if ye wud condesend to curse yer grume—for wi' all yer sivil speech—and ye waur always sivil wen I waur in your sarvise—ye are as prowd as Lusifer. I ken ye will na pardon me, but I hae tauld ye the truth, and I wudna appeer before my Maker wi' a crime unconfessed on my mind. My gude wife ha' ritten this for me, and she canna richtly spell the English, and mebbe ye willna find it asy to reed, but ye will understand aboot the house fast eno'. Will ye plase tell Mister Chamnys all this, for he waur allays a gude frend and a reel gentleman to me. Farewell, Sir; wen ye get this I shall be ded.

"I am, yer obedient Sarvant,
"JAMES MACDONALD."

Colonel Everard read this singular epistle to the end without wavering, after that one shock of learning how it was his house had been so nearly burnt to the ground. Every paragraph came upon him with a fresh surprise, showing as they did how truly this man had gauged his character, even down to saying that he would not condescend to curse his groom. It was so perfectly true that it made him smile at the Scotch shrewdness, although he did anything but smile at the Scotch vindictiveness. Long ago he had concluded that the Castle had been set on fire owing to carelessness among the servants; he had made many and searching inquiries, after he was well enough to do so, as to how the flames had first originated; but some weeks had gone by since the event, and a general mist seemed to have settled down on the incidents of that evening. He remembered now how one or two servants had been dismissed from his service in consequence, and he felt sorry that he should have been guilty of hasty judgment. Those sentences in the letter, with their mixture of religion and unchristianity, their unhesitating conviction as to God's justice, would recur to him, in spite of himself: "How will it be when it comes to his day of reckoning? I thought; there will sure be no pardon for him . . . . and I knew you would be no better off up there than a poor fellow like myself."

Well—and he drew a deep, hard breath from between his teeth—the man was dead by this time. It was tolerably clear that his crime had brought something of its own punishment; and with that the matter must end—the chapter be sealed up. There was nothing left for him to do but to vex himself at his want of penetration in not for one moment suspecting the real culprit. Another mistake—originating where? Truth compelled him to confess—with himself. Had he but listened to the man's entreaties, and given him another chance, Tranmere Castle as it had stood in the reign of King John might be standing now; there would be no gaps in his family treasures, no restored and modernised ruins.

Reflecting bitterly but sadly on these things, he drove to Kensington to hear the welcome intelligence that Miss Smith was much better, and once more down in the drawing-room. Would she be well enough for those explanations that he was now as anxious as she was to ask and to make? or must they not altogether be deferred for the present? He fully expected to be refused access to her, and was therefore the more pleased when Mrs. Craven came out to meet him.

"I am so glad to see you, Colonel Everard," said the brave little woman, preparing to take the bull by the horns—as, truth to tell, she had been longing to do for some days past—"for I want to have a little talk with you. You will forgive my interference, I know," she continued, as she led him into the drawing-room, "when I tell you it is for Winny's sake. There is something worrying her—I do not know what it is—some misunderstanding with you, that retards her recovery, and that you alone can set right. Will you do it, accepting me as your go-between?"

He stood for one moment reflecting on her words; here was the opportunity he wanted, certainly, but still he would have preferred it with Winny, and with her only. Should he accept a substitute or not? Should he, as Mrs. Craven said, retard her recovery because it was difficult for him to break through his natural reserve? No, he would speak.

Helen had seated herself upon the sofa, shrewdly

concluding that confidences do not flow easily when poured out standing, and awaited his answer with laboriously concealed impatience. It came sooner than she had expected.

"HE HANDED ROGER THE PAPER, WITH HIS FINGER POINTING TO THE PARAGRAPH" (*p.* 579).

"You are right, Mrs. Craven, in surmising that there has been, and still is, a—misunderstanding you call it—between Winifred and myself—one that I should rejoice to see removed, but which I fear can hardly be glossed over under the term 'misunderstanding.' From my point of view I call it by a harsher name—wrong-doing. But I see by your face all this is Greek to you, so I will go straight to my point. Mrs. Craven, is there anything between Winifred and Roger Champneys? or rather, I should ask, Do you know that there is anything between them?"

"Anything between Winifred and Roger Champneys?" she queried, repeating his words from sheer amazement, and then breaking into an amused smile. "Why, my dear Colonel Everard, they never see each other—never meet by any chance."

He smiled that provoking smile that in former days had irritated Winny, and which now produced almost the same effect on her more placid cousin.

"As far as *you* know," he responded: "that is quite true. But London is large; Winifred has every

liberty; there are other places to meet in besides S—— Gardens; and there is the penny post."

Mrs. Craven stared at him with astonishment. Had he accused his niece of murder, she could hardly have been more surprised.

"Colonel Everard," she exclaimed, "do you mean to imply that Winny is carrying on a clandestine correspondence and understanding with a man without your knowledge or mine? Impossible! Surely you know her well enough to be aware that she is incapable of such a thing. She is reserved, certainly, but proud to a fault. She would no more live under my roof and deceive me than my own child would. Mr. Champneys lives in Yorkshire, Winifred in London. I believe he comes to town for a short time every year, but we and she see nothing of him. I am sure you must be labouring under a misapprehension."

"But suppose I had seen them together in this very London, where they never meet? suppose the same thing were carried on whilst she was an inmate of my house, without a word to myself or to my wife? If she could deceive me she can deceive you; and she has deceived me."

Helen was aghast. Here apparently was no fancy no misunderstanding: here was a hard, tangible fact; but it required yet more than this to shake her loyal belief in the cousin she had hitherto trusted so entirely.

"I cannot believe it," she said. "Pardon me my rudeness, but I could as soon doubt my own straightforwardness as Winny's. She is so really high-minded—almost too much so, I have often told her, for this work-a-day world—that it seems incredible that she could stoop to deceit. And you say you saw them in London together?"

"I did. It was some time ago, I admit; but still the fact remains the same. I was driving in this direction in a hansom, when a violent thunderstorm came on, with heavy rain. The streets were quickly cleared, and the house-porches filled. Under one of them, in close proximity to one another, sheltered by one umbrella, entirely engrossed—I should say—with each other, I saw Winifred and Mr. Champneys. Naturally, knowing what had passed between them before, I concluded—as, no doubt, you will also—that they had been walking together, and had together sought shelter; and I also further concluded—as, I think, you would have done in my place—that it was probably by no means the first, or even the second, time that such meetings had occurred. I was on my way to see Winifred—I did not come."

"Then you were wrong, Colonel Everard," said Helen, whose countenance had cleared visibly during his narrative, "distinctly wrong; and I will tell you why. Now you speak of it, I perfectly remember the incident you have just mentioned, and which had entirely escaped my memory, happening as it did two years ago. Winifred met Mr. Champneys under that porch, where you saw her, purely by accident. She was walking home as usual from the Museum, and, being overtaken by the storm, sought shelter by a coincidence in the same doorway as Mr. Champneys. On parting, she asked him to come here, and be introduced to my husband. He refused for some reason—I forget what; and as soon as she came in she told me all about it. I recollect the circumstance thus minutely because it was just at the time that Kate Champneys became engaged to Mr. Hathersage. I was very interested in the affair, which was not yet made public, and was glad to find my surmises correct from something that Mr. Champneys let fall to Winifred."

"I am delighted to hear your version of the story, Mrs. Craven," he answered. "Believe me, no one would be more pleased to find he was mistaken than I should be. Unfortunately, it does not dispose of the whole case—though, if it be the right version, it destroys some of the most damning evidence. There still remains, however, Winifred's conduct whilst living with me to be accounted for; and there, I am afraid, you cannot help me. You will say that I am hard to convince, but the fact is I am anxious to clear up this matter thoroughly, from the beginning to the end. Like you, I had formed a very high opinion of Winifred's character: I believed it to be all that was truthful and straightforward, and I was, therefore, the more shocked to find it the contrary."

"And that was the reason she left you?"

The question slipped out unawares, and Helen was vexed the next moment that she had put it.

"She left me at her own desire," he answered, somewhat coldly. "I did not seek to detain her. She had deceived me, and, knowing that she would be in good hands, I washed mine of her. I should have continued to do so had it not been for her serious illness."

"Without giving her your reasons?"

"I gave her to understand that I could not wish to keep her as an inmate of my house after her reprehensible behaviour, and she acquiesced at once in my decision. Of course she was aware of my reasons: she as good as told me so; and she has a conscience."

Helen was puzzled. "I am sure," she said, "there must be a mistake somewhere. Should you mind—I mean, you will not think me inquisitive—if I ask you to put me in possession of the facts of the case? We women," smiling, "have quick perceptions, and I might see daylight where—pardon me—you might not."

Colonel Everard thought for a moment. An explanation was what he earnestly desired; who so fit to carry it out as this loyal friend? Only he must not blame, or cause to be blamed, his dead wife. Passing rapidly in review those incidents of four years ago, grown faint in his memory, he came to the conclusion that she need not be mentioned; her share in the transaction he would take upon himself as he laid the facts before Mrs. Craven.

Helen listened with ever-growing interest as he acceded to her request, and related his story, which looked so totally different to the two minds sitting in judgment on it. To her the evidence against Winny

was slight to absurdity; to him, biassed by his wife's repeated exaggerations, by Constance's mute acquiescence in the same, by his own observations, and by the memory of his sister and her husband, it seemed conclusive.

Bit by bit Helen combated each proof; the whole fabric was taken to pieces, and lo! it was built upon sand. He could not help laughing as, one by one, his arguments were demolished.

"You are a second Portia, Mrs. Craven," he cried gaily, for she had lifted a load off his heart; "and I thank you sincerely for your masterly defence of Winny. Every word you have uttered has caused me immeasurable satisfaction. I am on the high road to conviction, but I confess that I should like to hear from her own lips that I have been mistaken."

"That I will manage," said Helen, "and, I hope, without wounding her pride, which," with a laugh, "is very sensitive. However, better wound her pride than let her heart continue to suffer. I am afraid you must not see her to-day, but perhaps to-morrow, in the afternoon, when she is always at her best. Meanwhile, I will act as ambassadress. Now, will you come and see Mr. Craven? He has a new treasure to show you, which he thinks will make you very jealous."

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

END OF A SUMMER DAY.

WHEN fades the summer twilight sweet, and rest
Falls on the world from the deep heavens afar,
Behold! out of the rosy-wreathèd west
Into my casement glows a golden star
Exuberant along the festal brine,
Brightening the bubbles on my vase of wine;
While, from the beach beneath, a voice rehearses
Fancies and golden thoughts in melodies;
And all the void unto the raptured eyes
Dazzles with endless drifts of universes,
Throbbing with music, light and life divine:—
Then comes a wind; and through the shadows dull,
Alone remain in those immensities
A lyre, a broken amphora, and skull.

MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

BY A PERSONAL FRIEND.

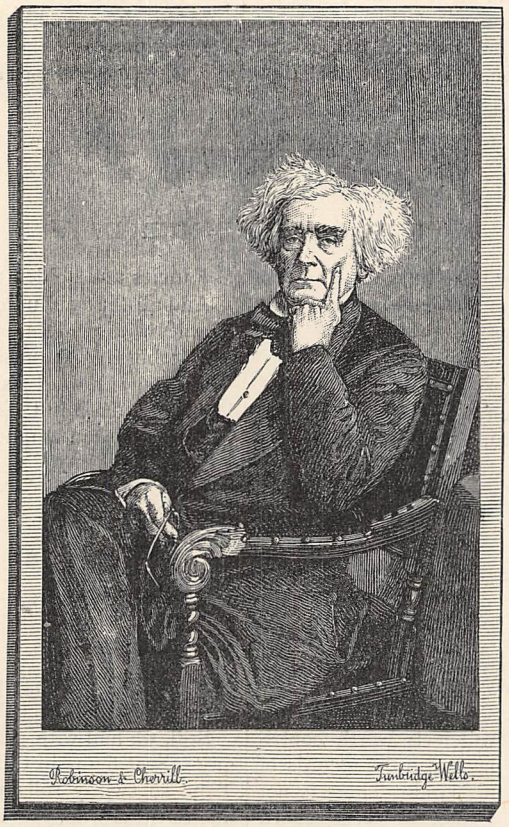
EVERY human being has something of his own which is worth contributing to the records of his kind. There is not a life, however short, obscure or commonplace, which does not contain much of interest and importance to historian, sociologist, or scientist. It may be a growing appreciation of this truth which has made the present age so rich in autobiography and reminiscence. Sometimes it may seem to us that the present century can give the future no such enigmas as the past has bequeathed to it. What would we not give for some full correspondence of William Shakespeare's, or for a diary by Milton's daughters detailing his daily life, or a "report" by the keeper of the "Man in the Iron Mask"? Yet it may be that our own time is keeping its own secrets, which shall lie unheeded till the period for possible solution is past, and that among our contemporaries those in whom our descendants shall take most interest are precisely those who are not prophets in their own place and their own days: who find neither a Boswell nor a Froude, and who may pass quite beyond our ken ere their true significance is revealed.

Still, we hail with gratitude every attempt to sketch any salient figure in the life-panorama which relentless Time so swiftly rolls past us. Especial gratitude is due to those who, spared beyond the ordinary span of life, can give living colour and warmth to the dry facts of change and progress. It is a wise counsel to the young to be keen and interested observers of all about them, since what they see and hear in youth constitutes a priceless store to make old age valuable and attractive. Even in middle age we begin to reap the fruits of such far-seeing policy. We do not need to claim the attention of the boys and girls about us if we begin to retail our mistiest memories of the Chartist riots, and the foundation of the French Empire, to say nothing of our clearer recollections of the Iron Duke's funeral, the Great Exhibition of '51, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, or the liberation of Italy.

Such a store is set before us by Mr. S. C. Hall, widely known as an author and editor, who has recently beguiled the leisure of age and bereavement by preparing for the world his "Recollections of a Long Life." He introduces his work by saying that he has "lived in eventful times: rather, perhaps, as an

observer than an actor, and is like the waiter, who at a well-furnished table will take better note of the guests than he who is numbered among them." Many will disagree with this humble estimate of his own position, except so far as it may enhance the value of his notes.

Mr. Hall was born in 1800, when social life in England looked very different from what it does to-day: tinder-boxes were universal household gods—link-boys and sedan-chairs were features of every festive gathering, and trains had not supplanted stage-coaches. Mr. Hall tells a story of how a man secured a comfortable breakfast in a fashion which would scarcely answer under the imperious train-bells of York or Carlisle. "When all the other passengers had hurried out to the cry of 'Coach ready!' one man was seen quietly sipping his tea. 'Coach starting, sir,' quoth the landlord. 'But I shan't start,' responded the traveller, 'until I have eaten my egg, which I can't do until I find a spoon.' 'A spoon!' exclaimed Boniface, and in alarm scanned the breakfast-table. Not a spoon was there; rushing out, he stopped the coach and insisted on every passenger being searched. Presently out stalked the traveller and quietly took his seat, submitting to be searched also. Just as the coach started he called out to the landlord, 'You may as well look inside the tea-pot;' and there, sure enough, the dozen silver spoons were found."



Yours ever faithfully,
S C Hall

Mr. Hall remembers what the "services" were before the days of cramming and "exams." He reports a good story told him by an aged naval officer, who had been at the taking of a French ship. After the battle was over, it had been his duty, as a matter of form, to report the result. He found the admiral in a mood of great irritation, pacing up and down, pens and paper scattered over the table. "Sir," said the junior, "I have the pleasure to report to you that the French ship has struck, and is our prize." He repeated his words, when the old fellow struck in sharply, "Yes, yes, I know: we've fought a battle and won it, but the worst of it is to come." "May I ask, sir, what that is?" inquired the amazed subaltern. "Yes," said the admiral, pointing to the scattered papers around him; "there's that letter to write to the Admiralty!" He could win a battle, but he could not readily draw up a report, which would be but a slight task for a Board-school boy of to-day. Another naval officer received a state paper, with a string of instructions. On his return it was his duty to make his report, and he did it satisfactorily, if laconically, by taking the paper that contained his instructions, and adding to each item the single phrase "Done it," "Done it," "Done it."

Mr. Hall remembers when there was fierce opposition to the formation of suburban cemeteries in place of the old town churchyards. Some arguments in favour of the change were startling: Laman Blanchard heard a lady persuade her husband to bury their dead child at Kensal Green, "because it would be so convenient for a picnic."

Mr. Hall's own duties as reporter, editor, and author made him the acquaintance of many celebrities, and he has filled pages of his book with little characteristic bits of their history or experience. He narrates that sitting with Thomas Moore and his wife in their home at Sloperton, he asked the poet, "Will you tell me where you wrote the lines on 'The Meeting of the Waters'—'Sweet Vale of Avoca'?—for some say one place, and some another. There are, as you know, two 'sweet vales' where the waters 'meet:' a spot is pointed out under one umbrageous tree where the 'neighbours' say you wrote them. I should much like to know." The poet shook his head, and with an assumed solemn look and tone said, "Ah! that is a secret I never tell to any one." But Mrs. Moore audibly whispered, "It was in an attic at Brompton!" A companion story is told by Maria Edgeworth of Sir Walter Scott. When some visitors declared that they must see Melrose according to the counsel of his poem, "Go visit it in the pale moonlight," Sir Walter

observed, "Yes, let us make up a party; I have never yet seen it so myself."

Mrs. Moore furnished Mr. Hall with a delightful story. The poet Bowles (now only remembered by Coleridge's eulogium) had once presented her with a Bible. She asked him to write her name in it. He did so: absent-mindedly inscribing the sacred volume as a gift to her "from the Author." Bowles was one of those who provide their friends with any amount of harmless fun. He was in the habit of daily riding through a country turnpike-gate, and one day he presented his twopence as usual to the gate-keeper. "What is this for, sir?" asked the man. "For my horse, of course." "But, sir, you have no horse." "Dear me!" exclaimed the astonished poet; "am I walking?"

On another occasion there was a dinner party at Bowles' house. The guests and the dinner were both kept waiting for the appearance of the host. At last his wife went upstairs to see what mischance had delayed him. She found him in a terrible "taking," hunting everywhere for a silk stocking that he could not find. After due and careful search, Mrs. Bowles at last discovered the reason of the loss. He had put both stockings on one leg! But let any of our ambitious young readers remember that these are anecdotes of a forgotten poetaster, not of any of the "mighty men" whose feet are generally as firmly planted on the practical earth as their heads are loftily reared above the clouds.

Your Sincere Friend
Anna Maria Hall

Mr. Hall has many anecdotes to tell of the low estimation in which artists often find that their craft is held by the common people. Macnee, the painter, told him that he had seen a woman whose soul was in her farm, listen to the arguments of a group of artists concerning art with utter astonishment that such childish things should so occupy the thoughts of bearded men. At length she exclaimed in broad Scottish phraseology, "Save us, Mr. Macnee! if they don't think as much about pictures as if they were sheep!" J. D. Harding, the landscape painter, related that while he was sitting under a hedge sketching, a shadow suddenly came over his paper, and a voice followed, "I could do that: first you make a scrat here, and then you make a scrat there: any fool could do that!"

Mr. Hall and the sweet Irish lady, his gifted wife, knew Ireland intimately years ago, while that poor country was still groaning under many wrongs which have already been removed, though not before they had implanted seeds of wrath and woe which bear bitter fruits to-day. Mr. Hall thinks that Irish wit is on the decline. He declares that the old race of car-drivers is nearly gone. Then he proceeds to give a sample of the drollery of former times. A driver was wrapping himself in a thick great-coat because the heavens gave some threat of a storm. "You seem to take good care of yourself, my friend," said his fare. "To be sure I do, your honour. *What's all the world to a man when his wife's a widdy?*"

He considers that division has been the curse of Irish counsels, saying that the history of Irish agitation against England reminds one of Curran's story concerning a lodging where he passed a night: "that the fleas were so numerous and so ferocious that if they had been but *unanimous* they would have pulled him out of bed."

Mr. Hall remembers the feeble first start of great discoveries, enterprises, and movements, which possess the world so completely to-day that it is hard to believe that, at the beginning of this century, it managed to get on without them. He relates that one evening when he was present at a reception at the house of John Martin, the once famous painter of "Belshazzar's Feast," "there came to the house a young man who greatly amused the party by making a doll dance upon a grand piano, and excited a laugh when he said, 'You will be surprised if I tell you that is done by lightning.' It was Mr. Charles Wheatstone, then a music publisher in Conduit Street, afterwards Sir Charles Wheatstone, F.R.S. In that doll, perhaps,

the first suggestion of the electric telegraph lay hidden."

A "happy thought" gave "a palace of glass' for the first show of the world's industry—the "Great Exhibition of 1851." "The difficulty had been foreseen of erecting a huge structure of brick and mortar, that should be *dry* by the beginning of next year, when a lucky thought occurred to Mr. Joseph Paxton, the head gardener of the Duke of Devonshire. The huge conservatory of glass at Chatsworth was in his 'mind's eye' while journeying by railway from London to Derbyshire: he conceived the idea of imitating it on a gigantic scale—as an exhibition building. He traced his plan on a large sheet of blotting-paper that he chanced to have with him in his travelling-bag. Once made public, every one immediately exclaimed, 'How easy!' and, in fact, when conceived the undertaking was as good as completed."

Mr. Hall has significant words to say concerning the small beginnings whence great endings come. The great Hospital for Consumption at Brompton originated in a young solicitor's discovery of the difficulty of providing suitable refuge for a consumptive clerk. The Nightingale Fund for the training of nurses was started by Mrs. S. C. Hall, feeling that Florence Nightingale's services in the Crimea deserved some emphatic recognition, and accordingly taking counsel with other influential ladies how best this could be done.

Mr. Hall concludes his "Recollections" by a slight sketch of the departed wife, whose fame was of a wider and more "household" type than his own, whose "books for children" were the treasured favourites of those on whose own hair the silver is now thickening. Mr. Hall sets before us the wife, the author, the enthusiastic philanthropist, and yet we may be forgiven for thinking he has dwelt too little on one of the sweetest lights in his wife's portrait—her wonderful sympathy for and influence upon individuals. We have seen scores of letters in which she threw herself into the hearts and lives of young people who had not the remotest claim on her, and who could have presented no points of interest for eyes with less loving insight. To one such, whom then she had not even seen, she could write, out of the midst of her full and busy life, "Will you come and see me, and consider me an old friend, and let me then think for you, as I do for numbers of young people?" And out of that meeting—a crisis in the history of the younger woman—rose a true, faithful friendship, ever watchful for opportunities to shed brightness on a young life in its first independent struggles, condescending to give advice on the minutest details. "I wish you would cultivate habits of neatness and order in all things: this would impose great self-restraint upon you for perhaps a year; but the habit, once formed, would be a blessing to you and to all around you during your whole life. A woman should give—as a means of health and good looks—a certain portion of the morning to the *duties* of the toilet. . . . She ought to be able to find all she wants in the dark, and to fold whatever she puts by. . . . Her bonnet-cap should be clean and her bonnet-strings properly tied, her gloves mended (*by herself*), and whatever colours she wears should be suited to her complexion. These are the decent duties she owes herself and society. A tenpenny cotton can be as well chosen as a ten-guinea silk. Now I dare say you think this somewhat beneath the consideration of a clever body. Believe me, no. The graces of life are the sweetness of life in high and low."

Her advice as to authorship was always sound and strong. She could warn eager aspirants after literary fame that if they meant "to do any good" they must lay aside their pen for three or four years, and store their minds with something to write about before they resumed it. Her own methods of work were simple and wholesome. "Whenever I used to feel (indeed, whenever even now I feel) my head get hot and 'bothered'—which is not often, thank God!—I never continue at my desk. I place my pen in its rest, and set about a game with the dogs, call up the housemaid and look over the linen, or take up some embroidery, or go to the piano and play over the melodies I love so well; and if I could not do this, I would weed the flowers or dust the furniture: do whatever was most rest for the brain, and sent my thoughts swinging into another train."

And how ready she was to appreciate and inspire! On a New Year's Day she could find time to write: "I ask God to bless you, to increase your power for good, to enable you to put away with a strong hand and a brave heart all temptations which beset young authors and lead them to study popularity rather than truth. You are going on steadily in the right path, and becoming what I loyally believed you would, if you had courage in those early days to forego the temptation of writing until you wrote from the overflowing of a well-stored mind. My little ——" (here came in one of the pet names she often bestowed so happily), "nothing of the hereafter can give me more pleasure than the memory of your patience and your obedience to my advice—hard as I knew it was to follow! I was drawn to you, as you know, from the first." Yet, after all this zealous watchfulness and careful guidance, she was ready to recognise that a time may come to any soul when it is bound to go on its own way—possibly lonely and misunderstood. And she could then bind it in allegiance for ever by being strong enough to write: "I have been thinking over my note to you, or rather, a portion of it, and feel that, however I may love you, I have no right to thrust my advice upon you *now*. Forget that I did so, but still believe in my friendship and affection."

Here are her wise words on the debateable land where candour ends and tale-telling begins—a boundary which has perplexed most of us. "It is decidedly your duty under the circumstances you mention to impart the 'something' that has jarred upon you to 'others,' who may be forming 'a different estimate of the individual in your mind to what you believe is the right.' It is possible that the 'others' may be able to see differently, and to remove your impression, while to suffer them to remain in darkness is decidedly

wrong." Then follows a kindly gibe at the reserve which was a characteristic of her young correspondent: "I wish you were an oyster, and I had a good oyster-knife and strength of *wrist* to open you!"

Nobody who had the honour of entering the hospitable home which Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall upheld during their long marrried life of more than fifty years will ever forget the pleasing picture. Works of art by famous men adorned the walls; objects of interest lay on every hand. There were the flowers and the music which Mrs. Hall loved so ardently. Above all, there was herself, with a kindly welcome beaming from the lovely Irish face, which could never have lacked beauty, though it had that which throws beauty into the shade—that something which no artist and no photographer could ever adequately catch, and which since her death, in the winter of 1881, has only lingered in the memories of those who loved her.

Mr. Hall's own volumes of "Recollections" are enriched by engravings from De la Roche's portrait of himself, taken in 1847, and from Maclise's portrait of Mrs. Hall, drawn in 1830. But we have chosen to illustrate this paper from photographs taken in later life, showing them both as surviving friends best remember them.

TO A FOUNTAIN.

AFTER THE SPANISH OF ESTEBAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS.

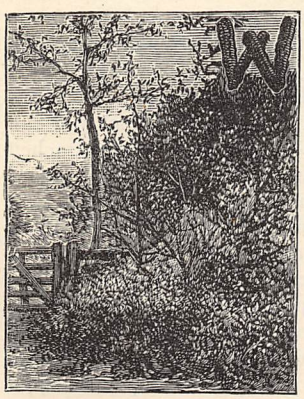
OVER sands of gold
Run thy silvern feet,
Ever fair and fleet,
Fountain bright and cold.
All my tears thou takest,
Heedless of the giver,
To the rushing river,
When his need thou slakest.
Thou art laughing gaily,
Yet thy smiles betray me,
Yet thy glances slay me,
I am dying daily.

Thou stream of my desire,
I give thee thus my all,
I let the gift-drops fall;
Flow on, I will not tire;
For while thy course thou wearest,
My years thou with thee bearest,
And my heart is ever singing
Of the woe that I am bringing.

O fountain fresh and fair,
On we pass, an equal pair—
Thou along thy wonted path,
I through all that ever hath
Shadowed me.
Wilt thou lisp a liquid lie,
Dost thou sparkle thus for ever?
Thou art something less than I,
For, once ceasing, thou couldst die—
Ceasing, dying, I shall never
Cease to be.

H. W. WATSON.

OUR GARDEN IN SEPTEMBER.



WE continue this month our preparations for the flower display of the next season: our stock of cuttings that was taken last month we now stow away in winter quarters in our greenhouse, which, by Michaelmas, we ought to have filled from end to end with all the plants that will occupy us so much when there is less to do outside. We make a point, however, of giving plenty of air, more particularly at first, and the house itself should be kept thoroughly clean and dry. We must, too, this month be particularly on our guard against overcrowding: we feel just now so strongly inclined to say, Oh! we must save this plant and that plant, so that almost unawares we get our house more than full. Full of course it ought to be, but not overdone, for the plants in an overstocked house will grow sickly and lanky, and some will, perhaps, die off altogether. In addition, however, to our stock of cuttings, we have perhaps a few large flowers in pots, which are still well in bloom and which, with a little care, we hope will continue so for some time. Among these are sure to be some fuchsias, for we must have noticed these are disposed to continue in flower long after most of our bedding-out plants. A few words, then, on the habits and cultivation of the fuchsia may not be inexpedient. Now it is a mistake to cultivate all classes of the fuchsia in the same way. The old *Fuchsia fulgens*, for instance,

if allowed to develop itself in the ordinary way—that is to say, if each shoot is permitted to grow on unchecked—the whole plant in time becomes a shapeless and almost ugly one, with flowers here and there at the end of each of the shoots. The best plan, therefore, is to rear it as a standard, and when the main shoot has attained the height that you desire it to be, pinch off the head. Meantime, all the lower shoots must be pinched off until the proper height be reached, but after this the lateral shoots may be encouraged.

The old-fashioned Globosa, on the other hand, is a dwarf plant, and looks well when grown as a bushy one, because the blooms make their appearance all along the branches and at the base of the leaves—several, indeed, at the base of each leaf. And for potting this plant have for your soil in equal proportion, a little loam, some decayed manure and leaf-mould, and shift into a larger-sized pot when the roots have reached the sides and begun to work and entwine themselves all round. The best of all is that fuchsias can be struck at nearly any time of the year, and in the preparation of these let each cutting have two eyes, one to be the base for the root to strike from, and one just above ground to grow, though many say that there is no occasion to have one eye under the ground at all, so that really every eye could be utilised and turned into a plant.

It is not much to our purpose, however, to go into the discussion of questions of this kind: a little experience and a few experiments will readily teach us how best to utilise our stock. But, in addition to our greenhouse supply, we are very busy this month, or at all events towards the end of it, in preparing our open borders for next season's flowers. The experiment may be tried of sowing a few annuals to stand over the winter in our open beds, as, if you can succeed in saving them through the winter, they will, if allowed to remain on where they are sown, flower not only earlier but stronger than those which are planted out.

Or again, some of those plants which you are afraid to set out in the open until spring has actually come, might now be sown under any old garden frame or light, just to protect them from the severity of the frost, or from what is perhaps still more hurtful to them, and that is excessive rain. And seedling perennials and biennials should be planted out as soon as possible. Such as these, indeed, the columbine, Canterbury-bells, sweet William, &c., would do better if planted out in August, and take care that you put them in the places in which you intend them to blow.

Your old perennials, too—and these are plants, by the way, on which we depend so largely for flower supply in our suburban gardens—when their bloom has faded, may be parted with a spade, and the piece put in elsewhere, for it will be sure to grow; only in doing this it is as well not to disturb the main portion, if it is answering well in its present position. And these perennials are really so good-natured that any piece taken off with hardly any root to it at all will be almost certain to grow, the portion that you leave behind in the ground being really benefited rather than injured, so that the whole operation is a very satisfactory one.

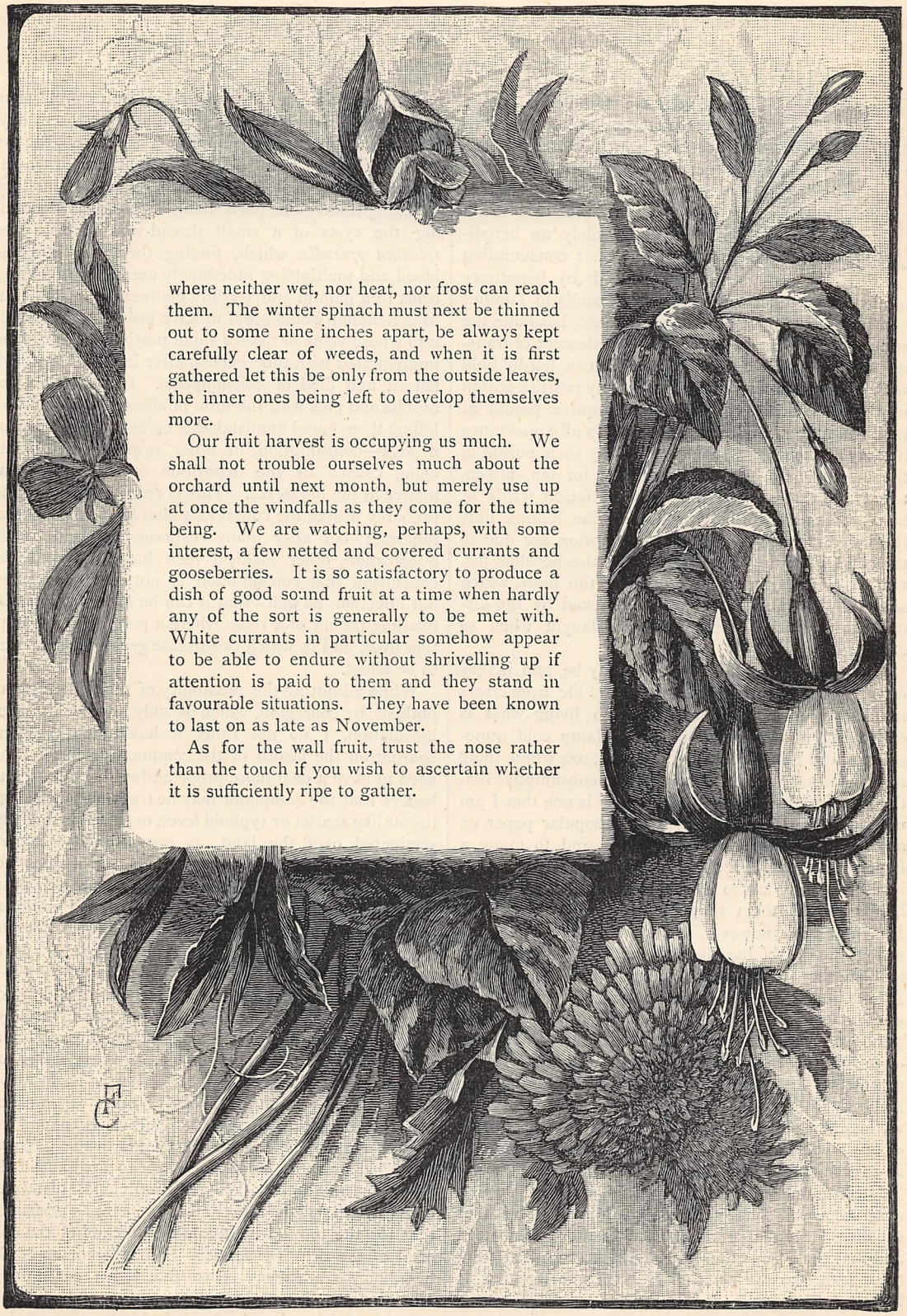
We can begin towards the end of this month, too, to think of preparation for our bulb show. Next month, or even early in November, many of our bulbs could be safely put in; but, on the other hand, early planting—that is, planting about the third week in September—gives them strength and perhaps insures a little earlier bloom. In setting in such bulbs as our snowdrops and crocuses, tulips, &c., have the narcissuses and jonquils further back than the hyacinths, for they are generally rather taller. The snowdrops look best at the foot of a shrub, or even at the base of trees. Crocuses, to look effective, should not be in a long row, a long yellow line being rather ugly than not. They look best in patches, set out here and there at intervals.

This month, too, now that we are on the subject of bulbs, is a very good one to lift any of our bulbous plants that we have hitherto been accustomed to leave in the ground, and indeed any changes of this kind that we meditate had better be carried out now as early as possible, and for this reason: they will in many cases be found germinating, and the fibrous roots will perhaps already be found to have pushed some little distance down. Their removal to another part of your garden will in this case certainly throw them back a little. Most bulbs of the lily tribe are far better not taken out at all. Or if you do so, keep them from the air by having them packed in sand.

And this month we gather from every kind of flower the seed which we think at all worth preserving: do not now take it out of the pod, but gather it carefully, pod and all, and store it away in some thoroughly dry and airy situation where it can ripen itself more perfectly. All stems, too, of flowers that have now quite passed their beauty, and whose seed seems poor in consequence of any damage to or defect in the flower itself, had better be cut down.

Nor is it yet too late to go on striking a few pansies, which can easily be managed under an ordinary hand-glass. If you are trying this at all late in the month, you must give some protection, for in their young state a slight frost would be injurious to them. Any choice varieties that you may have must be struck in a frame with a little bottom heat, while those that you have already in your old beds may be cut down fairly close to the ground, and then, if you give them a little earthing up, they will soon throw out shoots which you can afterwards take off, with, of course, the roots attached to them, and plant them out elsewhere in any vacant or ill-supplied part of your garden.

We can here do little more than advert generally to the many important operations that come upon us in the kitchen and fruit garden. Probably a good proportion of the potato crop is ripe, and when this is the case it is better to have it up at once rather than to leave all in the ground to be the prey of vermin. And, in addition to this, your potato crop once up, a large available space is at once at your service, for we never can afford to allow our land to lie idle. The potatoes, however, must be stored away in a place



where neither wet, nor heat, nor frost can reach them. The winter spinach must next be thinned out to some nine inches apart, be always kept carefully clear of weeds, and when it is first gathered let this be only from the outside leaves, the inner ones being left to develop themselves more.

Our fruit harvest is occupying us much. We shall not trouble ourselves much about the orchard until next month, but merely use up at once the windfalls as they come for the time being. We are watching, perhaps, with some interest, a few netted and covered currants and gooseberries. It is so satisfactory to produce a dish of good sound fruit at a time when hardly any of the sort is generally to be met with. White currants in particular somehow appear to be able to endure without shrivelling up if attention is paid to them and they stand in favourable situations. They have been known to last on as late as November.

As for the wall fruit, trust the nose rather than the touch if you wish to ascertain whether it is sufficiently ripe to gather.

THE BEGINNINGS OF LUNG MISCHIEF.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE disease familiarly known as consumption is one concerning which there exists a good deal of popular fallacy; and one mistake lies in believing that the disease is wholly and solely an hereditary one. That consumption is transmitted by hereditary influence—in other words, that it descends in families—medical men have no reason to doubt, but quite the contrary. The exact method of such descent or transmission is somewhat obscure, and we can hardly hold with some who believe that there is any positive poison in the blood of the child of a consumptive parent at its birth, if the child and parent are to all appearance healthy at the time. If there were any such poison in the blood, it would not lie dormant for ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty years, and become fatally fertile at last. It is easier to believe that, as like follows like, the hereditary tendencies to consumption are due to the child inheriting from the parent the peculiar formation of the frame and organs of the body, which shall render him liable to be attacked by the disorder, and unable to repel the onslaught when so attacked.

On the other hand, the disease may be, and is very often, produced from careless habits of life, from errors in dieting, from intemperance, from living what is called fast, and from exposure to damp cold atmospheres and impurity of air; and this, too, where there is no hereditary influence at work—no consumptive diathesis. This latter word "diathesis" is one that I am not fond of using when writing a popular paper on any disease. It is a misleading one, and to many a hope-killing one. I should like my readers to live in such a way as to defy diathesis, and this I am happy to tell them they can to a great extent do. I have no wish, however, to underrate either the very serious nature of the disease called consumption, or to deny that it is extremely prevalent in this country. It may, indeed, well be called the scourge of these islands, for it is computed by statisticians that about 55,000 die annually from phthisis alone. What we ought to bear well in mind, then, regarding it are these two facts: first, that those who may be hereditarily inclined to consumption need not of necessity fall victims to it; and, secondly, that there is the possibility of any one becoming phthisical quite independent of any hereditary influence at all.

Is consumption infectious? This is a question that deserves a well-considered reply. Many believe that the disorder is the result of specific morbific matter, and that the germs thereof may be transmitted from the diseased to the healthy, even in the air that is breathed, by means of floating germs.

This theory was first promulgated about twenty years ago by a gentleman of high standing in his profession, and it finds many supporters even at the present day. A recent writer calls consumption a parasitical disease, and says it bears some analogy to that dreadful accidental disorder called *trichiniasis*, which is induced by eating underdone pork, ham, or sausages containing the cysts of a small thread-worm called the *trichina spiralis*, which, finding their way into the blood and multiplying indefinitely among the muscles, leads to a painful and terribly distressing death. Dr. Max Schullar would seem to have proved that animals into whose veins or tissues small portions of a solution impregnated with tubercular matter has been injected, fell ill and died of consumption. Others have fed rabbits and pigs with the milk of affected cows, and on killing them found unmistakable evidence of tubercular deposit—consumption, in other words—the disease being caused by the deposition of this tubercular matter in the lungs, &c. This is credible enough, and probably proves the contagious character of the actual tubercle; but after many experiments, and much observation, other medical men have come to the conclusion that consumption is not only contagious, but infectious as well—that it can be communicated by inhaling the air of a room where a person in consumption lives, and in which the disease germs are supposed to be afloat.

While admitting the possibility of the generation of phthisis by contagion, which is only another word for inoculation, I do not think it has much practical bearing on the health of the community; but I shall need to have a deal more proof adduced, before I can believe that the complaint may be transmitted through the air like scarlet or typhoid fever, or that it is thus disseminated over the land, as some think. Experiment can prove a great many things, but it does not prove everything; and experimentalists are too often led by the nose by their own ideas and notions; they sometimes mistake a Will-o'-the-wisp for the true light of science. They, moreover, are apt to go too far afield to look for the *causæ morborum*—the causes of diseases—which they might find much nearer home; in this respect they put one in mind of one's grandmother, who spends a couple of hours looking for her spectacles, and finds them at last on her reverend brow.

When one reads the history of cases of so-called cured consumption in medical journals or pamphlets from beginning to end, till he comes to the pleasant finale, "dismissed cured," one is apt to ask himself the following questions:—Will the individual dismissed cured live happy ever after? Is the cure as perfect as that for the tooth-ache, treated by means of the cold steel of the dreaded dentist? What becomes of the hereditary tendency? Has that been cured, too? Has the peculiar phthisical formation of body been got rid of—the chest expanded, the lungs extended,

the stomach strengthened or re-coated—in a word, has the quondam patient been made over again? Or is consumption one of those diseases which there is but little, if any, danger of taking twice, or "dying of more than once," as Biddy O'Sheen would say?

The reader can answer these questions for himself, but no doubt he will come to the conclusion that if a case of incipient consumption yields, as it often will, to careful and unremitting treatment, the person so relieved must be more careful than ever in his habits of life, in what he eats and drinks, and how he dresses. The enemy has made one assault at the strongholds of his life, and been repulsed, but that is no reason why he should not return to the attack, especially if he sees the gates left invitingly open for him. I am talking now of individual cases of consumption, where the patient himself has to do most of the battle against the foe. But the disease is a national one; nor is it altogether the result of our probably too humid and certainly cold and changeable climate. That the climate has a good deal to do with the perpetuation of phthisis, no one denies; but it is more the exciting cause than anything else. Consumption is, apart from all hereditary influence, the disease of the ill-fed, the badly clothed, the breathers of impure air, the dwellers in crowded cities with drainage at fault, the labourers and toilers in crowded shops and factories where ventilation is imperfect, and where the atmosphere is impregnated with obnoxious vapours or dust.

It is a disease, therefore, that may be prevented, and can be prevented, to a very large extent. I shall therefore, I think, be doing the best by my readers if I lay down some simple rules for the guidance of those who may be consumptively inclined, premising, however, that at the first alarming symptom or sign the advice of a medical man be taken.

Consumption, then, is a blood disease, or disease of a constitutional nature, and its first symptoms are stomachic in their nature. There is a peculiar kind of dyspepsia, characterised by the inability to digest, and probably a distaste for, certain articles of diet, such as fatty meat, butter or sugar, and beer or alcohol in any form. These turn soon on the stomach, and heartburn is the result, and a variety of other distressing symptoms, not the least painful among them being flatulence. A form of dyspepsia of this kind could not long exist without producing disease of some kind, and in those who have a tendency to the disorder, the result is too often consumption, set up or excited, perhaps, by an attack of catarrh from exposure in some way to cold and damp. But indigestion, even in those of strong constitution, should always be taken as a warning of something impending. Dyspepsia is the dark shadow cast before many a coming event, that may end in death to the sufferer from this simple but insidious complaint; it should never, therefore, be neglected. But it must not be supposed that it can be removed by a few boxes of pills, a few bottles of mixture, or by medicine alone of any kind. The indigestion will yield only to regulation of the whole system. A change should be made in the method of living. Begin with the food; the diet should be wholesome, simple, and well-cooked. Made dishes of any kind should be avoided. For breakfast, which should be taken by eight o'clock, preceded by a short walk if possible, weak coffee with plenty of milk will be found better than tea, and cocoa is better than either; toast, with butter, is preferable to bread, and fish, eggs, ham, or cold meat may be eaten therewith. The meals must not be hurried; if there be no one at the table to carry on an agreeable conversation with, a book or a newspaper should be the companion; so will the food be taken slowly enough to produce that due admixture with the salivary juices, which prevents the formation of acidity. If breakfast be taken at eight, at twelve or one some luncheon, however light, should be taken. A dyspeptic patient should never fast long, nor ever eat much at one time. Dinner may be preceded by that light and pleasant refection called the afternoon tea. I think soup for dinner is, as a rule, better avoided. Variety of dishes at any one meal is to be avoided, while fish, game, mutton, beef, and fowl, with well-boiled potatoes and green vegetables used sparingly, should form the staple of diet. Condiments, rich sauces, pork, fatty dishes, and pastry should not be taken, nor cheese; but a little ripe fruit may, avoiding nuts as poison. Wine, and even beer, should be done without, if possible.

The supper should be light and not sloppy, and so-called nightcaps should be avoided. The best tonics are—exercise in the open air, the soap-bath, an occasional Turkish bath, and, whenever it can be borne, a cold, or at all events a tepid, sponge-bath before breakfast.

Cod-liver oil will do good if it can be borne, but I question the judiciousness of what I may term cod-liver oil cramming. A bitter vegetable tonic, such as calumba infusion, with some mineral acid, does good by increasing the appetite, but it should be taken in small doses often repeated. Good is done by the use of the extract of malt, or maltine; it may be mixed with milk, or even water, to which a little lime-juice is added. If good lime-juice cannot be had the pure juice of the lemon should take its place.

The bed-room should be quiet and well aired. The bed-clothes should be light and warm, but not so much so as to cause sweating. Flannel should be always worn next the skin, and draughts, damp, fog, night air, and east winds avoided like the pestilence.

As to change of climate to other lands, let me just warn the incipiently phthisical to look well before they leap; they may do far better by staying at home.

Waiting.

Words by MATTHIAS BARR. *Music by* HAMILTON CLARKE, Mus.B., Oxon.

PIANO.

Moderato.

Far a - way from mer - ry Eng-land, In a strange and dis-tant land, All a - lone, and bronzed and

beard-ed, Toils a man, with axe in hand: And he smiles a - mid his la- bour, As the day dies in the

west; For he sees, as in a vi - sion, White sail on the o-cean's breast, And a form he loves the

dim - - in - - u - - - en - - do.

best, And a form..... he loves the best.....

dim - - in - - u - - en - - do.

Più allegro.

mf

"Blow, O winds," he cries, "and waft her To her new and hap - py

mf

f

home! Speed, O sail, and bring my true love O'er the wild and heaving foam!"

f

rall.

tempo 1mo.

pp

Lit - tle recks the bu - sy toil - er That the maid - en of his dream Sleeps—the

pp

pp

pp

Agitato.

f

red sands for her pil - low, Where the whirl - ing sea - fowl scream, And the wild waves flash and

trem. *cres.* *f*

ff *rall. e dim - in - u - en - do.* *pp*

gleam, And the wild waves flash and gleam!.....

Andante.

ff *rall. e dim - in - u - en - do.* *pp*

AFTER LONG YEARS: A PORTSMOUTH STORY.

BY CLEMENT MARSLAND.—IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

ON a certain afternoon at the beginning of this century, the town of Portsmouth was all astir. Men and women were standing in groups, talking and gesticulating in an excited manner; waggons and drays were passing in long lines to and from the harbour; a sound of continuous labour came borne upon the air. Something unusual had happened. On the morning of that very day a rumour had spread abroad that Napoleon was preparing an armament to invade England: a sufficient cause for such visible anxiety.

An order had been given that the great ships lying at anchor in the roads were to be got ready and furnished with all the implements of war without a moment's delay. All the merchant sailors to be found in or out of the town were being seized by press-gangs for the service of His Most Gracious Majesty King George III.

Bands of blue-jackets with an officer at their head had been busily employed since morning searching all the lodging-houses and taverns throughout the town, and nearly every available hand had been taken before the evening. Numbers had also enlisted of their own accord, persuaded to it by the entreaties and prayers of mothers, wives, and sisters; for Francophobia was the order of the day. Napoleon Bonaparte, commonly known as "Bony," had come upon the English nation as a terrible nightmare, a fearful demon that had turned his evil eye on Albion's happy shores; against whom a nation's strength, and that the British nation, could scarce hope to contend.

Over the outlying parts of the town a peaceful stillness prevailed, broken only by a distant murmur of sound borne thither on the breeze. Few people were about, every one having hied harbour-wards to hear the latest reports, and to watch the business of preparation.

Standing back from one of the roads leading out towards the country, was a pretty little white-washed cottage. It had a small garden in front, bright with hollyhocks and sunflowers, and fenced in by green palings. Over the white front of the house were carefully-trained jessamine and climbing roses.

In the garden was a girl. She was standing with one hand resting on the little green gate, looking with dreamy grey eyes towards the town, which was bathed in the soft crimson rays of the setting sun. A gentle breeze from the sea played among her fair hair, which escaping from under her white cap, fell in silken waves over her forehead; over the cap, and concealing all except the white frill, was a straw bonnet, with pale blue ribbons tied beneath the chin. Her dress was of white muslin with a pattern of pale yellow flowers, made in the pretty short-waisted style of the time. A pair of long black mittens and a satchel completed her dress. She was like the original of one of Mr. Boughton's pictures. Thus she stood, lost in a day-dream.

"Musing, Mistress Margery?" asked a voice close to her.

She started back. The speaker was a short dark man; he might have been called handsome as far as his actual features went, but his whole appearance was tainted with an expression so sinister that his natural beauty lost all charm and became actually repellant. He had come silently along the road in the opposite direction to that in which Margery had been looking.

"There's nothing to be afraid of in me, is there?" he said, observing her action; "I'm a friend, ain't I?"

"I suppose so—I hope so, but I don't know," she answered, retreating a pace further.

"I don't see what right you've got to doubt it. Any friend of Carey's must be your friend too, mustn't he, eh? I'm a friend of Jack Carey's, you know."

"So you say," Margery replied, "and I can't disbelieve you."

"Of course not. Well, you know, you ought to behave handsome to your friends now. You oughtn't to have any unfriendly feelings to any one now, least of all to me. Why, you are a lucky girl. Going to be married to-morrow to Jack Carey, the pet of the service, officers and men. You ought to thank your stars, or rather me, for coming across such a chap. He's been doing splendidly. Ah, I have a piece of news about him—like to hear it?"

"Oh, please tell me anything about Jack, Mr. Redbank," cried Margery, her look brightening, and coming nearer.

"Now, why can't you call me Roger, like a sensible girl, and not Mr. Redbank? It ain't friendly of you."

"Well, will you tell me, please—Roger?"

"Now, that's better. I do like to hear you call me Roger; you do it so pretty. Do it again, will you?"

"Certainly not," replied Margery, with a red flush on her cheek.

"Oh, don't if you don't wish to. I only thought it would show you was friendly, that's all. But I don't think I'll tell you the news. You would much rather have it from his own dear lips, wouldn't you, eh?" and Roger gave a short sharp laugh.

"No, no. Please tell me, Mr.—— I mean Roger," implored the girl.

"Well, since you ask me so nice, I will. He's been specially recommended for promotion by his superior officer, all on account of his admirable conduct. There!"

"Oh, that does make me so happy! Is he promoted yet?"

"No; he ain't promoted yet, nor likely to be for some time. You know, Margery, such a recommendation don't necessarily mean more pay. We poor fellows in the service don't see too much of 'the ready,' you know."

"You don't suppose I care for that, do you?" said Margery. "If Jack is poor, I shall be poor too, that is all. I care for nothing but him, and him for himself, and not for what he is worth as a commercial speculation."

"Your sentiments does you honour, my lady," remarked Roger with a faintly perceptible sneer. "But after all you can't live on love, you know. Money does count for something. It makes a smooth road for love to travel by. But as you seem determined to marry him," he added, "it ain't no use saying anything, I suppose."

"If marrying him meant ruin to myself, I'd do it." Margery spoke with a determined voice.

"Good again. But I think, you know," Roger continued, "that you don't consult your own comfort much. It'll be very hard for you to have to live alone on almost nothing, when he's away at sea—very hard, indeed. I dare say you'll think some day that it's a pity you didn't have me instead of him after all."

"Sir!"

"Now don't burst out like that; I ain't saying nothing. Only—— look here." Roger Redbank unbuttoned his coat, and from the inside pocket drew out two canvas bags, tightly tied at the mouth.

"Hark at that!" he said, letting them swing lightly against the palings. "Gold pieces, every one of 'em!"

Margery drew back with an expression of anger on her pale face.

"Do you think to tempt me from my love with your miserly money-bags? You do not know Margery Seaton if you think that. Put them back again, directly; and never speak to me again like that."

"Oh, I didn't mean anything," replied Roger, replacing the bags. "I never thought of tempting you, bless me! I only meant to show that I might have done something towards making you happy, if you'd done the same for me. That was all."

"You seem certain that money is happiness to man. Take care that it is not the opposite for you, and prove your misery!" Margery walked towards the cottage.

"Well, good night, Miss Margery, as you seem to be tired of my company. I want to say something first, though; come here."

"What is it?" she asked, in a voice betraying no interest.

"I was going to advise you to tell Jack Carey to keep clear of the press-gangs to-night, because they'll be very busy. That's all. Don't take my advice if you don't like it; only remember, I give it you gratis, just to show I leave friendly-like."

"Thank you very much," answered the girl, relaxing her former cold tone of voice. "It's very kind of you to give it. I shall certainly take it. Good night."

"Good night," said Roger, and turning away he took a path leading across the downs towards the setting sun. "Very good, my fine lady. We'll see," he muttered to himself as he strode away.

The girl watched his retreating figure standing out clearly defined against the opal background of the western sky, then as it disappeared behind a ridge of rising ground, she breathed a sigh of relief, and turned once more towards the town, now scarcely discernible in the twilight.

Before many minutes had elapsed a quick step was heard coming along the road in the direction of the town. Margery pushed open the little green gate and stood in the road in an attitude of happy expectancy. In another minute the figure of a man appeared, suddenly taking form out of the grey of twilight.

"Jack!"

"Margery!"

"I am so glad you have come, Jack," said Margery, as he stooped to kiss her tenderly. "I have been waiting for you, oh! such a long, long while."

"Dear little girl!" said Jack, almost beneath his breath. "But now I am here, and have such a piece of news to tell you. Can you guess what it is?"

"I think I can. Roger Redbank was here just now, and told me some good news about you. I expect it is the same."

"Roger Redbank? How did he know? And what was he doing here talking to you?"

"He often comes and talks to me," replied Margery. "I wish he wouldn't. I don't like him, and yet I can't say why. He always speaks well of you, and insists on the fact of being your best friend."

"So he tells me, three or four times a day. I don't care to hear it so often. Margery, there is something about that man that I too don't like. Don't talk to him: he means no good."

"I don't more than I can help; but if he speaks to me, what am I to do?"

"Answer him as shortly as possible, and show him that you don't want him. But let's talk of something else; he is not a pleasant subject." Jack drew Margery to him. "Margery, I wonder if you are as happy as I am when I think of to-morrow. I can hardly bring myself to believe that you will be mine—for ever."

"Jack, Jack, I pray Heaven that it may be so, but—oh! I don't know why, I know no reason, and yet—I am afraid when I think of it. Do not ask me the cause: I know of none, but—I fear."

"Margery, you ought not to fear," replied Jack in clear, steady tones. "We must trust in God. He it is who guides us. How often has He watched over me in storm and hurricane, battle and shipwreck! At such times, when each moment was as my last, I have known that you were praying for me, and that He heard your prayer. Margery, you should not fear now."

Margery gazed up at his earnest, trustful face when he had finished speaking, her soft grey eyes bright with happy tears. Then—

"Jack, I have no fear now," she said.

Two hours have passed. The tones of a distant clock striking eleven float softly through the night air. Jack and Margery have been talking the while. Ask

not of what: there are some things "too sacred and too sweet for words." And now they must part.

"Margery," says Jack softly, "sing me once again that dear old song. I love it well for itself, and from your lips it is for me as a hymn from another world."

The air was such an one as our grandfathers loved; simple and plaintive, a true melody with nothing that was forced or unnatural in it. Margery ceased.

"I shall never forget that song till I die," said Jack. "When I am away from you on my voyages, it will

"'GOLD PIECES, EVERY ONE OF 'EM!'" (*p.* 599).

Margery began, and her clear sweet voice filled with soft melody the breeze.

"Blow softly, breeze, across the seas,
Thine angry passions stay:
And calm, O deep, thy wrath in sleep—
My love has gone away.

"Blow freshly, gales, and fill his sails
And waft him o'er the main;
His ship, O wave, from danger save—
My love comes back again."

ring for ever in my heart, and I shall think of the sweet voice that sang it."

A pause followed. Then—

"Good-bye!"

"God bless you, dear. Good-bye—till to-morrow."

And Margery tripped lightly into the house. Jack Carey passed through the gate and started at a brisk pace down the road towards Portsmouth. Soon, however, he slackened his walk, and with eyes on the

ground, moved on silently, lost in happy meditation and oblivious to all around him. In this manner he neared the town. He was passing some broken ground a short distance outside, when a sharp sound like a whistle through the teeth caught his ear, then close behind him a whisper, "That's him," then a rush of footsteps. He turned sharply round and found himself face to face with five men; at some little distance he thought he discerned a sixth vanishing in the darkness.

"What do you want?" he said.

Without making answer four of the men seized him. He struggled violently to free himself. He was a strong man and they had no slight difficulty in holding him.

"Let me go," shouted Jack, "or it will be the worse for some of you!"

Then the fifth man, who seemed to be in command, cried in clear tones, "In the name of His Gracious Majesty King George!"

"Ah! the press-gang!" he cried in a hoarse voice. He ceased struggling; then turning his face to heaven he murmured softly, "Thy will be done!"

HOW WE MANAGED OUR WEDDING BREAKFAST.

WELCOME as flowers in May!" said I to my friend, Nora Graham, as she entered our family sitting-room; "we were just talking of you, as we want your advice on a very important subject. We were wondering if we could possibly manage to prepare our wedding breakfast ourselves."

"You see," interrupted Ada, the bride elect, "the wedding will be a quiet one, but father seems set upon a family gathering, so there will be eighteen to breakfast; and we want to dispense with any outside help, except aunt's servant, who is coming to assist our own in waiting at table."

"Set your minds at rest," said Nora; "if you'll accept of my humble services, I'll come to assist you the day before. I know exactly what you want; you would like your viands to look and taste nice, but extravagance can't be indulged in."

"Thanks," said I. "That *is* a load off our minds. You shall be cook, and Dorrit and I your maids. Now will you please suggest a *menu?*"

"Oh! that will be comparatively easy when I know the extent of the exchequer; and there are a few preliminary hints I should like you to make note of. First, your party will include all ages, so we must try and please every one; half will be young people, so the sweets must not be spared. You could hardly have chosen a better month than August, for almost everything—in the salad and fruit line especially—is plentiful and cheap. The table can be laid overnight all but the edibles and flowers, and you young ladies can finish it off in the morning. The cake forms the centre, and be careful in arranging the dishes that they contrast in colour. Your glass, cutlery, and table-linen I know are always spotless, so we are already on the road to success. The gentlemen, I presume, will be called upon to carve, so we must reduce that to a minimum, and we'll hope that all will do justice to our good things."

Need I say that there was no opposition to a single suggestion of Nora's? and the early morning of the day prior to *the* day found her with Dorrit and myself in our kitchen, with the *menu* spread out before us.

"Listen," said Dorrit, "it reads as if the things ought to taste good:—

Salmon Mayonnaise.
Rolled Turkey. Spiced Tongue.
Duck Pie.
Savoury Eggs. Shrimp Sippets.
Pine-Apple Sponge. Chocolate Solid.
Compôte of Plums.
Raspberry Gâteau. Vanilla Darioles.

What shall we do first? *I* should like to commence with the sweets."

"I think," said Nora, "that you are such a chatterbox you'll be a hindrance in the preparation of our dishes, so I suggest that you just jot down the *modus operandi* for the benefit of the future Mrs. Neville."

To this Dorrit good-humouredly assented, and Nora commenced by washing the tongue, which owed its title *spiced* to half an ounce of pepper, a quarter-ounce of cloves, powdered, the same of nutmeg, and an ounce of bruised juniper-berries, which had been mixed with eight ounces of salt, the same weight of coarse brown sugar, and half an ounce of saltpetre; the tongue had been rubbed daily with this mixture for ten days. It was then put into cold water, with herbs and vegetables, Nora remarking that a few bones would improve it, or better still, a little stock.

The turkey, a plump young one, was boned similarly to a fowl, instructions for which were not given, as boning must be seen to be clearly understood; at least that was Nora's opinion, which I fully endorsed after watching the process. I may say that the legs and wings were drawn inside the body, and the bird laid flat upon the table—the back having been cut clean through—and the force-meat spread all over; it was then rolled up like a thick pudding, bound with tape, and tied in a cloth ready for boiling *very slowly* in a pot little more than its own size. The forcemeat—an original recipe of Nora's—was, she told us, generally appreciated, and far nicer, for cold dishes especially, than one in which suet had a part; the ingredients were half a pound of button mushrooms

fried in butter, six ounces of bread-crumbs, the same quantity of veal, and four ounces of ham, pounded in a mortar, seasoned with salt, pepper, nutmeg, and lemon-rind, and moistened with the butter from the mushrooms, one egg, and a spoonful of cream.

The bones were simmered with the turkey, and again until the stock had reduced itself to a pint, vegetables, herbs, and spices not having been omitted; it was then strained, and after cooling skimmed, and returned to the saucepan with a quarter-pint of milk, half an ounce of gelatine, and a table-spoonful of flour, and boiled for ten minutes; when cool, a few drops of chili vinegar and salt to taste were added, and the whole poured gently over the turkey. It was then—just before setting—very prettily decorated with cut lemons, chopped parsley, and carrots and beetroot first boiled and cut into shapes—tiny rings, diamonds, and leaves; the dish too was garnished with parsley, a few slices of lemon, and some larger shapes of beetroot.

The manufacture of the two *Duck-pies* was next proceeded with. The ducks, four in number, were jointed—the backbones removed—and fried with a Spanish onion for twenty minutes, then seasoned with salt, cayenne, and sage, and arranged in pie-dishes. The giblets were washed, and with the onion and bones put on to simmer for two hours in a quart of cold water, with a bunch of parsley and a strip of lemon-rind. The fat was then removed, and the gravy boiled up for ten minutes with a glass of port, a little mushroom ketchup and lemon-juice, salt and pepper, and an ounce of gelatine.

A pound and a half of flour, eight ounces of lard, and four of butter, with salt and pepper, two eggs, and a third of a pint of milk were used for the crust, and after an hour and a half in a moderate oven the pies emerged, so rich in colour, and so appetising in odour, that we longed to cut them then and there.

The *Salmon Mayonnaise* next received attention; the piece chosen was five pounds from the middle of a large fish, that being preferred by Nora to a small whole fish, which could not be cooked so uniformly, and was less economical than a piece every bit of which was eatable.

The sauce—in appearance similar to rich custard—had been set in a pan of broken ice for a few hours to thicken; it was poured over so as to "mask" the fish, which was laid in an oval glass dish that just held it; the base was garnished with slices of cucumber, and prawns placed as if ascending the salmon, while between each was laid a ring of hard-boiled egg, the white only, the yolks having been rubbed through a wire sieve to be used for decorating the tongue. The ingredients for the sauce were the yolks of four eggs, two boiled and two raw, a tea-cupful of oil, three table-spoonfuls of white vinegar, one of chili and one of tarragon vinegar, a tea-spoonful of anchovy essence, a little salt, cayenne, and dry mustard, and half a tea-spoonful of white sugar.

The odds and ends of egg-whites left from the salmon were then chopped into pieces the size of a pea, and used, together with the yolks, for ornamenting the tongue, which had first been glazed and the root covered with a frill of silver paper. The dish was garnished with parsley.

From the *Savoury Eggs* and *Shrimp Sippets* we were promised four tempting little dishes. A dozen hard-boiled eggs were cut in halves, and the yolks rubbed to a paste with a spoonful of cream, a little curry powder, pepper and salt, and a table-spoonful of finely-minced boiled ham—any other meat or fish would do, we were told—and the mixture returned to the whites, made to stand upright by having a bit cut off each end; two plates were covered with watercress, and the eggs set in circles on their bright green bed.

For the sippets a small jar of shelled shrimps had been purchased at our fishmonger's; these were pounded with a little mayonnaise (as we were fortunate enough to have some, otherwise butter must have taken its place) and spread upon thin triangular-shaped pieces of fried bread, which were piled to a pyramid, a sprig of parsley filling up each vacant place.

Nora's handiwork was indeed appreciated, and she was fain to admit that with the addition of a bowl of mixed salad (with dressing served separately, as some might prefer it plain), also cucumber, and radishes, the latter being excellent appetisers, there would be sufficient variety. A tiny pat of butter was in readiness for each guest, and plenty of bread, brown and white.

"*Pine-Apple Sponge*, and *Chocolate Solid*, are first on the list of sweet dishes, so please begin at the beginning"—this from Dorrit.

"As I happen to require a custard for the foundation of each I will oblige you," replied Nora, who had commenced to break six eggs. To the whole of the yolks, and two of the whites, she poured three pints of milk which had been boiled with three ounces of gelatine and six ounces of sugar, and returned it to the fire to thicken in a jug set into a saucepan of water. It was then divided into equal quantities, one portion receiving the addition of three ounces of cake chocolate which had been boiled in a quarter-pint of milk. This when cool was flavoured with vanilla essence, and poured into a mould to set.

Into the second basin of custard Nora emptied a small tin of "grated pine," an American luxury which cost only eightpence. As it required no boiling, after receiving a grate or two of lemon-rind to bring out the flavour it was moulded like the chocolate; both were to be ornamented after turning out, so the moulds were put into ice mixed with salt, to hasten the "setting," as Nora, who would be a guest at our wedding, was compelled to give the finishing touches that might otherwise have been left until the morning.

"Now for the *Raspberry Gâteau*. What *is* a gâteau?"

"It was originally a French gala-day cake; now, however, any dish that has a baked cake for its foundation, if served in its original shape, may be called a gâteau; and for a dainty dish it would be very difficult to suggest a prettier, and less costly, than the one I am about to make."

A round sponge-cake, a pound in weight, was cut into slices, and, commencing with the bottom, each was soaked with raspberries and currants poured over

"IT ONLY REMAINED FOR US TO THANK NORA HEARTILY FOR HER HELP, WHICH WAS DULY ACKNOWLEDGED AT THE BREAKFAST."

"HOW WE MANAGED OUR WEDDING BREAKFAST" (*p.* 603).

while hot, a pound of fruit having been boiled with six ounces of sugar. Half a pint of cream was then whipped until thick, sweetened, and the whole cake covered with it, dropped from a tea-spoon, roughly from bottom to top; a little was coloured pale pink with cochineal, and a dot dropped between each spoonful of white.

For *Vanilla Darioles*, last on the list, Nora set a stew-pan containing four ounces of butter, and six of pounded sugar, on the stove, stirring until dissolved, then *off* the fire she beat in the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, setting it aside to cool while she made the "short" crust for lining the dariole tins, which were similar in shape to the bottom of a tea-cup. The mixture was flavoured with vanilla essence, and the moulds half filled with it, then baked in a moderate oven. A little red currant jam was spread on each, vanilla blending better with that or raspberry than with any other kind, in Nora's opinion.

"Now," said she, "I am about to prove that I am not so wasteful as you, Dorrit, evidently imagined, when you remarked that it was a shame to throw away all these whites of eggs." Into a large basin they were accordingly emptied—two from the mayonnaise, four from the custard, and two from the dariole mixture—and whisked until they resembled snow; eight ounces of pounded loaf-sugar then stirred gently in, and a tea-spoonful laid upon each dariole; a minute or two more in the oven, just setting and delicately browning the surface.

The remainder was used for the chocolate solid in the same way as the cream for the gâteau; this too was browned slightly in a *very cool oven*, the glass dish into which it had been turned being first wrapped in a cloth and set upon an old plate.

"There, girls! I think that completes our list, and I hope you have noticed that a little ingenuity will prevent anything being wasted; even the parsley can be dried for winter use."

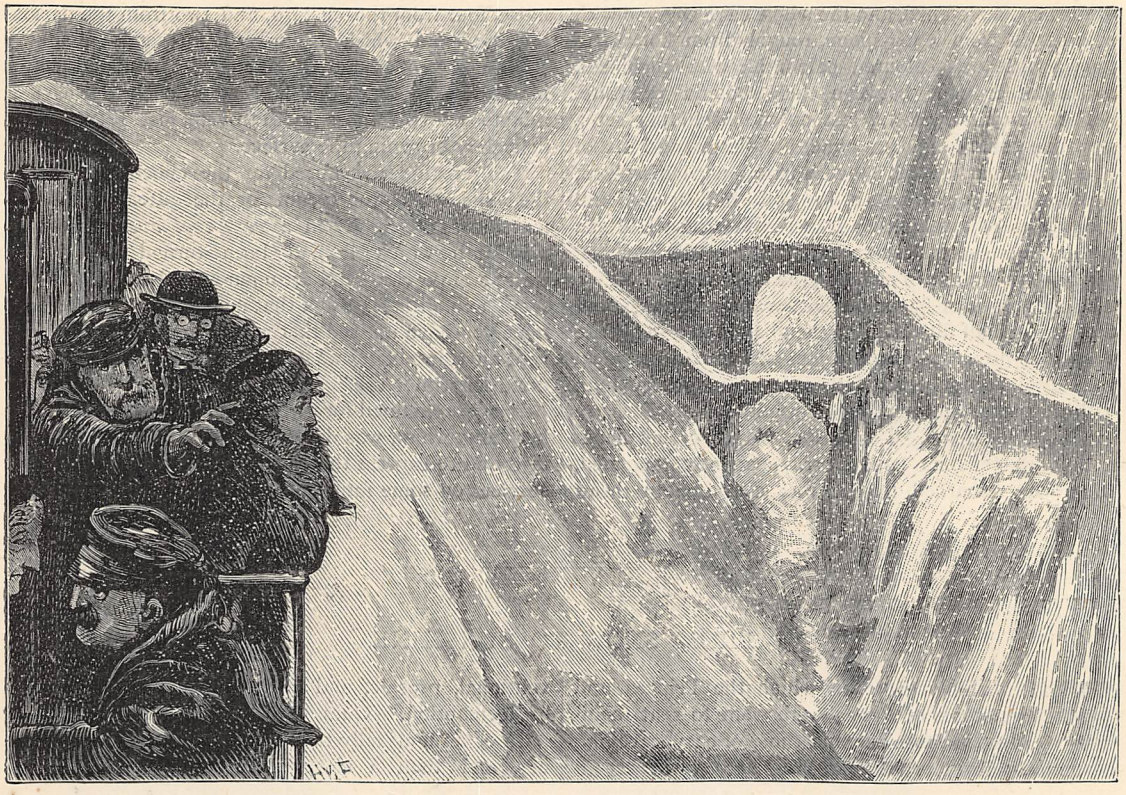
It only remained for us to thank Nora heartily for her help, which was duly acknowledged at the breakfast, and to express the hope that we might enlist her services on some future occasion.

LIZZIE HERITAGE.

FROM SNOW TO SUNSHINE.

THE wishing-carpet on which the Princes and Princesses of Persia were wont to seat themselves in those dear old times of easy travelling has, now-a-days, to be translated into various conventional, prosaic, and mostly uncomfortable modes of locomotion. Ours took, in the first place, the form of an unusually rough passage across the Channel, and then a sleeping-car to Bâle, where we

MEMORIES OF VENICE (*see p.* 606).



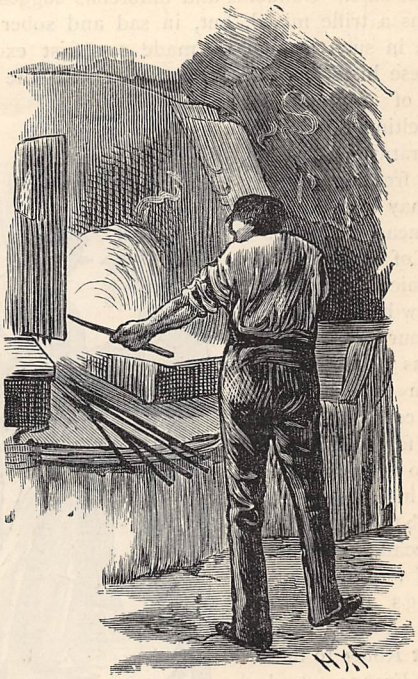
"WE STOOD ON THE BALCONY OF OUR CARRIAGE."

arrived just in time to find that, owing to the delay with the boat, we had missed the through train to Milan, for which we and our big box were booked. Still this cloud, like most of its kind which descend upon one, proved to have a silver lining; for a leisurely breakfast, and a quick walk in the chill sunshine as far as the bridge, warmed us more pleasantly, as well as more effectually, than a dash at a way-side teacup and renewed hoverings between stuffy rugs and stuffier hot-water pipes would have done. So at ten we set off, the Swiss equivalents for "moor and pleasaunce, looking equal in one snow;" and glad we were to get into Lucerne about two, and have a wash, and a warm, and some lunch. Snow was falling as we left Lucerne, and it was in a sufficiently heavy snow-storm—most congruous of accompaniments—that we made the wonderful railway journey of St. Gothard. Bitterly cold as it was, we stood on the balcony of our carriage, losing the one sensation in the other, and ceasing at last even to exclaim, feeling somehow that everything we said sounded commonplace. Those who know this pass—and who in these days of travel does not?—will feel anew the force of Carlyle's praise of silence; and to the few who have the journey still to make, description would convey but a faint idea of the wonder and the stillness, the immensity and the littleness in which man and nature seem to exchange parts. "Ye shall pass, but we shall endure," peak towering over peak seems to proclaim to us pigmies, and for answer comes this every-day train-full

A VENETIAN GLASS-BLOWER.

piercing through its innermost recesses. "And what is great? and what is little?" seems to sound in bewildering echo to the shriek of the engine, as, having halted for lunch at Goschenen, we plunge into the tunnel.

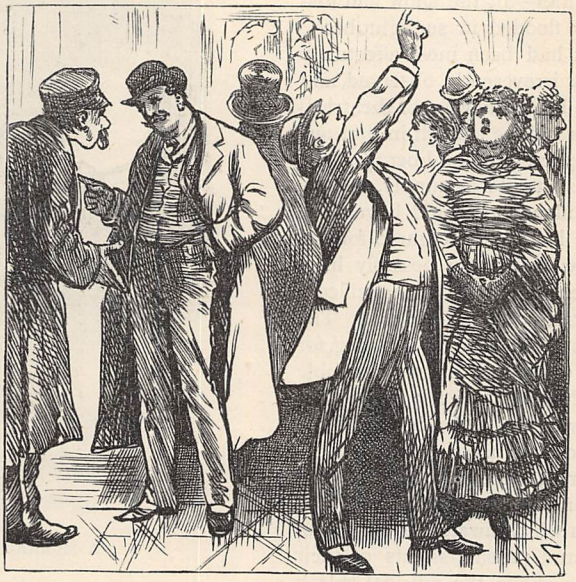
As we came out—and the twenty minutes therein passed might very favourably compare with a like experience in the Metropolitan—all the snow had disappeared, and a wide view flooded in sunlight broke upon us. The lime-light had been most effectually turned on, one of our party irreverently observed, and in truth the sudden change had somewhat of theatrical effect about it; there was sunshine enough in that one wide moment to have supplied London liberally for a month at least, at the present rate of supply, if only any scientific device of condensation could have been devised on the spot. We halted at Bergamo for the night, and our appearance, or it may possibly have been the slack season, secured for us a magnificent suite of rooms, and a perfect idyl in suppers. The over-night reputation was sustained in the morning, for a carriage and pair, and a coachman in irreproachable white gloves, came to the door; and we felt rather conscience-stricken that we were not to be driven to our weddings, but only to the old town, charmingly situate on a hill, and to the church, Sancta Maria. It was late the same evening when we got to Venice, too late to see the poetic gondolas which await the arrival of the train; but the shrill and prosaic shouts of their rival conductors rose clear above the musical splash



A MURANO WORKMAN.

SIGHT-SEEING IN VENICE.

of their oars. Gondolas and umbrellas suggest associations a trifle mixed, but, in sad and sober truth, it was in such fashion we made our first excursion on these historic canals. But even with the drawback of grey skies and pelting rain, and temperature a little above freezing point, how may one chronicle in measured phrase a day of sight-seeing in Venice? For the first few hours, at any rate, our guide-book helps us not at all, and Ruskin but a little. It is a case where the mind for awhile refuses to work, and one takes in impressions through the emotions. We recall, in a dim sort of way, the journeyings of those bronze horses from ancient Rome to modern France, and back again to their niche on the façade of St. Mark's; we murmur to each other more or less intelligently of the meaning of the mosaics, and of the doings of the Doges; but after a little we give it up, and just let the harmony of it all rest on our tired consciousness unconsciously, and flit, like the pigeons, in serene and entire content with unintellectual possession.



A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED GROUP.

But the next day soberer counsels prevailed, and we set out fully armed with our guide-books, resolved to do our duty as tourists, and the Palace of the Doges was our first semi-successful effort—only semi-successful still, for here, as elsewhere, the human interest swallows up the æsthetic, and one turns from mosaics, frescoes, and painted ceilings, which must make, one would think, even the flies of Italy much envied of their European *confrères*—to ponder over a small slit in the wall of the Council Chamber, into which were wont to be dropped secret denunciations of unwelcome members. The grim suggestiveness of this ancient form of blackballing seemed to cast something of fantastic shadow over the otherwise high tone of the decorations: a shadow which ceased to be fantastic and grew wholly grim, even in the company of a personally conducted group, as we followed in their wake to the Bridge of Sighs and down to the black cells, relics, we recall, equally with those gorgeous *sala*, of the "elder days of art." What other memories of Venice? A long morning at the Academia, out of whose long galleries, where the beautiful Gospel stories are told and retold in ever-varying iteration, but for the most part in unvarying Venetian costume, two pictures keep a hold on our somewhat "distracted brain"—the Assumption of Titian, where the radiant look of the child-angels haunt one; and a Madonna and Child, by Bellini, which seemed to us the very realisation of that difficult ideal. Then churches, one after the other, where wall and altar-piece repeat the story, and where, truth to speak, the profuse beauty of the symbolism shrouds the simple beauty of the faith to old-fashioned worshippers—San Giovanni, Sancta Maria, and a host of others, each beautiful after its kind, but each needing hours of seeing to arrive at the alphabet of understanding. Venice in sunshine is our last impression, and, flooded in fulness of light, we spent another morning in St. Mark's, spelling out, with help of Ruskin, some meaning in its marvels. Then in a gondola to the Ghetto—indisputably the cleanest part of the city—and a glance into the grave and sober-looking synagogue, which, after all the glory and colour, struck us with some sense of piquant and suggestive contrast. We fell to wondering if He who turned by choice into the byways, and who passed His beautiful days healing and helping among just such groups as these fishers and hucksters, might not by some strange chance have felt more among His own at this simple "tribal" shrine, than at those gorgeous Catholic altars erected to His memory. But such speculations floated away in the stir and bustle of the Rialto, and were wholly dispelled as we stood presently selecting things of beauty looking like fairy work, but the twins of which we had seen but the day before in prosaic process of manufacture in the glass furnaces at Murano.

One small tourist blunder we were led into by the same sort of instinct which tempts inquiring minds to the top of the Monument. We ascended the Campanile and got what we wanted—a bird's-eye view of Venice; but Venice is the very last place in the world to need or to repay that comprehensive epitomised way of getting rid of the common-place. She has nothing of common-place about her; her narrow *calle*, her broad lagoons, her silent highways, her wonderful monuments, each and every one is *sui generis;* nature and art combining to make Venice in the sunlight—she needs that halo—the most entrancing city in the world.

KATIE MAGNUS.

EVANGELINE AND THE ACADIANS: THE TRUE VERSION.

BY THE HON. PHILIP CARTERET HILL, LATE SECRETARY OF THE PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

NO poet has ever sung a more touching story than that of Evangeline. The cruel fate of the lovers cannot be read without emotion, but its pathos all springs from, and is indeed but the pointed arrow by which the poet brings home to his readers, the conviction of the heartless tyranny of the British and Colonial Governments in the expulsion of the Acadians; when, to use his own language, the simple inhabitants of the lovely village of Grand-Pré were ruthlessly torn from their much-loved homes and sent into an

"Exile without an end, and without an example in story."

Had there been no expulsion of the Acadians, the world would not have been enchanted with Longfellow's poem, but every line of it is such a bitter indictment of Great Britain and her colonies for unparalleled cruelty, that a just regard for the fair fame of both appears, even at this distant day, to render an inquiry not uninteresting.

Were the groundwork of the story strictly true, the name of Britain would be justly held up to the execration of the world; no poet's imagination could add to the enormity of her conduct. But, happily for the fair fame of both the parent country and the colony, facts have come to light which entirely change the character of the event. The Government of the Province of Nova Scotia, which name was unfortunately substituted for that of Acadia, a few years since appointed a most competent and learned member of the Bar to the office of Commissioner of Records, whose duty it was to search out from mouldy boxes and dust-covered shelves the official documents and correspondence of the Province from the time of its first settlement, and to arrange them in a systematic and accessible method.

A portion of these valuable papers has already been published, and among them the deeply interesting correspondence which took place in connection with the expulsion of the Acadians. This correspondence has to a large extent dispersed the cloud of sympathy which has surrounded the Acadians and their expatriation, and which Longfellow has largely contributed to create. The poet is not indeed responsible for the accuracy of the historical ground-work of his poem.

In a short explanatory note prefixed to it, he states that "war having again broken out between the French and British in Canada, the Acadians were accused of having assisted the French, and the British Government ordered them to be removed from their homes and dispersed throughout the other colonies, at a distance from their much-loved land."

This was the generally received account of the transaction, and Longfellow merely assumed it as the basis of his exquisitely pathetic story. He could not do otherwise, as the Commissioner of Records did not unearth the despatches which set the event in its true light until long after Evangeline had been read with enthusiastic admiration both in England and America. The accusation that the Acadians had been assisting the French was not the cause of their expulsion, as we shall presently see. The determination of the British Government rested chiefly on their open repudiation of allegiance to the Crown of England and their treacherous hostility to their neighbours of British origin.

When, in the seventeenth century, a French expedition landed on the western coast of what is now known as the Province of Nova Scotia, they selected the valley of the Annapolis river as the site of the future capital. It was in the autumn, that season so sweetly sung by Longfellow:—

"Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood."

The valley was broad and fertile. Here, then, in the name of his master, the King of France, the commander of the expedition decided to plant the seat of Government of the Province of Acadia; and to it he gave the name of Port Royal.

In the next century, a British expedition sailed into a harbour on the eastern coast of the same Province, to which was given the name of Halifax, while the name of the Province had been changed from Acadia to Nova Scotia.

Between these two events the infant Province had a chequered and romantic history. Now French, now British, it had been tossed to and fro in the contests between the two Crowns like a shuttlecock between two battledores.

In the western districts the French had made large and flourishing settlements. From Port Royal they had advanced as far as the plains of Grand-Pré, everywhere leaving their mark in the dykes by which they reclaimed the rich alluvial marshes from the ocean.

Nor were the British settlers unaware of the value of these vast tracts of alluvial soil. They too were anxious to have flocks and herds grazing on those fertile fields. That animosities should spring up between them and the French inhabitants was not unnatural. Alternately they conceived themselves to

be the true lords and masters of the land. But when the Province was finally ceded to the British Crown, it was hoped that all animosities would cease, and that all the inhabitants, without reference to their original nationality, would become peaceable and law-abiding subjects of the King of England.

The spirit of loyalty, however, in Frenchmen before the Revolution, died hard. The Acadians could not, or would not, understand that they were now absolved from all allegiance to the King of France, and that, whether they liked it or not, they had now finally and irrevocably become British subjects. Self-interest, too, fanned the flame of discontent. They had hitherto lived quiet and uneventful lives, being ruled in all matters temporal and spiritual by their curés, and they wanted no bustling intruders to surround them and outstrip them in the race of life.

Soon the animosity broke out in deeds of violence. English settlers were set upon and maltreated whenever the Acadians caught any of them at a disadvantage, until at length no Englishman's life was safe beyond the precincts of his own farm. The Indians were firm friends and allies of the French, and, instigated by the latter, as the British settlers affirmed, they scalped and killed many victims. The lives of the English became intolerable. They applied to the Government at Halifax, now become the capital, for protection. The Government appealed to the French, and reminded them that they were now British subjects, and amenable to British law; that those whom they were harassing were their fellow-subjects, not aliens and enemies; and they warned them that any further outrages would be severely punished. But all in vain. The outrages continued as frequent and as violent as ever. The English inhabitants then sent a deputation to Halifax, who represented that their lives had become a burden to them, and that they were unable to pursue their daily avocations in safety. The Government then called on the French inhabitants to take the oath of allegiance to the Crown of England. This they stoutly and repeatedly refused to do unless an exception were made in the oath that they should not be called on to serve against the French Crown. Of course no Government could consent to make a new oath of allegiance to suit the consciences of a small but turbulent section of its people. The disturbances continued unabated. The life of an English settler was as insecure as ever. And at length, in utter despair of succeeding by milder measures, the Government of the Province decided on taking that step which has been the occasion of so much controversy and which has undeservedly brought so much obloquy on the British name.

They sent an order to the Acadians commanding them all, with their families, to assemble on a given day at Grand-Pré, without giving them any intimation of the purpose in view. Transports had been secretly provided and ordered to assemble near the scene of the gathering; a sufficient force of troops under the command of Colonel Winslow was despatched to overawe the malcontents and to enforce the execution of the orders of the Government. All was carried out as proposed, and the whole settlement was thus by a strong hand removed from the land of their affections, never to see it again.

At this day it certainly does appear to be a harsh mode of solving a difficulty however grave and complicated. But we must remember the circumstances, the state of hopeless despair in which the English settlers were plunged by the bitter hostility of the Acadians, the helplessness of the Government in a newly-settled country to control the turbulent, and the absolute necessity which existed to put an end to the miserable state of violence and bloodshed which prevailed, and to remove which expostulations and mild measures proved utterly inadequate. Can we wonder, then, that the authorities in their despair resorted to abnormal measures in their ardent desire for peace? We are separated by a long interval of time from the sad scene of the expulsion of the Acadians; the world has changed; and we look on events with different eyes from those of our forefathers.

It is to be assumed that the Imperial Government were fully cognisant of the design of the Government of the Colony, and approved of it, but of course the chief responsibility must rest upon the latter. They, no doubt, wearied by the importunities of the English inhabitants for relief, in their extremity devised the scheme of expulsion; and they must ever be held chiefly accountable.

There is no more lovely view in any land than that of the scene on which the sad event of the expulsion was enacted. From the summit of a hill which commands the surrounding plain the eye takes in the whole of the now classic ground. In the foreground lie those fertile fields of Grand-Pré, still grazed by countless flocks and herds, while the waters of the Basin of Minas sparkle as of old in the sun-beams stretching far away until the lofty promontory of Blomidon stands out, the last and noblest feature of the landscape.

There is something singular in the fidelity with which Longfellow has described these scenes, although he never looked upon them. And it is still more singular that he never visited them, when we know that he might have reached them by a railway journey of thirty-six hours from his own door.

But perhaps he feared that the vision which he cherished might be rudely dispelled by the reality, and he wished to retain it unimpaired. He need not have feared. He had not coloured the view more highly than Nature herself had painted it.

On the hill which commands this noble view, there now stand the buildings of a flourishing seat of learning, called—by what other name could it on that historic soil be called?—Acadia College. Each morning the students look out upon the glorious scene spread out before them and are, in their present peaceful surroundings, reminded that their lot is cast in a happier day than when their forefathers administered such rude justice as the wholesale expulsion of a people from their homes, albeit they were turbulent subjects and treacherous neighbours.

FREE EDUCATION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

FOURTH PAPER.

NEEDHAM'S School at Ely provides a good English education for 100 boys at the almost nominal sum of twenty-eight shillings annually. Forty scholars, however, are on the foundation, eight being elected annually by feoffees. They receive education and clothes free for five years, and a premium is paid for them when apprenticed to a trade.

At Exeter School there are scholarships provided, quite open, without any restriction, in such a manner that one in every twenty pupils receives his education free of charge.

The Fowey Grammar School has ten Vincent scholarships to offer, which provide free tuition for those who are so fortunate as to win them.

Grantham Grammar School offers six foundation scholarships open to all boys under fourteen, and tenable for three years at the school. Three more worth £10 a year, and three worth £15, which may be held for three years at the school, are only open to boys under fifteen who have been in the school for the three years immediately preceding the examination. Two in each department are offered annually for competition.

The pretty country town of Guildford has a Grammar School which virtually gives free education to ten boys, as there are scholarships worth £10 a year for that number, and the lowest terms charged for day pupils are ten guineas per annum.

The Bridge Trust School at Handsworth is a large one, and offers six scholarships exempting from fees and supplying books.

At Kirkham, in Lancashire, there are ten foundation scholarships of £8 and £10 annually tenable at the school, and as the ordinary terms are £6 a year, they cover the expenses.

Free education at Leeds Grammar School is somewhat complicated, as some of the scholarships do not cover the fees, but four senior and four junior ones are of the value of £20 each; but all are restricted to natives of the borough or sons of persons actually residing there.

At Leigh, in Lancashire, the trustees of the Grammar School give eight scholarships entitling to free tuition.

The governors of the Louth Grammar School, in Lincolnshire, devote a fixed sum annually to scholarships, half of which are open to all competitors, while the other half are reserved for boys from the public elementary schools of Louth. There are from four to six every year giving free education in the upper school, and eight in the lower.

The Ludlow Grammar School is very old, having been founded in the thirteenth century by the Palmer's Guild. The foundation scholarships exempt from all tuition fees, and vary with the number of boys in the school. Some are awarded on examination for admission, and others upon the yearly report of the University examiner.

LUDLOW.

The curriculum of the De Aston Grammar School, at Market Rasen, is modern rather than classical, though it includes Latin and Greek. There are ten scholarships of £8 a year each, or exactly double the amount of the school fees.

The governors of the Morpeth Grammar School apply £100 yearly in maintaining scholarships tenable at the school. They are about twenty-five in number, but only boys residing within the parliamentary borough are eligible.

At Newcastle-under-Lyme there are two foundations, one called the High and the other the Middle-class school. The former is a first-grade semi-classical public school, with a special leaning to science. There are a good many free scholarships open to all boys between the ages of ten and fifteen, whether already in the school or not, as well as close scholarships, for which only the boys of the Middle-class school are eligible. The latter is so well endowed that the funds frequently permit of about thirty-two pupils, or one-fourth of the whole number, receiving their education free. They may enter at eight years of age after a very simple examination in reading, writing, and the first two rules of arithmetic.

The Northampton Grammar School certainly has some valuable scholarships in which hard cash is paid to the holders over and above their privilege of free tuition; but there are so many "ifs" and "buts," and the arrangements are so complicated, that any one who has them in view will be wise in applying for particulars to the head master. The majority are only

open to sons of living or deceased freemen of Northampton.

Peterborough has a King's School, founded in connection with the Cathedral by Henry VIII. The education is not so comprehensive as in some similar schools, as French is the only modern language taught, and that exclusively in the upper forms. There are twenty King's scholars, who are relieved of the eight guineas a year school fees, and receive £4 per annum in money. These scholarships are in the gift of the Dean and Chapter, are open to all boys between nine and fifteen without limitation as to place of birth and residence, and are awarded by means of competitive examination.

At Churcher's College, Petersfield, there are twelve scholarships entitling to £20 a year and free tuition; and other scholarships are likely to be arranged for.

At the Reigate Grammar School, where the educational programme is a comprehensive one, there are already ten scholarships exempting from tuition fees, and more will be provided.

The Cathedral Grammar School at Rochester gives what are called King's scholarships, in the proportion of one for every ten boys in the school, by competitive examination without any restriction. Another local school, in the same city, which already has several free scholarships, and is likely to have more, is Sir Joseph Williamson's Mathematical School.

At the Worcester Cathedral School there are forty King's scholars on the foundation, who receive a liberal education for four years in addition to an allowance of £2 13s. 4d. The candidates must be between nine and fifteen, and are appointed half-yearly by the Dean and Chapter after a competitive examination, without restriction as to place of birth or residence.

These are the principal English schools at which free education is given, but it is by no means an exhaustive list, as there are many others where the ruling powers offer complete or partial exemption from tuition fees, either as the reward of merit or according as the funds allow. Some of them can only be held for a single year, and some only by those who have been for some time previously in the school. Others again must be boarders with the head or other masters, and only the bare education is free of charge; and over and above these there are a few that come under the denomination of charity. Still there is plenty of scope for endeavour, and the truly gifted, who are also endowed with perseverance, are just as sure to rise as the cream is to come to the top of the milk-pans in the dairy. Boys, as well as men, who are unsuccessful have invariably some fatal drawback in their own mental or physical constitutions; and the proudest encomium that any one can receive is that of "risen from the ranks."

E. CLARKE.

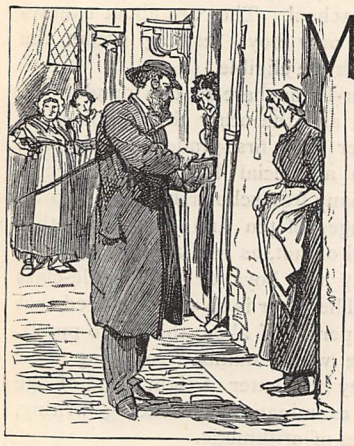
CO-HEIRS.

A CORNISH STORY.

By JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "Lady Flavia," "The Tenth Earl," &c.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

AT HER MERCY.



MR. SLEUTHBY, when Lord Malvern had left him, felt himself in strangely high spirits. His own thoughts, of course, supplied the stimulus that caused his heart to beat less sluggishly; but, at any rate, he was unusually brisk and alert when he sallied forth from his ogre's castle for the customary business of the day. The handful of debtors whom he visited that morning on his way to the porcelain works, of which he was proprietor, found their dreaded visitor more chatty than usual; but none the less were they caused to remember that they were morally under the pressure of his cruel thumb. He trotted from house to house, pooh-poohing excuses, and disregarding prayers for indulgent usage, as was his wont, but with a ghastly cheerfulness, unlike his usual grim sternness of manner.

"The master do look as though he were under the charm," was the remark of more than one woman belonging to the elder and more superstitious generation, as she watched Jabez go skippingly down the steep and evil-scented lane that led from her dwelling to a main thoroughfare.

Now, in Cornish parlance, to be under the charm is to be what Highlanders, fifty years ago, still called "fey," as implying the unnaturally high and confident spirits of a doomed person hurrying to his death, and all unaware that Celtic seers had beheld his effigy, with the white winding-sheet drawn breast-high around his shrouded form.

Jabez completed his usual round of business calls, and then turned his steps towards the hill whereon stood, in a conspicuous position, the porcelain manufactory whence the sources of his wealth had sprung, and which was still his property, though of late he had often seriously debated in his own mind the propriety of parting with it. A good name is, in these days of mild speculation and timid investors, a very valuable article for sale. Kirkman's Porcelain Manufacture, or Kirkman's Cornish China Clay, Limited,

would be a taking title for a new company, of which the Right Honourable the Earl of Malvern might be the titled chairman.

For the time being, however, Mr. Sleuthby was lord of the famed old works; and he knew too well the efficacy of the master's eye ever to let a day elapse without giving the benefit of his personal superintendence to the complex processes in hand. Singularly enough, Jabez always found his ultimate route to lead him past that garden gate whence, on the balmy May evening of that pay-day first commemorated in these pages, he had lingered to listen to the notes of that glorious voice whose song rang forth like the warbling of a nightingale on the soft west country air. Very long was it now since that garden gate had opened for him, since he had been a welcome and habitual guest beneath the roof of the war-worn old captain. It was due to the old warrior's pride, and to that—no less sensitive—of his beautiful daughter, that Jabez had not been punished by the mulct of some of that hoarded wealth that to him was dearer than his salvation. For British law and British juries have a sneaking kindness for the love-lorn maiden who brings her action for breach of promise of marriage, and any twelve honest men in a box, with a competent counsel to egg them on, would have given swingeing damages against such a one as Jabez Sleuthby, who would have had to writhe also under the stinging lash of the newspaper cat-o'-nine-tails. But the brave old captain would never have permitted his child's name to be soiled by the mud of the law courts, and Miss Katty herself sought for no pecuniary balsam for her wounded heart.

As Jabez Sleuthby, somewhat pantingly, ascended the steep hill, on the crown of which rose up, already visible, the high brick wall that encircled his own business premises, suddenly there stepped forth from beneath the shadow of a wych elm, the tough old roots of which protruded, like the bones of a giant's long-buried skeleton, from the soil, the tall and graceful figure, and keen dark face, of her whom he had once thought to make his wife.

"I have long wished to speak to you, Mr. Sleuthby," she said, with that curiously composed air which women can assume, somehow, even when their hearts are throbbing wildly and their brains seem on fire. "I have watched for my opportunity, and now I have found it."

Her apparent coolness staggered Jabez. He was himself taken at a disadvantage. Of the two sexes, there can be no doubt as to which is the most ready-witted at the outset. The heavier metal may be on the other side, but the first advantage in a verbal contest is pretty sure to accrue to that gender which ungallant classical grammarians declared to be less worthy than the masculine.

"Indeed, Miss Krane," was all that Jabez, usually so glib, could find to say.

He was so much in the habit of regarding her, in his musings, as a thing of the past, as a page of a book, so to speak, that had been turned over and done with, that he resented as an anachronism her presence there, and her direct address to himself. It was all very well to cherish a sort of dreamy recollection of Kate, or Katty, in her dark beauty, and even to hang about in the dusk near her father's gate, to catch the lingering notes of her superb voice as she sang; but he did think that she had no more right to start up before him thus, and to bar his road, than a ghost after cock-crow has any legitimate business among the haunts of the living.

"You will excuse me if I trespass on your time—your valuable time!" said the captain's daughter; and somehow she contrived to say it so scornfully, in her rich ringing voice that he knew so well, and with her flashing eyes bent upon him, that Mr. Sleuthby, hardened as he was, smarted under her contempt.

"My time is quite at your service," he said, with a bow, and an effort to seem calmer than he really was.

The girl did not immediately speak, but stood on a mound of heaped-up gravel to the right, just beyond the point where the shadow of the old wych elm fell upon the sunny road; looking down upon him from that vantage-ground, while with her parasol she carelessly traced lines in the moist sand. She was very well dressed, her jaunty hat and many-buttoned gloves suiting admirably with the rest of a costume faultless in taste, and of rich if dark materials, such as became the complexion of the wearer. She did not look a day older than when Jabez had been her acknowledged suitor; and there was a crimson flush that rose to her face now and again, and set off the brightness of her falcon eyes. Jabez Sleuthby began to feel, for the first time for years, ashamed of the exceeding shabbiness of the frowsy brown coat that it was his custom to wear in all seasons, conscious of his broken boots and old hat, and of the general neglect which characterised his wearing apparel. The man had, as misers sometimes have, a perverted pride in the meanness of his garb, knowing, as he did, how powerful was his influence in many a household, and how little his cringing vassals dared to refuse the due measure of respect to the arbiter of their destinies. But he did wish now that his attire was of a less sordid stamp, so that he might meet his present opponent on more equal terms. He rallied his faculties, and prepared himself for what might probably be a stormy scene.

Jabez waited. The waiting game, whether in war, love, the duel, or on a race-course, is often the wisest game to play. It is a resource which once commended itself to the subtlest brain and the most overbearing will in Europe. Napoleon himself was wont to say to strategists, quite impartially, as a master of the craft may do for the sake of science, "A general is best without plans; let him wait and watch, and profit by the mistakes that his adversary is sure to make." Mr. Sleuthby instinctively thought so too, and in an attitude of assumed deference awaited the lady's pleasure. By so doing, metaphorically speaking, he cut the ground from under Miss Kate's feet. Women, proverbially, love to have the last word in a dispute, but they do not like to have all the words. The adversary must make his moves, as it were. The

hostile disputant must urge his futile argument before he can be crushed, beaten, and hooted out of court. Now, the captain's daughter had come prepared for cold sneers or an angry rebuff, and for these she was ready with her answer, but silence and mock respect were more perplexing.

"Oh, Jabez! that it should have come to this!" cried out Kate Krane, in an accent of real distress that went straight to the warped and indurated thing that the miser called his heart. "There was a time, not so long ago, when my home was almost your home, so often were you with us, and so warm was your welcome from my brave old father. I, too, in those days was a friend of yours, and thought and hoped I saw in you something brighter and better than groping in the gutters of Gweltmouth for ill-got gains will ever make you, grind the faces of the poor as you may. I thought you would be true to your own higher self—for you have a higher self, Jabez, and had once aspirations above those of a mere money-grubber—I thought you would be true to me. It was well understood once that I was to share your home and be your wife; why, then, have you so utterly deserted me?"

She sobbed as she ceased to speak, and for an instant averted her face; but such was the pride and self-reliance of her haughty nature that, as if by magic, she recovered at least the outward semblance of composure, and gazed upon him as fearlessly as before.

Very singular was the effect which the girl's words produced on Mr. Sleuthby. As though under the influence of an incantation, he actually grew younger

"'I HAVE LONG WISHED TO SPEAK TO YOU, MR. SLEUTHBY'" (*p.* 611).

Marks and lines in his puckered face, furrows on his brow, vanished as the moisture of the breath passes away from the polished surface of a mirror. His very stature seemed taller, and his form more upright. He was again the Jabez in whom Kate Krane, blinded by her preference, it may be, had seen her ideal hero: the bold, shrewd, accomplished man, whose ambition was sure to pioneer his steps up the ladder of life. For a moment his better nature—even the worst of us have in our hearts some possibility of amendment—was uppermost. It was only, however, for a moment; but Katty's quick eye marked the change, though soon the old scowl darkened his face, and it was in a dogged tone that he made answer.

"It won't do, Miss Krane—Katty. I am, as you are aware, of a tolerably resolute disposition, and my mind being once made up, it would be as easy to turn back the tide that moans beneath yonder cliffs as it would be to cause me to swerve one tittle or hair's-breadth from the path I have chosen. It may be a cheerless path—I grant you that—as it is a selfish and a solitary one. I could not afford to be a married man. I could not forego the pursuits which of deliberate choice I have embraced. It is not, believe me"—and here there was some trace of feeling in his voice—"that I have become indifferent to yourself, or that I am not conscious of the sacrifice which I made when I—when I ceased to visit at your house, and resigned your friendship and your good opinion. But I had no option but to choose as I have chosen."

"Because I was poor," said the girl, more sadly than scornfully. "Oh, Mammon! Mammon! how you kneel to him, Jabez!"

"As it is," replied Jabez promptly, "I will not prolong an interview that can lead to no good result, and which, I am sure, is painful to both. From a conventional point of view I deserve, and must submit to, your reproaches. But this conversation had better come to an end. Allow me to be the one to conclude it, and to wish you a good morning."

He took off his hat with formal politeness as he spoke, and turned away. The girl did not answer his words or acknowledge his bow, but she stepped back a very little, as if to allow him to pass, and, with a firmer and more rapid tread than was usual with him, Mr. Sleuthby ascended the hill, on the summit of which arose, high and gaunt, and defended by superfluous fragments of jagged bottle-glass, the brick outer wall of his own porcelain works.

The behaviour of Miss Katharine Krane, when left alone, was singular, and scarcely such as might have been expected from one so daring and so proud. Those were real burning tears that rose to her eyes, real agonised sobs that choked her utterance. She did not frown or stamp her well-shaped foot upon the ground, great as would have been her excuse for anger. How had she humbled herself in laying, as it were, her haughty heart once more at that man's feet, and in pleading for a renewal of old vows coldly broken, a former troth cynically recalled! Yet, for awhile, she did not seem indignant or resentful, but only weary, sorrowful, and unhappy. After a time, however, there came a change over the picture. "He spoke of resolution," she said, in a voice so low and deep, and full of passionate emphasis, that it sounded more ominous than the loudest outburst of wrath; "but what would he have thought, had he but gauged my self-restraint as he rejected me for the second time? Little did he dream that I kept back, of set purpose, the card that must win the game: that by breathing one word I could have brought him, grovelling in his craven fear, to sue for pardon for the past and to make fair promises as to the future. He thinks himself secure, does he, in his armour of gold? as if a woman's wit might not discover the vulnerable part between the joints of the harness. I spared him to-day. He has gone on his way triumphant, when it would have been so easy for me—so easy—to bring him to his knees in the dust. Yes, Jabez Sleuthby, when I choose, as you may one day learn, I have you at my mercy!"

At the mercy of Katharine Krane! To judge by the flash of her falcon-eye and the stern firmness of her compressed lips, as she walked homewards, mercy was not be to expected from such a one as she was towards the man who had injured her.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

ON COMPULSION.

"TWO thousand seven hundred, you see, my lord, in notes of the Bank of England; three hundred full-weight sovereigns, which these three rolls of paper, stamped at each end with the seal of the Gweltmouth branch of the London and County Bank, represent; and a cheque for nine thousand pounds on Screed and Scrumpy, of Temple Bar. I keep, for business purposes, a balance in the hands of Messrs. Screed and Scrumpy—a firm, doubtless, as familiar by repute to your lordship as it is to me; but not, I need scarcely say, such a balance as that. I have increased it of late, expressly, because I believed that such a mode of payment would be most convenient to yourself."

Now, in saying this, Mr. Jabez Sleuthby did not speak the exact truth. What he had had in view was not the Earl of Malvern's convenience, but how best he could establish an ostensible hold upon that impecunious aristocrat. Debtors now-a-days are not collared and chained and enslaved, as under the harsh old Roman law of the Republic; nor are they pilloried and clad in a garb of shame, as in mediæval Venice. But Lord Malvern could not pay in that great cheque, sedulously crossed, to his account at his own banker's in Gweltmouth or in London, without affording those who handled it a tolerably clear insight into his embarrassed affairs. And Lord Malvern, though it does not do, proverbially, to look a gift-horse (and presumably a loan-horse) in the mouth, was astute enough to wish that the cash he so much wanted had come to him in some other way. But it had come: that was the essential. There were the £12,000 that were to rid him of the buzzing and stinging, so to speak, of many a petty blood-sucker among the loan-mongers of London, and to hush for ever the importunate drone of the dun.

It was in the earl's luxuriously fitted study at Marblehead Priors that the business of the loan from Jabez Sleuthby to the noble owner of the mansion had been completed. Two serving-men had been called in as witnesses to the signing, sealing, and delivering, in legal parlance, and these two domestics had understood a good deal more of the nature of the business in hand than Lord Malvern wished them to know.

"My lord he have borrowed a heap of money from yon Master Sleuthby, of Gweltmouth; but no doubt he was drove to do it." Such, probably, would be the verdict of the servants' hall; and the earl, though not very wise, was quite capable of wincing at the

comments which his inferiors were sure to make, behind his back, on his proceedings. It had been quite against his will that Jabez had come to Marblehead Priors. There he was, however, and on the study-table lay the lately signed documents, marked with red ink and black ink in crabbed characters. The earl had glanced them over before he signed—as a prudent man should do—but he had done so shudderingly and in a perfunctory way. Terrible things are those mortgage deeds, comprising, as they do, "And all that capital messuage and tenement, called," &c., "And all that parcel of freehold land, arable and pasture," &c., and which remind the classical reader of Alaric's insolent demand for ransom before the gates of Rome: "All your gold and silver, all your purple, and all your slaves."

Jabez did not seem in the least hurry to go. The earl had been glad to see, at first, that his formidable visitor had not adhered to the squalid brown overcoat, napless hat, and broken boots that all Gweltmouth knew. Mr. Sleuthby had better garments than these in store; and now his well-fitting frock-coat, neatly-brushed hat, and spotless linen brought no disgrace upon the house where he visited, save by his dubious reputation. But he lingered, and the hour was late, and even a June afternoon must come to a close, and still Jabez held his ground.

The earl was perplexed and annoyed. He had desired that his dealings with the Gweltmouth usurer should remain a secret, if not from his wife, at any rate from his servants and his tenantry. The persistent determination of Jabez had prevailed, and all the country-side would soon know to what a purse the needy Lord Malvern had had recourse. If the man would only go! But the man would not stir. In vain his noble host practised the usual arts by which bores may be got rid of. To let the conversation flag was useless. As fruitless was it to ring the bell, apologising for the liberty, and give a sudden order to a servant. Mr. Sleuthby was not to be so easily shaken off. It grew dusk; and at last the hideous idea crept into Lord Malvern's mind that the man was waiting to be asked to dinner. All his own prejudices and sentiments were in arms at once at so monstrous a notion. He was not what is called a proud man; but he was delicate and fastidious to a fault, and shrank from coarse manners and vulgar familiarity. Coarse or vulgar, in the ordinary sense, Jabez was not; but then he was an eccentric Robinson Crusoe, that lived in a hut—a fourth-rate Shylock exacting his pound of flesh from poor people who loathed his name—not a fit person to sit at table with the wife and daughters of a gentleman of high degree. So the earl remained obtuse to the tacit hint which mere loitering gave, and, as it were, compelled Jabez to speak out.

"Lord Malvern," said that estimable person, after a protracted period of silence, "you were so courteous as to mention the other day at my poor place the wish that you and I should be on neighbourly terms. I reciprocate the feeling, as I appreciate the motives which underlie it. In some respects we are alike. Much of your lordship's life has been spent abroad—in that diplomatic service of which you were an ornament. My own pleasantest years were passed at a foreign university or in foreign travel, in the lifetime of my good grandfather, Mr. Kirkman. Neither you nor I can find many congenial spirits with whom to associate in this out-of-the-way nook; and hence, my lord, the offer of your hospitality, here in your fine house at Marblehead, is too tempting to be rejected. You cannot imagine how I have looked forward to the honour of an introduction to your lordship's family."

After this, what could the weak earl do? He could not deny his own silly words, somewhat exaggerated in Mr. Sleuthby's carefully studied version of them. He could not tell the man that a mere idle compliment had been intended, nor that he had changed his mind. So, with but an ill grace, and showing his repugnance and reluctance, despite his diplomatic training, in every gesture and tone, he gulped down his pride, and asked the man to do him the favour to stay and dine at Marblehead Priors.

Having secured, by dint of effrontery, his invitation, Jabez Sleuthby felt that he could afford to assume a coy air.

"I forgot," he said diffidently, "that I have not the happiness to be acquainted with Lady Malvern, and am also a stranger to the Ladies De Vere."

"Any friend of mine, I can assure you, will always be welcomed here," exclaimed the earl, who thought he "might as well be hanged for a sheep—as the saying goes—as for a lamb," and who had had time to reflect that the man might make himself very disagreeable about the interest and commission if not conciliated.

"And then, I am in my morning coat," remarked Jabez artlessly; and Lord Malvern, sincerely thankful that Mr. Sleuthby had not insisted on wearing his habitual gaberdine of snuffy-brown, promised that any irregularity of costume should be pardoned, and offered his own dressing-room and the services of his own courier-valet, M. Blot, to assist in Jabez's toilet. The result of which proffer was that Oscar Blot told the company in the housekeeper's room how very well Herr Sleuthby spoke both French and German, "better than Milor, by what you English call the chalks;" and that Jabez sat down to dinner along with the astonished countess and her puzzled daughters, while the earl did his best to talk.

Lady Malvern was disgusted—and not without cause—when first she received the hurried intimation that she was expected to dine in company with the Gweltmouth money-lender, of whom, from servants' gossip, she had heard so much. At the outset she was inclined to refuse compliance, or to banish her daughters from the table.

"Who can tell, Marmaduke, what the wretch will do?" she said, in a sort of despair.

But the earl owed Jabez too much money to connive at a slight being put upon him, so his wife reluctantly withdrew her objections, though it was with an absolute shudder, which she could not repress, that she put her unwilling hand on Mr. Sleuthby's arm, that he, as the sole guest, might escort her to the dining-room.

"You shall pay for this, my lady, and so shall yonder coroneted fool!" muttered the usurer, between his set teeth.

But Jabez, very greatly to the relief of his noble entertainers, behaved unexpectedly well in his capacity of guest. Not only did he abstain from committing any solecism against the unwritten code of good manners, but he talked well—not too much, not too little, and always in good taste. He really was a man of much reading and no small experience of foreign travel, and had a happy knack of adapting his conversation to his company. It was curious to see how the countess, deeply prejudiced against the intruder at the first, most unwillingly thawed towards him, and began to think that Mr. Sleuthby must have been maligned by common report. The earl, too, saw his creditor in an unusually favourable light, for Jabez, when he chose, could be the best of listeners, and Lord Malvern could seldom find a hearer so intelligently attentive to his well-worn anecdotes of embassy pleasantries, royal pageants, and petty triumphs of diplomacy.

Then, after dinner, Jabez, who was abstemious by habit and by nature, and lingered but a few minutes over the earl's claret, strolled up to the piano, and with affected carelessness touched the ivory keys. It was one of those touches that proclaim the accomplished musician, and there was not much difficulty in persuading Mr. Sleuthby to exhibit the skill he had acquired in Germany. He played admirably well, with a preference for the weird, difficult music of recondite masters, and with a puzzling, suggestive emphasis of expression. He could sing, too, German ballads, and Italian bravura airs came with equal readiness to his lips; and for the first time it became possible to guess how Kate Krane could have come, years before, to care for such a man. Altogether, Jabez exerted himself to please, not quite unsuccessfully. He did not intend this to be his last visit to Marblehead Priors. To Lady Edith and Lady Gwendoline he said but few words, though now and again his stealthy, snake-like eye of coldest blue dwelt—furtively, as it were—on the beautiful face of the earl's youngest daughter. Was he contrasting her calm loveliness with the dark, flashing beauty of her whom he had rejected, and who had bowed her pride so lately to sue for a renewal of his love?

Presently he took his leave, but, since it was far to Gweltmouth, Lord Malvern insisted on ordering out a light open carriage for his conveyance home.

"An odd, clever sort of man; it is difficult to believe all that people say of him," remarked the countess indulgently, when the guest was gone.

"I dare say he has his good points," replied Lord Malvern, heartily glad that his self-imposed friend had behaved so well.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

KATE'S SECRET.

HER unsatisfactory interview with Jabez Sleuthby at an end, Miss Krane, with an assured manner and a brisk step, returned to her home. It was not in her nature to appear dejected. From the very beginning of that sad time since her *quasi* engagement had been tacitly broken off, no maiden fancy-free had held her head higher than had the proud, beautiful daughter of gallant old Richard Krane. She went up-stairs. Her room, which had been her mother's, was a large chamber, across the window of which the Virginia creeper formed a network of tendrils, and the wide windows of which looked over the garden and the road. Janet, the younger sister, slept next door; but Kate's room was palatial, as compared with the trim little bower of her easily contented junior, and was bright with pictures, statuettes, flowers, and pretty toys of Paris manufacture, on brackets, on tiny marble consoles, or nestling among niches and recesses in the irregular walls. It was wonderfully well furnished for an English bedroom, and its small bright mirrors in their gilded frames flashed reflections of Katty's handsome face, as the summer sun streamed in from every nook.

Katharine Krane cared nothing just then for the flattering tale that her looking-glasses had to tell. No feminine eremite, dwelling in a cave scooped out of the white limestone rocks of Egypt or Syria sixteen centuries ago, could have been more indifferent to her appearance than was this girl, so lately the boasted beauty of Gweltmouth, and whose matchless face and form would have won renown in a wider sphere than that of a decayed town of Cornwall. She tore off, petulantly, her well-trimmed walking-jacket and jaunty hat, and flung them down recklessly anywhere, along with her many-buttoned gloves, and the minor articles of finery that she had donned—to no purpose. There was a turquoise brooch that she wore at her neck, a small opal in its midst: the only present that Jabez Sleuthby had ever given her. It fell, in the haste and impatience of her movements, on the floor. It was all that she could do to restrain herself from crushing the trinket to fragments beneath her feet. But she did so restrain herself; and the little ornament, which she had so carefully put on in the hope that it might serve to awaken some memories of the past, even in that dry heart, was picked up from the floor, and replaced in the morocco case in which it usually reposed. She looked at her watch. It was early yet, and she had leisure, before the family should gather at the luncheon-hour, for her self-imposed task. Janet, she knew, was in the garden, as busy as the very bees that hummed among her pet roses; Janet had a taste for gardening. And Captain Krane was occupied, too, in the composition of some memorial to the authorities at Whitehall, or in penning a tart rejoinder to the pert note in which some underling, innocent of knowing what was the odour of gunpowder, told him that "my lords" were in possession of the facts, or "would consider" the veteran's remonstrance. For, like many another disappointed senior of either service, the fighting old captain could not resist the temptation to urge his claims to employment.

Kate unlocked a cupboard, and extracting from the back of the topmost shelf a box, proceeded to open the latter with the assistance of a slender key. The box itself was somewhat of a curiosity, being of

tortoiseshell, with ivory and silver mountings in a quaint barbaric style, the work of some Moorish or Portuguese artisan on the west coast of Africa, and probably brought home by the old captain from one of his many voyages. Its contents, however, were merely a slim packet of letters tied together with a faded blue ribbon, a withered bunch of flowers, and a manuscript in Miss Krane's own bold, clear hand. She opened the latter now, carefully smoothing out the creases, and seating herself at a side table, began to peruse the document, familiar as its purport may have been to her. "I want," she said to herself, "to know what I really can do, and what I cannot. It is foolish to threaten unless there is the power to strike. I set this down word by word, line by line, nearly a twelvemonth ago. Ah me! how wearily the time drags! When the events were new and freshly remembered, knowing what tricks memory plays—though mine has always been deemed retentive enough—I desired to commit to paper what I then saw and heard. Here it is. It is some months now since I unlocked this box, and I wish to see whether yonder heartless man is as thoroughly at my mercy as it has pleased me to believe. Have I proofs, or merely strong suspicions? Let me examine the evidence as impartially as I can, as a judge would do." And slowly she began to read.

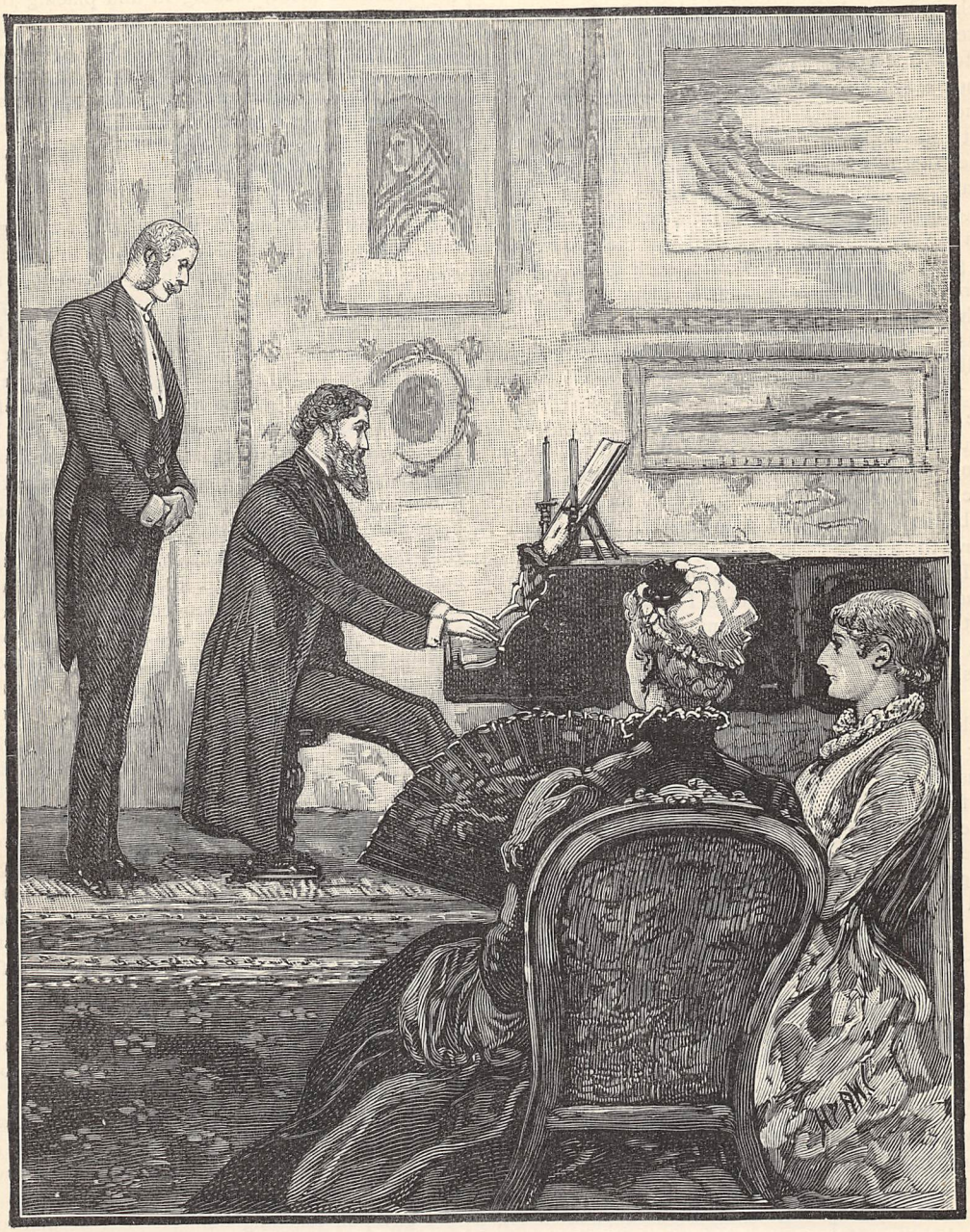
Thus ran the manuscript:—

"It was about three o'clock, so nearly as I can remember, on the eleventh of August last year, 18—, that, as I was walking alone on the Trenscombe Churchtown Road, west of Gweltmouth, I met Mr. Parsons in his dog-cart, with his fine young horse in the shafts. He bowed to me—that is, he nodded and laughed—and said something which I could not catch, as he went by at a very fast pace. I think that what his words implied was a sort of apology because he could not spare a hand from the reins to lift his hat, the young horse being so hot-tempered and so hard to hold. He was always good-natured, kind, and polite—it is of poor Mr. Henry Parsons that I am speaking—but not, I am afraid, very prudent. His wife, Lucy, had been my school friend, and I was intimate at Brinsmead. Brinsmead was a farm-house, but it was, and is, a pretty place too. Nor was Mr. Parsons a tenant-farmer. He owned his land, which had belonged for more than a hundred years to the Parsons family; and if he had not betted at races he would have been well-to-do. He did bet at races, and lose his money, and so was obliged to borrow. He borrowed, on mortgage of his little estate of Brinsmead, of Mr. Jabez Sleuthby, of Gweltmouth, over two thousand pounds. I believe he was very irregular as to the payment of interest, so that soon he owed nearer three thousand pounds than two.

"Now, it so happened that I had not visited at Brinsmead as I often did, nor had I seen my good friends there for weeks, and I was surprised to see that Mr. Parsons had a black band round his hat. It was a narrow one, as I remarked—mere complimentary mourning, as it is called—and I was sure, too, that no one could be dead who was a near relation, or dear to him, for he was a very kind-hearted man, whom I have seen sorry when a poor robin was found frozen outside a window of his house in hard weather, and who was gentle with all. And he looked quite bright and in the highest spirits, as though the world went well with him; whereas, a short time before he had appeared sad and cast down. I finished my short walk, and on my way back, just as I reached the edge of the town, where the buildings are few and straggling, I saw the dog-cart again, with the fiery young horse—a bright chesnut, with one white foot—a large horse, that I had often seen at Brinsmead being broken in—plunging and swerving very much: frightened, I think, at a gipsy caravan, with mats and baskets piled on the roof and festooned about it, that was just then in the road, with its short chimney smoking, while the people cooked their meal, and the ragged, barefooted urchins scampered about, begging, or playing in the dust.

"Suddenly—I cannot quite tell how it happened, for I had turned my eyes away for the moment—there was a crash and an outcry, and then, in the midst of a cloud of dust, for the weather was dry and sultry, I saw that the dog-cart was upset, and the horse down, too, and struggling to regain its feet: which it did, mad with rage and alarm, snorting and kicking till wood and iron gave way, and then galloping off homewards, with the harness dangling loose. The horse was unhurt. But when I came up, poor Mr. Parsons, who was quite insensible, and had blood trickling from his forehead, had been extricated from the broken carriage by two of the gipsies, who had come running from the caravan that had been the innocent cause of the accident. These two were a man and a stripling, or, at any rate, a very young man, whom I took to be the brother of the first, who was strong and over thirty years of age, and whose wife, with a red handkerchief knotted round her sleek dark head, had hurried out too. Neither of these two men had bad countenances. I mention this because suspicion has fallen upon them because of what afterwards occurred. I should say that both of them had open, honest faces. Both, I noticed, had fair hair, and two of the ragged children had hair almost white, quite the tint of wild flax, although their mother, a true gipsy, was very dark. The others, I suspect, were not of the real gipsy stock, though wanderers. They seemed sympathetic, as people often are when they see a man hurt or killed; and when I came up and spoke, the eldest of the bearers said, quite respectfully, 'Is the poor gentleman your brother, miss?' I told them hurriedly that he was a friend, whose home was in the country, four miles off, and that the best thing to do for him, since he was senseless, and one arm hung broken at his side, was to remove him to the nearest decent dwelling, where he might be put under medical care.

"I had spoken to him—to Mr. Parsons I mean—and I had taken his passive wrist between my fingers, but there was no pulse beating that I could distinguish, and I began to fear that he was dead. And I thought of his poor wife, that loved him so, and the



"HE PLAYED ADMIRABLY WELL" (*p.* 615).

little ones at Brinsmead, who had seen him depart in health and high spirits, and who would never, perhaps, again hear his cheery voice, or be gladdened by his blithe smile. I could not repress a sob. But not a moment was to be lost. The nearest dwelling was that of Mr. Jabez Sleuthby, the owner of the porcelain works that are still known as Kirkman's.

"'Take him there quickly,' cried I to the men, 'to that white cottage: I mean among the trees. I will answer for it that you shall be rewarded. And I will hurry on myself to Dr. Morton, who, fortunately, does not live very far off, since I suppose you are strangers here?'

"'Never in these parts before, miss,' said the elder of the men civilly; 'but as for reward, we don't look for it; for what Christian wouldn't bear a hand in such a case? and ——'

"'Leave that to the lady—bless the pretty lady!' interrupted the swarthy woman, with the true fortune-teller's whine.

"I did not like her so well, nor did I trust her so much, as her male companions; but I had no time to spare, so, half running, I darted up the long lane that led to Dr. Morton's house. Our good doctor was not at home, but he was expected, his old servant said, immediately. I told old Ellen, who knew me well, what had happened, and begged that the doctor would come on at once, on his return, to Mr. Sleuthby's cottage at the corner of Mill Lane. Then, being excited and anxious, I went back, and turning away from Mr. Sleuthby's garden gate, I saw the two bearers, the gipsy man and lad, slowly walk back towards where the woman was waiting for them at the corner of the road. They had a crestfallen air, by which I guessed that their reception there had not been a kindly one. I hastened on, and gave them money, and they were grateful, though the man took what I gave somewhat sheepishly, and left his gipsy wife to be voluble in her thanks. Still, I thought well of the roving family on the whole. I mention this because there has been an attempt to lay on their shoulders the blame of a vile and heartless crime, of which I believe them to be guiltless.

"Then, when I had parted with the gipsies, I slowly retraced my steps. Of course I could not ring Mr. Sleuthby's bell. That gentleman is a bachelor, and lives alone, and he and I, who had been friends for years, had of late been estranged, and rarely spoke or met. But some impulse which I could not define, but which was stronger and deeper than mere curiosity, drew me towards the cottage. Naturally, I was solicitous about the state of my poor friend's hurt husband, and fearful, too, lest worthy Dr. Morton should not arrive in time to be of use to the injured and, as I apprehended, dying man. But, for all that, I could not go openly up to Jabez Sleuthby's door. I entered his garden—timidly I was about to say, but it is not in my nature to be timid. At any rate, I did my best not to be observed. No one saw me. The garden is a wilderness, and there seemed to be no servant or labourer anywhere, so that I stood unperceived at the corner of the house, and was able to look in through the window of the parlour.

"What I saw was this: the wounded man, poor fellow, was lying, helpless and unconscious, on a mean couch of frayed horsehair, just as his bearers had laid him down. And Mr. Sleuthby, with his back turned to me, was counting over the contents of a thick roll of bank-notes. I am certain, and would solemnly attest in a court of justice, that the roll consisted of bank-notes, for I distinctly saw him, with a practised finger, separate each note from the one next to it, and flutter it over, before he put the whole away in a cupboard that stood open. Then he took from a long envelope, such as lawyers use, something that seemed like a thick packet of what looked like law-papers or legal documents; also a much smaller piece of paper, which he narrowly inspected, and then placed it and the packet in the cupboard, the door of which he proceeded to close, locking it, and placing the key, which was one of a bunch, in his pocket. He next stooped over the prostrate form of the hurt man and, to my surprise, thrust his hand rapidly, and in succession, into the outer and inner breast-pockets of his coat and those of his waistcoat, taking out a letter or two, some loose money, and a silver pencil-case, all of which he carefully replaced, article after article, where he had found them.

"I remained fascinated, like a bird in the presence of a snake. Not that Mr. Sleuthby saw me; and, indeed, he appeared to be wholly occupied with the cares of the moment. I, on my side, felt myself to be awkwardly situated. For the first time in my life I found myself, unwillingly, playing the part of an eavesdropper or a spy; and yet, had my very life depended on it, I could not have torn myself away from my post beside that window, nor could I have relaxed my vigilant watch of what went on within the room. There lay poor Lucy's husband—the kindest, if not the wisest, of men—so still that he might have been already dead—bruised, bleeding, and senseless. And there was Mr. Sleuthby, his host, and who had had dealings with him, as I knew, callously indifferent to the condition of his wounded guest, and occupied, not in trying to restore animation to the hurt and perhaps dying man, but in rifling his pockets, for no motive just then intelligible to me. Would Dr. Morton never come? I looked round, and strained my eyes in vain, for as yet there were no signs of him. When at last I looked again through the window of the room, there was a third figure visible: that of a woman, old and infirm, who, I believe, came to the cottage daily to supply the lack of a regular servant. This old woman showed more feeling than her master had done. She was engaged in placing a cushion beneath the head of the injured man, and in sprinkling water on his ghastly face. He stirred, moving his arm—the one that was not broken—feebly, and moaned aloud.

"Then, five minutes later, I saw the good doctor himself pass through the garden-gate, and I shrank back like a guilty thing, and hid myself behind the shrubs, so that he did not observe me. His knock was promptly answered, and he was admitted. As soon as I had seen him enter I slipped away, and went home, being sure that I had left the sufferer in good hands at last.

"I gave, on reaching home, a brief account of the accident I had witnessed, suppressing all mention of Mr. Sleuthby's singular behaviour or of my having played the spy. My father, who knew Mrs. Parsons from her childhood, was very sorry, and willingly accompanied me that evening to Dr. Morton's house, to inquire as to his patient's state.

"'Poor fellow—it's a bad case,' said the doctor. 'He moaned and prayed like a sick child to go home, and we have had him carefully removed to Brinsmead, but only, as I fear, to die.'"

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

WOMEN in England do not find it necessary, except in very rare instances, to provide themselves with costumes for *la chasse*, so I need not, under this head, describe some of the many monstrosities which are now ready for Frenchwomen who are sportingly inclined. But cloth dresses, even in this early autumn, are almost a necessary part of every wardrobe. The newest are checks, which are made up with and without plain stuff to match. A most favourite style of bodice is the gilet, which is either a positive waistcoat or merely a plastron, with buttons on either side, one of which serves as fastening. As often as not this plastron is covered with close-set rows of braid, either to match the dress or of gold or silver. Though it is possible to obtain an expensive kind of metal braid which will not tarnish, I cannot recommend these trimmings for travelling or hard country wear, and narrow Russian worsted braid of a contrasting tone is preferable. Occasionally the waistcoat or plastron is made full in a loose overhanging puff from the throat to the bust, here finished off with runnings, and loosely gathered at intervals to the waist. But the class of silk employed soils quickly, and it looks best in an all-silk garment: such, for example, as a black Merveilleuse; this material is durable, and not costly. I have seen a black one made up into a skirt, with four flounces on the straight, bordered with lace, and having a heading with a close-set row of five runners beneath. The bodice was made with jockey basque, and red silk puffed waistcoat. Almost any black silk or dark cloth dress may be fashionably enlivened now with a coloured gilet, and clever people ring the changes and apparently have a variety of toilettes by putting diverse gilets and cuffs to the same gown.

I have carefully examined the best class of tailor-made gowns, and I cannot find any novelty of style. They are generally made with a box-plaited flounce to the knee and a draped tunic. Sometimes the bodice has a box-plaited coat-basque, which is continued to the hem of the skirt at the back. Then there is a plaited tunic and box-plaited flounce in front. The bodices are pointed, and have a jockey basque at the back; occasionally they fasten on one side diagonally across the bodice. Check silk for trimmings and gilets is often blended with cloth. Speckled and plain cloths are both used, and there are many new greens, electric blues, and smoke-colour; but for good wear fawns and browns are to be recommended; of late years they have always been fashionable and well worn. Very stylish and quite *à la mode* are plain cloth bodices different in colour from the checked, striped, or speckled skirts worn with them.

I wonder whether women will ever fall into the many plans which the promoters of hygienic clothing are laying for combining health and fashion. One of these is a new stocking-clasp which cannot by any possible means interfere with the circulation. It is a piece of coloured elastic, half the size of the leg, furnished with a clasp at either end, having levers; when these are lifted the clasp catches a piece of the stocking, which is drawn as tight as the usual ligament; but the stocking naturally has not the same resistance as leather or webbing, and while remaining quite firm leaves the limb uncompressed.

Woollen under-garments are recommended, to the exclusion of either cotton or linen. These are washed in the easiest way by simply steeping them in 2½ gallons of water and 2 ounces of carbonate of ammonia, or a sufficient quantity of the liquid mixed in that proportion, but tepid. After remaining in a couple of hours they should be wrung out and dried—a great saving to the washing-bill this. A combination garment of wool, a pair of hygienic stays with no bones, a divided petticoat buttoned to them, is what is recommended; the armholes, in the case of dresses and other garments, large. All boots to be broad at the toe and ample at the sole. Many women are listening to what the disciples of hygienic clothing call the "words of wisdom," one would say, judging from the number of depôts now opening where such clothing can be had. Whether the whole plan be adopted or not, mothers of growing children would do well to consider some of the points; enlarged shoulders, twisted spines, and crooked legs are more often caused by unfit clothing than is generally imagined.

There are not many winter and autumn fashions thought of as yet, but a few mantles have been designed, and I hear that fur appears on mantles and dresses even more than in any previous years. A new fur cape, the Eliane, has been brought out, which covers the arms better, and is more becoming to the figure, than any previous ones; and this is really useful for autumn wear. Especially in the country, an extra wrap, which can be slipped on in a moment, is a boon. There are several fancy-cloth mantles—checks and stripes—and these are of many shapes. They generally come to the hem of the dress, have short sleeves, or long cape-like ones, cut in one with the mantle; and the chief trimmings are heavy cord ornaments down the back and on the shoulders. These are used for driving, and wraps, while short double capes are for walking.

The newest tea-gowns hail from Japan. They are composed of a soft make of silk, and are covered with embroidery, carried down both sides of the front and

round the throat. The work is exquisitely regular, and no two patterns are alike. Birds and insects appear on them, and sometimes a frog, or some queer animal, which is so deftly introduced, it never seems out of place.

Those who play lawn-tennis much, or care for boating, will be glad to know of a new kind of stays specially invented for the purpose. They are laced beneath the arms, and can be moved with the greatest ease, without the slightest fear of breaking either the busk or other bones.

A new cloth has been brought out for riding-habits, a leather Melton, which is most elastic, and be it pulled ever so much always returns to its original form, a great desideratum for the pommel-knee. It is durable, and specially well woven.

It is hardly too late to speak of dresses suitable for garden parties and quiet dinners. The best-worn are soft white silk, trimmed with twine lace of a decided brown shade, a most happy combination, with cream. For older women brocaded velvets are in better taste —the brocade of a darker tone than the ground, such as dark and light smoke. Wear with this a bonnet of steel lace, made up with smoke velvet, and a pink aigrette. With the cream silk costume, a sailor straw hat, trimmed with the dark-toned lace and a half-wreath of poppies in front, would be suitable. Cotton crapes, which look very much like China crape, in cream and deep pink, are durable, and in good style. These require no trimming but knots and flot-bows of ribbon.

The Oriental lace, which has a net ground, and is darned all over, is a fashionable trimming for muslin and silk; and wherever embroidery can find its way, there it is worn. Black gauzes and black Spanish lace are toned with red or pink, and are stylish and serviceable. Grenadine is a material which is finding a great deal of favour just now; I mean the woollen kind, with a firm wire ground; it is used, not only in black, but in tan and other colours. To be satisfactory, this should be made up on a silk foundation, and be accompanied by either a cape or a jacket. A toque of the same is the best head-gear.

Wonderful buttons appear on most of the new travelling and country suits, and brooches copied from the antique fasten neckties and bonnet-strings.

Flap-caps, such as men have hitherto only worn, are now much affected by young ladies, especially for boating, and are made to match the costumes.

Perhaps it is a proof of woman's desire for emancipation, but each year they copy more from male attire, and certainly not always unsuccessfully as regards the becoming.

The milliners show more inventiveness than the dressmakers this season, and not only do the shapes of bonnets and hats vary in an astonishing manner, but the materials used are surprisingly diverse. Take straws, for example. All sorts are worn, from the finest Leghorn to the coarse basket bonnets made of great rushes braided together and trimmed with bunches of wheat, some of which is white, the remainder green. Bonnets of straw fringe are the newest, and they are in all colours—blue, red, lavender, olive, &c.; and there are straws that represent striped grass, which are liberally trimmed with fruits—currants, cherries, apples, grapes, peaches, and even nuts being pressed into the millinery world. Clover is also popular on the rustic bonnets.

A few specimens of autumn millinery will be found among our illustrations, and these consist principally of straw matching or harmonising with the costume worn at the time. The hat that forms the initial to our Chit-chat is of fine black straw, lined with velvet and trimmed with clusters of shaded pink flowers, the leaves being of shaded green velvet. The bow has the notched ends which are seen on all Paris millinery. The second hat, also of straw, has a trimming of black French Chantilly lace, and a satin bow of the buttercup shade of yellow. Sometimes this form of hat is seen with a Bulgarian scarf, with gay Turkish embroidery at the ends, surrounding its crown. The bonnet that comes next in order has a pointed brim, above and below which there rest velvet pansies, the strings and lining being of velvet of that rich purple hue always associated with heartsease. The third bonnet shows electric blue trimmings, and here again we have the notched or cockscomb bows. This bonnet is high at the back, to allow of the hair being fastened higher on the head than has been usual of late years — a fashion fast establishing itself. The last bonnet shows a grey straw, with claret velvet trim-

mings and shaded pink wings that stand upright.

The costumes to be studied in our engraving are demi-saison, and made of fine soft woollen materials, pleasant to wear, and, as a rule, inexpensive. It is a mistake to select costly and perishable gowns for boating or travelling. Cheviots, finely twilled flannels, summer serge, and camels'-hair are the usual fabrics. A sober colour, such as grey, brown, fawn, dark blue, &c., is chosen, and brightened with red trimming—cherry-red in preference to the terra-cotta and crushed strawberry and preserved raspberry tints that have prevailed, and offended most of our eyes.

Tailor-made walking dresses are almost *de rigueur*, and white cheviot costumes have been more worn at gay spas than during any previous season; the French and American women selecting, curiously enough, yellow velvet as trimming, although the more general taste has been for golden brown, blue, and garnet velvet for these white woollen costumes. But white, pretty and summer-like as it is, now gives way, as the days shorten and the sun is less powerful, to the new shades of blue and grey, and tapestry-figured woollens are used for draping over these colours and combining with them.

AN AUTUMN HOLIDAY

THE RABBIT PEST IN AUSTRALASIA.

BY C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

"BEHOLD how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

Who could have foreseen, when about a quarter of a century ago the first rabbits were imported to South Australia, as delicacies for the table, that to-day their extermination would form one of the most serious problems for the Legislature?

New Zealand did not receive this gift till some years later, when it unfortunately occurred to a colonist in the Southern Isle to turn adrift some rabbits on the bleak sand-hills along the coast at Invercargill. Accordingly he imported a little family of seven from the old country, and very soon he and his friends were able to indulge in some pleasant shooting, and found a change from constant mutton very satisfactory.

But they soon found that their sport could not keep pace with the increase of the rabbits. Soon every blade of grass was consumed, and then the hungry creatures nibbled the roots which bound the light sand-hills and prevented them from blowing over the arable land.

The farmers began shooting and trapping with all their might, but the rabbits had now been introduced to Otago, whence they spread in every direction, defying all efforts of the widely-scattered settlers, who for the most part live eight or ten miles apart, half a dozen men sufficing to herd flocks which range over perhaps 50,000 acres.

As it was obvious that these could in nowise check the ever-increasing evil, it became necessary to hire men to trap, shoot, and ferret professionally. These trappers required the aid of large packs of dogs, and it was soon found that the disturbance thus caused among the flocks resulted in greater mischief than even the ravages of the rabbits. Moreover, the trappers were paid at the rate of twopence a skin, but the market became so over-stocked that skins sold for less than they cost.

When you consider that the rabbit begins to breed at the early age of six months, and thenceforth has about six litters a year, of from six to eight young, it is evident that the increase of the species must necessarily be excessive. It has been reckoned that one ancestral couple, having attained to the age of four and a half years, may very well see around them a prosperous clan of descendants, numbering upwards of 1,270,000.

Among the many efforts made to subdue the rabbit pest, none has more signally failed than the introduction of cats, which, from the days of the Marquis of Carrabas to the present time, have proved such successful rabbiters when working on their own account. In New Zealand, however (where so many things go by contraries), they seem to object to sport, and to prefer a purely domestic life.

In Victoria it was at first hoped that the native cat, which is a kind of weasel, would have proved a useful ally; but, strange to say, it at once fraternised with the rabbits, and now these singular friends are said to share the same burrows.

All manner of remedies have been tried, and successively given up as useless in the face of so widespread an evil. The extent of the ravages could scarcely be credited were it not for the clear statistics of the Rabbit Nuisance Committee.

Thus, in South Canterbury, New Zealand, Messrs. Cargill and Anderson state that in the previous year they had killed 500,000 rabbits by poison, and in the following spring their sheep-run was just as densely peopled by them as ever.

Mr. Kitchen says that he kept nearly a hundred men working as rabbit-killers for four months, and actually cleared his land. Very soon, however, newcomers arrived, and entered into possession of this vacant tract, and now they are worse than ever.

Still the plague spreads, and the whole land is more or less infested with the pest, and many districts are reduced to mere warrens, on which it is impossible to feed sheep at all. Many sheep-farmers have been forced to abandon runs of from 15,000 to 16,000 acres. Mr. R. Campbell has been compelled to abandon *two hundred and fifty thousand acres!* In one year he expended £3,000 in the endeavours to clear about half this land. Mr. Rees reports having killed 180,000 rabbits within twelve months.

In 1878 the total number of sheep in New Zealand was upwards of 13,000,000, but so terrible have been the ravages of this "feeble people," that the official returns for 1880 and 1881 show a diminution of 2,000,000 in the number of sheep, and the last quarter of 1881 shows a falling off of ten per cent. in the export of wool as compared with the previous year.

As a slight compensation, but one not approaching to the loss, it is found that the value of rabbit-skins exported in the same period shows an increase of £36,000, the number of skins exported averaging 10,000,000 a year, while 100,000 rabbits were exported to England by the New Zealand Meat Preserving Company, which has found the experiment so popular that it now announces its readiness to receive 10,000 rabbits a day to be preserved for the foreign market.

Whether this last expedient for utilising the foe is altogether safe, it were hard to tell. I confess that,

for my own part, I should seriously object to eating New Zealand rabbits, considering that the cure now in vogue is wholesale poisoning by means of grain saturated with phosphorus. (Perhaps phosphorus in this form may prove beneficial to human beings, but one would like some certain information on this point.)

How the sheep can be prevented from eating the poisoned grain is to me a mystery. It seems, however, to be practicable, and the sheep-owners are now beginning to take heart again.

How one man's poison may be another man's meat has been abundantly shown in Australia, where several enterprising colonists have established rabbit-preserving factories on so large a scale that they may well be described as rabbit-exterminators. In Western Victoria there are two such factories—one at Colac, and another at Camperdown. The returns of the former for one week were 18,000 pairs of rabbits, while in the same time the latter received 10,000. Thus nearly 60,000 rabbits were disposed of in one week by these two establishments, and one carter alone received from the Colac factory a cheque for £128 16s. 8d. for six days' work. This establishment employs about 300 hands in out-door work and about ninety in-doors. Camperdown gives work to as many more. The trappers employed by these two firms range over an area of ground about seventy miles in length by twenty in width. Yet this only covers one little spot of the vast region where the irrepressible rabbits mock at the combined wisdom of all the legislative powers.

A very important ally has, however, now been secured, and great hopes are entertained that it may prove a more successful rabbit-destroyer than any hitherto thought of. This is the Indian mongoose (*Herpestes griseus*), which in the last ten years has done such good service in Jamaica as a wholesale rat-killer. The rats, attracted by the sugar-fields, had increased in such multitudes as to threaten the desolation of that fertile isle. It occurred to one of the planters to introduce this notorious ratter, and the results have surpassed his highest hopes. These active little creatures, resembling large ferrets, multiplied with extraordinary velocity, and waged a deadly war of extermination against the rats.

It is hoped that they may prove equally efficacious in the destruction of rabbits, so the New Zealand and Australian Governments have applied to the Government of India for a supply of mongooses. These are accordingly being collected in Bengal and sent to the Zoological Gardens at Calcutta, whence, when a hundred couples have been secured, they will be despatched to their new homes, where we may well wish them success.

THE WAY SOME FOLKS LIVE: THE LONDON ORGAN-GRINDER.

THERE is no more familiar figure in the streets of London and its suburbs than the peripatetic organ-grinder. The old hurdy-gurdy is, it is true, to a great extent a thing of the past, but in its stead we have a multitude of piano-organs, which are to be seen in almost too plentiful abundance north, south, east, and west of us. So numerous indeed are they, that it is difficult to believe that so many people can earn a livelihood in this way. The musical tastes of the masses are certainly catered for on a sufficiently extensive scale; and it says much for their prosperity that a whole army of itinerant musicians are content to rely for a living upon their gratuitous liberality. So far as the organ-grinders are concerned, however, other influences than the mere love of music are at work. For instance, most of them are foreigners, and the English people are very generous to those natives of other countries who are led hither by accident or choice. Numerous as are the organ-grinders of London, there is probably no class of men of whose manner of life and social and moral condition less is known. Living much to themselves, and resenting inquisitive intrusion, they preserve their nationality in the heart of the English capital.

It is only necessary to visit the organ-grinders' quarter to appreciate this very fully. There is scarcely a district to be found in the whole of London which is more suggestive of commercial prosperity than the Clerkenwell Road at the point where it crosses Farringdon Street. On all sides rise towering warehouses and massive buildings, which suggest the magnificent proportions of the businesses which need to be so finely housed.

A few yards on the north side of the Clerkenwell Road, however, a very different sight is to be seen. If you descend one of the narrow hilly streets, for all the world like those little back streets leading to the quay which are to be found in every old English sea-port, you will find yourself transferred, as if by magic, into a strangely unfamiliar region. It is not the houses that will seem so unusual. They are small enough, it is true, since they are obviously intended for human habitation; and the forlorn appearance of broken window-panes always suggests that a glazier might find plenty to do at a low price. The streets and alleys, too, are narrow—sometimes so narrow that

opposite neighbours can carry on a conversation, friendly or otherwise, without the exertion of paying one another a visit. Nor is the general appearance of the district clean, but far from it. Indeed, the inhabitants might be influenced by the kindliest good-will towards the dust-men, if these worthies ever visit them; for, with easy good-nature and primitive simplicity, they apparently convert the streets into ash-pits, so that the heterogeneous refuse usually deposited in those receptacles is here in a chronic condition of readiness for removal. But to the dweller in London, unless his lines are cast in a more than usually favoured district, neither small nor dilapidated houses, nor narrow and dirty streets, are unfamiliar. We all know the characteristics of the London slums. It is not difficult, however, to find the cause for this sudden sense of strangeness here. A group standing at the corner of the kerb at once solves the problem. Their appearance is strikingly picturesque: they are tall, lithe, dark-skinned, black-eyed, with long raven locks, falling in natural profusion and unkempt luxuriance over their shoulders. It is easy to see that these are all foreigners; and as the sound of their voices reaches you, the melodious cadence of their language proves that they come from sunny Italy. They speak a patois which, for want of a better name, may be called Roman, and possesses the characteristic of being intelligible to few except their countrymen of the same class to which they belong.

It may naturally be asked whether these men are able to earn a living, and the question may be answered strongly in the affirmative. Few, if any, artisans, or even skilled workmen, can earn as much day by day as the Italian organ-grinder. Their takings, it is true, vary much according to the districts they work in, and the time of year. Some organs, too, set to new and popular tunes, are very liberally patronised. But £1 a day is said to be the most that an organ-grinder ever takes, while, with some exceptions, five shillings

is about the least, so that a London organ-grinder may be regarded as a fairly prosperous man. An organ can be hired from the makers for eighteenpence a day, while the price of a new organ is £25. The cost of setting an organ to new tunes is about £4, and since novelty is essential this is a frequent source of expense.

They moreover possess habits that tend to enhance their prosperity. Content to live on plain and scanty fare, their expenses are infinitesimal compared with those of the English artisan. Many of them live in gangs, with board and lodging at a fixed charge a head per diem. The lodging-houses they frequent are, for the most part, kept by men of their own nationality; and the fare provided is of the very simplest description, often consisting of little more than bread and milk for breakfast, and maccaroni soup for supper; the whole, including bed, being provided at a charge of about sixpence a day. Their occupation is by no means such easy work as it seems, the piano or opera organs, as they are called, weighing from seventy to a hundred pounds—no light weight to drag about all day long. Vegetarians might, indeed, do worse than collect and publish statistics of the diet and health of the Italian organ-grinders, for it is not a little remarkable that they are able to stand the wear and tear of such a life on such scanty fare. It was formerly the general custom among them to leave their wives and families in Italy, and to send them money regularly, going home themselves for three months out of the twelve. This practice is still common among the ice-men, who regularly spend the winter in Italy. But the organ-grinders now, to a large extent, settle in the country with their families. Some of them save enough to buy their own organs, and eventually to become proprietors of others. Others, again, realise their hopes of returning to their native country, and settling down on their own little farms for the remainder of their days.

In religion they are Roman Catholics, and they attend the Italian Church, Hatton Garden; while schools exist in the same neighbourhood. They are naturally very reserved, and are jealous of the intrusion of strangers; but they are a peaceable and well-disposed class, the occasions upon which there is a *fracas* amongst them being very rare, although often serious, from their fatal fondness for the knife as an offensive and defensive weapon.

The one striking want in the economy of the Italians in London is cleanliness. They seem to have no appreciation of the need for that virtue. It is, indeed, not a little to be wondered at that they should be comparatively free from epidemics, so absolutely are they without the slightest sanitary knowledge. But this fortunate state of things is probably due to periodical visits of inspection on the part of the authorities, for were an epidemic to break out in this crowded part of London the consequences could not fail to be very serious. Saffron Hill itself, which is commonly spoken of as the "Organ-Grinders' Quarter," is inhabited by few, if any; but Eyre Street Hill, Little Baths, and many of the crowded streets adjoining Coldbath Fields Prison, are chiefly occupied by this singular and interesting class. A few of them, too, are to be found in some of the courts off Drury Lane, and a large colony have recently taken up their abode at Hammersmith.

On the whole, the social condition of these men seems to have somewhat improved of late years. In thrift alone they have much to teach us, and a day might be worse spent than in wandering among the haunts of these industrious foreigners, who have taken London by storm, and, heedless of the remonstrances of those who do not appreciate the melody of street-organs, have hitherto managed to keep a firm foothold in "the City of the Golden Pavement," and yet to preserve all their national habits and prejudices.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found in our May Part. The Editor's duty will be to act as "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

SHOULD NATIONAL INSURANCE AGAINST PAUPERISM BE MADE COMPULSORY?

(*Debate resumed.*)

PAX:—The causes of pauperism, like the causes of disease, may be divided into two classes—the inevitable and the preventible. The chief among the first are illness, want of work, old age, and infirmity; and of the second, improvidence, idleness, and hereditary tendency. The latter are, I fear, only theoretically preventible; and it will probably take a very long education to overcome the influence of generations of thriftless people upon the class from which the pauper ranks are mainly recruited. There are, however, great numbers of the artisan class who do make what provision they can against periods of enforced idleness, through accident or sickness, by subscribing to benefit societies and sick clubs. The club, however, affords no help to the man who is permanently disqualified for work by old age, and who consequently becomes a charge upon his friends, or, failing these, his parish. It may not be known to every one at how small a charge substantial assistance may be secured by members of provident clubs. For a payment of 3d. or 4d. per week, a man may provide some 12 or 14 shillings a week and medical attendance in case of sickness. Now, Sir, what we contend is this, that by an extension of some such system to insurance against old age, pauperism might be almost if not altogether abolished. But inasmuch as the majority of people are lacking in prudent forethought, and as many would grudge a present sacrifice for a return that seems very distant, it would be necessary, in order to make such a plan effective, to make it compulsory, and also general. Every person in the country earning wages, or in the receipt of an income, should be required to contribute a small sum weekly to an insurance fund, which should be available for all who could show that they were in a state of destitution. Comparatively few out of the whole community would require help, and upon those who did not the contribution would simply fall as a substitute for a poor-rate, so that no complaint on the score of injustice could reasonably be made. We shall be asked by the other side for details of a scheme. These it is not necessary to supply; grant only that the principle is correct, and the talent of the country will be quite equal to cope with all actuarial difficulties, while the present poor-law officers would be able to administer the new law impartially and efficiently. We might expect such a compulsory law to exert a good influence on those who now form the pauper class, but who, under the suggested plan, would be transformed into self-respecting and provident members of society.

A. W. S.:—Sir, the Opener of the Debate appears to be under the impression that the "poor-house," under the present regulations, is a very desirable place, and that there is a class of the community planning to gain this elysium. Now, Sir, I submit that this view of the case is entirely erroneous. The whole population, with very few exceptions, views with horror the possibility of ever being compelled to seek "parish relief." I therefore think that the Opener has made a mistake in asserting that our present system "tells the thoughtless youth that a secure provision has been made for him in sickness and old age." I think it may rather be said to warn him of the misery in store for him if he is unfortunate enough to fall within its scope. For the great body of tramps the Opener has made no provision whatever in his scheme, though these require assistance to the extent of almost one-eighth of the entire amount expended. Again, a very serious defect, as it appears to me, in the Opener's statement, is that he makes no provision for paupers *under* the age of 18. Children left orphans and unprovided for *must* be maintained by the State when private charity fails. It would be very unjust to make these unfortunates repay in after-life the amount expended on their maintenance; and if this is not done, the cost must fall, as at present, on the community at large. Many of our working men are already members of friendly societies, and entitled in case of sickness to 10s. per week. If Opener's scheme was introduced, these men when sick would be entitled to 18s. per week. Now, although I am unwilling to cast a doubt on the honesty of our toilers, I fear there would be a large amount of feigned sickness. This would not only be bad for the national pocket, but it would very shortly ruin our friendly societies. Our Poor Law system undoubtedly has many defects, but to make us a prosperous nation we must not look to anything compulsory, but to a spread of education and temperance, in whose footsteps thrift will assuredly follow.

N. KING:—Perhaps the most obvious objection to the Opener's scheme is the complete abnegation of the principle of proportion—a principle which has only to be stated to have its justice recognised, and which is admitted in all our public affairs, national or local. By the proposition before us, all persons would be required to pay an equal amount, the man with one pound a week and the one with ten. Is not our present system more reasonable, more just? A proportionate rate is made, and each pays according to the value of the property he occupies, and (by inference) what he can afford. Surely, this is preferable to that which would amount to a poll-tax.

J. A. SIMPSON thus concludes an excellent speech:—Our Poor Law, no doubt, *is* defective. There undoubtedly *are* means of preventing destitution in our midst, but such a system as is proposed by the hon. Opener is not one of them. It is folly to think of wrenching the old tree of Poor Law legislation root and stem out of the soil in which it has taken such firm hold. Rather let us cut off the decayed branches, and engraft on the old stem the new slip of improved legislation, and thus strive to attain ultimate perfection, if perfection is to be attained.

SCOTCH READER:—Our warmest thanks, in my opinion, are due to Opener for grappling so courageously with a subject of the utmost difficulty. It is easy, of course, to urge objections to his proposal; but we cannot hope for a system of ideal perfection, and I think a little consideration will enable the House to see that only the application of the grand principle affirmed in the motion, in some such way as that suggested, can stem the flood of English pauperism. In view of the broad fact that, in spite of increasing educational facilities and the growing material prosperity of the country, we have still nearly a million paupers, it seems idle to contend that existing agencies are capable of dealing successfully with the evil. Indeed, we may say that long-continued adherence to the present order of things would imply nothing less than the complete destruction of that noble independence which was formerly so marked a characteristic of the humble classes in England, and still more notably in my native country. Constituted as we are, it is impossible to receive without conscious degradation the unearned pittance of

the workhouse ; and only in the recognition of the principle that it is the duty of the State to see that every man makes provision in the time of youth and strength for future illness and decrepitude lies hope of a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. While, however, giving Opener my warm support (looking to the substantial excellence of his motion), I admit that the details of his scheme would require careful consideration before being finally adjusted. It would be necessary to fix upon some smart punishment for incorrigible beggars (if not the "whipping on the back till it be bloody," which was the doom of their kind in the days of Good Queen Bess, at least something that would be dreaded), and provision would require to be made for honest hard-working men suddenly thrown out of employment—say, in the shape of authorising temporary advances of small sums of money to them by the local boards. Then, after making a few calculations, I have come to the conclusion that the sum proposed to be paid to the sick is too small. According to the Carlisle Table, the expectation of life at 20 is 41·46. Now, the study of figures deduced from returns for a large number of years, published by various Scotch friendly societies, shows that the average sickness between 20 and 61 is about 49 weeks. Forty-nine sums of 8s. would be £19 12s. But the interest of £10 for 41 years would amount to at least £30. Of course, 4s. a week to those over 70 would be £10 8s. per annum ; but as few reach 70, and numbers die long before 61, the basis of my calculation cannot be pronounced unsatisfactory. On the whole, I think Opener is entitled to our support, whether we approve of all the details of his scheme or not.

ALEX. A. BANKIER :—It is with pleasure I see those grand institutions the Life Assurance, Mutual, and Friendly Societies brought into the Opponent's speech on "Should National Insurance against Pauperism be made Compulsory?" What more can one ask for, and what need have we of a national fund when we have these offices? Let people subscribe of their own free wills, and not be forced into a compulsory system like the above national fund. In some of the first-named institutions a man can get a weekly sum of money when out of work, which he could not do from the proposed fund unless he were sick. It is most essential that men should have some means of getting a little help when unemployed, as everybody knows there are always a number of able-bodied men out of work on account of the excess of labour. Another instance allow me to put before you. A man wishing to emigrate could not get back the amount paid into the fund, so what benefit would he obtain from it? while in a life assurance office, a man who had insured his life would be able to get the value in money of his policy were he so inclined, which, every one will acknowledge, would be most useful. There are numbers, as our worthy friend so truly says, who could not pay the smallest iota to the national fund ; and, therefore, I must conclude these scant remarks by saying that unless some other propositions are put forward, pauperism, in my opinion, must remain as it now stands.

W. J. CHELL :—Before condemning pauperism so strenuously, I think, Sir, there are numerous unavoidable causes, unnoticed by the hon. gentleman the Opener of the Debate, which tend to produce paupers, and which require most careful and impartial consideration. Fluctuations in trade, commerce, wages, breaking of banks, deprivation of means of labour through accident, loss of husbands and parents, are among the numerous causes mentionable. Because an individual is in receipt of relief from the Poor Laws it does not follow that he or she is a lazy, worthless, improvident person, reduced to degradation by extravagance. The assertion that "300 years ago no pauperism existed" can easily be accounted for. The population of England was some millions less, and the means of subsistence more easily obtained. A man now-a-days attempting to get a meal after the fashion of 300 years ago would soon be supplied with *prison* fare. We are informed that foreign countries have no paupers. Perhaps not ; but they make up the deficiency in multitudes of beggars, who overstock the countries to such an extent that we are obliged to help them out in having some hundreds of organ and piano grinders wandering about our town.

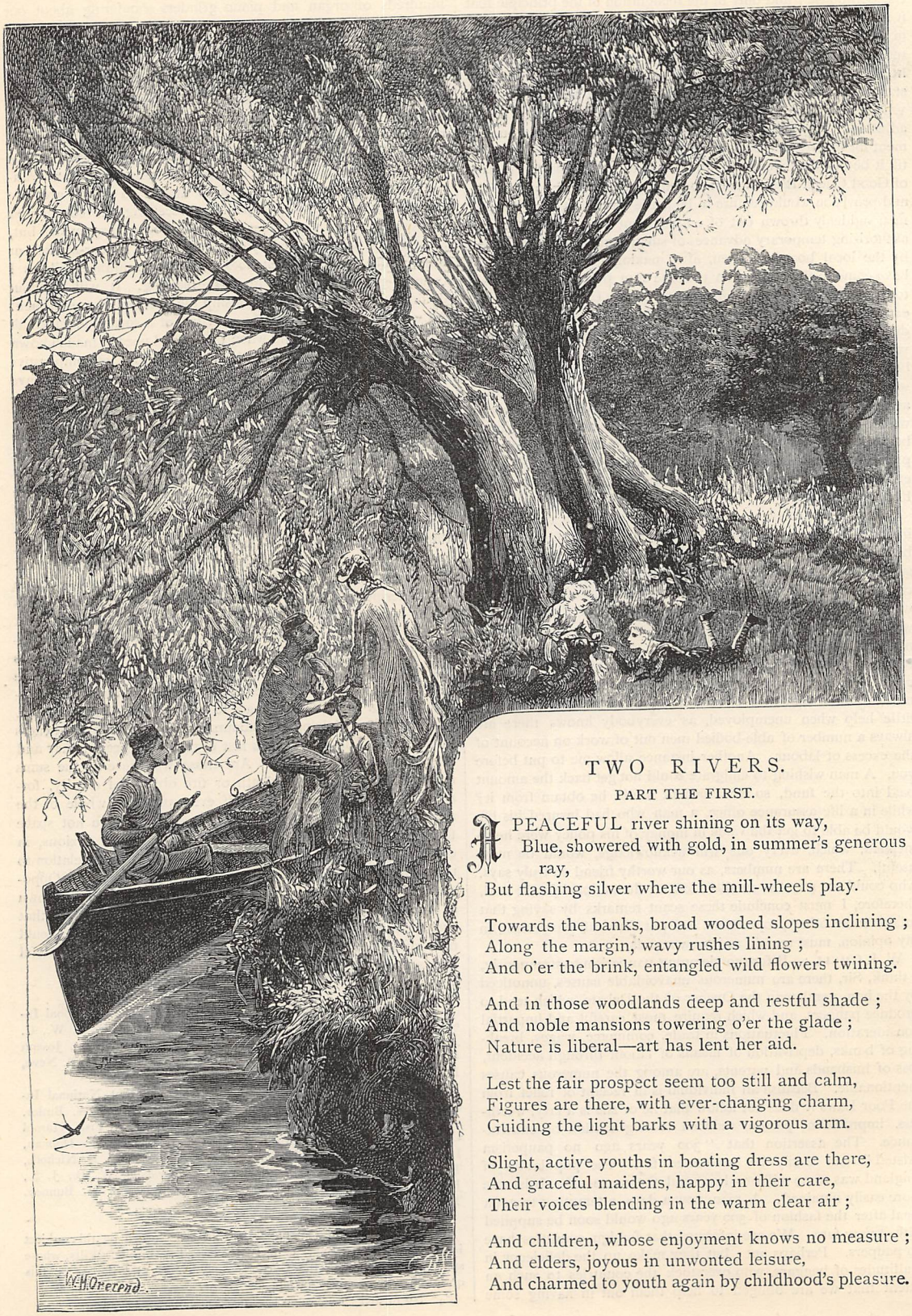
CELIA :—The Opponent grounds his first objection on the impossibility of making national insurance universal—that is, national. The Opener took care, however, to cut out this question from the debate, and desired that all arguments should be based on the assumption that compulsory national insurance is not only right, but possible. In conformity with this wish I shall pass by Objection I., and take up Opponent's second proposition—"That National Insurance cannot Prevent Pauperism," as many persons, though unable to work, are free from sickness, and so incapable of receiving the covenanted allowance. This I consider his most cogent argument, but, should need arise, caused by an over-stocked labour-market, or other unforeseen circumstances, national insurance will, as I believe, prove itself the greatest blessing. It will, without doubt, bring into closer relationship the different classes of men. All will be anxious to read the statistics of a society in which all hold the same stakes, and when the special need is made known —as it surely will be—those who are in positions of comparative competence will readily (and the more readily because they have no poor-rates to pay) unite in assisting those whose temporary necessities have been brought so prominently before them. I would next ask Opponent to examine the statistics of those various friendly and benefit societies whose advantages he lauds so highly. How many of them have proved unstable and ensnaring? How often not merely £10, but larger sums, have been utterly swamped in such undertakings? Even the study of the books of a perfectly sound society will not reveal a state of things congratulatory to Opponent's views. He will there find that the number of withdrawals is at least half that of the entries. This demonstrates that for every individual who can maintain his subscription, there is one who fails to do so, and thus loses all he had embarked. Surely, this is a harder situation than that of the national insurer, who is, at any rate, certain to receive the stipulated allowance in sickness and when he reaches the age of 70. It is not, however, for the assistance of those who would join such societies that national insurance is advocated, but for those whose idea is to enjoy (?) life while they can, and leave their striving neighbours to support them in idleness or old age. The Opponent's last argument appears flimsy and ridiculous in the extreme. Are those who receive the sums arranged for in cases of death or fire objects of charity, forsooth? Yet they have rarely, if ever, paid the whole of the amount they or their friends then receive. I have not space to discuss any of these arguments fully, and am anxious, in concluding, to say a word for another class, whose relation to this question has been alike untouched by Opener and Opponent. I refer to the ratepayer. How gladly would he pay down at once his £10, that so he might be for ever freed from that ever-fluctuating tax, the poor-rate!—knowing, too, that should misfortune overtake him he need never fear that those hateful words, "on the parish," will ever be applied to him.

Other speeches, supporting Opener's argument that National Insurance *should* be made Compulsory, received from—F. H. W., C. Jayne, A. H., George Bramston, C. H. Boyce, A. Armstrong, Joseph Hall, C. James, Lenore, J. C., G. S. Selby, M. K. L., J. R. Neve, H. B. Total, 18.

Other speeches, supporting Opponent's argument that National Insurance *should not* be made Compulsory, received from—W. Butler, Annie Young, W. Lyle, John Bailey, J. Roantree, A. Fish, Harold Cain, M. C., J. S. Charlwood, "Mary," A. Burgess, F. Dolman, H. B., C. H. Denyer, W. Beale, Donald MacGregor, A. E. Nicholls, T. A. W., James Pendlebury, Mary M. Davidson, W. B., J. S., J. Stewart, J. E. Pollitt, J. S. Woodward, E. H., E. H. Bunney. Total, 32.

The Honorarium of One Guinea for the best Speech on this subject is awarded to W. ROBBINS, 10, Park Place, Trowbridge, Wilts, whose speech, together with the Opener's reply closing the debate on this question, will be given in our next issue.

⁂ No further speeches on this question can be received.



TWO RIVERS.

PART THE FIRST.

A PEACEFUL river shining on its way,
Blue, showered with gold, in summer's generous ray,
But flashing silver where the mill-wheels play.

Towards the banks, broad wooded slopes inclining ;
Along the margin, wavy rushes lining ;
And o'er the brink, entangled wild flowers twining.

And in those woodlands deep and restful shade ;
And noble mansions towering o'er the glade ;
Nature is liberal—art has lent her aid.

Lest the fair prospect seem too still and calm,
Figures are there, with ever-changing charm,
Guiding the light barks with a vigorous arm.

Slight, active youths in boating dress are there,
And graceful maidens, happy in their care,
Their voices blending in the warm clear air ;

And children, whose enjoyment knows no measure ;
And elders, joyous in unwonted leisure,
And charmed to youth again by childhood's pleasure.

PART THE SECOND.

A mighty river rolling in its pride—
Another river, noble too, and wide,
But dark, and swelling with the ocean tide.

From shore to shore the busy steam-boats plying;
Crisp in the salt breeze, sails and pennons flying;
Along the banks the far-spread dockyards lying.

Amid those steam-ships noise and rushing loud,
And stately vessels in bewildering crowd;
Nature is banished—art is strong and proud.

Here have we figures too, but never still;
Untiring energy, resistless skill,
Ruling those mighty engines at their will.

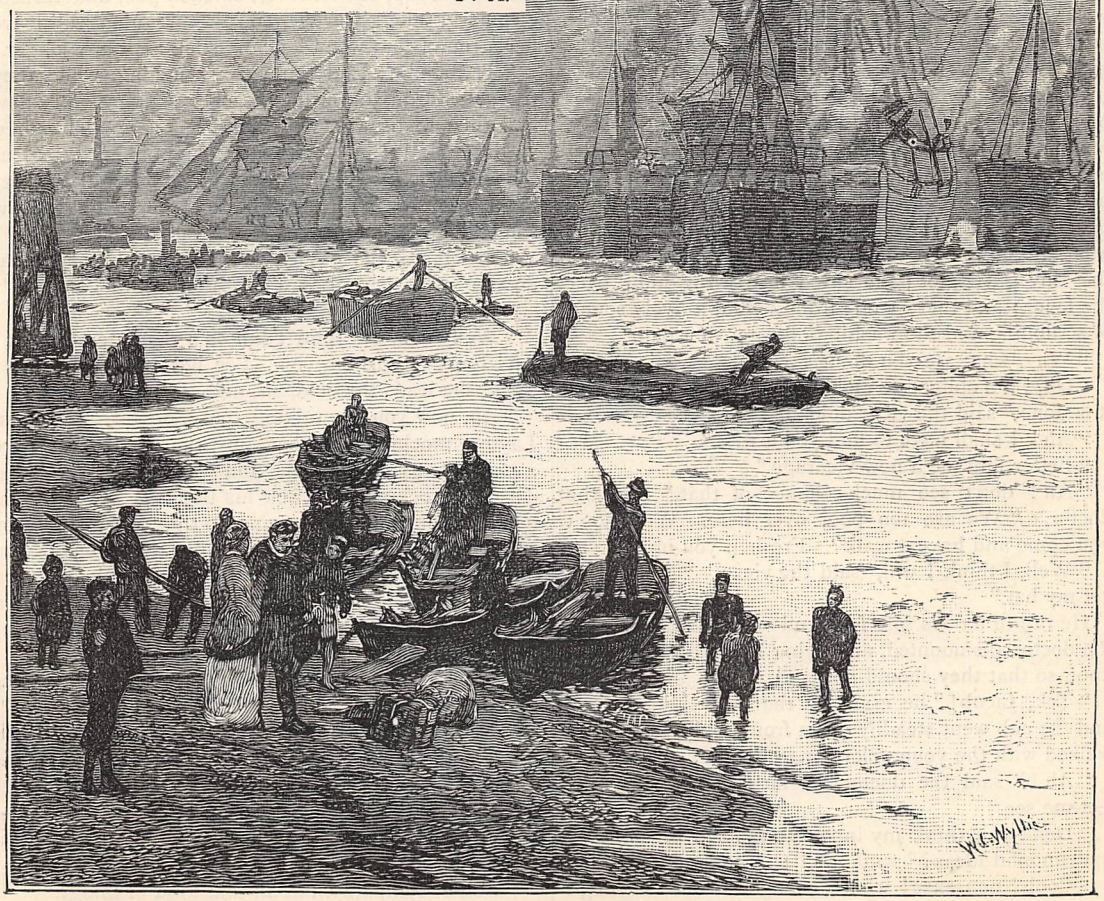
Brown stalwart sailors nearing home once more;
Grave emigrants equipped with scanty store;
Partings and greetings mingling on the shore.

Children are here, but versed in want and crime;
Young men, but old and worn before their prime:
Victims to this fast money-getting time.

* * * * *

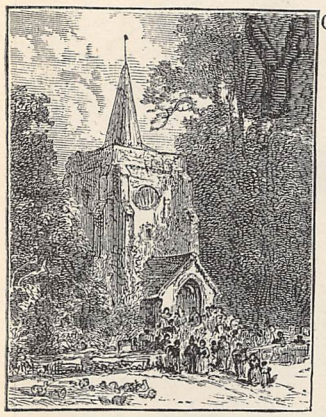
On each heaven's equal sunshine streams full free,
For calm repose or restless industry;
And both those Rivers tend to one great Sea.

F. A.



DOCTOR BROWN'S PRESCRIPTION.

BY G. MANVILLE FENN, AUTHOR OF "THE VICAR'S PEOPLE," ETC.



"YOU ought to get married, Layton, and the sooner the better. A young vicar who is a bachelor is almost as awkwardly placed as a young doctor. Marriage, sir, marriage, that's your plan."

"Very good advice, doctor, I have no doubt," answered John Layton, Vicar of Stoke Minim, in the Lincoln Marshes; "but then you know the old saying, 'Marry in haste, repent at leisure.'"

"Then don't marry in haste," returned the doctor, beating his boot with his riding-whip as he sat sidewise upon his cob. "Take your time over it. 'Pon my word, that woman would drive me mad. What made you come here to lodge?"

"They told me that Mrs. Dredge was such a clean woman," said the young vicar, looking back into the garden rather dolefully, as he stood just outside the gate, talking to the doctor, who was going his round.

And certainly the prospect was not pleasant, for Mrs. Dredge, a very industrious widow by the way, was having what she called "a good clean;" and as it was a fine day, the whole of the parlour furniture had been moved out into the garden, where chairs were piled up as if engaged in acrobatic tricks, the table was straddling over the flower-bed, the carpet lay on the tiny grass-plot; the shred hearth-rug hung over the fence; and there came from within a lively sound of scrubbing and the washing of water in a pail.

"Why, what are you doing now this is going on?"

"Oh, I am obliged to make shift in the bed-room till it is done," said the vicar dolefully.

"Ah! I shall have to find you a wife."

"Better find me a new vicarage."

"Ah! don't see much chance of that," said the doctor. "We are too poor over here. Why don't you come and have a walk? Freshen you up."

"Well, I think I will," said the vicar. "Wait till I get my hat."

He ran in for his soft felt, and came back, to find the doctor dismounted, and tying his cob's reins in a knot, so that they should not trail.

"Tck, Jacob!" he cried, as the vicar joined him; and the cob went steadily on in front, while its master walked with the young clergyman behind.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "I must get you a wife. Let me see."

"Don't you think my income ought to preclude all matrimonial ideas?" said John Layton smiling.

"Pooh! nonsense! what's enough for one is enough for two," cried the doctor. "Come sir, none of your celibate ideas. How am I to live if people don't marry, and have children to be vaccinated and have the measles and scarlatina, and rashes, and all that sort of thing? Look here, marry a woman with money. What do you say to Miss Johnson, at Copley Farm? She has been to church regularly ever since you came. There's a strapper. Dark hair, dark eyes, good points—but she's so plump you can't talk of points. Warranted sound."

"Are you talking of a lady or a horse, doctor?"

"Lady, sir, lady. Then there's Miss Wardman: slim, genteel, hundred a year in the Three per Cents. Her nose is rather red certainly, but matrimony may take that away. What are you shaking your head about? She isn't fifty."

"Won't do, doctor, won't do."

"Oh, bless us and save us!" said the plump, hearty little doctor, with mock surprise. "He's particular and dainty, is he? Well, what do you say to Dolly Betts, the shopkeeper's daughter? Twenty, nice pink and white, good teeth, vaccinated her myself, had measles, croup, scarlet fever, chicken-pox, and thrush. Regularly salted, you see, and the old man will leave her a round sum when he can't stick to it any longer."

"Try again," said the vicar, laughing, while they trudged sturdily on, with "Jacob" stopping every now and then to browse, and being left a good hundred yards behind; but the doctor paid no heed, and at the end of a few minutes the cob came trotting after them, went on in front, and kept there till he saw something else toothsome.

"Try again, eh? Why, you are particular! What do you say to Lady Laura Peignton at the Towers?"

"No, thank you."

"Well then, Sir John Taunton's daughter Bridget? Ah! there's a girl for you. See her trot to hounds! Why, she leads the field, sir, and stops at nothing."

"Ah, now you are talking sense, doctor," said John Layton mockingly; "that's just the woman to share a poor clergyman's home, and visit his sick. She'd darn his stockings, and sew his buttons, and help him to spread out his little income so that there might be enough and to spare for charity. A woman who would help him with her counsel and advice when trouble came upon him, and his spirit was low: a woman who would be a helpmeet for him. Would your galloping Bridget Taunton do that?"

"No, I'll be blessed if she would, my lad. She drives me mad with her horsey slang and groom-like ways."

"Then we'll leave her out of the question," said the vicar, laughingly humouring the doctor in his prescribing fit.

"That's the sort of woman you want then, eh—one of that button-sewing, stocking-darning sort?"

"Yes."

"Full of sympathy and all that kind of thing?"

"Of course."

"Saving and ministering and gentle?"

"Yes."

"Sort of nineteenth-century angel in petticoat?"

"Yes."

"No objection to good looks? No Irish need apply, eh?"

"Place of birth no object, doctor," said the vicar laughing.

"Ah, now I see what you want," said the doctor, with a droll twinkle in his eyes. "We'll soon put that right. There she is! Hi! Fan-ny!"

The vicar started with astonishment as the doctor threw open the gate of what seemed to be a pretty cottage farm, and held it while "Jacob" cantered through and began to enjoy himself amongst the grass. But what at once took the vicar's attention was the sight of a tall young lady in a light grass-cloth dress, and soft grey hat, rising from a camp-stool with a sketching-board in her hand, the spot where she had been sitting being beneath some pollard willows at the side of a large pond, and she stood for a moment hesitating before advancing to meet them.

As she came nearer the vicar could see that she had long, loosely-arranged, fair hair, a very sweet expression of countenance, that she was graceful and ladylike, that she was apparently about two or three and twenty, and perfectly calm and self-possessed.

"How are you, my darling?" said the doctor, kissing her affectionately. "Don't sit out there in the sun. Here, I've brought you a visitor, our parson—the Reverend John Layton. I want him to talk to you, and see if he can't do you some good."

"Oh, uncle, why?" cried the girl, looking her astonishment, after returning the vicar's salute.

"Oh, I'm serious, my dear, and it's for your good. She's just out of that wicked London, Layton—come down to stay with my sister here. I want her ways mended."

"Why, uncle, what have I been doing?" she said, laughing so merrily that, as the young vicar gazed in her sweet ingenuous face, with its brightening eyes and pleasant dimples, he wished she would laugh again.

"What have you been doing, miss? Why, getting along with that wicked artistic lot.—Parson, she uses the most terrible slang, and utters bad words. My wall-paper didn't please her and she called it a dado, and actually said my picture that I bought at Manor House sale was hot and foxy."

"Oh, hush, uncle!"

"No, miss, I won't hush. Then she says *chiaroscuro*, a nasty foreign word, and all sorts of other things. You must lecture her, Layton, you must indeed. There, stop and have a chat with her. I told my sister I'd bring you over, and there'll be a bit of dinner in about an hour's time. I'll ride over and see Mother Baker and old Tim Rogers. Back in time."

"Then this was all planned," said the vicar quickly.

"To be sure it was, my dear boy. I saw you were out of sorts, and you were grumbling last time I saw you about wanting society, so I thought I'd arrange this. There, ta-ta for the present."

"This is like a surprise, Miss Brown," said the vicar.

"My name is Anderson—Frances Anderson," said the pleasant, bright little vision that had, as it were, suddenly made its appearance in the vicar's rustic world. "I have not been very well, and uncle said I must come down for a change, so I am staying with Aunt Frances. Will you come in? Ah, here she is."

A pleasant, comely little widow body, wonderfully like the doctor refined down, came toddling out of the cottage just then, and the vicar recognised her as a lady who had once been over to the church.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Layton," she said warmly. "I don't come over to you often, for you see I belong to Mr. Morris's parish, though your church is nearer. Will you come in and sit down?"

"If you will allow me," said the vicar, "I should like to stay in the open air. Everything is so beautiful at this time of year, and perhaps Miss Anderson will go on with her drawing. I take great interest in art."

"Do you? Then I will go on at once," said the girl eagerly. "When uncle comes back I'll see about a little fruit."

The vicar had felt angry at first, not liking to be made the victim of what was rather like a practical joke; but before he had been ten minutes in Fanny Anderson's company, all that was forgotten, and he was delighted with her sweetness and utter absence of modern society young-ladyism. He was in fact chatting freely with a highly cultivated girl, ardently in love with the art she practised.

How the time passed under those shady willows neither of them knew, for the vicar had proved himself to be no mean artist, and they were in the midst of a discussion on perspective when they were startled by the doctor's voice.

"Been two hours instead of one. Very sorry, but Mother Baker really is ill now. Fanny, my dear, get your aunt to make her up a basket of odds-and-ends, and go and see the poor old soul."

"Oh, yes, uncle, I will," said Fanny; and the vicar felt a suspicious twinge as to whether this was got up; but no, it was all perfectly natural, and to his great satisfaction there was nothing at the pleasant dinner that jarred. The doctor was quiet and gentlemanly, and never once approached a bantering tone; so that when the hour for parting came, the vicar felt that he had passed one of the pleasantest days of his life.

A week passed—a fortnight, and the doctor did not come near, so at last the Rev. John Layton found his way across to the little farm, to be warmly greeted, but still in a way that never once touched upon his susceptibilities. Mrs. Baker was not in his parish, but he heard of her ailments and how many times Fanny had been over to see the poor old lady, what she had said and how grateful she was for a book being read to her for an hour or two, and so on.

The vicar's next visit was at the end of a week, and that day there was some sketching done.

Next day old Doctor Brown called upon the vicar and stopped chatting for an hour, but he never once mentioned Fanny Anderson's name. He, however, invited the vicar to come and spend an evening with

him; and they played chess, and went down the garden for the doctor was proud of his patch, as he called it—a very extensive garden, by the way. But, to the vicar's disappointment, no mention was made of Fanny's name.

Then came more visits to the farm; then one pleasant golden afternoon when doctor and vicar dined there, and everything seemed peaceful and sweet.

Then time ran on again till Fanny had been down for fully four months, and one soft, sunny, autumn noon when, according to his now frequent custom, the vicar had walked over to the little farm, he found her by the gate with a letter in her hand, which had just been left by a man who had been over to the town.

The grass of the home close was as soft as velvet, and the vicar's footsteps were unheard, so that he was close to Fanny Anderson before she looked up, and he saw that her cheeks were wet with tears.

A sudden pang, such as he had never before felt, shot through his breast at the sight of her pained face, and he stepped forward and caught her hand in his.

"You are in trouble," he said. "You have heard bad news."

"I ought not to call it trouble," she replied, colouring slightly. "I ought not, perhaps, to call it bad news; but I have been so happy down here," she said with a plaintive look in her eyes, as she gazed round the place with its verdant fields and changing woods. "Everything has been so calm and peaceful, and I have been so well, Mr. Layton, that I quite dread poor old smoky London with its dingy streets."

"Yes," said the vicar in a low voice, "you are much changed since you came. Do you leave us soon?"

"My aunt with whom I live in town says she shall expect me to-morrow night, and I fear I have been very ungrateful to her in staying away so long."

"HER TEARS WERE FALLING FAST" (*p.* 633).

There was a minute's silence then, during which both seemed to be gazing wistfully at the willows by the little mere.

"Will you try and finish the sketch?" he said at last.

"Yes," she replied sadly; and, going in, she returned with her folio, which he took from her mechanically and placed beneath his arm as they walked slowly and in silence towards the pool, and then round to the farther side beneath the old pollard willow-trees.

He had never spoken words of love to her, serious or light. Her intercourse with him had been that of one of the sweetest and most ingenuous of her sex, but now it had come upon them suddenly that this was the

last day of the sweet communion they had enjoyed, and all the future seemed to be a blank.

John Layton was very silent as they walked on gazing straight before them, till, looking round, he saw that Fanny was walking with her hands clasped together, and that her tears were falling fast.

"Don't—don't," he cried passionately, for the sight of her grief unmanned him, "I cannot bear to see you like this."

She looked up at him wistfully, and the folio fell to the ground. Not another word was spoken then, but he caught her hands in his and stood gazing almost wildly in her soft wistful eyes. Then she snatched them away and covered her face, sobbing now aloud.

"Fanny," he said, laying his hand upon her arm, "this has come like a surprise. I ought not, perhaps, to speak, but I am carried out of my ordinary way of thinking by—by this shock. I am so poor—merely a country parson—but I love you better than I can tell."

"Oh, hush!" she said, between her sobs.

"I ought not to have spoken—I ought not to have sent you away thinking of my folly, but the words would out. I ought to have had more self-command, but this news seemed to tell me how necessary you had become to my existence. It has been so sweet a time, and now—forgive me—it must end."

"Must end," she said softly, repeating his words.

"I have been cruel to you to speak as I have. It was my want of self-control. Fanny, God bless you! Good-bye. I cannot stay."

He had turned to go, but a faint cry arrested him, and, as he saw the blank despairing face and anguished eyes of her whom he was about to leave, his heart leaped within him, and the next moment Fanny Anderson was sobbing upon his breast.

It was a very solitary place fortunately, but they came to their senses after Fanny had softly owned that it would break her heart to have to leave that pleasant simple Eden now. Perhaps if the Adam had been transferred to town she might have altered her opinion, but he was not going to be transferred to town, and so they went on, in and out among the willow-trees, talking of their future, when they both started guiltily as a voice behind them said—

"Ah, here you are then, eh?"

It was the doctor, and a quiet smile full of drollery stole over his face as he said—

"I found a letter at home from auntie saying you are to go back at once, and I went to tell Layton, but I found he had come here, and—is it all right?"

No one answered.

"You'll come back again, won't you, my darling?" said the doctor.

"Oh, uncle!" she cried; and the tears overflowed once more, as she flung her arms round his neck, kissed him, and then fled towards the cottage.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "I've never said a word since I brought you over that day. I thought I'd let matters take their own course. I prescribed, and you took the medicine like a man. John Layton, you've won about the best and truest girl I ever knew."

"*The* best and truest," said the vicar, holding out his hand.

"And not the poorest either, for I always look upon her as my child, and some day perhaps——Well, there, John Layton, I'm very, very, very glad."

The sequel to this needs no telling.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

SOME few years ago the art of lace-making was much practised by gentlewomen; their dresses were profusely trimmed, and furniture also was decorated by this class of lace. The fashion for home-made lace has died away, but I think that the knowledge then gained may easily be turned to account. Very many workers studied and made themselves proficients in the execution of a great variety of lace stitches. Might not these use this knowledge, and pursue with advantage the occupation of mending lace of different kinds? There are many people who possess old and valuable lace who would, I feel sure, be glad to place it in skilful and careful hands to be restored—not with the expectation of its being restored to its original beauty, but that it may be repaired and rendered wearable, and so be useful to its owner, instead of lying useless in a drawer. Old lace has been always fashionable as a trimming, but at the present time it is more particularly so, and drawers, boxes, and chests are ransacked for any and every kind of ancient lace—for pieces long or short, for scraps and specimens, however worn, torn, or ragged. Of course, when found in the two last-named conditions, the owner has to return it reluctantly to its resting-place, unless she knows of a lace-mender. I think that a notification sent to a depôt would probably be the best course to secure work, for ladies would naturally fear to send lace unless they knew something of the worker.

Allied to the mending and transference of lace, there is the operation of washing it, getting it up, or cleaning it—by whichever of the three terms you prefer to call the operation. In these days, when so much lace is worn, this department might be made very profitable. True, much of the lace that is now bought is of too common a quality to be washed, and would

not repay the trouble; but, on the other hand, much that is bought is of an expensive kind, and in towns where laces and muslins soil quickly, the owners of them require them often to be cleaned. A short time ago I sent four lace articles—not of large size—to be cleaned, and the sum charged was four shillings. I knew that, if surrounding circumstances had not prevented me, I could have made the appearance of those laces just as beautiful in a very short time, and with little trouble. The process is really very simple, although so many people fail in their attempts to renew the freshness and purity of their laces. Separate and delicate treatment—softness, smoothness, and clearness—are the chief things to be aimed at, and these are the things most frequently unobserved by the generality of amateur lace-cleaners; hence the texture is stiff and unlacelike, and the web is indistinct and not clear. One hint I must give: lace ought never to be rubbed; when in water it should be pressed by the hands, and when straightened it should only be pressed by the iron.

There is a "Working Ladies' Guild" in London, about which I will give some information. Admission can only be gained by an introduction through an Associate of the Guild. The address of the Head Office is 113, Gloucester Road, S.W., where further information can be gained from the Secretary.

The object of this Guild is to provide gentlewomen with work of various kinds—plain, fancy, and art needlework, knitting, painting, and drawing. No charge is made for training, but until proficiency is attained, only partial remuneration is given. The payment given to proficients is sixpence per hour. A certain number of hours is named as necessary for the piece of work on hand, and if the worker exceeds that time, she does not receive payment for the extra time taken for completion; therefore, a quick worker reaps great advantages.

Work can be done at home, or at a branch office of the Guild, at 3, Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W. (not far from the Victoria station). Workers on the staff are allowed to keep two pieces of their own work at the depôt on sale; one penny in the shilling commission is charged.

From what I gather, I am afraid that not more than from twenty to twenty-five pounds a year can be earned by the members; but this is a welcome addition to a small income.

Fans made of feathers are in fashion, so that those painted by hand are not in demand, at any rate for personal use; but lately fans of large size have been made to serve as window-screens, and if the liking for these continues, those painted by hand may be required.

China plates for drawing-room doors are now painted by hand, and the painted tiles for the sides of fire-grates still continue in favour.

Splashers for the backs of wash-hand stands are in request. The light blue American cloth on which the artist paints can be bought at Shoolbred's, and the like shops, at the cost of two shillings per yard; three-quarters of a yard is the usual size; oil paints are used for this purpose. Twenty-five shillings was the price asked for a splasher of this kind at a shop at a fashionable sea-side town.

In needlework, a new idea is to make bag-pockets to hang at the side of the mantelpiece, or pendant from other places. The Chinese hand-screens form the foundation; the front is hidden by a fulness of satin or brocade, and another fulness is put half-way up to form the pocket.

An effective style of work for table and mantel borders is that of work on plush. Rather coarse canvas is stitched on a strip of fine smooth plush, and on this canvas a formal pattern is worked in cross-stitch with silk; the canvas threads are afterwards drawn away.

I know ladies who, for their own pleasure, cover frames for tiles, pictures, and plaques with velvet or plush; this might be made a remunerative employment, more especially if orders were taken at depôts for frames to suit particular requirements. I saw a small square velvet frame the other day, for which my friend paid 4s. 3d., to hold a tile she had painted.

Before I close, I will draw the attention of those not strictly tied to home employments, to one which seems to be opening wide its doors to those amongst us who can steadily guide a pencil. I allude to the employment of Plan-Tracing. The plans of architects and engineers are in many instances traced by feminine fingers, and some are also employed on the charts of the Meteorological Society. There is a "Ladies' Tracing Office" at 8, Great Queen Street, Westminster, where the Principal trains ladies for three months. There are very seldom vacancies, and I know of no other office of this kind; but it seems to my mind very possible that gentlewomen might make themselves proficients who have relations or friendly friends who are engineers or architects, from whom the would-be tracer could receive hints and directions which would serve as a foundation on which to learn. Definite instruction would be needed, even if drawing had been learnt previously at a School of Art. The great benefit of learning at the above-named office is, that further work is supplied to proficients. About one pound per week can thus be earned.

A. S. P.

THE CAPTAIN'S DARLING.

A STORY IN VERSE.

THE thunder loudly crashing,
The seamen's shouts deride,
And angry waves are dashing
Against the vessel's side;
They seethe, they roar, they bound, they leap,
Like foaming chargers, o'er the deep;
And o'er the flapping sails they sweep,
And laugh with fiendish pride.

The captain's eyes are shining
With tears he may not check;
For unseen arms are twining
Around his brawny neck.
He hears, above the tempest wild,
The prattling of a little child,
Who often at the seagulls smiled,
Across the sunlit deck.

Oh! is his darling kneeling,
As night wears on apace,
White gleams of terror stealing
Athwart her baby face?
Oh! does she—does she watch for him,
Her wee hands clasped, her blue eyes dim?
His brown cheek glows, his dark eyes swim,
He feels her fond embrace!

The lightning round him glances,
The sails are rent apart;
But still these tender fancies
Beguile his sinking heart.
"'Mid all thy perils, father dear,
In heart, in spirit, I am near;
Nor do I shrink, nor do I fear
To be where'er thou art."

* * * * *

"Pray for your boy, sweet mother,"
The youthful sailor cries;
And vainly seeks to smother
The girlish sobs that rise.
He thinks how he was all she had;
Her proudest boast, the graceless lad,
She greeted with reproaches sad,
And dim, appealing eyes.

He feels her heart's wild beating
Against his jacket blue;
He hears her voice repeating
That broken, faint adieu.
He waves his cap and bounds away,
And she who has *so much to say*,
Looks blindly through the distance grey
That hides him from her view.

Oh! will she come to-morrow,
And seek his lifeless corse,
When wails of hopeless sorrow
Her wildest fears endorse?
With blanching lip and aching brow,
The wretched youth remembers how
Her loving tones could cheer him now.
(Ah, just but vain remorse!)

* * * * *

A crowd, with haggard faces,
Are watching from the beach
The sea whose arm embraces
The forms theirs may not reach.
They listen for the ringing cheer,
The message from the loved, the dear;
Alas! alas! they only hear
The seagull's mocking screech.

His parting words recalling,
The captain's darling stands,
Pink shells and pebbles falling
From out her trembling hands.
She glances round like frightened doe;
"Why are the women wailing so?"
Ah, me! their looks of hopeless woe
Too well she understands.

No more his rude caresses
Shall soothe her fears to rest;
No more her wind-blown tresses
Shall wander o'er his breast;
For monsters dire—a hungry band—
Now force their way through weed and sand,
And wound the rough but kindly hand
Her slender fingers pressed.

Again we may behold her
Upon the sea-beat shore;
But throned upon his shoulder,
Oh, never, never more!
As jovial tars her name may shout,
And she, sweet child, may flit about;
But *he* shall never saunter out
To meet her as of yore.

Nor shall we hear her shouting
Her playful "hide-and-seek,"
With lips, like cherries, pouting
Beside his bearded cheek.
Oh, sad blue eyes! oh, breaking heart!
Whose tender pulses burn and start;
Oh, lips that never more shall part
Such careless words to speak!

* * * * *

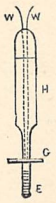
Another British glory
For British bards to tell—
Proud England's proudest story—
"He did his duty well."
Bring forth the golden scroll of fame,
Inscribe his simple Saxon name,
And none the noble pride shall blame
That makes our bosoms swell.

FANNY FORRESTER.

THE GATHERER.

An Electric Match.

A simple little candle-lighter has been devised by Mr. J. E. H. Gordon. As shown in the woodcut, it consists of an ebonite handle, H, through which run two silk-covered copper wires, W W. The handle is fitted with a flat ebonite disc or guard, G, to protect the hand from the heat of the fire or burner, E. This consists of a rod of fireclay surrounded by a spiral of platinum wire connected in circuit with the wires W W, and when traversed by the current from an electric incandescence lamp it glows red-hot, and will light a lamp or candle.



A Submarine Balloon.

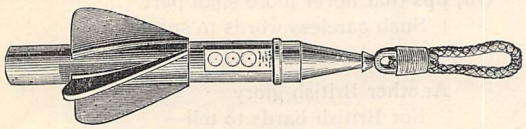
At the forthcoming International Exhibition of Naples will be exhibited in action a submarine observatory or balloon, which will sink people to the bottom of the Mediterranean shore waters, where they can enjoy the natural aquaria there to be seen. It is a balloon of steel with three compartments—one for the actuating mechanism and floating bladder, one for the captain, and one for the passengers to the number of eight. There are glass windows for looking out at the fishes, shells, and weeds; and the height of the balloon in the water is regulated at will by means of the collapsible bladder. A telephone connects the balloon, which is "captive" and cannot float away, with the shore or a boat above.

A New Glass.

M. Sidot, a tutor at the Lycée Charlemagne, has discovered a glass without flint or silicate in it. The new material is a phosphate of lime fused at a very high temperature, and, owing to its freedom from flint, it cannot be damaged by any acid, the corrosive hydrofluoric acid which eats ordinary glass having no effect on it. M. Sidot's glass will therefore be specially useful in chemical experiments.

An Aluminium Log.

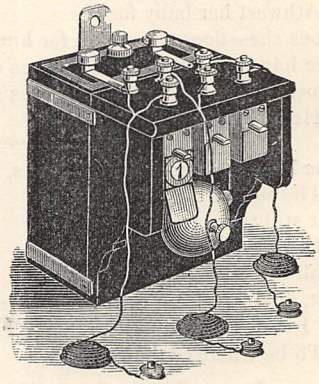
Aluminium alloys are now coming to the front as a substitute for brass. The alloys found most suitable are those of Mr. Webster, which are of a white or yellow colour as desired, and are adapted for guns, ships' propellers, stove-grates, fire-irons, musical instru-



ments, bells, gongs, and many other purposes both useful and ornamental. The figure illustrates a ship's log of aluminium, which does not corrode in the least in sea-water, and has no galvanic action. Wire ropes, sounding machines, and even telegraph wires are made of these alloys.

New Tracing-Paper.

A new tracing-parchment has been lately introduced into Germany. It is good drawing-paper for pen or pencil, and allows lines to be erased with the knife or india-rubber. It is moreover exceedingly tough, while being suitable for making tracings. To produce blue copies of a drawing made on it, the following instructions are given:—Take ammonia-citrate of iron, 2 lbs. 5½ oz. avoir.; red prussiate of potash, 1 lb. 9 oz. avoir.; dissolve separately in water, then mix and make the whole up to one gallon, and preserve from the light. Ordinary paper on which the copy is to be produced is brushed over with this solution and kept in a dark room till required. To make a copy the tracing is put into the copying frame with its face to the glass, and a sheet of the prepared paper under it. The light of day is then allowed to pass through the tracing until the paper below becomes olive-green. The latter is then washed in cold rain-water in a dark room, and the blue lines appear.



A Combined Battery and Bell.

A combined electric bell and battery to work it is shown in the illustration. There are three separate circuits and press-buttons for connecting in three separate rooms, and indicators are attached to show the room from which the bell has been rung. Of course more circuits and indicators can be added if desired. The battery is enclosed in an ebonite box and sealed as it requires no attendance. The whole arrangement is very compact, neat, and handy.

Algin.

Mr. Stanford, a Scotch chemist, finds that sea-weed, when steeped for twenty-four hours in water containing a little carbonate of soda, yields a glutinous mass, which can be filtered clear after heating the mass. This is "algin," which when dry resembles gum tragacanth, and it differs from albumen in not coagulating when heated, and from gelose in not gelatinising when cooled. Mr. Stanford thinks that in algin the paper-maker will find a new substitute for rags, and that it

can be used to stiffen cloth instead of starch. Being nitrogenous it can be used for mixing with cattle food, and it has been applied as a lining to steam-boilers in the form of a non-conducting carbon cement. Over 20,000 square feet of it have already been applied to boilers and piping. In its insoluble form algin resembles horn, as a substitute for which it can be used when pressed into moulds.

A New Pen-knife.

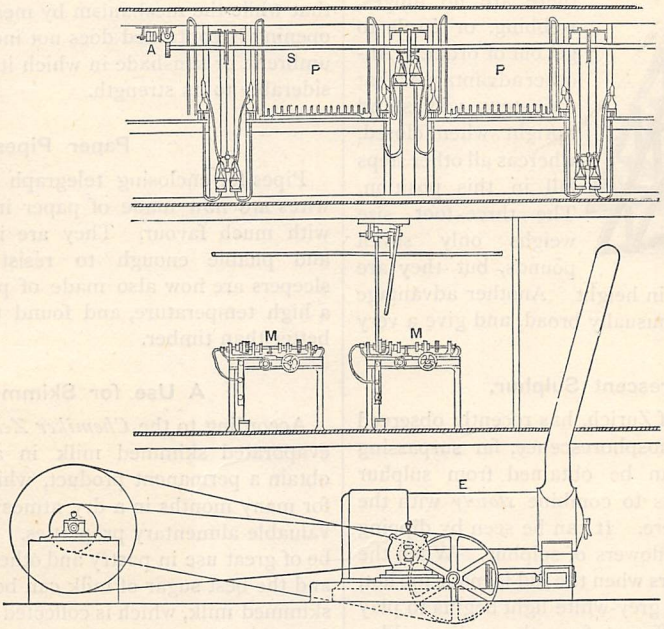
Knives with a variety of tools in them have generally been voted troublesome and unhandy; but the pretty knife with tortoiseshell or mother-of-pearl handle introduced to our notice is evidently an exception to the rule. It is designed for the use of the student, the botanist, tourist, and others; and contains within itself a magnifying-glass, a pair of scissors, a corkscrew, a file and nail-trimmer, a pair of nickel tweezers, a tortoiseshell tooth-pick, and two blades—one a dagger-blade of large size, and a small pen-blade. The microscope is a new attachment to a pen-knife, but in these days of amateur science a very useful one. It only remains to add that the price is moderate, and the instrument can go into the waistcoat pocket.

Artificial Limbs.

At the Amsterdam International Exhibition a series of artificial arms and legs, of an efficient and inexpensive kind, are now attracting considerable interest. They are the invention of Count de Beaufort, and consist of an ingenious combination of leathern sides, cords, india-rubber springs, and wooden fingers or toes. The movements of the muscles are very well imitated by these arrangements, which offer a valuable substitute for the real limbs. The price for an arm is only 25s., and that for a leg 45s.—a veritable boon to poor folk.

An Electric Light Factory.

A model electric light factory, in which the bulk of the work is done by automatic means, has been established by Messrs. Wright and Mackie. The manufacture of electric lamps is carried on here with a minimum of manual labour, the bulbs being blown by machinery, and the mercury-pumps for exhausting them being worked by mechanism. The woodcut shows the general arrangement of the factory, where E is the steam-engine on the basement, supplying power to the whole factory; M M are two glass-blowing machines, such as we described in a recent number of the GATHERER; and P P are mercury-pumps for exhausting the lamps. The incandescence lamp consists, as is well known, of a vacuum bulb of glass with a carbon loop inside, and the light is produced by sending a current of electricity through the loop. These bulbs are blown by boys in the machines described, and a handy lad will turn out far more and better bulbs in the same time with these machines than the most skilful glass-blower working by hand in the old way. The machines are really glass lathes, and a piece of tubing put into the mandrils is rapidly rotated in a blowpipe flame, while air is let into it to swell it out into a bulb as it softens. The carbon filaments are prepared by carbonising the bass-broom fibre in a plumbago crucible, and mounting them in a loop shape on platinum wires let through the glass of the bulb. When all this is done, the bulbs are finally exhausted of air by the modified Sprengel air-pumps shown at P. These pumps are worked by a shaft, S, turned at A by belting from the power shaft, which is driven by the engine E. The saving of hand-labour is so great by this arrangement that incandescence lamps can now be manufactured at a fraction of their cost by the older methods.



AN ELECTRIC LIGHT FACTORY.

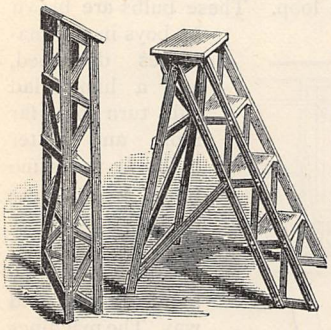
Artificial Gutta-percha.

A German chemist, Herr Maximillian Zingler, has patented a new process for making a substitute for gutta-percha. About 50 kilogrammes of powdered copal, and 7½ to 15 kilogrammes of sublimed sulphur, are mixed with double the quantity of oil of turpentine, or 55 litres of petroleum, and heated to 150° C. in a boiler with stirring apparatus. The mass is then allowed to cool to 38° and mixed with 3 kilogrammes of casein in weak ammonia-water, to which a little alcohol and wood-spirit has been added. The mass is then heated to the former temperature until it is a thin fluid. It is then boiled with a 15 to 25 per cent.

solution of nutgalls or catechu, to which about half a kilogramme of ammonia has been added. After being boiled for several hours the mass is cooled, washed in cold water, kneaded in hot water, rolled out, and dried. The new product is said to be much cheaper than real gutta-percha, to resemble it exactly, and to wear equally well.

Lattice Steps.

A light, strong step-ladder has been designed by Mr. Hatherley, and is shown in the accompanying woodcut. Every part is made of wood, and there are no hinges, webbing, or cords to get out of order. Another advantage is that the steps will stand upright when closed, whereas all other steps fall in this position. The three-foot size weighs only seven pounds, but they are made up to eight feet in height. Another advantage is that the treads are unusually broad, and give a very good footing.



Phosphorescent Sulphur.

Herr K. Heumann, of Zurich, has recently observed that a very brilliant phosphorescence, far surpassing that of phosphorus, can be obtained from sulphur when it is heated so as to combine *slowly* with the oxygen of the atmosphere. It can be seen by dipping a heated glass rod into flowers of sulphur. When the blue flame, which appears when the rod is made too hot, is blown out, a peculiar grey-white light begins to play round the rod, quite different from the ordinary blue sulphur flame. Very pretty rays of this grey light, some four inches long, can be obtained by heating sulphur up to 180° C. in an air-bath. Analysis shows that the product is mainly sulphurous acid in small quantities.

A New Electric Lamp.

Messrs. Sowerby and Probert have patented a new method of making electric incandescence lamps. According to the old plan the carbon filament was made of charred cotton or woody fibre, but by the new process the filament is built up by electric deposition of carbon from a hydro-carbon gas. Such a gas is placed in the glass bulb of the lamp, which has two platinum wires fused into it, and when powerful sparks are sent through the gas between these two wires a bridge of solid carbon is deposited between them. In this way the filament is built up from the decomposed gas, and a weaker current then serves to render it incandescent. The gas is finally withdrawn by a mercury-pump and the lamp is ready for use.

A Self-opening Umbrella.

Ever since the days when good Jonas Hanway astonished the simple London folk by sheltering himself from rain and heat under the capacious canopy of an umbrella, that useful article has undergone periodical improvements. The latest and most ingenious novelty is that now under notice, in which we are introduced to an umbrella that practically opens itself by simply pressing upon the ordinary hand-spring. Perhaps the most useful feature is the ease with which it may be opened. When one requires to put up an ordinary umbrella one has—as everybody knows—to hold the stick in one hand and open with the other. In the case of the self-opening umbrella, however, it can be opened with one hand although that hand may also be carrying a bag, book, or other article. It may be added that while the mechanism by means of which the self-opening is controlled does not increase the size of the umbrella or sunshade in which it is used, it adds considerably to its strength.

Paper Pipes.

Pipes for enclosing telegraph and electric lighting wires are now made of paper in America, and meet with much favour. They are impervious to water, and pliable enough to resist breaking. Railway sleepers are now also made of paper, hard pressed at a high temperature, and found to serve the purpose better than timber.

A Use for Skimmed Milk.

According to the *Chemiker Zeitung*, Mr. Müller has evaporated skimmed milk in a vacuum, so as to obtain a permanent product, which can be preserved for many months in a dry atmosphere, and which has valuable alimentary properties. He thinks that it may be of great use in pastry and other kinds of baked food, and the best sugar of milk can be made from it. The skimmed milk, which is collected in dairies and cheese factories, is usually given to animals or wasted in sewage; but it can be utilised by Müller's process.

A New Tram-Rail.

The "Channel Rail" is a novel form of tramway-rail, which is likely to prove useful. A section of it is shown in the accompanying woodcut, where the rail, in the form of a channel, is bolted down by a bolt, E, which can be screwed from the top into a metal plate, G, beneath the wooden sleeper T. To lift the rail and replace it the screw is simply undone, whereas at present the whole roadway has to be taken up to lay new rails.

A New Electric Boat.

A new iron vessel, to be propelled by electricity, has been built at Millwall. She is forty-six feet long, and is driven by a Siemens dynamo, fed with electricity from 365 accumulators of the Faure-Sellon-Volckmar pattern. The speed obtained is eight knots per hour. The boat will be exhibited at the Vienna Exhibition of Electrical Appliances during the autumn.

Photography for Amateurs.

The modern system of dry-plate photography is so simple and convenient in practice, that many only require some useful instructor, to take up the subject. Such an instructor is the little book, "The Amateur's First Handbook," written by Mr. Ellerbeck and published by Messrs. Cussons and Co., of Liverpool. It describes all the necessary apparatus and the methods for taking photographs with dry plates in a very clear and practical style.

Electricity and Amber.

Amber, or fossil resin, is washed out of a tertiary mud-bed in the Baltic Sea and cast up by the tide. The electric light, however, is now employed to search for it on the sea-bottom under water, and thus the latest development of electricity is made to serve in seeking for the amber or *elektron* of the Greeks, which in the hands of Thales first showed the electric power and gave its name to the science of electricity.

A Searing Stamp.

A new defacing stamp for post-offices has been introduced by Mr. Chatenet. By the old stamp, thick bars of ink cross out the used postage-stamp, but by the new stamp the "Queen's head" is seared by platinum wires rendered red-hot by the passage of an electric current through them. This is a far more efficacious defacement, and will be useful for a variety of similar purposes.

A Tidal Buoy.

Captain Cator's tidal buoy is a simple appliance, apparently well adapted for use in foggy weather particularly. It is arranged somewhat after the fashion of a ship's log and, like it, is towed astern. The motion of the vessel causes the screw of the buoy to rotate, the revolutions depending of course upon the speed of the ship, and varying as it varies. Attached to the spindle of the screw is a hammer that is made to strike a gong, the number of whose beats per minute indicates the rate of speed. These buoys are perhaps specially suited for vessels of the navy sailing in squadrons, their employment in this respect being serviceable during the prevalence of fog and also for squadron evolutions. They would, for instance, be found useful in denoting to a ship astern the speed of another ahead.

Maignen's Filter.

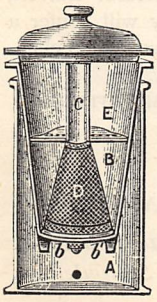


FIG. 1.

A very good filter was recently exhibited at the Metal Trades Exhibition in the Agricultural Hall. It is held to be free from the defects of filters in which the filtering material is cemented down, and of others in which there are carbon blocks. These are difficult to clean, for one thing, and the result is impure water. In Maignen's filter the medium is carbo-calcis in a powder or grains in the form of a layer. Fig. 1 illustrates the cottage filter, which consists, as shown, of a reservoir, A, for the filtered water; a filter case, B, which is removable; and a specially woven asbestos cloth, D, tied on the filtering frame, which is a hollow perforated cone with outlets, *b b'*, and an air-pipe, *c*. On the outside of this cloth the layer of carbo-calcis is deposited by being used with the first water put into the filter. This layer arrests the impurities put into the filter. A screen, E, protects the filtering medium. Fig. 2 shows another and larger form of Maignen's filter, suitable for large consumers of water.

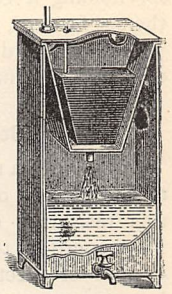


FIG. 2.

An Electric Gun.

A new species of rifle without lock or trigger has been constructed in Paris. In it the charge is fired by means of a platinum wire, rendered incandescent by an electric current contained in a small battery in the stock of the gun. Whether the novelty has any practical advantage over the ordinary gun would be difficult to say, but it is probable that the aim will be less liable to disturbance with no trigger to be pulled. The current is started by a slight pressure on a push-button or key—thus involving, we fear, the greater liability to accident.

Metallodion.

Metallodion is a new term, meaning a mixture of any metallic oxide with collodion. Collodion is, as is well known, the solution of gun-cotton in a mixture of alcohol and ether, which is so largely used in photography. Dr. Aron now employs minium or oxide of lead, mixed with collodion, as the material in an electric accumulator which absorbs or stores the current. The Metallodion is laid over plates of lead, as in the Faure accumulator previously described in the GATHERER.

Fuller's-Earth Electrodes.

When the electric current is applied to the body, a good contact between the wires and the skin can be made by fuller's-earth made into a paste with salt and water, or water and sulphate of zinc. The paste requires no ligatures to hold it on, and being soft, adapts itself to all the sinuosities of the surface.

Novel Dredge for Shell-Fish.

A dredge for shell-fish has recently been patented which presents several features of considerable ingenuity. It is stated to bear some sort of resemblance to a potato digger. It is furnished with a plough to cut up the sand, a grating for raising the shell-fish out of the sand, and a wire net or bag to receive the fish while permitting the sand to wash through. The ploughshare is fastened to the grating and the forward end of the plough beam is supplied with an axle that carries two wheels for guiding the share and regulating the depth of the cut. Near the same end of the beam will be found a bent lever, having at its lower end a shoe for riding on the sand, and at its upper an eye

for holding a cord that travels under a pulley and thence forward, upward, and out of the water. By pulling this cord the shoe is depressed so as to raise the beam and make the plough run on the surface.

A Selenium Light Regulator.

Selenium is a substance which has a high resistance to the passage of an electric current through it, and this resistance diminishes when light falls upon it in proportion to the intensity of the light. The current of electricity passing through it, therefore, becomes stronger when the light falls upon it and weaker when the light is withdrawn. This property has been applied by M. Tommasi to regulate the position of the electric candle of M. Jablochkoff, and keep the "arc" giving the light always in the focus of the reflector, however low the candle burns. The light is focussed on a selenium cell with a current traversing it, and this current is made to actuate an electro-magnet which holds the candle in position. When the light sinks as the candle burns, the current falls in the selenium cell, the electro-magnet ceases to hold the candle in position, and, having a coiled spring beneath its end, the candle rises in its socket till the light of the "arc" reaches its old position, and the selenium cell operates once more in electrifying the magnet and holding the candle in its new place.

Hints in Lightning-Storms.

Colonel Parnell, R.E., gives the following useful hints to avoid being struck by lightning. Carry as little metal of any kind on the person as possible. Shelter inside the nearest brick or stone building when the storm approaches. If none near, stand still, or better, lie down on your face, disregarding the rain, which acts as a protection. Avoid the shelter of trees or doorways, under walls, eaves, hayricks, &c. Go into a stone house, but not an outhouse, such as a barn or stable. Temporary shelters of this sort are to be shunned, especially if the building is wooden. Iron is safer. In the open, low, dry, stony ground is safer than high, wet, or grassy ground. Leeward sites are safer than windward ones. Field labourers should leave their tools behind on seeking shelter. In-doors, the kitchen fireplace is to be avoided. Choose a room or passage where there is no fireplace. Keep clear of walls, especially outer walls. Keep clear of metals, especially pipes; of wires, cisterns, window-bars, looking-glasses, pianos, gilt frames, balconies, &c. Close all doors and windows. Keep the chimneys clean—the soot and heated air draw the discharge. Paving close round the walls guards a building; so also do dry and well-drained foundations.

Reducing Lead by Electricity.

An American chemist has devised a method of reducing lead from its ores by means of a current of electricity. The ore is ground and placed on a pool of mercury contained in a glass tube. Over the mercury is put diluted hydrochloric acid, and the current of electricity from four Daniell or two Bunsen cells is sent through the liquids by means of a rod of plumbago dipping into the acid, and a rod of electric-lamp carbon dipping into the mercury. After the electrolytic action is complete, the lead is found to be reduced from its ore and amalgamated with the mercury, from which it can be extracted in the usual way. The positive pole of the battery is connected to the plumbago, and the negative to the carbon.

Corrugated Boiler-Flues.

One of the most prominent objects of the interesting Metal Trades Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, were the corrugated flues for marine boilers exhibited by the Leeds Forge Company. The flues are cylindrical, but corrugated so that they have a screw-nail appearance. These flues are stronger than the ordinary ones, and last much longer. The company showed a boiler of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's sloop *Moselle* fitted up with the flues, and the interior of the boiler was furnished like a drawing-room, and lighted by electricity. The lighting was done by the Economic Electric Company, by means of a primary or voltaic battery of their construction.

Thought Reading.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—When I read your article on "Thought Reading" in the February number of your Magazine, I determined to get all my friends to try the experiments described therein. It may be interesting to your readers to know that I have met with singular success. I have found two or three young ladies who possess the faculty, when blindfolded, of being able to describe objects placed behind them upon which the attention of persons present is wholly concentrated, and I may add that this is accomplished without any contact whatever. Imagined objects are also described, historical scenes or pictures are rendered, and familiar quotations agreed to be thought of are sometimes successfully named. With contact, real or imaginary pains on the part of the thinker are felt by the subject. The experiments were commenced with contact, but are found to be more successful without. The "willing" experiments are also performed without contact.

No doubt there will be great individual variations, and a series of carefully recorded observations is being made of the experiments with the above subjects for scientific purposes, and if any of your correspondents will kindly communicate to me the results of their studies, or send them to Professor Barrett, Royal School of Science, Dublin, they will confer a real favour upon those who are endeavouring to elucidate the subject.—I am, yours faithfully,

MALCOLM GUTHRIE.

2, Parkfield Road, Liverpool.

STORY COMPETITION.

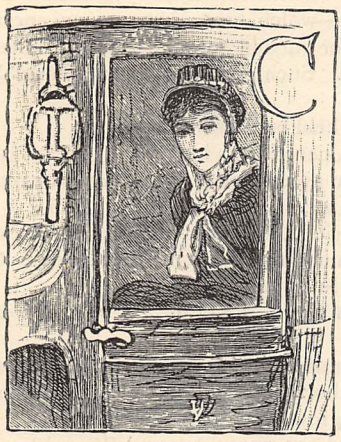
Intending Competitors are reminded that all MSS. must reach the Editor not later than September 1st, 1883.

PARDONED.

By the Author of "In a Minor Key," "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

REINSTATED.



COULD it be true?—Was it, indeed, no dream, no mirage? Winny rubbed her eyes, and looked out of the brougham in which she was seated. No; there lay the Tran, shimmering like a silver thread in a setting of brightest emerald-green. The scent of the hay came in through the windows; the voices of the hay-makers, the hum of the insects; the cottages—Colonel Everard's model cottages—lay embowered in roses. No, it was no mistake; she was in the country—the blessed country—and every minute was bringing her closer to Tranmere. If she had any doubts about it, she had only to turn to one side, and look at her companion. That was no delusion. He was there—real flesh and blood—her uncle, fully restored, hers altogether.

"Tired, my child?" asked the voice capable of such a variety of inflections, of which its tenderest was now the prevailing one.

"Just a little bit," straining her eyes out of window. "Ah! there it is. I can see the keep."

"You will see it far better when we get round Park Corner, without tiring yourself by twisting your neck."

"Now!" she cried; and once more the head was thrust out of window, to be quickly drawn in again with a sudden jerk.

True, she could see the Castle, the drive up, even the pleasure-grounds; but it was like seeing an old friend with a partially new face, for, unfortunately, it was the restored portion that met her eye. There it stood in the bright June sunlight; but where was its mantle of ivy? Where its hoary grandeur? Where its subtle suggestion of peaceful, beautiful old age? Gone—swallowed up by the cruel flames. Instead thereof, a pile of masonry dressed up in the clothes of the deceased: the same lines, the same traceries, but all fresh and glistering; little sprouting tendrils of ivy bravely commencing the ascent of the terribly new walls; little ringlets of Virginia creeper, green and tender, telling of youth instead of age, of battles begun instead of ended; and side by side with all this newness, the old archway and keep, like some hoary sentries, keeping watch over their younger brother. But it was not altogether the appearance of this restored and added-to portion of the house that had made Winny withdraw her head so abruptly, and had dyed her pale cheeks such a bright and glowing crimson. Simultaneously with the battlements of the keep, the gables of the agent's cottage had flashed upon her sight, and brought back to her that conversation with Helen which had cost her so much pain.

For, try as she would to manage her words, Mrs. Craven had found it impossible to draw from Winny an explanation of her conduct, without letting her know what that conduct was accused of being. It had wounded the girl to the quick that she should for one moment even have been suspected of such behaviour; and she had promptly surmised who had been the instigator of such ideas. Such being the case, it was easy to forgive the dead: easy, too, to forgive the living, seeing that it was her uncle who was the accuser; but not even his apologies, ample as they were, could remove the sting the very suspicion had left behind, and which would for ever conjure up a blush at the mere mention of the name of Champneys.

From the moment, however, that Colonel Everard had formally asked her pardon, with delicate tact omitting all mention of her supposed offence, no further word had passed between them on the subject; only she was reinstated in his favour with such a fulness of affection as made Gilbert and his wife wonder that it should have been so completely suspended for four years.

Certainly it had a magical effect. From the day that he took her in his arms and kissed her, there were no more relapses. On the contrary, she literally galloped back to health and strength, readily acceding to her uncle's proposal that she should return to Tranmere with him for change of air, and as soon as she was fully revived, and fit for travel, be further braced by the Swiss mountains.

Gilbert was the only one who did not seem well pleased with the turn affairs had taken, rejoiced as he was that Winny should be once more reconciled to her uncle.

"She will never do anything more," he said mournfully to his wife. "That picture will be her first and her last. Petting, luxury, and money will soon beguile the brush from her fingers. It is a great pity. I had hoped such very great things from her."

"Why, Gilbert," answered Helen, "you must be in an unusually black mood to utter such dismal prophecies, or else your four years' friendship with Winny has helped you very little to understand her character. I tell you she will paint till she dies, for she loves her art with all her heart and soul, and she never gives up anything she loves."

"We shall see," said Mr. Craven oracularly; and with that the discussion terminated.

Not so his own ideas on the subject. He was more serious than Helen imagined. Winny's return to Tranmere, much as he rejoiced in the circumstances that had brought it about, was a real sorrow to him, bringing, as he fancied it would, in its wake a cessation of what he considered her higher aspirations and purposes; and he did not hesitate to express to her his fears. In vain she assured him that her stay with her uncle would probably be only for a time, after which she would return with new zest to her work: he persisted in mournfully prophesying that Tranmere would prove her Capua; and no words of hers could shake him in this conviction.

"An artist lost," he would say again and again, till the whole family took to teasing him about his dolorous prognostications.

Still he continued in them, and only the day before his cousin left London with her uncle, came to her with such a serious face, as made her know at once what was uppermost in his mind. She could not laugh at him this time: her heart was too full of gratitude to him for his kindly severity, his unwearying patience with her, which had been the indirect means of the result which had filled him with unselfish pride.

"You are going away to-morrow, Winny," he said gravely; "and very glad I am that you are, for you want change badly enough. I have been thinking over all I have said lately to you, and you to me; and I begin to hope that my words may be falsified, after all. Tranmere will be your home in future, that I know," as she shook her head; "but even at Tranmere you can work, if you have the will to do so. You have been with us four years, and your going will make a great gap in our life. But that is nothing compared with your happiness. What I am chiefly concerned with now is your artistic future. Winny, God has given you a very great talent; will you promise me that it shall never be wasted in mere amateur fritterings, to beguile an idle or a tedious hour, but that at some future day, when you are again quite strong and well, you will contiuue to do good work, in the same spirit as you have done it hitherto?"

"I promise, Gilbert," she said solemnly, putting her hand on his, too moved by his words, with all the memories of past benefits they recalled, to say more.

"I believe you," he answered, "for you are true to the backbone. And now, my dear, I want to make you a little present, as a memorial of our intercourse together, and of the great pleasure your zeal and industry have been to me;" and as he spoke he produced from his pocket a little velvet case, from which he drew a ring, which he proceeded gravely to place, somewhat to Winny's bewilderment, on the third finger of her left hand. "With this ring," he commenced, and this time there was a smile on his lips and in his eye, "I betroth you, Winifred Smith, to——" here he paused and looked at her, amused at the puzzled expression in her face—"to—art: art the highest and best that your brain and your brush can produce. Whenever you look at it, you will remember my words and your promise, and—you will be faithful."

"Always, Gilbert, always," she said. "Do not I love it as fondly as you do? What should make me change?"

"A thousand things. You might marry."

"I don't think so," she answered softly; "but married or single, if ever I give up painting—painting to the best of my power—I will return you your beautiful present. Till then—which time I hope may never come—thank you for it, and for all your goodness and kindness to me. Such goodness and kindness I can never repay."

She stopped, and held out her hand to him.

"Well," he cried cheerily, as he took it, "that is a bargain. When you give up art you return your ring. I am sadly afraid that I shall never see it again."

"What a beauty it is, Gilbert!" looking down on the single large diamond that sat somewhat loosely on her thin finger. "How good you are!"

"It is too large for you," he said. "I will have it taken in."

"No, no," she answered, "don't take it off again. I am superstitious about rings. Let it stay, in hopes that my finger may grow fat enough to fit it."

So it stayed; and the next day saw Winny depart with her uncle to Tranmere. It was further settled that Con, with her parents and Captain Warburton, should come there for a last short visit before her marriage, and that later on she and her husband, when on their wedding tour, should join Colonel Everard and Winny in Switzerland.

It was all so like old times, only now there were no black looks or cold words. Even Mr. and Mrs. Frank Everard, who had been up in London *trousseau*-buying, had been all that was affectionate, reflecting that Winny's restoration to favour was a minor evil compared to a second marriage, and might serve, in fact, to ward off altogether that dreaded event.

As for Con, she was thoroughly ashamed of herself that through these long years she had never sought out her cousin, or in any way kept up the friendship begun at Tranmere. There was apology in every kiss and caress she lavished on Winny, who, on her part, received and welcomed her as had they parted but yesterday.

One other pleasure Winny had enjoyed before leaving London. She had gone with her uncle, quite late, when the rooms were clear, to look at her own work at Burlington House. As yet she had never seen it within those walls. Her illness had intervened to prevent it; and now—wonder of wonders!—she was to gaze on it in company with Colonel Everard. No one recognised the artist as she passed through the turnstile and into the rooms; and her uncle was relieved. He had a righteous horror of notoriety for a woman, and although one or two people did turn round to glance at the two striking-looking figures, yet there was no sign of recognition in the expression of their countenances. Together the uncle and niece went and stood before the picture, and looked at it. Both were silent: Colonel Everard from the many thoughts that

were crowding into his mind, Winny from the excess of her emotion. It seemed to her incredible that this could be her work: that it was her brush that had laid on those colours, sketched in those outlines, painted those sad yet luminous eyes. She knew it was good, yet longed earnestly that it were better; remembering, at the same time, the words that Roger had repeated to her two years ago under the house-porch.

She turned to her uncle at last. "Do you like it, dear?" she whispered.

"When I tell you what it did for me, Win, you will know whether I like it. It made me first think of forgiving you."

The tears—for she was but weak yet—sprang to her eyes.

"Now," he continued, "no more standing. You have done too much. Come."

And now they were at Tranmere. They had rolled under the old archway into the court-yard, had passed through the row of welcoming servants, had reached a black oak staircase—not *the* black oak staircase on whose steps Winny had stood, not knowing which way to turn—and had entered the library, where the tea was set out. Here the first sight that met Winifred's eye was her mother's sweet face smiling down on her daughter, who was taking her place at the tea-table as had she never left Tranmere.

By-and-by, after a rest on the sofa, whilst her eyes feasted on the fresh bright green, she must needs insist on going over the house, and seeing all the alterations and improvements. Was this Winifred, the grave, the resolute? The spirit of her mother danced in those serious brown eyes, spoke in those coaxing tones, beguiled her only too easily beguiled uncle, till he let her do anything she chose.

Together they wandered in and out of the rooms, examined the new furniture, grew warm in an amicable discussion over papers.

And now they had come to Colonel Everard's own room, and Winny started as she set foot upon the threshold. Immediately opposite her hung one of those little pictures that she had painted some years ago, for "bread and cheese," as she put it, and here was another, and another, till her eye had run over the whole number.

"Then you were my mysterious purchaser?" she cried; "and," with a mournful face, "to think that I never fixed on you?"

"Do you remember that cheque you returned me, child?"

"Oh, Uncle George!" crimsoning hotly, "don't remind me of my ingratitude."

"It was very pardonable ingratitude. I should have done the same had I been in your place. But to return to the cheque. I was determined it should find its way somehow into your pocket, and as I flatter myself that my will is stronger than yours," pointing to the pictures and china plates and plaques that adorned the walls, "why, it did, you see."

"You paid for some of them much too highly," contemptuously surveying her first efforts, "but—but——" The sentence was never finished, only his hand taken and squeezed till his rings were pressed deeply into his flesh.

"Now, dear, two more rooms, and then rest and dinner," he said, and led the way to the region where Mrs. Everard's boudoir had formerly stood. Here were two rooms side by side, leading into one another, in close proximity to Winny's bed-room, looking out on the valley, with the blue hills in the distance, and a creamy rose peering in at the windows. They were perfectly bare, not even papered.

"Why, Uncle George, these rooms have the best view in the house, and you have not furnished them."

"How could I presume to furnish an artist's rooms?" he asked. "I should infallibly have militated against all the laws of high art. Look, this is to be the studio. What do I understand of studios?"

She turned to him quickly. "Then you believed in me all along?" she cried. "Oh, how glad I am!"

"No, my child, I thought you guilty, or do you think I should have let you go from me? but I also thought and hoped that some day you would come to your senses, and ask my pardon. Although they say I do not know how to forgive, perhaps I might then have learnt. Now come and rest, and when we return from abroad you shall furnish these rooms in any style you like best."

She could not say anything, she could only repeat that mute caress, and take refuge in her room, ostensibly for rest, in reality to indulge in a flood of happy tears—tears that lay so tiresomely ready ever since her illness. Fumbling in her pocket for her handkerchief, she came against a little note, which had been put into her hand that morning, just as she was leaving S—— Gardens—a very short little note, which made her blush, even here in the solitude of her own room.

"DEAREST WINNY (it ran)—I have been longing to come and see you for ages, and have not been able to accomplish it. Dear Kate has been so very, very ill, that I have not left her since the evening after I arrived in London. I am thankful to say that all danger is over now, and she is going on capitally; but, as you may imagine, I have had neither thoughts nor eyes for any one but her. Baby number two is a dear, tiny little thing, very small and fragile, and will never, I think, rival my sweet Roger in my affections. He grows more captivating every day, and I should dearly like to show him to you. When shall you be at home? and are you growing quite strong? I can leave Kate comfortably now, and will come at any hour you may mention to see you. I want to tell you in person what I think of 'Pardoned,' for were I once to begin writing on the subject, my enthusiasm would cover several sheets of paper. I must leave off now, for Kate is just waking up. With heaps of love,

"Your very affectionate

"ALICE CHAMPNEYS"

In the signature lay the secret of the blush. Should she ever, she asked herself, hear or see the name of Champneys without blushing? Just at the present she thought not, whilst the memory of her conversation with Helen still rang in her ears.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

PONTRESINA.

PONTRESINA, as it was some seven or eight years ago, with only its two hotels, its one roughly-paved

street, its solitary Swiss church: no doubt very much what it is now, seeing that neither fashion nor overcrowding can alter the strange fascination of its fragrant pine-woods, its solemn vista of eternal ice-fields and perpetual snows, the murmuring sound of its rushing, leaping, curdling streams.

There are, as I said, but two hotels in the place: the one smart and American; the other large, somewhat rough, genial, and crammed with English, interspersed with Germans.

It is dinner-time at the latter. In the immense *salle-à-manger* the one o'clock dinner is going on. There is a deafening clatter of knives and forks, a confused medley of tongues, shouts of "*Garçon!*" "*Kellner!*" rising ever and anon above the hubbub, and all the time the steady tramp of the waiters round the tables, as, with four or five plates dexterously balanced on their patient arms, they attend to the impatient wants of the guests.

Three hundred people! What wonder that the noise is sometimes rather bewildering, and that to the unpractised ear it is a very Tower of Babel? As you look down one of the three long tables that adorn the room, your eye meets a glitter of spectacles and of *pince-nez;* there is a perilously cut-throat appearance about the guests, as the dull steel knives are inserted between their lips, and withdrawn again without harm done, in a manner trying to a sensitive English organisation. The other tables are altogether British; you see that at a glance. The conversation does not flow so easily, and it is pitched in a lower key. There are groups at intervals who do not speak at all, but glare savagely at their neighbours; there, too, is the unmistakable British paterfamilias, with all his attendant attributes; the equally unmistakable British spinster, and British pedestrian. With a few exceptions, nearly all share one peculiarity. Their complexions are brown, red, tanned, telling of cold glacier winds, of the glowing foreign sun, of early morning starts for mountain or pass. Here and there a face, with the shadow of "London" still left in its white colourlessness, tells you it is that of a fresh arrival; but take them altogether, their appearance is more suggestive of British energy than of British beauty.

Three of the most noticeable of these same English —noticeable as much by their looks and style as by their, as yet, fair skins—have just entered the great square, light room, and are looking along the rows of chairs for their places.

"Here, if you please, sair," says the officious waiter, as, passing by two empty chairs that are tilted against the table, he gives them the three neighbouring ones, and with extraordinary rapidity places three plates of soup before them.

The *table d'hôte* has grown accustomed to these people, though when they first arrived, nearly a week ago, they excited some little attention. By this time, however, every one knows all there is to know about them. The strangers' book has been investigated, and Colonel Everard, of Tranmere Castle, has been identified with the tall, distinguished-looking man who heads the party, Miss Everard with the also tall and distinguished-looking girl who accompanies him, and Miss Smith with the most insignificant of the three, who best answers to her insignificant name; and having found out so much, the majority of the visitors have ceased to be interested, or to do more than just look up when the party comes into the room. There is a stand-offishness about the gentleman, in spite of his politeness in handing anything and everything to his neighbour, that intimidates paterfamilias, and makes his wife prefer the more genial intercourse of her sons and daughters.

Colonel Everard turns to his two nieces—for Constance has a sister, who has been invited to bear Winny company on this, her first foreign tour—and looks at the two chairs tilted against the table. Who will be the girls' neighbours? he wonders.

"How late these people are!" says little Mimi Everard in a whisper to Winny; and almost at the same moment a lady and gentleman walk rapidly down the long room, and glide into the two vacant seats. Mimi is Constance's own sister, and from out of the corners of her round blue eyes she takes a look at the strangers, for she knows at once that they are fresh arrivals, and, moreover, English. The result of the glance is satisfactory. The lady who sits next to her is very pretty, the gentleman the other side of her—she can just catch his profile—is decidedly nice-looking; and there is something about his moustache which tells her that he is in the army, and disposes her at once favourably towards him. Also his face—at least, the portion of it that she can see—seems familiar to her. Of course, also, the two are husband and wife: perhaps on their wedding tour. How she wishes the lady would speak to her! but no, she seems to have so much to say to her husband that she does not even bestow a glance on Mimi.

Truth to tell, the latter is not so enchanted with foreign travel as she thought she would be. She finds it just a little bit dull. They have left England a whole fortnight now, and, except Uncle George, she has not spoken to a single man since they stepped into the steamboat at Dover. Coming fresh from the bustle and excitement of Constance's wedding, from the tennis parties, reviews, dances, and so on, at Aldershot and in the neighbourhood, Colonel Everard's rule seems terribly strict. The two girls are guarded from intercourse with any promiscuous stranger in train, hotel, or *table d'hôte*, with a truly insular suspicion, and it *is* dull. At home there is tennis every day, and always two or three, if not many more, to five o'clock tea. Visions of bronzed and sunburnt faces hovering about their colonel's daughter, of much fun and banter, rise before her mind's eye, and she gives another glance at the drooping, fair moustache; then turns to Winny, who, usually talkative enough, and interested in every one at the long table, has fallen into silence.

To her astonishment, her cousin has her eyes fixed on her plate, and is literally absorbed in the not very inviting piece of beef that lies before her. Is it so very hot? Or what is it has dyed the creamy skin a faint crimson?

"Winny," she begins; but at the same moment a large dish of vegetables is set down at her side, and a soft voice remarks—

"These dishes are very heavy, are they not?"

"'WHENEVER YOU LOOK AT IT, YOU WILL REMEMBER MY WORDS'" (*p.* 642).

In a moment Mimi has turned round, only too glad to seize the opportunity.

"Are they not?" she responds readily; "and yet, how the waiters carry them half a dozen at a time!"

Two heads are put forward, hearing this conversation commence: Colonel Everard's in the character of Cerberus to his two nieces; the fair moustache's, curious to see to whom his sister is talking. It acts as a kind of electric current running along the chain from one extremity to the other, as the light of recognition flashes into each eye, and Mimi perceives with ecstacy that these people—these charming-looking people—are friends of her uncle's.

It is a trying moment for Winny. The very name of Champneys makes her tingle all over; what must their presence do? Mimi little guesses the supreme effort it is to her cousin to lift her eyes from that very tough piece of beef she has been so attentively considering, and to give Alice Champneys—for she it is—that swift sweet smile of greeting. Alas! that her meeting with this dear friend should be tinged with pain. She feels that there is constraint in every

word of pleasure she expresses, in every smile, in every gesture; but Alice does not seem to perceive it. Eagerly she leans forward, talking, questioning, whilst the owner of the fair moustache sits back in his chair, after one grave bow to Winny, and studies the arabesques that adorn the walls.

Little Mimi is introduced to the two strangers, and is surprised, and perhaps not displeased, to find that, after all, they are not husband and wife, but only brother and sister. "What a comfort," she says to herself, "to again have intercourse with any one young, or at any rate youngish!" and with these thoughts she manages to commence a conversation with the fair moustache across Alice's back. He starts out of a brown study as she addresses him, and turns to her a face lighted up by a smile, which she is sure she has seen before. He explains the riddle at once himself, and Mimi is perfectly happy as he recalls to her memory those days at York when she, a tiny child, would make him her slave, and he would take Con and her to the Minster with him to hear the anthem.

All through the numerous courses their tongues—or rather Mimi's tongue never ceases, whilst Alice's and Winny's are almost equally active. Occasionally Colonel Everard puts in a word, but on the whole he is silent and abstracted. Here he is face to face with a man whom, some five years ago now, he treated with haughty intolerance for an imaginary sin. True, he can apologise—and no idea of not so doing ever enters his head—but how?

He is still lost in these meditations, when there is a scraping of chairs, a general rising, and he finds that the meal is over. The three ladies pass out first, and Roger and Colonel Everard, falling behind, bring up the rear.

It is five years since the two have been in such close quarters together: five years since those two notes were exchanged; and both have grown older. This is more noticeably the case with Roger, and as he looks at the young man, Colonel Everard feels that he will never resume his old relations with him without an apology. That is no boy to be treated *de haut en bas*, to be snubbed one day, and taken up warmly the next. Roger has returned his greeting quietly and gravely, and as they walk down the room they exchange a few curt remarks on different topics.

They are out in the passage now. The three girls are standing in a cluster, and the two men move forward to shake hands, the one with Winny, the other with Alice. If there is any constraint anywhere, Mimi does not perceive it, being far too bent on securing the companionship of these two new friends for the afternoon. Alone with Uncle George, she is rather afraid of him; but protected by strangers, she means to get her own way.

"Uncle George," she cries in her high treble tones, "do persuade Mr. and Miss Champneys to come and drink cream with us this afternoon. You know," turning to Roger, "it will be so dreadfully dull for us to drink it by ourselves. Do come."

Roger smiles, and keeps his eyes resolutely fixed on Mimi's somewhat silly but pretty face.

"We are only here for a week," he answers. "Do you think we are justified in spending a whole afternoon in drinking cream?"

"Oh! but you must not begin work at once: it would be very bad for your sister. You ought really to begin with the Châlet; we go there nearly every day for my cousin, who has been very ill, and is ordered to drink cream."

All this time—which, however, is not much more than a second—Alice has been listening to the discussion, and Winny has been attentively considering a spot on the skirt of her dress. Now a voice which thrills through her sounds in her ears.

"I hope you are really very much stronger, Miss Smith?" it says; and she lifts her eyes to encounter his gaze as she answers hastily—

"Quite strong: quite well."

Mimi suddenly finds an unexpected ally.

"Won't you come, Roger?" asks Colonel Everard; then turning to Alice—"Can't you persuade him?" he says.

Mr. Champneys starts at the familiar "Roger" once more; Alice raises her voice, and her brother yields, after one final protest. Surely, surely, now that she is engaged to be married he ought to be case-hardened, or he will make himself so.

Yes, during this week—that is to say, if Colonel Everard gives him some explanation of his former extraordinary conduct, as opposed to his present geniality of manner—he will teach himself to bear her presence, to hear her voice, to see her smile, without wincing, schooling himself to the fact that she will shortly pass into the possession of another.

It is arranged that they are to meet at half-past three at the door. Mimi flies up-stairs two steps at a time to their sitting-room, where she executes a *pirouette* of joy in her light-heartedness, nearly upsetting the table, and raising a frown on what she calls her "severe uncle's" countenance. He is in no humour for *pirouettes*, having a disagreeable task before him, and he sharply reproves her; then turns to where Winny has put his papers and his books all ready for him.

"Another letter to Mrs. Craven?" he asks, as he sees her preparing her writing things; and the next hour is spent in silence, only broken by little Mimi drumming on the panes of glass, as, with her eyes fixed on the snowy glacier, her thoughts turn themselves ever and again to the new acquaintances.

"Quarter-past three, Win; come and dress," she cries; and seizing the portfolio, mounts a chair, and places it out of reach on the top of the *schrank*, the solitary piece of extra furniture that adorns the room.

"There, now you can't write any more. I should like to know what you can find to say in those long letters to Mrs. Craven? Ah! I guess. Of course you have been giving a lengthy description of a certain person, who is very nice, and who had the good taste to talk to your little cousin all through dinner. He is delightful, is he not, Win?"

"Mimi," says a stern voice from behind the *Times*, "don't talk school-girlish nonsense. Fetch Winny's

blotting-book at once from where you have put it, and then go and dress."

Mimi, pouting and muttering, follows her cousin.

"I do not at all agree with Con about Uncle George," she says, almost crying. "I think he is detestable. I wish I were at home. If it were not for you, Winny, I declare I would go."

Winny soothes the poor little wounded spirit, and restores her to equanimity by fastening a bunch of Alpine roses coquettishly at her throat, and the child lifts her babyish face up to be kissed with a whispered—

"He *is* nice-looking, is he not, Win?"

"Very nice-looking, dear," says her cousin, with a thrill of satisfaction at being able to speak without constraint. "It is such a steadfast face;" and there is the ghost of a sigh.

"I remember him quite well," Mimi prattles on. "He was the youngest subaltern in the regiment, and he used to play with Con and Frank and me, have tea with us in the nursery and school-room, and take us to the Minster with him. And he had an enormous bull-terrier—such a beauty, named Demon —I wonder what has become of it. I must ask him. Oh, Winny! do make haste; it is half-past three."

Mimi is all smiles as they descend the staircase, and find Roger and Alice, whilst waiting for them, talking to their landlord at the *bureau*. The little party sets out, but Mimi says to herself that Uncle George is downright hateful as he quietly appropriates Roger, leaving the three girls to walk and talk together.

Alice and Winny have no lack of conversation: the arrangement suits them exactly; and Mimi is not allowed to be left out in the cold, Winny explains every allusion, every joke, to her, till the three tongues blend together in one unceasing strain. Not so in the rear. At first there is a stern silence between the two men as they follow the ladies, and it is Colonel Everard who first breaks it.

"How long have you been in the Engadine?" he asks.

"About three weeks. We came with my sister, Mrs. Hathersage, who had been ordered to the baths at St. Moritz; so Alice and I thought we would run over to Pontresina for a week."

"And the children? I suppose they have grown out of all recognition?"

"They—at least, the twins—have grown very unmanageable," answers Roger, responding to the cordial tone, "and they are soon going to school."

There is a pause. Colonel Everard is meditating how to convey his apology, which, after the lapse of five years, is somewhat difficult to introduce.

"Roger," he commences; then pauses. "Roger, I once behaved very badly to you."

"Do not speak of it, Colonel."

"Yes, but I must. I had taken an idea into my head—never mind what it was—and I acted on it. I have but lately found out that it was a false and mistaken idea. Will you pardon me that letter I wrote you five years ago?" and held out his hand.

It was taken, and warmly shaken.

"Indeed, I have very little to pardon," he answers, smiling to himself as he recalls Kate's explanation of the "false and mistaken idea;" "but I am very much obliged to you, all the same, for I felt sure that you were labouring under some misapprehension."

So the disagreeable task is over, and the old relations apparently re-established. Can they ever be the same again? His eyes are fixed on the tall, graceful figure in front of him, on the long creamy throat, on the coils of lustrous hair, and abruptly he bursts into a fresh subject. He tells Colonel Everard all that he has been doing since he left Tranmere, and of the stroke of good fortune that has befallen him. Stocks and shares, investments and speculations, form the interesting subjects of their conversation till they reach the Châlet; and here, to Mimi's delight, the two gentlemen join the ladies; four bowls of cream are ordered; and Mimi finds herself next to Roger, as they seat themselves at a rustic wooden table, prepared to go through heroically with their somewhat cloying task.

Colonel Everard alone refuses the cream, and settles down by the side of Alice; and so engrossing do these two find each other—as do also, apparently, Mimi and Roger—that Winny, who sits in the centre, entrenched between her friend and her cousin, does not get a word out of either of them. She has finished her cream long before the others; Roger and Mimi are laughing and teasing each other; Colonel Everard and Alice are talking low and earnestly; so she looks up the valley, and arranges a picture in her mind's eye.

It is a glorious afternoon. Overhead the sky is exquisitely blue, throwing out the clear white sharpness of the Rosegg outlines; the smell of the pine-trees is there; the murmur of the river: all tempts to a longer walk than merely to the cream Châlet and back.

"Oh! do let us go further up the valley," cries Mimi, as, after a long time, they prepare to break up. "It is a shame to go in yet awhile; it is only half-past five, and we do not have tea till seven."

They all look their acquiescence, although Colonel Everard alone is to give the word. He thinks it a pleasant idea himself, but it is the thought of Winny that makes him hesitate.

"You must not walk any further to-day, Win," he says; and involuntarily Roger turns and looks at her. Yes, you can see she has been ill; even the foreign sun has failed to leave its mark on that clear white skin, where the blue veins show out so distinctly, and from which the large eyes look out doubly large. He withdraws his gaze almost immediately as had he been turning it to the sun, and as he does so his eye falls on the glittering diamond ring that encircles the thin finger of her left hand. Ah! then it is quite, irrevocably true.

The task he has set himself, which a moment ago seemed beyond his powers, again assumes lighter proportions. He *must* come off victor in the end.

Meanwhile Winny, knowing she cannot walk any further, is loth to detain the rest of the party.

"I will saunter quietly home," she says, "whilst all of you go on."

"I do not like your walking by yourself," returns her uncle; and she cannot help smiling as she thinks of the many walks she has taken in London by herself, and of the numerous unprotected females who, here in Pontresina, with drawing materials or books in their hands, wander about among the pine-trees. She holds up her sketch-book.

"This shall be my chaperon," she cries laughingly. "Make yourself quite happy, Uncle George: I shall be home in no time."

Reluctantly he agrees to her proposal, and leaves her—the first time he has done so since they quitted England together. Three times he looks back to watch her receding figure, and not until it is out of sight does he give himself up to the charm of sweet Alice's conversation.

Meanwhile, Winny makes the best of her way home, only too glad, too thankful, to be alone. For all her outward calmness, her heart is beating tumultuously—so much so that no sooner is the rest of the party out of sight than she is forced to sit down on the first mossy stone she can find, to try and still her throbbing pulses. It is because she is not strong, she tries to persuade herself, that she is thus affected by the sight of a man who is no more to her than the stream that leaps and foams at her side, as it hurries away from its snowy cradle. Like Roger, she too forms a resolution: she too will not yield to weakness. She will see him, and hear him, and talk to him as in the old days—that is to say, as far as she can after that terrible accusation brought against her by her uncle; and perhaps familiarity, although it certainly will not breed contempt, may bring peace to her foolish, troubled heart.

How long she sits and thinks she knows not, till, warned by the chill glacier air that comes sweeping down the valley, she rises once more. This time she walks slowly home, without stopping, admonished by her watch that she will not, after all, be very much before the others.

As she turns from the paved streets into the hotel, she is aware of a fresh arrival. An *einspanner* is drawn up near the entrance, and there is a confusion of boxes about the passage. Pre-occupied as she is, she notices at once that they are all new, and marked conspicuously with large C. W.'s. She is, therefore, not surprised when the lady who is talking so volubly to the landlord's son turns suddenly round, and displays Constance's charming face.

"Con!" "Win!" they mutually cry, and then there follow questions and answers in rapid succession. Captain Warburton, who has been fighting with his driver over his charges, now joins them, and begs for Winny's co-operation in securing them rooms, which they have hitherto been denied on account of the fulness of the hotel.

They are still in hot debate on this weighty subject when the walking party arrives, and there are fresh interrogations, fresh greetings, to be exchanged.

Constance's sharp eyes have noted in one second the order in which they have sauntered into the hotel: Roger with alacrity, accompanied by Mimi; Colonel Everard and Alice slowly in the rear, coming to a standstill for last words just outside the door.

"Who is that sweetly pretty girl with Uncle George?" she whispers to Winny; then catching a fuller view of the bright, lovely face—

"Why, it is—of course it is—Alice Champneys! Do you remember me? I am Constance Everard—I mean Constance Warburton."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

HOLIDAY-TIME.

A WHOLE week has passed away, and what does not a week at Pontresina mean?

To the party assembled at the Hôtel Adler it means expeditions every day, delicious early morning starts, when the air is fresh and frosty as in January, long hours on mountain and glacier, merry home-comings, genial evening teas, fun and laughter. It is holiday-time, and they are all bent on making the best of their holiday.

And who enjoys it the most? That is difficult to say. Is it Captain Warburton, escaped from drills, parades, and uniform, to wander over mountain and pass with his newly-made wife, who seems to his eyes to develop every day some fresh charm? Is it Roger, striving to forget for the time the words "farms," "leases," "tenants," "tenements," &c., whose laugh is the most frequently heard, and whose spirits rise and fall in fitful gusts? Or is it Colonel Everard, who, with the vigour and elasticity of a youth of twenty, is the foremost in all the ascents, whose step is the firmest on the slippery ice, whose strong arm is always ready to help—well, it must be Alice, seeing that Captain and Mrs. Warburton are inseparable, and that Mimi has appropriated Roger—and who has ceased to be the "severe uncle," and has blossomed into a new geniality, and occasionally a strange forgetfulness of his nieces.

One there is who, as a looker-on only, is the best calculated to judge.

Winifred has not the strength for the hundredth part of these excursions, much less for starts at four and five o'clock in the morning. To her is allotted the part to stay at home, and she will not hear of her uncle keeping her company: she has made several friends in the hotel, and is quite satisfied to stay with them, she tells him; and no one guesses how, with her naturally vigorous physical nature, she longs one moment to be with them all, and the next, remembering Roger, is glad to be left behind. She means to make one grand expedition, she says, before she leaves, and to that end is husbanding her strength, dutifully drinking her cream, going to bed in good time, and getting up late. She hears the many sounds that indicate the early starts; she welcomes the mountaineers on their return home; and during those sociable genial teas she makes her observations.

One thing that she has discovered, and is content that it should be so, is that they have all paired off, and left her alone. Not but that her uncle is always her uncle: thoughtful, careful, tender to her,

although it is only natural that he should turn to Alice to allude to this or that incident in the day, as they sit side by side at the various meals. Entrenched between him and Captain Warburton, whom she is anxious to learn to know better, Winny hears Mimi's bird-like little laugh, detects the jarring note in Roger's responsive burst, and wonders.

Very few words has she exchanged with Mr. Champneys since his arrival last week; once only have they been *tête-à-tête*, and that for barely five minutes, when, walking back from church on the Sunday, they accidentally found themselves alone together.

Throughout the days that they had been in each other's company, Roger had listened and watched for some word, either from Colonel Everard or Winny, indicative of her engagement to Lord Carnford, and confirmatory of the meaning of that suspicious ring. But none had come, save a casual mention on Colonel Everard's part that, in fulfilment of a long-standing promise, Lord Carnford had been in Norway since the early part of July, salmon-fishing with two friends.

A wild hope had sprung up then in his heart that that paragraph which had dealt him so severe a blow might turn out to be only one more of that paper's many fabrications, and the ring — or rather, the position it occupied—be somehow explained away. Buoyed up by this new-born hope—baseless as he felt it to be—he resolved on this Sunday, when he found himself unexpectedly alone with the object of all his thoughts, to go straight to the fountain-head and find out the truth from herself.

It was an awkward topic to commence on, and, truth to tell, he set to work awkwardly about it; but time was precious. Any moment that indefatigable chatterbox, Mimi, who was loitering behind with her brother-in-law, might be upon them, and then good-bye to all chance of a *tête-à-tête*.

"Do you know," he began abruptly, "that you are really beginning to look better? The cream is taking effect."

"Don't mention it to me to-day," she answered, in the light bantering tone she had adopted towards him. "Sunday is indeed my day of rest. I drink no cream on Sunday."

"And how long does the course continue?" he asked. "How long do you stay here?"

"I do not know. We are tied to no time. If we like a place, we stay there; if not, we go. We are travelling in the most delightful way: going and coming as the spirit moves us."

"Tied to no time!" he echoed, somewhat puzzled. What should such words mean? Surely not an engagement. He would not hesitate another second: he would put it to the venture, and, once for all, know the truth.

"Miss Smith," he began again, plunging head-foremost into the subject, "I have never congratulated you. Will you accept my best congratulations now, though given somewhat late in the day?"

Winny, whose thoughts were far away from matrimony, or anything connected with matrimony, found the natural solution of these words in the success of her picture. It was quite true: Roger had never spoken of it to her; and considering their old talks about painting, she had wondered at his silence. Now, however, that he had broken the ice, might she not allow herself five minutes' enjoyable conversation?

"Thank you," she said; then added shyly, "I knew you would be glad."

They were standing outside the hotel now, waiting for the others to join them. Colonel Everard had recognised some friends in church, and had stopped to speak to them; but just at this moment—just as it seemed to Roger that the sun had gone in, that the glorious, beautiful world on which he stood had become a large grave, wherein lay buried all his hopes—they came up.

In the sudden in-pouring of a portion of the congregation to the hotel, no one noticed the blanching even to the lips of the sunburnt face, the violent effort to conjure up a smile. Mimi had come quietly behind Winny with a long piece of grass in her hand, and had made her cousin turn brusquely round by tickling her throat, and Roger had seized this opportunity to escape. He had slipped away from the crowd, from the narrow-paved street, out into the open for a few minutes to himself.

"She knew he would be glad!" What did she mean by those cruel words? Did she so reckon on his friendship that he should rejoice to know that she was about to fill a position for which she was so eminently qualified? Glad! he glad! He laughed out loud a bitter mocking laugh, which, had even Alice heard, she would not have recognised for Roger's. Well, yes, he was glad; glad that it was all over: the hopes, the fears, the uncertainty; he knew the truth now, and from her own lips.

And the young lord, her affianced husband? What a tender, careful betrothed he was! She had been ill, suffering; she bore the stamp of it on her white face, in her large eyes, in the china-like transparency of her thin hand; and where was he? Salmon-fishing in Norway with two other friends, quite content, quite certain that she was his. Ah! had he, Roger, been in his place, would he ever have left her? Could he ever have taken his eyes off her, have let her out of his sight? Well, of course they understood each other; it was no business of his; only, what kind of a husband would such a *fiancé* make?

How coldly, calmly, immovably the white solemn glacier faced him, mocking the petty storms, cares, and troubles of humanity by its icy immobility! He turned away from it as from an unsympathetic friend, to find that it was dinner-time. As he entered the hotel, Alice met him.

"Where have you been hiding yourself, Roger?" she asked. "Dinner is ready, they are all gone in. Make haste, or we may lose our places."

"Never mind if we do," he responded, on his side not noticing the unusual fussiness on Alice's part, as she, in her turn, failed to notice his disturbed looks.

"But—but—it is nice to be near the Everards," she said.

"Do you think so?" he answered. "I get heartily tired of the same people every day."

All this had happened on the Sunday, and on the following Friday he and Alice are still at Pontresina, lingering beyond their week. It is since Sunday that Roger has grown so strangely, fitfully hilarious, that, had it not been for pre-occupation on all sides, some one surely must have noticed it. As it is, it passes without thought or comment. Winny alone perceives it, and she attributes it to the fact that he must be—falling in love with Mimi! There are other matters to occupy her attention, though this one stands out pre-eminently from the rest, accompanied by a dull aching pain, which increases tenfold in intensity every time she finds herself in Mr. Champneys' presence. Why has Colonel Everard, when alone with his nieces, become so silent, so abstracted? Why is it that his newspapers slip from his fingers, and he forgets to pick them up again? that his forehead is knit as with care, and that occasionally—very occasionally—he even forgets Winny?

She knows—she sees it all; she can even perceive the same signs in Alice Champneys, and she is glad. She feels instinctively that the two will make each other happy; and as for herself—well, is she not wedded to art? Her nearest and dearest may pair off, and leave her alone, but no one can rob her of her brush, no one can take from her her sense of form and colour, no one can extinguish the light of her life.

She is so thoroughly acquainted with her uncle's character that she can even guess that there is a struggle going on between his higher and his lower nature: the latter suggesting that Alice Champneys is no match for Colonel Everard of Tranmere Castle; the former telling him that, with her sweet, sound, refined character, she is a match for any one.

There are, however, other doubts at work, of which his niece knows nothing, and which, strange to say, have never entered her head. To Colonel Everard they are very grave. "Will a young and pretty girl like Alice have anything to say to a man double her age?" he asks himself, a new humility taking possession of him since love has crept into his heart.

Winny has no fears as to the issue of all this. She sees that her uncle is completely captivated by Alice's blue eyes, sweet ways and manners, the outward indications of her inward goodness and unselfishness; and she knows, with a woman's instinct, that Alice's hitherto impervious heart has escaped from her own keeping. As from a loftier and isolated standpoint, she watches these three couples: Con and her husband, so utterly absorbed in one another that they see nothing beyond themselves; Roger and Mimi; Colonel Everard and Alice—she sometimes longs for Gilbert, with his cheery words of encouragement, for sympathetic enthusiastic Helen, even for little soft Nora, and scolds herself that her uncle should not be all-sufficing.

So matters stand on the Saturday. On the Monday, Mr. and Miss Champneys return to St. Moritz, and Winny fully expects that Tuesday will see her uncle, Mimi, and herself likewise repairing thither.

But on this Saturday morning, while she is drying her flowers alone in the sitting-room, Mimi comes dancing in, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, her face pink with excitement.

"Guess who has just arrived, Win!" she cries.

Winny's thoughts wickedly fly to a certain Mr. Morton, whose name, up to ten days ago, was always in Mimi's mouth; so she puts her question discreetly.

"Any one from Aldershot?" she asks.

"Oh, dear, no! Who should come from Aldershot? The leave season has not begun yet," with some contempt for such ignorance.

"I did not know," says Winny, laughing. "Any one I know, Mimi?"

"Yes; can't you guess?"

"Gilbert and Helen? Oh, Mimi! are they here?"

"No, of course not; how stupid you are, Win! I must tell you, after all—Mr. and Mrs. Hathersage."

"Oh!" with an accent of disappointment—"I mean I am very glad; but still, I do not see why you should be so enchanted."

"They have come to stay, bag and baggage. Now do you understand? Of course, if they come the Champneys will not go; do you see, you dear, blind old mole?"

"Yes, I see; and perhaps I am not quite so blind as you fancy. Has Uncle George heard the news?"

"I do not know where he is; he won't care much. Mrs. Hathersage seems very nice, Winny. She is an invalid—at least, a kind of invalid—so she will keep you company."

"I am not an invalid," rejoins Winny. "I mean to go up Piz Languard before I leave this, and after that you will never be able to saddle me with that name again. If you are going back to Mrs. Hathersage, give her my love, and tell her that as soon as she has recovered arriving, I shall come and see her."

Off dances Mimi again, and Winny is left to her own meditations. There is no escape for her, then: she is fated, it seems, for the present at least, to be constantly in the company of Roger Champneys. She had thought herself brave, and she knows now that she is not: at any rate, not sufficiently so to bear his quiet indifference to her without inwardly wincing. How long will it last?

Her next interruption is from her uncle. He walks into the room, and a smile hovers round his mouth as he places his hand affectionately on her shoulder.

"So you are not to lose your friend after all, my child. I suppose Mimi has told you that Mr. and Mrs. Hathersage have arrived, and not having written beforehand, they are at their wits' end for rooms. There is a talk of Roger and his sister moving into the *dépendance*. It is uncomfortable for a lady; should you make any objection if I gave up my room to Miss Champneys, and retired across the way with Roger? I should be just as much with you as ever, and you would have Mrs. Hathersage to supply any deficiencies in my chaperonage."

"No, dear, of course I should not object; only I do not like your making yourself uncomfortable. The

dépendance is rather wretched, especially in bad weather."

"All the more reason that Miss Champneys should not be obliged to put up with it. Then that is settled. I will go and tell them."

It is not without a great deal of demurring that Alice will agree to such a proposition, and then only in deference to Colonel Everard's and Kate's insistance.

Matters being thus happily settled, the party resume all their old habits, leaving Winny at home with lighter hearts, now that she can enjoy Mrs. Hathersage's company. That very shrewd person has not been in the hotel twelve hours before she sees the *carte du pays* spread out before her: that is to say, as far as Alice and Colonel Everard are concerned. She smiles to herself to think that at last her fastidious sister has met with some one to suit her taste, and recalls the old jokes of bygone years, when she and Roger used to tease Alice over her girlish admiration for Colonel Everard. She mentions the subject to her brother, with the certainty that he knows all about it, and is amazed to find it quite a revelation to him.

He had not noticed anything, he says, and Kate asks him where were his eyes and his ears; but, shrewd as she is, she does not discover the cause of such blindness and deafness, nor has she now, any more than she had four years ago, any idea of the state of his affections. She sees that he is bright and lively, and she attributes it to the removal of care in money matters, and only hopes he will not lose his heart, now that he can afford to do so, to that pretty but rather silly, little girl Mimi Everard.

The weather is glorious. Day after day the two hundred inhabitants of the hotel rise to find a sky unflecked in its deep blue; day after day expeditions go forth at three, four, five o'clock, and the faces round the dinner-tables grow a deeper, richer crimson and brown. Hardly a morning goes by that the Everard and Champneys party do not rise at some shiveringly early hour, and set forth for mountain or pass. A restless activity has taken possession of them; and on the off days, when the ladies cry out for rest, Colonel Everard and Roger undertake ascents and journeys beyond the powers of their womankind.

Kate and Winny stay quietly at home, taking sober drives in *einspanners*, and talking as women know how to talk. Mrs. Hathersage is resolved "to take her friend in hand," she says, shocked at the white face and other visible tokens of her dangerous illness; and, arguing that the girl gets a little dull and depressed when left at home alone, whilst the others go out, she does her best to cheer her by her own sprightly conversation. During the drives she entertains her with the account of their lives, their actions, their plans in Yorkshire, and somehow the conversation invariably falls upon Roger: what he is to Spencer; what he has done for the large manufacturing village, where his influence is not only felt, but welcomed, in nearly every house and cottage; what he has been as a brother. All this Winny has to listen to—and she does so greedily—with feelings of mingled pain and pleasure. And as the days wear on, there is no doubt that she does make progress. Is it Kate's wise prescription? or is it that the beautiful air and rich cream are beginning to take effect? is it all the care and tenderness that is lavished upon her? Certain it is that when Mr. and Mrs. Hathersage have been at Pontresina a week, the latter discovers that Winny has made a start.

"I think we may allow Piz Languard now, Colonel Everard," she says to him one evening after tea. "Winny is really better, and I feel sure that it will do her good; only you must not start too early, and you must take plenty of wraps and food. She has set her heart on the expedition, or else there are others that are more within the compass of her powers."

That same evening Roger, returning from a somewhat distant excursion, joins the party at tea, and at once makes his way for Mimi's side.

"I have obeyed your orders, O queen!" he says. "Will you accept this offering from your most humble servant?" and with a low bow he hands her an exquisite bouquet of "edelweiss," moss, and fern.

Mimi's eyes sparkle. "Did it come from very high up?" she asks. "Was it *very* difficult to get?"

"Did I nearly break my neck in the attempt, you mean?" asks Roger. "No; truth compels me to own that I did not. It was a little slippery, but I can assure you I ran no risk."

"Ah!" a trifle disappointed. "I fancied edelweiss was so very difficult to get at," eyeing suspiciously a large root of the flower that he still holds in his hand.

"You would not be a second Kunigunde, surely, Miss Everard?" he asks. "I am certain it is a part you would never have the heart to play."

"Kunigunde?" queries Mimi pettishly. "Who was Kunigunde?"

"You get my sister Alice to tell you, or rather, recite to you all about her," he answers, and then makes his way across the room to where Winny is standing.

It is not often that he addresses her now, much less comes directly up to her, and the eyes that meet his have a faint tinge of surprise in them that smite him more than the most cutting reproaches.

"Will you add this to your collection of flowers?" he says, as he gives her the root of edelweiss he holds in his hand. "It is, as you see, a very fine specimen, and will, I hope, flourish."

"Thank you," comes the deep-toned answer. "My collection is getting on wonderfully. I think I have almost a hundred varieties of plants, ferns, and mosses. I only hope they will do well at Tranmere."

"Tranmere?"

"Yes; we return there for the first of September."

"Ah! yes, of course. And when is Piz Languard to come off?"

"The day after to-morrow, if fine."

"Indeed! then you are really getting strong?"

"Oh! yes. I could not leave this place without making one mountain expedition, and if I cannot walk to the top, why——"

"We will carry you," he interrupts her. "The colonel and I could make a sedan-chair, and bear you in triumph to the top."

"'ROGER, I ONCE BEHAVED VERY BADLY TO YOU'" (*p.* 648).

"I was going to say that I could sit down and wait till the rest came back. You have been up there twice already, have you not?"

"That is true," resuming the formal tone with which he had opened the conversation. "Perhaps I shall not go a third time; but still you will have your uncle and Warburton for the sedan-chair. You must see the view; it would be too bad that you should go so far, and then miss the object of the undertaking."

"Mr. Champneys," says a clear childish voice at his elbow, "tea is ready. Come."

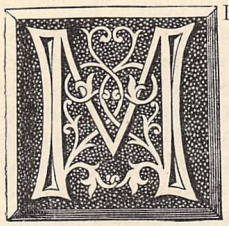
END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

HOW MOLLY MADE BOTH ENDS MEET.

BY PHILLIS BROWNE, AUTHOR OF "WHAT GIRLS CAN DO."

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

ANOTHER PERPLEXITY.



RS. BROWNE wrote to Molly, as she had said that she would do; but the servant difficulty did not immediately arrange itself, although Molly tried to act according to the most approved principles. The fact was that for a little while the young mistress confounded "trust" with "licence;" and, while endeavouring to induce her maid to co-operate with her, fell into the danger of leading the girl to think that she was to do just as she liked, and that no rule of conduct would be enforced. This was going as much too far in one direction as she had previously gone in its opposite, and new regulations had to be made, and a line drawn between what was to be and what was not to be permitted.

Then, too, Molly had a good deal of anxiety about money matters, gaining experience chiefly in discovering what she was compelled to do without. The experience was not a very agreeable one. Economy *must* be practised in thousands of homes where it is not by any means enjoyed. Making both ends meet is, after all, a very prosaic sort of business. Many have begun to attempt it full of hope, determined to achieve impossibilities, and to make money go further than ever was done before, who, after a time, have broken down, utterly weary of the dull monotony of the thing. In most of the struggles in which men and women engage, there are, every now and then, agreeable variations; opportunities occur for daring sallies or brilliant little spurts, which accomplish wonders with comparative ease; but no pleasant episodes of this kind must be looked for by those who are simply trying to make those two ends of income —which, if left to their natural course, would remain ever so far apart—come together over a solid block of necessary expenditure. It is imperative that the would-be economisers should realise that economy is not produced by stupendous efforts or mighty exertions, but by *continual carefulness over small things.*

Mrs. Browne's mind was much occupied with thoughts of this sort as she walked towards the house of her friends one day when Molly's letter was expected as usual. In her last letter the little woman had been quite low-spirited, and had talked quite pathetically about her "failure," as if she had never made any headway at all. She had also grown almost out of patience with the plans she and her young husband had laid down for their mutual assistance. "Never recommend any one to portion out their income, and to keep each portion in its allotted box," she wrote. "The only result of such an arrangement is that you are continually reminded of your own poverty. The characteristic of the *nice* boxes—those which are intended for the money we can enjoy ourselves with, and devote to travelling, amusements, and extras—is that they are always empty, and the whole of our cash in hand seems to be swallowed up by the disagreeable boxes marked 'Rent,' 'Taxes,' &c. I shall be quite glad when quarter-day comes, so that 'Rent' may be emptied, and give up tempting us to spend what we know we cannot afford."

"Foolish little Molly! The fact that 'Rent' is there, all ready for quarter-day, proves the excellence of the scheme. I hope the child is not losing heart," said Mother.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Browne. "We all have our moods, and perhaps she is not quite well."

"Still, I think it is quite possible to do too much at this economising," said Aunt Susan. "Industry and economy alone will not secure success in life, and I should be sorry if the result of poor little Molly's niggling at small things was that her husband did not exert himself to increase the income."

"What does secure success if industry and economy do not?" said Mother, more, it seemed, because she wanted to divert Aunt Susan from remarking on Charlie than because she wished to hear her opinion.

"Success is the result of being in the right spot at the right time, and of being quick enough to see your opportunity when it comes and take advantage of it," said Aunt Susan. "Do you think Charlie can do that? If he cannot—'poor Molly!' that is all I say. She will be tired of economy before she has done with it."

"I feel quite sure Charlie will do his part well," said Mother. "Meantime, I am anxious that, when the opportunity does arrive, he should not be held back from taking advantage of it by his wife. If through her industry and method he is free from debt and anxiety, he is much more likely to be able to take the current when it serves which leads on to fortune."

"Of course he is," said Mrs. Browne.

"So," continued Mother, "I am not at all inclined to say 'poor Molly.' If only Molly knew it, she has an opportunity now of gaining such a firm hold of her husband's love as few women enjoy. The happiest marriages are those in which husband and wife fight together, share the toil, as they hope afterwards to share the ease. For the sake of my daughter's happiness, I would rather that she struggled up the hill of difficulty *with* her husband than that she joined him when he had reached the top in order to share with him the success she had done nothing to secure."

"Quite right, mother," said Mrs. Browne. "What is it that Shakespeare makes our favourite Beatrice say when Don Pedro asks her to marry him?—'Not unless I might have another husband for working days, my lord. Your grace is too costly to wear every day.' Married folks have to be together on working

days as well as fête days. Pity the individual who is tied to a companion unsuited to either."

At this moment Molly's letter arrived. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR FRIENDS,—I write now from both Charlie and myself to ask Aunt Susan and Mrs. Browne to make mother come and pay us a visit. Now, mother dear, you must come. Charlie says I am to say from him that he insists upon your coming straight away, and that the day after to-morrow he shall meet the half-past four o'clock train, and hopes you will come by it. I feel so delighted since I have allowed myself to think that I shall see you so soon, dear mother. Do you know that we have been married a year to-morrow? I can scarcely believe it, for I feel quite like an old married woman. We have fixed the day after that for turning out the boxes and seeing how we stand in money matters. Somehow it seems like profanation to employ our wedding-day in casting accounts. So, mother dear, when you come you shall have the privilege of counting up our money with us. I am afraid we shall be ever so much behind; they say people always are.

"There is something else I want to consult you about, too. I know that both mother and Mrs. Browne are very strongly opposed to match-making. I am not so sure about Aunt Susan; she is such an advocate for the marriage state——"

"There is an extraordinary statement!" said Aunt Susan indignantly. "Have I not always maintained that people marry in haste and repent at leisure, and does——"

"Molly is teasing you, dear," said Mother, and continued reading.

"I have an objection to match-making, too, but I am very much afraid that, unwittingly, Charlie and I have been doing the very thing we deprecate. You know that I have mentioned a friend of Charlie's (Mr. Malcolm) in my letters. Well, you cannot think how intimate he and Jenny have lately become. They always seem to understand one another; they like the same books, enjoy the same music, hold the same opinions, and, during conversation, their eyes keep meeting sympathetically in the most aggravating way. The wonder of it is, to me, that all this has come upon us very suddenly. When I was a girl I was a very long time in getting to like Charlie. Don't you remember that I thought he cared for Mary Sergeant (that cross-looking girl who lived over the way), until all at once I found he liked me, and then I began to think about him? But there has been no hesitation about Jenny, and she seems to have got on so very rapidly. So I want you to advise me, dear mother. Mr. Malcolm is very nice; only, when one thinks what a serious business marriage is, and how two people may become united who are altogether unsuited to each other, it makes one tremble. Since I have seen what was coming upon us, I have felt it my duty to keep a strict watch over Jenny. I make a point of going into the room with my work when they look as if they wanted to talk together. I am afraid that I have only succeeded in making myself eminently disagreeable to everybody all round. So, mother dear, come directly to your blundering little MOLLY.

"P.S.—I ought to tell you that Charlie thinks I am quite mistaken in thinking Jenny and Mr. Malcolm care for each other. He says that his sister is not the sort of girl to fall in love; she is made for an old maid, because she is so good. (Compliment to me!) Also that she promised long ago to live with him and keep his house, only I interfered with the arrangement. But you will know, mother."

As Mother finished the letter she smiled, and, on looking up, she saw an answering smile on the faces of her two friends.

"Well," she said, "am I to go?"

"Of course you are," said Mrs. Browne. "You must prepare at once for your journey."

"Since you are going, you might as well take with you the socks I have knitted for Charlie," said Aunt Susan. "Molly asked for them, and so I thought I might as well make them."

A look of great satisfaction stole over Mother's face. "She never knits socks for any but her favourites," she whispered to Mrs. Browne, and the two old ladies smiled again.

TWO FAMOUS YORKSHIRE TOWNS.

I.—HARROGATE.

HO does not know the famous old mineral springs of Harrogate, by name at least? They were the very first known in England, though not discovered till A.D. 1596, by Sir William Slingsby, one of that great Cavalier Yorkshire family, the Slingsbys of Scriven, who did such good service in the royal cause, in the struggles between Cavaliers and Roundheads—even unto death, for the brave Sir Henry Slingsby was beheaded in 1658 for his devotion to the royal cause.

Harrogate itself is of much more ancient date than that: deriving its Saxon name from *Here-gat—i.e.*, military road—probably because in the vicinity of the great military road of the Romans to the North of England. It stands on the highest table-land in England, and consists of High and Low Harrogate, the land sloping off into undulations, on which the latter stands in picturesque fashion. Its mediæval character is now wellnigh passed away, for Harrogate has increased immensely of late years, and the modern buildings for the requirements of visitors,

extending in every direction, very soon obliterate the quaintness of an earlier age.

The mineral springs are chiefly in Low Harrogate, and are so numerous that one is amazed at what must have been the volcanic character of the country. There is the old Sulphur Well—the original discovery of the Slingsbys—over which a handsome circular building has been erected for the convenience of water-drinkers. In the immediate neighbourhood of this are other wells, and pump-rooms, and gardens, where you can enjoy various mineral waters, in draught or baths, or any form you like.

But the most curious exemplification of the abundance and variety of these waters is in what is called the Bog-field, immediately above and forming part of Low Harrogate. There are no less than thirty-two springs in this field, seventeen of which are totally different in kind, though springing within a foot or two of each other. The whole field must be serrated and undermined with water, and several of the wells have been spoiled by an inadvertent mingling which mars their special medicinal properties. Spoiling, however, does not always result, as in the case of what is called the Kissingen Water at Harrogate. It is formed by a natural union of two of these springs which rise within the radius of a few feet, quite different in their component parts. They unite almost immediately, and in this union form the nearest approach to the waters of the German Spa, Kissingen. Hence its name.

The Bog-field is clearly the crater of an extinct volcano, whence arise all these sulphureous and other mineral springs directly upwards, as from the funnel of a steamer. It is strange to think, as you stroll along, of the ground under your feet being of that volcanic character, which by its throes, in earlier ages, has transformed the face of the country, and may do so again when nature's wonderful processes have worked out the appointed end. Yorkshire, which at one period had a volcano in its midst, at another was probably one vast glacier, may again, before the new heavens and the new earth appear, be transformed to a totally new scene by the wonderful agencies of fire and water.

In the Bog-field is a neat little pump-room, built for the poorer classes, who come to drink their water twice a day, as their wealthier neighbours do at the fashionable pump-rooms lower down, to which the water is conveyed. The poor have the advantage of the water at its source, and some of the medical men send their richer patients there to drink their daily allowance on that account. Cutaneous diseases, gout and rheumatism, are the complaints specially benefited by the waters of Harrogate. Close by, in this same Bog-field, is a Cottage Hospital for the benefit of those suffering ones who are unable otherwise to afford the expense of a visit to the healing waters, and a very great boon it is to them.

Harrogate is a very amusing place for a visit of a few weeks. Whether you go at the fashionable season, August, September, and October, or during the earlier and more plebeian months, you have rare opportunities of studying character. In an hour at the pump-well, between seven and eight in the morning, or between four and five in the afternoon, you will see as much variety as will afford you amusing reflection for a month—from the good old maid who gives you her experiences on the matutinal draught, and takes the liveliest interest in yours, anxiously inquiring each morning as to the state of your health and the effect of the waters, to the fashionable beauty and scheming mamma, who make the morning walk the opportunity of weaving fresh webs around the unfortunate moth, who, struggling to escape, yet flutters within reach of the invisible chains which hold him fast.

But space will not allow us to enlarge on the varieties of life at Harrogate, as our purpose is to sketch the place and its surroundings ; and it is time we got to Knaresborough, which is the most interesting short excursion in the neighbourhood, between three and four miles from Harrogate.

II.—KNARESBOROUGH.

Knaresborough, *the town on the rock*, justly merits its name, for a bolder or finer situation could not have been selected. As you approach it from Harrogate you face its wooded heights, steeply sloping down to the river Nidd, across which is a most picturesque bridge. The drooping trees, fringing the water's edge, complete the beauty of the scene.

Knaresborough and Richmond are the most beautifully situated towns in Yorkshire. The former has a history and an antiquity that always command respect. As we wound our way through the steep, narrow High Street, we were introduced to the mediæval aspect of it. Here and there some quaint, high-gabled house reminded one of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. It was market-day, and the cattle filled up the narrowest part of the street, as they had done on market-days for the last 500 years, waiting for a purchaser ; while the Yorkshire farmers hung about the inn-doors, and filled the long, low-roofed rooms where they dined together once a week. Further on was the market square, where the booths showed off their various wares, and the usual loud talking and chaffing, buying and selling, in simple fashion, were going on. It was a busy scene, and a rare one now in old England, which is being improved up to such a pitch that all the primitive customs of fairs and village markets are disappearing from the land.

The Castle of Knaresborough was built by Serlo de Burgh, one of the Norman barons who came over with William the Conqueror. He chose his point well—a rock on the brow of a steep hill, surrounded on three sides by a deep ravine, and the river Nidd flowing below. By the year 1170, Knaresborough was already a formidable fortified town. The Castle remained in the hands of the Norman barons for some generations, and then became the property of the Crown. Edward III. gave it to his fourth son, John of Gaunt, who rebuilt it in a very extensive form, as its present ruins testify. They cover an area of two and a half acres within the walls, which were

THE PUMP-ROOM, HARROGATE.

strengthened by numerous towers, the massive remains of which still bear witness to the formidable character of the fortress.

The Keep is the only part of the Castle now remaining in any form ; and underneath are its gloomy dungeons. You enter these by the descent of a few steps, and, when light is procured for the examination, you are surprised to find the roof supported by one massive pillar in the centre of the dungeon, from which spring some very remarkable Norman arches, whose solid masonry is suited for its heavy duty here. In this chill dark abode, into which the light of heaven never penetrates, were confined the four murderers of Thomas à Becket, who took refuge at Knaresborough Castle when they fled from Canterbury, the scene of their crime.

Above the dungeons is the Guard Room, whose groined roof is supported by a similar central pillar, springing into eight Gothic arches—not the round Norman of the vault below. Here are preserved sundry treasures, whose history we have difficulty in following, from the peculiar *lingo* of the Yorkshire girl who is our guide. There is an old decayed oak chest, bound with iron, said to have come over from Normandy with the Castle's first knightly owner ; some stone cannon-balls, dug out of its precincts, and witnessing to the tremendous bombardment of the Parliamentary troops under Lilburne in 1644, when Knaresborough made one of the most gallant defences of the brave county of York, and only yielded under the pressure of famine. The siege and the subsequent dismantling finished the active history of Knaresborough Castle, and it was soon afterwards pulled down to prevent further Royalist efforts in that quarter—a pitiful ending after so distinguished a career. Amidst the relics of these brave Yorkshiremen are preserved some battered pieces of armour, said to have been worn at the famous battle of Marston Moor by Sir Henry Slingsby, of Royalist memory, who afterwards paid the penalty of death upon the scaffold.

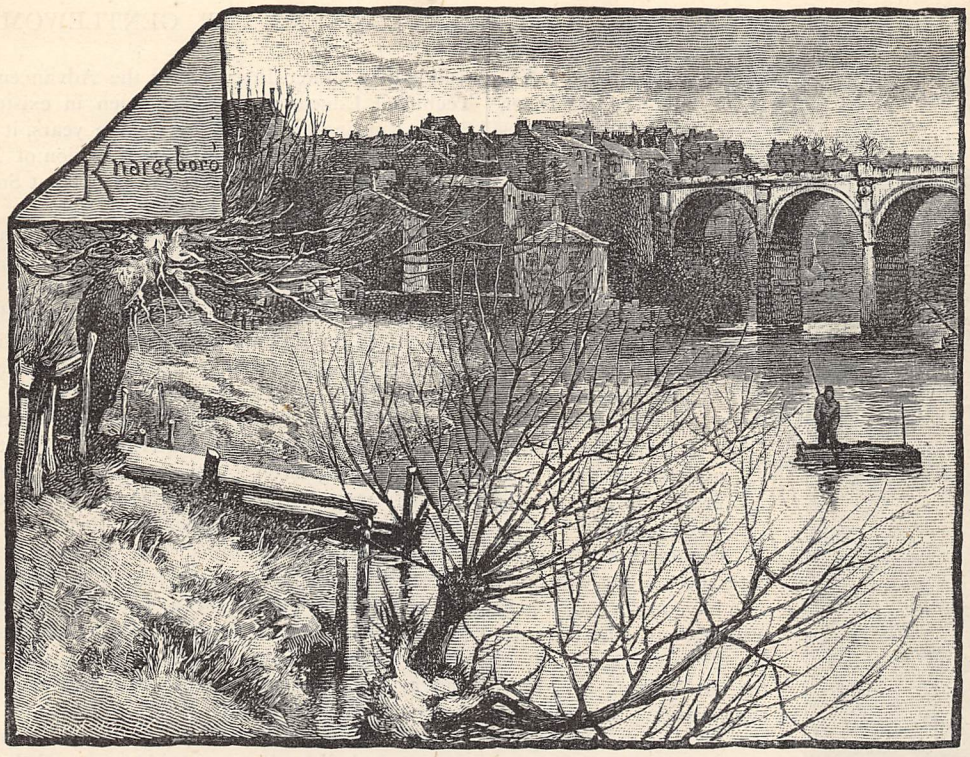
A relic of a different sort, amongst the more warlike ones, is the staff of "Blind Jack," who was as remarkable a man in his way as his knightly countryman. His history is given in Smiles' "Lives of the Engineers." He was the predecessor of the Stephensons, lived 150 years ago, became blind at six years of age from an attack of smallpox, and was the pioneer of engineering in Yorkshire. He made all the roads and bridges of his neighbourhood—blind though he was—walking and feeling with his stick every foot of the way as he planned the operations which were to overcome the natural difficulties. A stout, sturdy staff it is, and all honour to it !

Another treasure, on which our fair guide evidently set much greater store than on the old Castle's ruined remains, was a model of the Dropping Well, a petrifying spring about a mile from the town, and approached by a lovely walk along the river-side.

Mounting the only short staircase that remains in the ruins, you reach what is called the King's Chamber, where Richard II. was confined before he was removed to Pontefract. Near the Keep is a picturesque fragment of the Castle, probably a sidegate and sentry station.

The view from the Castle is very fine, but the day of our visit was dark and lowering, threatening a heavy thunderstorm, and we did not get the full benefit of it. We got, however, the loveliest peeps of the windings of the river, and the beautiful trees clothing the steep sides of the height on which the Castle is built.

KNARESBOROUGH CASTLE.



The Dropping Well can be distinguished on the other side of the river ; and still farther off is St. Robert's Cave, the original of Eugene Aram's Cave. St. Robert was the son of the Mayor of York—if mayors there were at the end of the twelfth century. Seized with the desire of a hermit's seclusion, he retired to this cave, and died in 1218. His body was afterwards removed to Fountains Abbey.

Passing through the Castle-gate, a name which the adjoining street still bears, we enter the Kirk-gate, a steep narrow street which descends direct to the fine old church on the line of the ancient fortified walls, of which nothing remains but the names of the gates—a lingering, loving memory of olden times. The church in its various parts dates from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, and is dedicated to St. John the Baptist. The tower is the most ancient part. In it some of the inhabitants of Knaresborough took refuge in the year 1318, when the Scots descended upon the town in one of their raids, destroying whatever they came across. They endeavoured to burn out the townspeople, but the sturdy old church-tower resisted their utmost efforts, though it bears traces of fire to the present day,

You enter through a picturesque porch at the south-west corner. The nave is of that transition period of architecture called Perpendicular; the chancel, Early English, the reredos of which is the Lord's Supper sculptured in relief. On the north side is a curious old chantry of still earlier date, divided from the chancel by an open screen of carved wood. This chantry contains the most ancient monuments of the church, some of them very quaint. Here also are the tombs of the Slingsby family—of Sir William Slingsby, the discoverer of the wells and waters of Harrogate, and of Sir Henry Slingsby, the brave Royalist beheaded in 1658, whose relics we saw in the Castle.

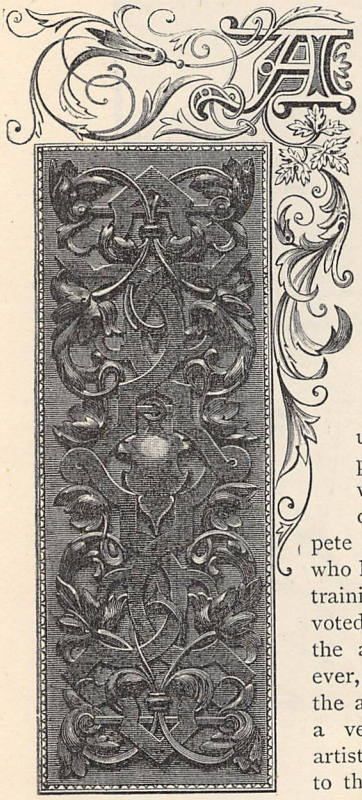
One of the buttresses of this beautiful old church has the following quaint inscription carved on it :—

> "Christ who died upon the rood,
> Grant us grace our end be good."

Those were the days when workmen wrought at churches from love to God, and their handiwork in stone was the expression of the piety of their hearts.

Knaresborough has long been famous for its manufacture of linen, which is highly prized in the market, it being hand-woven. Hand-looms, which are almost extinct in England now, are still to be found in this country town, standing their ground in spite of machinery and the monopoly of the large neighbouring towns. Some of the finest and most durable linen fabrics are turned out of these simple cottages in Knaresborough. We trust that these relics of a truer age and trade may last as long as old England lasts though we fear that even Ruskin will never thresh us into a general return to hand-work.

WOOD-CARVING AS A REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENT FOR GENTLEWOMEN.



A WIDESPREAD interest has been taken in the articles which have recently appeared in this Magazine respecting the remunerative employment of gentlewomen, and this has induced me to suggest that wood-carving be added to the list of such employments. It will be readily understood that in a profession like that of wood-carving ladies cannot expect to compete successfully with men who have undergone a long training, and who have devoted years to the study of the art. There are, however, various branches of the art that do not require a very great amount of artistic ability, and it is to this description of work that I wish more particularly to draw attention. Ladies do occasionally attain to great proficiency in wood-carving, and in exceptional cases are able to hold their own even with professional carvers; but such cases are rare, and when they do occur it will be found chiefly owing to years of study, combined with great natural ability.

Of course there are difficulties to be encountered and overcome before a lady can expect to earn money at wood-carving. In the first place, a certain degree of proficiency in the art is required, and this cannot be attained without practical instruction and study. It is, comparatively speaking, easy to obtain the necessary instruction, but this involves expense and loss of time. In the second place, the work executed has to be advantageously disposed of, and this is frequently a matter of difficulty, facilities for the sale of wood-carving being limited.

Ability, however, coupled with energy and perseverance, will in time overcome this latter difficulty.

Before proceeding further, I may state that it will be quite useless for any of my readers to think of following wood-carving as a remunerative occupation unless they possess some knowledge of freehand drawing. As practical or oral instruction is also absolutely necessary, I purpose giving a brief description of the School of Art Wood-Carving where this instruction can be obtained. The School of Art Wood-Carving, South Kensington, is in connection with the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, and has been in existence at South Kensington a little over three years, it having been originally started under the direction of Messrs. Gillow and Co., and the Society of Arts, at Somerset Street, Portman Square.

It was established for the purpose of encouraging the art of wood-carving as a branch of fine arts. Both day and evening classes are held in the school, and the day classes are largely attended by ladies.

The fees for day students are £2 a month, or £5 a quarter; and for evening students 15s. a month, or £2 a quarter. All the students are required to provide their own tools, and the work done by them on their own materials may be taken away by the students.

After having been in the school twelve months, students may, on the recommendation of the Instructor, receive such payment for their work as the Committee may determine. In addition to these classes instruction is also given by correspondence, £2 2s. being charged for a set of five elementary lessons, or 10s. for a single lesson. Each lesson includes a carved example to be retained by the pupil, and a block for copying the same, with instructions for commencing the work.

These lessons by correspondence are a great advantage to ladies who are unable to attend the school for any lengthened period, and a pupil who was only able to attend the classes irregularly for a short time would be able to continue her studies at home with the aid of these lessons. It is necessary for students to first undergo a short course of oral instruction under a properly qualified teacher, to enable them to acquire some facility in the working and sharpening of the tools.

One lady, who was only able to attend the classes irregularly for a fortnight, writes in most favourable terms of this system of correspondence.

The school is open to gentlemen as well as to ladies, and to professionals as well as to amateurs; there are, in fact, Free Studentships for persons of either sex of the industrial class, who intend to adopt wood-carving as a profession. Candidates for the Free Studentships are required to have passed the Second Grade Art Examination of the Science and Art Department in Freehand Drawing at least; but preference would be given to those who have some knowledge of wood-carving, or have passed in the other subjects of the Second Grade Art Certificate, or in drawing from the antique and the figure, architectural drawing or designing, or in modelling.

Students have at first to undergo an elementary course of carving simple patterns in deal, and are required to completely finish off their work with the tools alone—the use of files and sand-paper being wisely prohibited.

Students are also taught the proper method of sharpening carving tools, this being very necessary,

as unless the tools are properly sharpened the work cannot be finished in a satisfactory manner.

Carving in deal forms a first-rate introduction to carving in hard wood, as the students are able to carve the latter with much more finish and sharpness after they have succeeded in mastering the difficulties of soft wood. After this preliminary course students are at liberty to choose any patterns they may desire, but the work chiefly executed at the school appears to be panels for cabinets, fireplaces, &c.

Several ladies who have left the school are following wood-carving as a remunerative employment, and one lady who was formerly a student for eighteen months, received the first prize at the Peterborough Exhibition for examples of wood-carving, although several professional carvers were also competitors. Others who have left the school are doing well, but experience some difficulty in procuring work from any of the large firms.

Success is more frequently obtained by exhibiting specimens of work at the industrial exhibitions that are frequently held throughout the country.

Good examples of work shown at these exhibitions frequently lead to orders for similar descriptions of work, especially in small provincial towns where orders for wood-carving are not sufficiently numerous to give continual employment to a professional carver. Giving lessons in the art of wood-carving is also a remunerative employment, the usual fees being 2s. 6d. an hour, and success at an exhibition is frequently a good introduction to those desirous of obtaining lessons and who may not be able to attend at the School of Art Wood-Carving.

Constant employment is no doubt difficult to obtain by ladies, but as an occasional occupation wood-carving will be found not only interesting, but also remunerative, as the prices paid for this work are far in excess of the prices paid for fancy needlework, which in many cases barely suffices to cover the cost of materials. Many carvers to the trade are in the habit of giving out work to those whom they employ, to be done at their own homes, these carvers to the trade being in fact middle-men. A certain price is fixed upon, a specimen of the work required is given, and the working carver executes the work at his own home and at his own hours.

By a little perseverance a lady could obtain a connection of this kind, and if capable of doing the ordinary run of work would be able to obtain good prices. Unfortunately ladies do not, generally speaking, devote enough time to become thoroughly grounded in the rudiments of the art; they are too ambitious, and want to be doing Italian foliage before they have mastered simple diaper-work.

Ladies should consider first of all what description of work is most likely to find a ready sale, and it must be acknowledged that articles of use are far more suitable in this respect than articles intended for ornament alone, and a tastefully executed bracket or book-cover would find a more ready sale than an elaborately carved fireplace.

Brackets and picture-frames are continually required, and many persons would more willingly purchase them if they were artistically carved. I would not recommend a great deal of elaborate work, but merely designs of oak-leaves or ivy-leaves conventionally treated. Work of this description could easily be done by any lady of average intelligence who had received a few months' training at the School of Art Wood-Carving.

Then, again, employment could be obtained from some of the large jewellery firms in carving the so-called bog oak jewellery. These ornaments, chiefly brooches, earrings, and bracelets, are in nearly every case carved in ebony; and as the designs are, generally speaking, of a simple character, this work could easily be executed by ladies.

I may mention that I know of one case where a lady obtained a great deal of this description of work from a large firm of jewellers, and received remuneration at a rate that was highly satisfactory. She obtained the orders by personally visiting the jeweller in question, and exhibiting to him specimens of her work, which were, if I remember rightly, sets of brooches and earrings of her own design, simply an artistic arrangement of ivy-leaves in one case, and lilies of the valley in the other.

Another source of employment would be found in the tastefully designed incised work, which is so lavishly introduced in the fashionable black and gold style of furniture. This style of work is, in my opinion, especially suited to ladies, as there is absolutely no manual labour required, and I know of no more pleasant and interesting occupation than carving these delicate patterns. It is a class of work, however, that requires to be done by daylight, as artificial light renders it trying to the eyes. To do the incised work properly a good eye for graceful curves and lines, and firmness coupled with delicacy of touch, are necessary.

This style of ornament is introduced principally on mirrors and pianos; and in the case of the former, panels, with designs of flowers, fruit, or birds, painted in bright colours on a gold ground-work, are also introduced, and these panels would also afford employment to ladies capable of using the brush effectively.

Incised work does not require so much ability as bold relief-carving, and is quite as remunerative to the carver. Manufacturers of this style of work in most cases give out the work, and ladies who could give proofs of possessing the requisite skill would not have much difficulty in procuring employment.

I have endeavoured to show that wood-carving would prove a remunerative employment to ladies possessing sufficient energy and perseverance to follow it up; and in these days of competition, energy and perseverance must be shown by those who are compelled to work for a livelihood. Employment is frequently hard to find, still it cannot be expected even by the most sanguine that work, and especially remunerative work, will come unsought.

A Love Song.

Words by Mrs. C. Cowden Clarke. *Composed and dedicated to her by* C. A. Macirone.

Voice.

Piano.

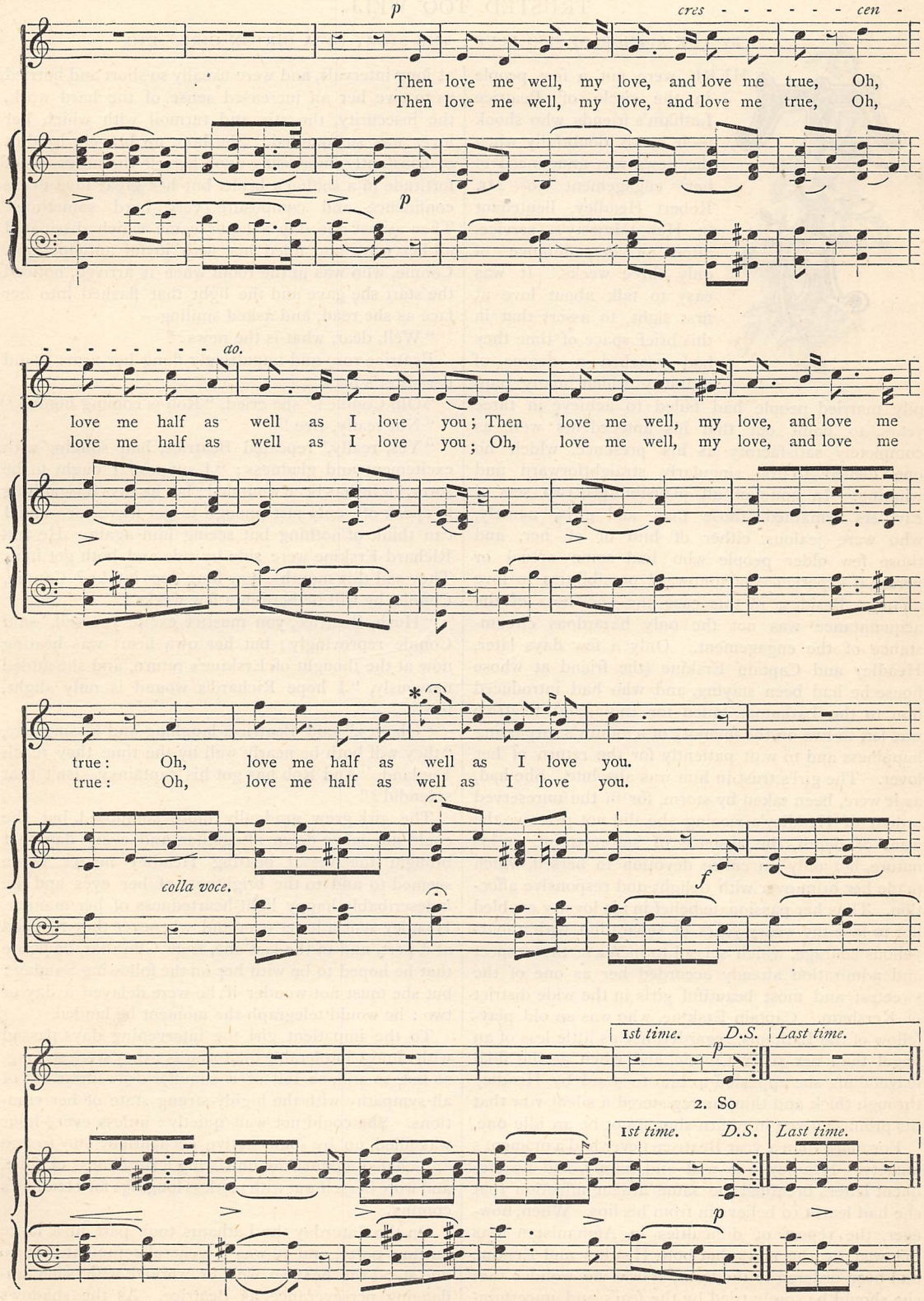
(M.M. ♩=86.)

Allegro grazioso e legato.

1. So dear - ly do I love thee, dear, in sooth, I can - not hope thy love can e - qual mine; But love me with thy heart and with thy truth, They needs must sa - tis - fy me, be - ing thine, They needs must sa - tis - fy me, be - ing thine.

2. bound - less is my love, my sweet, for you, That half would fill my mea - sure of con - - tent,— A dou - ble por - tion is of right your due: To this a - gree - ment let us both con - sent, To this a - gree - ment let us both con - sent.

* Small notes for second verse.



* Small notes for second verse.

TRUSTED TOO WELL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SO BLUE: THE STORY OF A GIRTON GIRL," ETC.

THERE were not a few people in the circle of Beatrice Latham's friends who shook their heads doubtfully when the news was announced of her engagement to Mr. Robert Headley, lieutenant in Her Majesty's service, after an acquaintance of only three weeks. It was easy to talk about love at first sight, to assert that in this brief space of time they had reached a degree of intimacy which many happily married people had failed to achieve in three years, to point out that his antecedents were as completely satisfactory as his presence, which no one denied to be singularly straightforward and winning. In spite of all plausibilities, two sets of cavillers remained—those men and girls, namely, who were jealous either of him or of her, and those few older people who had some actual or personal experience of untoward possibilities in love affairs. Besides, in this case the shortness of the acquaintance was not the only hazardous circumstance of the engagement. Only a few days later, Headley and Captain Erskine (the friend at whose house he had been staying, and who had introduced him to the Lathams) sailed for India, and Beatrice was left to live on the memory of a month's surpassing happiness and to wait patiently for the return of her lover. The girl's trust in him was absolute. She had, as it were, been taken by storm, for in the unreserved ardour of Headley's wooing she did not perceive the want of depth, the absence of self-restraint, in his nature, but only an entire devotion to herself, which made her brim over with delight and responsive affection. Thus her passionate belief in his loyalty enabled her to face the weary years of separation with a marvellous courage, which served to increase the respect and admiration already accorded her as one of the sweetest and most beautiful girls in the wide district of Kersham. Captain Erskine, who was an old playfellow of the Lathams, regarded her as little less of an angel than her sister Connie, and when at the final leavetaking she appealed to him to stand by Headley through thick and thin, he registered a silent vow that his promise given in return should not be an idle one.

For more than a year Beatrice never had a moment's anxiety. Headley was well and happy, and his frequent letters breathed the same ardent affection that she had learnt to believe in from his lips. When, however, the report of difficulties in Afghanistan was followed by the news that both Headley and Erskine had been ordered to the front, it was no wonder that she should be sorely tried by the fears and uncertainties of the long campaign. Letters reached her only at long intervals, and were usually so short and hurried as to give her an increased sense of the hard work, the insecurity, the stir and turmoil with which her lover was surrounded. She bore up bravely by dint of constantly impressing upon herself the necessity of fortitude in a soldier's bride, but her great love made confidence and composure very hard sometimes. Then at last one day a letter came which dissipated all her fears and filled her with joyful anticipations. Connie, who was in the room when it arrived, noticed the start she gave and the light that flashed into her face as she read, and asked smiling—

"Well, dear, what is the news?"

Beatrice rose and impulsively flung her arms round her sister's neck.

"Oh, Connie!" she cried, "Rob is coming home!"

"Not really, Bee!"

"Yes, really," repeated Beatrice, half sobbing with excitement and gladness; "I suppose I ought to be sorry, for he has been wounded; but he says it is nothing to speak of—only just enough to get leave for—and I can think of nothing but seeing him again. He and Richard Erskine were side by side and both got hurt. They sail this month—how long does it take? Connie, Connie, he will be here in a few weeks!"

"Hush, Beatrice, you mustn't excite yourself," said Connie reprovingly; but her own heart was beating now at the thought of Erskine's return, and she added nervously, "I hope Richard's wound is only slight, too."

"Oh, yes," said Beatrice, laughing and kissing her, "they will both be nearly well by the time they reach England. And Rob has got his captaincy—isn't that splendid?"

The girl grew gradually more composed, but she could not sober down altogether, and every day that brought the vessel bearing Headley nearer home seemed to add to the brightness of her eyes and the indescribably happy light-heartedness of her manner. Headley sent a letter overland whenever they touched at a port, and in the last one, from Gibraltar, he wrote that he hoped to be with her on the following Sunday; but she must not wonder if he were delayed a day or two: he would telegraph the moment he landed.

To the impatient girl the intervening days passed with almost intolerable dilatoriness: they were so long, so hot, so still, so full of a summer drowsiness out of all sympathy with the highly-strung state of her emotions. She could not wait quietly: unless every hour was filled up by some active occupation, she fretted and chafed against the unhasting leisureliness of time, and wore herself out with restless longings for Headley's coming.

On the Saturday the Lathams took part in a large nutting party, and it was a general comment that no one stood the heat so well, or worked with such unflagging perseverance, as Beatrice. As the shadows lengthened, one couple stole off for a stroll, and Beatrice

"THE LATHAMS TOOK PART IN A LARGE NUTTING PARTY."

"TRUSTED TOO WELL" (p. 662).

turning round to toss a bunch of nuts into the basket held by Connie, remarked with a smile—

"I suppose I must not call those two to task for idleness, considering how soon I shall stand in need of indulgence myself. Only think, Con, within four-and-twenty hours Rob will probably be here!"

One of the children nutting near her looked up at this and said brightly—

"Do you know, Miss Latham, Dick's coming sooner than that. Mother had a telegram this morning to say he would be here to-night."

Beatrice gave a little excited cry, for Dick was Captain Erskine, and there was no reason why Headley should be later than his friend.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "Rob means to surprise me. Good-bye, all of you—I am off home. Just think if he should come and find me out!"

The others laughed at her frank impetuosity, but she was quite indifferent to their merriment, and with a quick nod and wave of the hand sped away home.

The house was quiet and empty, and she fidgeted about from room to room in a state of feverish suspense. Should she go and change her dress? No, perhaps she might not have time; besides, she had none that suited her better than the simple sateen she was wearing. Then her anxiety to be found pleasing in her lover's sight brought her to a standstill before the mirror, and she scrutinised herself carefully and critically. Would he think her looking older or plainer, she wondered. She turned away at last in doubt, for it was difficult to judge of herself. She need not have feared, for she had never looked prettier or sweeter than now, when happy expectation was breathing a bright flush over her cheeks, and her eyes were shining with a light kindled by the purest love and faith.

Presently, as she could not sit idle, she called for a jug of water and some vases, and began arranging the bunch of ferns and wild flowers she had gathered in the woods. First the loveliest and most fragrant were chosen out and tenderly made into a little bouquet for Headley, and she had not done much more than this when the sound of the visitors' bell fell upon her listening ears. A moment later the servant announced—

"Captain" (Beatrice's breath came and went quickly, and she caught hold of a chair to prevent herself from darting forward) "*Erskine.*"

"You, Richard!" stammered Beatrice, all the tension of her frame slackening; "I thought—I thought—I am very glad to see you—I—I hope you are quite well."

Captain Erskine had never been a talkative or ready-witted man, and now he found himself in a predicament worse than any he had encountered in the Afghan campaign. Beatrice's ill-concealed disappointment and feeble attempt at a cordial reception might have struck him as comical had he not come with a previous knowledge of something which rendered it intensely pathetic.

"I am quite well, thank you," he said awkwardly. "Is Mrs. Latham at home? I should like to see her."

"She is in the wood—so is everybody except me. Please sit down and tell me all the news. Is Captain Headley well?"

"Yes," said Erskine; and then there was a pause, during which Beatrice became nervously aware that something was wrong.

"You are telling me the truth?" she said uneasily, and Erskine again said, "Yes, yes."

"Then what is it?" asked Beatrice.

"I would rather tell Mrs. Latham," said Erskine.

"Is it anything about Robert?" demanded Beatrice quickly.

"Yes, but I cannot speak to you about it. It is bad news—painful news."

"In what way? Why are you silent, Richard? Do you mean that it is discreditable to Robert?"

Erskine bowed his head, and the poor girl, in mingled indignation and distress, entreated him to keep nothing from her.

"If there is harm to be told of Rob, I would rather you should tell me," she said, touchingly unsuspicious of what the harm might be; "I can forgive him anything, but I could not bear the others to know."

"You do not understand, Beatrice," said the poor captain.

"How can I while you won't speak out?" exclaimed the girl restlessly.

"When did you last hear from Headley?" asked Erskine, to gain time.

"From Gibraltar."

"And there was nothing in the letter to make you suspect anything wrong?"

"No."

"The scoundrel!" ejaculated Erskine, under his breath; but Beatrice heard it, and quick as thought started to her feet and turned upon him.

"How dare you! Ah, for pity's sake don't look at me like that! You are torturing me—put me out of my misery—tell me the worst at once!"

The wild alarm in her face was too much for Erskine, and he blurted out the truth—

"Headley was married this morning, almost immediately we landed."

The room swam round Beatrice, and with a long, choking sob of anguish she swayed and staggered back against the mantelpiece. A crash followed, for the hand she had stretched out vaguely for support struck the specimen-glass into which she had put her little bouquet for Robert, and it fell shivering to atoms on the floor. Beatrice, perceiving in the accident a significant sequel to Erskine's words, felt as though her heart must break with the glass, yet the shock of cold water dashed over her probably saved her from fainting, for she instinctively laid her cool wet hand across her dizzy brow and eyes. Erskine, too, in despair seized the jug of water on the table and made her drink some out of a flower-vase.

"I am all right now," she said faintly. "Go on. I *must* know more."

At this moment the sound of voices at the bottom of the garden indicated the return of the nutting party, and Beatrice quivered from head to foot.

"Oh, I cannot face them all!" she exclaimed wildly. "Just one word, Richard—*How* do you know this?"

"I was told of it; then I met him and he confessed it."

The girl looked into his face for one glimmer of doubt, but there was nothing to be read in it save the deepest compassion, and bowing her head hopelessly she fled to her room.

Erskine's meeting with Connie was robbed of all sweetness by the miserable news he had to communicate, and he suffered the more acutely because, in a measure, he felt himself answerable for his friend. Not only had he introduced him to the Lathams, but his promise to Beatrice had quickened his sense of responsibility, so that now when Headley had taken the final step of treachery he hardly dared look Mrs. Latham or Connie in the face.

Headley's was a pitiful case of weak impressibility. While the war lasted he had not been tempted to forget Beatrice, but when on the voyage home he was thrown into constant companionship with a girl who simply made up her mind from the first to bring him to her feet, his fidelity wavered and at last broke down altogether. Erskine was powerless, for no sooner did he show himself distinctly antagonistic to her schemes than Miss Laing so contrived that he could not suspect the extent to which she carried on her designs behind his back. Throughout, Headley was conscious and ashamed of his baseness, and whenever opportunities occurred of sending letters overland he wrote to Beatrice in terms of unchanged devotion. It was so difficult to confess his perfidy in black and white.

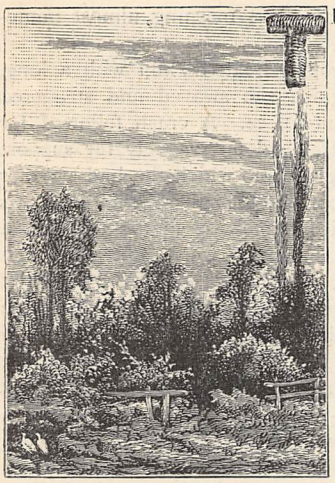
"What a villain I am," he thought, with his pen between his teeth, on the occasion of his writing from Gibraltar, "to sit down and humbug Beatrice while I'm making love to another girl!"

Then he drew out Beatrice's photograph and her last letter, and dwelt alternately on the sweet sincere face and on the loving words, till his sense of honour was momentarily aroused. "No, no! I'm not scoundrel enough to desert a girl like that! She shall never know what I've been up to. I won't speak to that little witch again--I swear I won't." In which access of virtuous resolve he penned that last loyal letter to Beatrice which she had treasured and delighted in. For the next few hours Miss Laing found him difficult to manage, but her tenacity was greater than his power of resistance, and by the time they reached England his infatuation rendered him a helpless tool in her hands. Well aware that unless the marriage took place clandestinely and at once it probably never would, she prevailed upon him to go through the ceremony without a moment's delay. It is needless to say more, except perhaps that Headley's transgression carried its punishment along with it. He suffered bitterly.

As for the Lathams, Connie is Erskine's wife now, and Beatrice, after a long period of suffering as keen as love was absorbing, is at length regaining something of her former self. She is not the *same*—no woman who has loved and been so cruelly betrayed can ever be that—but though deep in her heart one scar of unforgotten bitterness remains, the changing interests that enter into every life however quiet, have done their kindly work, and blunted the edge of painful memory.

H. L.

OUR GARDEN IN OCTOBER.



THE month of October may not improperly be called the half-way house between Summer and Winter. Our greenhouse stock will very soon show signs of having entered, as it were, upon the transition state.

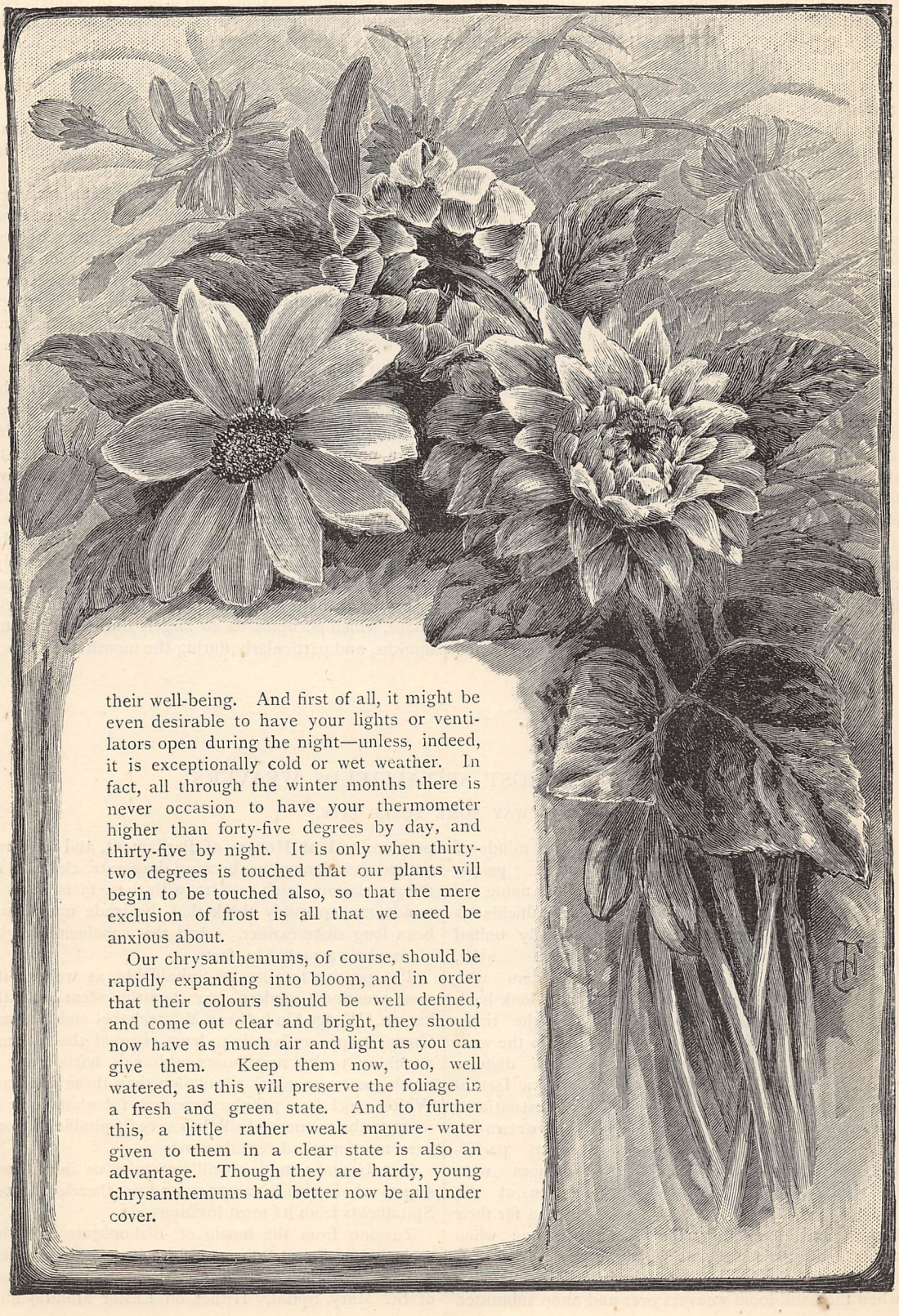
If we are enjoying a prolonged summer, or a fairly mild and dry season, we should recommend that, if possible, the whole house be not stocked. Yet some plants ought to be so placed that you could shelter them speedily on an emergency. But in all probability it would be unsafe to allow the greenhouse to remain exposed at night to any change that might take place, much later than the end of the first week in October.

Our treatment of our greenhouse plants this month should tend rather to favour the maturing and hardening of growth that has been already accomplished, than to excite fresh growth in them.

Later on in the month, and once our plants have been all stored away in their winter quarters, there are plenty of little routine matters to be attended to. All dead and decaying leaves should be removed from your greenhouse plants. And even this should sometimes be *carefully* done. It is often better, and especially when the leaf and stalk do not come off entirely and readily when touched, to take off the leaf only, leaving the base of the stalk untouched; otherwise there might, in some cases, be a liability to injure the stem.

And then again, it is a good plan, every two or three weeks perhaps, to stir up carefully the surface of the soil in your pots. We are speaking hardly so much now of our cutting stock as of our established and standard plants in our house.

It is needless to remark that fresh air is very important for your plants, but at no time is it so important as when they are first brought into the house, whilst overcrowding is equally injurious to



their well-being. And first of all, it might be even desirable to have your lights or ventilators open during the night—unless, indeed, it is exceptionally cold or wet weather. In fact, all through the winter months there is never occasion to have your thermometer higher than forty-five degrees by day, and thirty-five by night. It is only when thirty-two degrees is touched that our plants will begin to be touched also, so that the mere exclusion of frost is all that we need be anxious about.

Our chrysanthemums, of course, should be rapidly expanding into bloom, and in order that their colours should be well defined, and come out clear and bright, they should now have as much air and light as you can give them. Keep them now, too, well watered, as this will preserve the foliage in a fresh and green state. And to further this, a little rather weak manure-water given to them in a clear state is also an advantage. Though they are hardy, young chrysanthemums had better now be all under cover.

And then as to watering your plants: always have standing in your greenhouse a large canful of water, so that when you want to use it—which, by the way, we know, is not so very often in the winter months—it may be of the same temperature as the house. Set your plants that are in bloom in good prominent positions, so as to give as good an effect as you can.

Avoid, however, having one long row of large and shrubby plants all of a uniform height; there is a formality in this; but have among your large plants a few smaller and choice ones, either elevated on a small block of wood, or stood upon another flower-pot of its own size placed bottom upwards. And, as far as you can, keep the plants of any particular kind or class together.

The buds on our camellias will be beginning to swell. Let them have plenty of air, and very little water. It is very often a little difficult to manage camellias with thorough success in a house such as that we are supposed to be managing, and devoted to a general collection of miscellaneous plants. All that camellias, as a rule, just now require in the way of water is a very little of it, and that little only at stated times and intervals. The buds, however, would fall if water were not given. As it appears to be a plant that lives by rule, have a day, perhaps once a week, on which to give it only a slight moistening. Fire-heat it is decidedly impatient of, while if your thermometer was allowed carelessly to fall as low as thirty-two degrees, very probably your camellias would be the least injured by the lessened temperature.

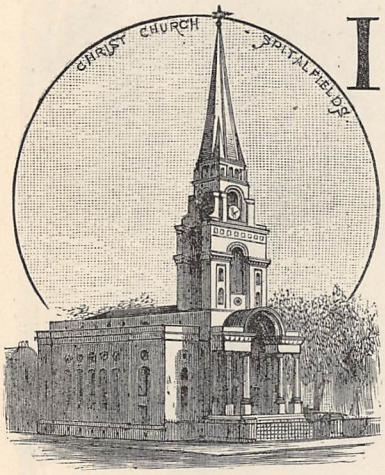
All your myrtles or orange-trees should be cleaned and set in order for the winter. Sometimes they will want a complete washing with a piece of sponge, leaf by leaf. It is certainly a tedious process, but it will well repay you for the trouble; the leaves get nearly black, and often the stems as well, so that you will hardly recognise your plant after the washing operation is over.

If you have any azaleas in your collection, have them in the warmest part of your house, while the camellias might certainly be in the coolest.

Another reason for having your plants arranged according to their kinds, of which we spoke just now, is that you can then be uniform in your watering. It may fairly be said that a large quantity of water which, after having had it, a geranium might recover, would very much damage a camellia, and perhaps even kill a heath. One of the symptoms of suffering from overcrowding is that the lower leaves very often begin to drop, so that the stem, and very often some of the branches too, begin to get bare. Any one who has noticed the difference between, say, a fir-tree standing in the centre of a bed by itself, or on a lawn, and a number of fir-trees in a plantation, will see at once the beauty of the one, and very often the positive unsightliness of the other. A plantation is invariably set out with the shrubs and trees too close together. In process of time some will die outright, while the rest will be like a collection of open umbrellas, namely, a long pole or stick, and only a little something green or brown at the top. Thus much, then, for our greenhouse, which occupies us so largely during the winter months, and particularly during the month of October.

A TURN AMONGST SPITALFIELDS WEAVERS.

(THE WAY SOME FOLKS LIVE.)



IN the minds of most people the name of Spitalfields is closely united with silk. Readers who can look back to the times when the weavers' distress was a fact of almost national importance; when performances were given at the opera for their benefit, and attended by the Queen in state; when Court balls took place, at which it was a point of honour with the ladies to appear in Spitalfields silk; when the hand-loom weavers ever and anon submitted petitions to both Houses of Parliament, and were regarded as a dangerous, because desperate, element in the population—such readers, with these facts in their minds, may possibly think that the trade must have been long since extinct. And this conclusion might almost be warranted by facts.

The precise locality of Spitalfields, as well as its most prominent modern characteristics, seem but little known. Wedged in between Whitechapel and Bethnal Green, it appears largely to have escaped the ill-fame attaching to its neighbours, although harbouring a much greater criminal population than these districts. Whitechapel is a popular synonym for whatsoever is wrong; the memory of silk has saved Spitalfields from even more merited reprobation.

Our business to-day will not take us into those streets where vice is rampant, and we therefore enter Spitalfields from its most inviting side.

Turning from the bustle of Bishopsgate into the seclusion of Spital Square, we are at once surrounded by old associations. Here at one time stood the Priory of St. Mary, Spital. Hither on Easter Monday and

Tuesday came the Lord Mayor and Corporation, accompanied by the boys of Christ's Hospital, to hear the Spital Sermon. This spot appears to have become the head-quarters of the French Protestant colony when ejected from their own country. The substantial houses, with their low wainscot-lined rooms and handsome chimney-pieces, were at first the dwellings of the aristocracy of silk. Then came their conversion into warehouses, and now many are applied to the uses of meaner trades.

Some of the poorer streets exhibit unmistakable signs of the old industry. The tall, brick houses appear to be full of windows, and these windows have been brought forward to the level of the outer surface of the wall, so as to admit all the light possible. This is especially to be observed in the top or attic storey, which in most houses is very prominent. Pursuing our course through these streets, we carefully bear in mind the words of Mr. Matthew Arnold's sonnet—

> "'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead
> Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
> And the pale weaver through his window seen
> In Spitalfields looked thrice dispirited."

But, although moved thereby to peer into all windows, we cannot discern any signs of a weaver. In the poorer streets we hear from many rooms the rattle of sewing-machines, and here and there through grimy windows catch a glimpse of cramped forms wielding the shoe-maker's hammer. These trades appear to flourish, for many are the men and lads we pass staggering under bundles of over-coats or masses of new boots, whilst wealthier workmen are conveying their finished tasks to the warehouse on barrows. But no such signs indicate the whereabouts of weavers. Here, however, in one straggling, dirty, Jew-thronged street, we will prosecute our inquiries more particularly.

Mind your head! These staircases are not adapted to the requirements of silk hats. They are dark and narrow, lacking the friendly hand-rail, and abounding in awkward twists and projecting angles most destructive to the head-gear of strangers. We stumble slowly up three flights of stairs, knock where the dim outline of a door is visible, then grope for the handle, and enter.

Our friend—we will call him Weston—salutes us cheerily; his wife sets down in a half-dried condition the child she has been washing, and hospitably dusts a rickety chair for our accommodation. Seated thereon we are able to survey the apartment. Fresh from visits in adjacent streets, where the vicious and those utterly beaten in the race most do congregate, from rooms in which the floor, the walls, and the cupboards are all equally bare, Weston's room has an appearance of absolute comfort. Its dimensions are sufficiently ample for it to contain the loom, two bedsteads—one of wood, the other a folding frame of iron—a table, and a few chairs. There is a scrap of patternless carpet before the fireplace, and the family crockery, disposed upon a couple of shelves beneath a fly-blown, once gaudy, now faded, German print, imparts an air of home to the place.

Observing our look of curiosity at the loom, Weston proceeds for a moment with his task. As the power is applied, and the shuttle thrown from hand to hand, there is a jar and a clash unique in its way, and a mysterious movement of perpendicular lines of string, knotted in many places, with the long tags flying.

What is he at work upon? Well, it is a piece of satin from his old "ware'us" (the rich material contrasts strangely with its poor surroundings), and he is very glad to have got on with them again, not being so good at the work as he once was. How much does he earn? Well, sometimes fourteen shillings a week, but often not as much. And he has to work late for that, sometimes up to midnight, when the widow below is well, and doesn't mind the sound of the loom. Not like the old times? Ah, there I am right. Why, even as late as twelve years ago, he could earn four-and-fourpence a day by weaving a yard of velvet. He doesn't know anybody working at that now nearer than the edge of Bethnal Green. He used once to do a good deal in the way of gentlemen's silk handkerchiefs; he supposes that his patterns (produced for inspection) are old-fashioned, or that machinery beats him. Lots of his neighbours have given up the trade, or the trade has given up them, and all the young people go to something else. But thirty years ago, though the weaving was not at its best then, fathers, mothers, and children all threw the shuttle.

We watched Weston for a few moments whilst he pointed out the simple mechanism of the old loom. His wife, looking over his shoulder, interjected explanatory sentences with the pride of a woman brought up to the craft, and whose maiden name, like so many in the old parish registers, was obviously of French origin. It is some trouble to her that circumstances should compel them to bring their son up to a strange trade; the higher wages he is likely in time to earn as a carman only partially reconcile her to the change.

After conversing for a few minutes on other topics, we bid this pair good-bye, and cautiously feel our way down the stairs. In the same street we enter another house, and repeat the adventures on the staircase until another attic is reached.

Newland's room is even more comfortable than that of his neighbour. He knows Weston, does he not? He thinks he *does*, since they once went to school together when no bigger than the little 'un by the fire, and have stood by one another ever since. And then he sets the shuttle flying, and the loom clashing and jarring as though in corroboration of his statement.

What was he working at? Umbrella silk. He had worked for the same "ware'us" (always warehouse, never the employer's name) fourteen years, and had regular employment. Weston had never learned the umbrella silk, or he might often have done something at that. He supposed the trade would soon be gone altogether, as only a few hands yet kept it up, and the lads and girls tried other openings. Yes, the loss of this trade *had* changed Spitalfields. It scarcely seemed the same place, with the Jew clothiers and cigar manufacturers having their "ware'usses" where the old silk merchants once lived. Thirty years ago nearly everybody in the

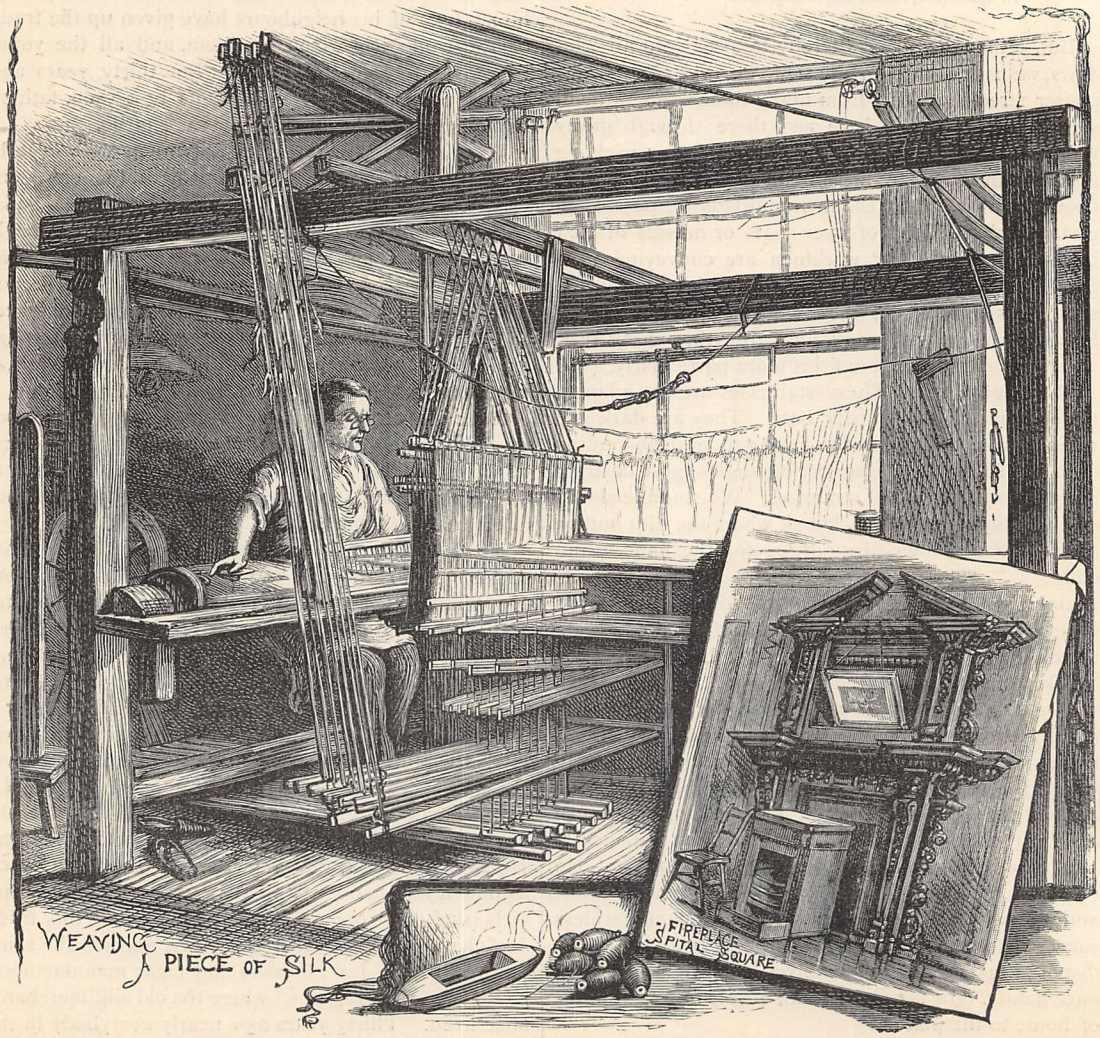
chief streets kept their carriage. Now, many houses in those streets were let out in single rooms. Besides, the Jews were pushing in everywhere, and seemed likely to leave no Christians a place in the parish.

Gathering from Newland's conversation that he has to take his work home that day, we speedily set out in search of a fresh informant. Another is found in the same street, and in a room devoid of all comfort and exceedingly dirty. The wife, here the chief bread-winner, is stitching industriously at a pair of trousers, whilst the husband nurses the last baby. Another child disports itself amongst the framework of a long-neglected loom.

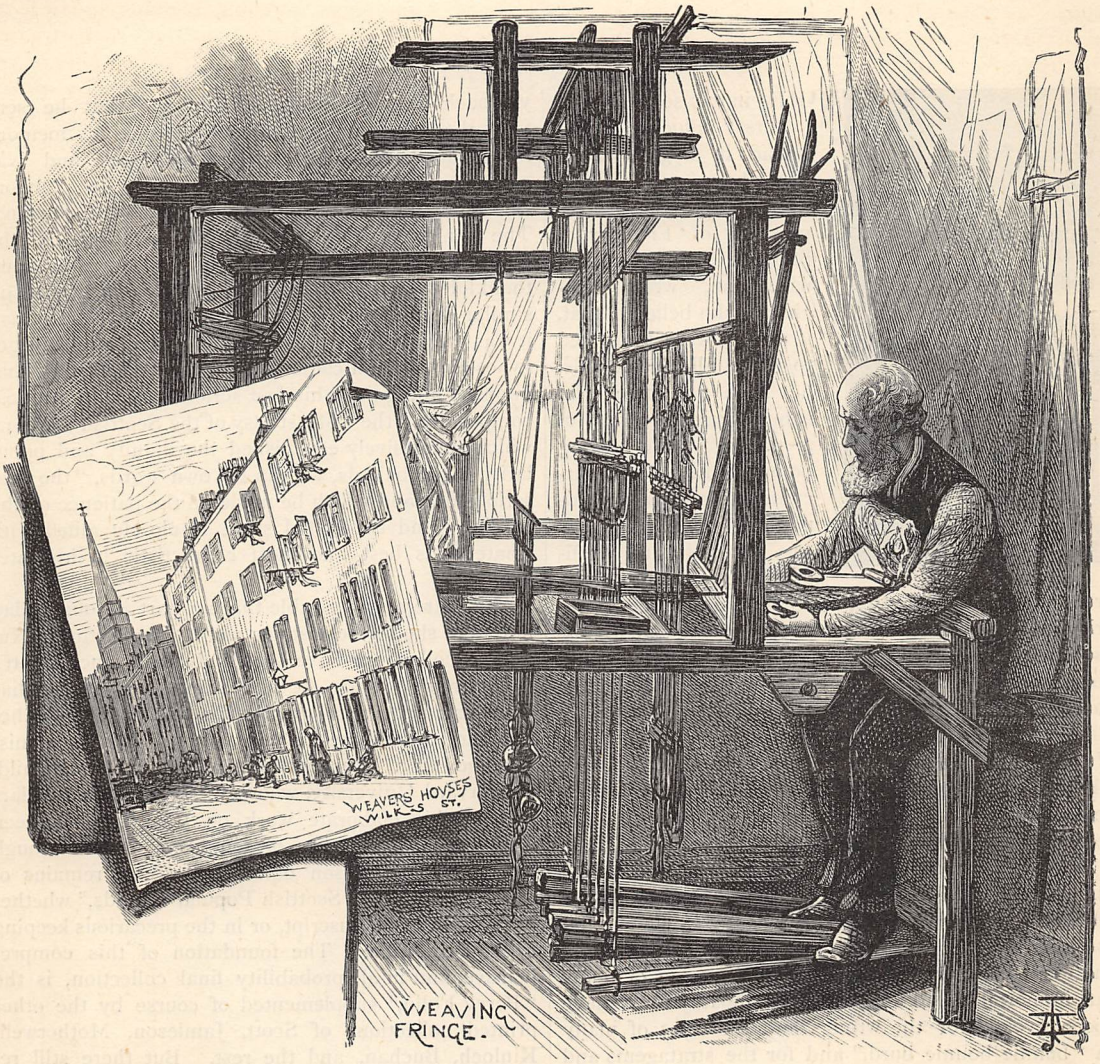
No work? No, he has had no weaving for more than ten years. Perhaps he was not a good workman, or else there was not enough work given out to keep more than a few looms going. He never expected to weave another piece, but worked, when he could, as a day-labourer, and many other weavers had come to the same thing.

Away now to another street, where we toil up three pairs of grimy stairs, and find Ladkins and wife at home. A cheery couple these are, both well stricken in years, and "enjoyin' bad 'ealth," as she puts it, yet apparently happy and contented. Ladkins is proud to show his loom. He is weaving fringe, of a kind largely worn by ladies at the time. Of course he has to work hard at it, for he cannot earn more than threepence an hour, from not having been used to that kind of work. He can't make the "shittle" fly as fast as those brought up to the fringe-making. Now with silk or velvet he would be at home, but he has not had a piece to make for years. So he toils at the fringe, paid for at twopence-halfpenny the yard, and often works till midnight to make both ends meet. At our request he sets the loom in motion, and then the shuttle leaps from hand to hand, and the many-knotted strings jerk to and fro whilst the piece grows before our eyes.

A great contrast in every way to the condition of the Ladkins household is seen in that of a family in an adjacent street. They actually rent two rooms, working in one, and making the other their living and



WEAVING A PIECE OF SILK



sleeping place. The wife is weaving gimp at an open window. Day after day, from morning till night, we have marked her at the loom. Her husband and son follow the same occupation, and the earnings of the entire family average nearly two pounds a week. Yet the rooms are bare, and the occupiers discontented. But the explanation is subsequently found in the habits of the husband, who indulges in fits of dissipation, in the course of which he will menace his wife with the hatchet, and beat the son cruelly as a less dangerous occupation. In the same house are some young girls following the same trade, and living comfortably upon its proceeds. But the weaving of gimp can scarcely be classed with the manufacture of velvet, silks, and satins.

Yet one more relic of the old times is found in the person of the parish clerk, a *quondam* weaver, who can recall the time when distress first fell upon this quarter, as well as the palmy days when, consequent upon troubles in France, every English loom was in full work. He sums the history of their decay thus :

"As far as I understood it, sir, there was some treaty made with France, in consequence of which our people couldn't contend against the silk they sent over. Perhaps machinery could do it, but the hand-loom weavers couldn't. So most of us soon gave up the trade, and a fine trade it was. I can remember, as a young man, earning three pounds a week, with my wife's help, for weeks running. Once I made six pounds in nine days, and for a good many months my earnings would average fifteen pounds. If I worked now, I *might* make four in the same time. It was a pity they couldn't leave us alone."

It may be that, as threatened persons live long, a few weavers may still continue to earn a precarious livelihood at the trade. Or possibly the next generation may search in vain for that once plentiful commodity, a Spitalfields weaver.

A. R. Buckland, B.A.

OUR POPULAR BALLADS.

THE immense and universal influence of the ballad in bygone times has been stereotyped in the well-known expression of Fletcher of Saltoun. "I know a very wise man," wrote Fletcher, "who believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." The saying points to times and circumstances when the administration of the law was uncertain and inefficient, especially in the remoter districts, far from the central seat of authority. In those days the reputation of the ballad was sufficiently low, but a clear-sighted observer would nevertheless not fail to perceive its wide range and importance. It was the real popular circulating library—it was almost the newspaper—of the times. It passed to every nook and corner of society, to the fireside of hall and tavern, of farm kitchen and tradesman's workshop. The vivid narrative, with its tone of energy and pathos, came home to the everyday life of the hearers, whether gentle or simple, in a common sympathy. The bold achievement of arms and the doubtful course of a love adventure touched and satisfied both sides of a very unsophisticated human nature. We know from the pathetic strain of many an immortal ballad how wide a sympathy must have been evoked for the wrongs and the woes of many a "bonnie bonnie burd," and for the stratagems and triumphs of many a fair ladye. To this very day the Jacobite ballads maintain a considerable remnant of sentimental sympathy with the noble family, however morally perverse and politically intolerable, yet personally winning, who were supposed to be deprived of "their ain;" and it will be long before the diffusion of sound views of constitutional history may succeed in dislodging the generous feeling.

Literature also, no less than popular sentiment and imagination, has been enriched by the traditional narratives of unknown singers.* For long the ballads and songs of the people lay under the cold contempt of a refined classicalism. It is not the least of the merits of Addison that he had the courage to raise the popular minstrelsy out of disrepute by his papers on the "Chevy Chase" ballad in the *Spectator*. Bishop Percy, but for his "Reliques," would now be forgotten; yet such was the feeling of his age that he sent forth the work that now alone preserves his memory in literature with the timidest apologies, and was often sorely tempted to wish it safely in oblivion. But the day of recognition was slowly dawning. The genius of Burns had been nourished on the old songs and ballads, and made an abundant and thankful return. Walter Scott also was nurtured on similar lore as well as on tradition in other forms; it was the revival of the ballad, especially by Bürger (whose inspiration came direct from this country), that impelled and guided his first serious efforts in poetical composition; the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which conclusively established the dignity and popularity of the ballads, was, in his own words, "the first serious demand which he made on the patience of the public;" and the ballad spirit is closely allied with whatever is best and most charactistic in his later work.

It is extremely desirable that no part of our ballad literature should be lost for want of collecting. Numerous collections have been published since Scott's "Minstrelsy" made its appearance, and there has supervened a general impression that nothing further remains to be done in the matter. This is a mistake, however. Recognising this fact, Professor Child, of Harvard University, who is well known to scholars through his elaborate work on Chaucer, has been engaged for some nine or ten years on a thorough quest and comparison of all the extant remains of "The English and Scottish Popular Ballads," whether in print, or in manuscript, or in the precarious keeping of oral tradition. The foundation of this comprehensive, and in all probability final collection, is the "Percy Folio," supplemented of course by the other printed collections of Scott, Jamieson, Motherwell, Kinloch, Buchan, and the rest. But there still remains much additional matter in the seclusion of manuscript. In particular may be mentioned a collection of Motherwell's, which Mr. Child declares to be "second only in importance to the Percy," and thus to be "much the most important of hitherto unused materials." Next in extent to the Motherwell manuscripts are those of the late Mr. Kinloch, which have also been before Mr. Child, first in copy and afterwards in the original. Attempts have been made to get at the scattered ballads preserved in private copies; and, while much has been achieved, it is deeply to be regretted that "access to several manuscript collections has not yet been secured." A long, laborious, and gallant struggle has been carried on by Mr. Child, through willing helpers in Britain, Canada, and the United States, to recover such relics as may yet remain in popular tradition. It is gratifying now to be able to believe that "what is lacking bears no great proportion to what is in hand," and every literary student will cordially join in Mr. Child's cheerful hope that the rest "may soon come in."

* For a comprehensive collection, extending down to modern times, the reader may be referred to "Cassell's Illustrated British Ballads," edited by George Barnett Smith.—ED.

The collection is intended to embrace every accessible independent version of every ballad, with the important variations of copies which appear to be of the same proximate derivation. The first part of this magnificent work (there will be about eight parts in all) contains twenty-eight ballads, most of which appear in several forms, "Lord Randal" reaching fifteen and "The Twa Sisters" as many as twenty-one. The essays introductory to the several ballads, setting forth the sources and comparing the variations, are most learned and luminous, and to all appearance exhaustive. The variations are traced through every country of Europe where the ballads are known; and the discussion of "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight," perhaps the most widely-circulated of all ballads, presents a learned and detailed analysis that might well appal the boldest of German investigators. There are eleven Danish, twenty-six German, and about forty Polish versions of this ballad, to say nothing of the versions that come less numerously from every other European country.

Making every allowance for strong situations, vivid strokes of characterisation, and the frequent expression of intense passion, it is not improbable that "the general reader" would experience some disappointment with these ballads. If undeterred by the initial difficulty of language, he might still, on a cursory view, find a considerable proportion of them rugged, abrupt, sadly defective in rhyme and even in assonance, full of repetitions, and simple even to insipidity. Still, the effect of it may be indefinitely modified if one take care to place oneself in the positions of minstrels and auditors; for here, as ever, and indeed in a peculiar degree, not to sympathise is not to understand. The recitation must be accompanied and animated with the appropriate music of instrument or of voice, or of the sympathetic mind. Perhaps nowhere does simpler language express a more mournful pathos alternated with the unmitigated savagery of revengeful satisfaction than in the intense lines of "Fair Helen," but how much depends on the imaginative realisation of the reader! The appreciation of knightly exploits rose high in the famous fellowship of fearless souls assembled around the blazing logs of the hall fire; the softer episodes—

> "The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
> And the free maids that wove their thread with bones,
> Did use to chant;"

are certainly not without alternation. One must endeavour to throw oneself into the situation. Minstrel and reader must come "with naked hearts together." It was thus that "the old song of Percy and Douglas," although it was "sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style, evil apparelled in the dust and cobwebs of an uncivil age," nevertheless was potent to move the gallant heart of Sir Philip Sidney "more than a trumpet." And so it is when a large-hearted, if humble, singer spontaneously croons a pathetic ballad, as her hands mechanically follow her knitting or her spinning-wheel, while her mind is far away with the forlorn damsel or the fated hero of her song. Certainly no one that understands the value of our ballad literature will fail to join in the chorus of gratitude and admiration that ought to greet the laborious and faithful work of Professor Child.

JAN MAYEN.

WEDDING FLOWERS.

FROM the earliest times flowers have always held a prominent place in the religious and social ceremonies of most countries. Apart from their emblematical use, they seem to have been specially designed by their graceful beauty and varied character to represent the sympathy of nature in the sorrows and joys of human life. Referring to their festive associations, there are few events in life in which their presence has been more conspicuous than at weddings. Indeed, it would be no easy task to exhaust the list of flowers which have, at different times, entered into the marriage customs of our own and other countries, not to mention the many pretty bridal emblems of which they have been made symbolical. As far back as the time of Juno's nuptials we find, according to Homer's graphic account, how in honour of the occasion—

> "Glad Earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
> Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers:
> Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread
> And clust'ring swell'd the rising bed;
> And sudden hyacinths the turf bestow,
> And flamy crocus made the mountain glow."

Among some of the chief uses to which flowers were applied at weddings, was the nuptial garland with which the bride and bridegroom were crowned. It was generally composed of sweet-scented flowers arranged in the most artistic manner. Due prominence was given to the myrtle because, as Dryden says, "Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade."

This plant is still worn by brides on the Continent, and with us it is in high repute, for, according to a Somersetshire saying, "The myrtle is the luckiest plant to have in your window. Water it every morning and be proud of it." Another flower to which a foremost place was often allotted in the wedding crown was

the rosemary, perhaps for no better reason than that assigned in an old ballad :—

"Rosemary is for remembrance
Between us day and night,
Wishing that I may always have
You present in my sight."

Dr. Roger Hacket, in a quaint sermon, entitled "A Marriage Present" (1607), speaking of the rosemary says, "It overtoppeth all the flowers in the garden, boasting man's rule; it helpeth the brain, strengtheneth the memory, and is very medicinal for the head. Another property is, it affects the heart."

The rosemary, too, used at weddings was previously dipped, it would seem, in scented water, an allusion to which we find in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Scornful Lady," where it is asked, "Were the rosemary branches dipped?" A writer in the sixteenth century tells us how "in some countries the bride is crowned with a garland of prickles, that he (the bridegroom) might know he hath tied himself to a thorny pleasure." Of the many other flowers which were entwined in the bridal garland was the lily—emblematical of the purity and simplicity which should ever characterise marriage. Ben Jonson, it may be remembered, on the marriage of his friend Mr. Weston with the Lady Frances Stewart, wrote :—

"See how with roses and with lilies shine,
Lilies and roses (flowers of either sex),
The bright bride's paths."

Equally too in demand was the rose, whose unrivalled beauty and lovely fragrance mingled with the other flowers shed a rich perfume around the bride's presence. What floral ornament could be more suitable for a place in the bridal wreath, considering that from time immemorial the rose-bud has been considered typical of youthful beauty?—a sentiment thus expressed by the Poet Laureate :—

"Rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her."

The rose, moreover, as sacred to love—having been extensively used by the Greeks in the composition of their love-philtres—has deservedly occupied an important position in the marriage ceremony, in reference to which we find a pretty allusion in Dibden's "Lord of the Manor":—

"Young Love flew to the Paphian bower,
And gather'd sweets from many a flower:
From roses and sweet jesamine,
The lily and the eglantine,
The Graces there were culling posies
And found young Love among the roses."

It was also customary to plant a rose-bush at the head of the grave of a deceased lover, should either of them die before the wedding. Again, sprigs of bay were often introduced into the bridal wreath; the reason being that the plant was supposed to possess certain magical qualities, "protecting," according to Sir Thomas Browne, "from the mischief of thunder and lightning." It was also employed in love divinations, its leaves when crushed in the hollow of the hand telling the constancy of the lover by making a crackling sound. Once more, ears of corn were also inserted, symbolical of the plenty which might always crown the married couple—a custom which has its survival in the bride-cake. Moffet, in his "Health's Improvement," informs us that the friends, "when the bride comes from church, are wont to cast wheat upon her head; and when the bride and bridegroom return home, one presents them with a pot of butter, as presaging plenty and abundance of all good things."

Leaving our own country, it appears that the Roman bridal wreath was of verbena, plucked by the bride herself. Holly-wreaths were sent as tokens of congratulations, and wreaths of parsley and rue were given under a belief that they were effectual preservatives against evil spirits. The hawthorn was the flower which formed the wreath of Athenian brides. At the present day, in our own country, the bridal wreath is almost entirely composed of orange-blossoms, on a background of maiden-hair fern, a sprig here and there of stephanotis blending its exquisite fragrance. Much uncertainty exists as to why this blossom has been so much worn by brides, but the general opinion seems to be that it was adopted as an emblem of fruitfulness. According to a correspondent of "Notes and Queries," the practice has been derived from the Saracens, amongst whom the orange-blossom was regarded as a symbol of a prosperous marriage, a circumstance which is partly to be accounted for by the fact that, in the East, the orange-tree bears ripe fruit and blossom at the same time. It has also been suggested that this flower was introduced into our wedding customs by French milliners, having been selected for its beauty rather than for any symbolical reason.

Another important use to which flowers have been devoted in our marriage ceremonies is the bridal bouquet; which, however, is now a very different thing from what it was in days gone by. Instead of being composed, as now-a-days, of costly flowers, and arranged in the most elaborate manner by means of moss and wire, it was a simple nosegay of sweet country flowers, some of the favourite ones, says Herrick, being pansy, rose, ladysmock, prickmadam, gentle-heart, and maiden's blush. Of course, these varied according to the season of the year, those in summer time being far more varied and numerous than at other seasons. In spring, we are told, violets and primroses were much in request, but these flowers were probably selected not so much from choice as necessity, since the violet and primrose have generally been associated with early death.

A spray of gorse was formerly put into the bridal nosegay, in allusion probably to the old adage, "When the furze is out of bloom, kissing is out of fashion." The bridal "nosegay," too, as it was commonly called, was termed by many of our country folk a "posy."

Another floral custom, which was once observed with far more enthusiasm than in modern times, consisted in strewing flowers before the bride and bridegroom on their way to church. In Browne's "British Pastorals" we are told how—

"Full many maids, clad in their best array,
In honour of the bride come with their flaskets
Fill'd full with flowers; others, in wicker baskets
Bring from the marsh rushes to overspread
The ground whereon to church the lovers tread."

Shakespeare, too, in "Romeo and Juliet," makes Capulet say, referring to Juliet's supposed untimely death—

"Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse."

Indeed, most of our old poets and dramatists have introduced this custom, giving special prominence to it.

In these bridal strewings, it was customary to use such flowers as had an emblematical meaning suitable to the occasion; and should the bride, as occasionally happened, be not popular, she often encountered on her way to the church flowers of a not very complimentary meaning. The practice was not confined to this country, and we are told how in Holland the threshold of the newly-married couple was strewn with flowers, the laurel being generally most conspicuous among the festoons, denoting that the wedding-day is one of triumph. A survival of this custom is still kept up at Knutsford, in Cheshire. As soon as the bride has set out for the church, a relative spreads on the pavement before her house a quantity of silver-sand, called "greet," in the form of wreaths

of flowers, and writes with the same material wishes for her happiness. This is soon copied by others, and if the bride and bridegroom be favourites, there may be seen before most of the houses numerous flowers in sand.

In some country villages it is customary on the occasion of a wedding for the young people to make a floral rope, which they fix across the road, demanding a toll from every one of the bridal party who passes over it.

Lastly, among the wedding flowers which have been associated with a strong symbolical meaning may be noticed the willow, worn in days of old by those who were forsaken in love. There is a touching allusion to this practice in "Othello," where Desdemona, anticipating her death, says—

> "My mother had a maid called Barbara;
> She was in love, and he she loved proved mad,
> And did forsake her. She had a song of willow,
> An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
> And she died singing it: that song to-night
> Will not go from my mind."

"This tree," says Douce in his "Illustrations of Shakspeare," "might have been chosen as the symbol of sadness from the 137th Psalm, 'we hanged our harps upon the willows,' or else from a coincidence between the weeping willow and falling tears." Lavender, on the other hand, was sent by lovers as a special sign of affection, and was, too, occasionally worn to denote their engagement. Thus Drayton, in one of his "Eclogues," tells us how—

> "He for his lass him lavender hath sent,
> Showing his love, and doth requital crave."

Then, of course, there is the forget-me-not with its many romantic associations, which, as Goethe wrote, is

> "—— still the loveliest flower,
> The fairest of the fair,
> Of all that deck my lady's bower,
> Or bind her floating hair."

The lime has generally been regarded as the symbol of wedded love, and the peach-blosssm is the popular emblem of a bride with the Chinese, while with the Swiss maiden the beautiful edelweiss is much prized as a mark of her lover's devotion, because, as it often grows in dangerous and almost inaccessible places, it is considered an act of courage to gather it. The sunflower is in many parts of this country valued by lovers as a mark of constancy, in allusion to its always turning to the sun, for as Moore says—

> "The sunflower turns on her god when he sets
> The same look that she turned when he rose."

Without multiplying further illustrations, we have quoted sufficient to show how richly indebted our bridal lore is to the floral world, these lovely productions lending a grace and charm to that momentous event in life, which should ever be adorned by the beauty and purity which they possess.

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

CO-HEIRS.

A CORNISH STORY.

By JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "Lady Flavia," "The Tenth Earl," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

WHAT MISS KRANE HEARD.

POOR Lucy! poor sad thing! Papa, I must go to her—I must go out to Brinsmead at once,' I said earnestly.

"My father seldom demurred to anything upon which my heart was set, so he readily consented—and in a hired carriage I went over to my poor friend's house. I was in the habit of visiting there, and I knew this time that I should be doubly welcome, for Lucy was neither strong in health nor used to nursing, whereas I was both. It was a wretched home which I found there, and sadly changed from the pleasant, happy Brinsmead that I knew so well. It had not been contrived to keep their father's condition a secret from the children, and the little ones were weeping wildly, while the young wife, haggard with terror, seemed as if distracted by the agony of the moment.

"I was very glad indeed when Dr. Morton arrived. He stayed long with his patient, who lay in a dull stupor, groaning at intervals, but never uttering an articulate phrase, and seeming quite unconscious of the tender words which his sobbing wife lavished upon him.

"'It is, as I told you, Miss Katty, a bad case,' said the wise old doctor apart to me; 'and I am afraid there are injuries done the extent of which it is less easy to estimate than it was to set a fractured arm or to bandage a cut forehead. I tell you frankly—though we must both of us seem as cheerful as we can before the poor wife—that the symptoms are most alarming. Ice applied to the head does seem to do a little good, but—— I shall be over here again the first thing in the morning.'

"I could not think of deserting my friend in the hour of trouble, so, sending back by the driver of the carriage that had brought me to Brinsmead a message to my father and sister, I did my best to aid in nursing

the sufferer and in quieting the frightened children. It was a long and miserable night, as may well be imagined.

"My hardest task was with poor Lucy. We had been school friends, as I have said, but we were very different in character, and Lucy had always clung to me as the ivy clings to the oak, because I was the stronger, physically and mentally, of the two. Now, when I had hushed the terrified children, and had seen them quiet in their little beds, their mother's despair was very difficult to cope with. She, from the first, had deemed the case hopeless, and herself already a widow. And then, she had loved him so. I have seldom known a wife love her husband so devotedly as poor dear Lucy did. I think it was partly because he was so kind and good, partly, too, because he was so strong and sanguine—just the confident, vigorous man that makes the best spouse for an ailing, delicate wife. His had been one of those sunny, hearty natures that seem to impart a sense of warmth and comfort wherever they are, and Brinsmead Farm would not have been the cheery place it was but for the genial character of its owner. I am afraid that I made Dr. Morton responsible for oracular statements that he never uttered in my efforts to calm young Mrs. Parsons, and to infuse a gleam of hope into her mind.

"'It did seem so cruel,' sobbed Lucy, 'just as all our troubles were over, and Harry able to pay our debts, and set us straight with the world once more.'

"Wondering as to what she could mean, I observed, for the first time, that she wore slight mourning, and I questioned her as to its cause.

"'Didn't I tell you, Kate?' she answered, pushing back the loosened hair from her throbbing temples. 'I thought you knew we had come into a legacy. It was my grand-uncle—Uncle Chapman; I never saw him, but he lived in Yorkshire—who died without a will, so that half his property came to poor little me. And we were so thankful to get such a windfall, because that horrid man, Mr. Sleuthby, had threatened to sell us up at Brinsmead, and to seize everything. And Harry drove off joyfully to pay him, and to pay other people, too, whose bills had been pressing, in Gweltmouth, and now—and now—!' She sobbed afresh, and wrung her thin hands.

"What I gathered from the hints thus afforded was that a sudden change for the better, as to the worldly circumstances of the family, had occurred; that Mr. Parsons, jubilant and hopeful, had set off, driving the mettled young horse that was not yet safe in harness, and that the dreadful accident of which I had myself been an eye-witness had occurred. Also, if Lucy's husband had gone to Gweltmouth expressly to settle with his principal creditor, Mr. Sleuthby, it did seem probable that he had called at Mr. Sleuthby's abode, and paid the money due on mortgage of his lands, in the interval between our meeting in the road outside Gweltmouth, and the occurrence of the disaster. There had been ample time, I thought, for the transaction of that business, and for the payment of such shop debts in the town as were most pressing. And then, somehow, there recurred to me the memory of the thick and weighty roll of bank-notes which I had seen Mr. Sleuthby engaged in counting, and of the other packet, which seemed like law papers, that had been in his hand.

"'Lucy, dearest,' said I, 'do you know if your husband's papers—the title-deeds of Brinsmead estate—were in his pocket when he was brought back here in the evening, or the money he carried with him to redeem them?'

"'I do not know—I do not care. If I am to lose my poor Harry, my own loved husband, what can it matter to me about such wretched things?' she said petulantly.

"'But, Lucy, love, for the children's sake, in any case, for that of your dear husband, of his good name, and for the preservation of Brinsmead, that has been in his family so long, and that he set such store by, you ought to ascertain the truth. If he has paid Mr. Sleuthby, and taken a formal receipt, or if the cash still remains unspent: at any rate you will not lose your home, and that of little Fred and Florence, and my tiny godchild Kitty. It is wrong to put off finding out what has become of the large sum Mr. Parsons had with him.'

"Lucy obeyed me in the old, docile way. But nothing, except his watch and pencil-case, and some loose gold and silver, and a few letters and keys, could be found in the pockets of poor, insensible Mr. Parsons. Stay—I forgot—there were three hastily folded bills, quite freshly receipted that afternoon: one from a milliner, another from a coal merchant, the third from a corn dealer. These, together, came to a hundred and thirty-nine pounds. There were two other bills, unreceipted, for much heavier sums: nearly six hundred pounds between them. But there were no bank-notes, no title-deeds, no release or acknowledgment for the considerable amount due to Mr. Jabez Sleuthby.

I thought the night would never be over. The poor sufferer never once opened his eyes, and, though he moaned and murmured broken phrases, clearly was unaware of his condition, and unable to understand what was addressed to him. It was the chill, grey hours of the early morning, a little before dawn, that I found myself sitting alone at the bedside. Mrs. Parsons, exhausted and worn out with weeping, had been persuaded to lie down and take some rest, and I was alone with the patient.

"'The first thing I did was to settle scores with Jabez Sleuthby,' said a voice, thin and feeble as the sound of a distant flute, quite unlike the cheery, manly voice of Mr. Parsons; and then there followed a weak attempt at a laugh.

"I looked round. The dying man—for such I knew him to be—was stirring uneasily among his pillows, but his dim eyes were open at last.

"'Yes, I was glad to pay off old Jabez—old Cent. per Cent.,' murmured the invalid; 'and I'll tell you what, Lucy, my girl: I don't think the money-lending hunks half liked getting his money in the nick of time. Anyhow, Brinsmead is safe, that's one comfort: safe for little Freddy if anything happens—to me.'

"He seemed to fall asleep here, for though I watched long and anxiously, and addressed him more than once, he never spoke more, but sank into his old condition of heavy stupor, ceasing even to moan, but breathing with difficulty.

"The words I have chronicled were the last ever uttered by poor Harry Parsons. He never again became conscious, and died about eight o'clock on that sultry August morning, half an hour after Dr. Morton had arrived to pay his promised visit to his patient.

"I pass over Lucy's grief; I pass over the dreary days and the sad funeral: my business is with what followed. Mr. Jabez Sleuthby waited decorously for a fortnight after the burial of his former client, and then put in his claim. He politely reminded Lucy, in her capacity of executrix to the will of her late husband, that he had given due notice of his intention to foreclose the mortgage on Brinsmead, and should be reluctantly compelled to assert his legal rights by a certain date, unless his claim should be previously met. Mr. Harrison, the lawyer whom the widow, at my suggestion, consulted, did his best, I am sure, but with no satisfactory result. It was easy to prove that Mr. Parsons in Gweltmouth had paid certain bills on the afternoon of the fatal accident; secondly, that he had been seen, in such shops as he had entered, to have a large sum of money in his possession; while, thirdly, at the wine merchant's, and at a boat-builder's—who, like Mr. Sleuthby, lent money, but on a smaller scale—he had loudly expressed disappointment because his creditors were absent. 'I wanted to clear all off, stock, lock, and barrel!' he had declared in his frank, rough good-nature. As to whether he had called on Mr. Sleuthby on his entering the town, or whether, so calling, he had found that gentleman from home, and had determined to try again as he drove out, there was nothing to prove. Mr. Sleuthby himself deposed that about three-quarters of an hour after he had let himself in with his latch-key he was startled by seeing the blood-stained and senseless form of Mr. Parsons borne to his door by two strange men—tramps, as he conjectured. His old servant, the charwoman, Mrs. Green, had arrived later still, and had helped him to administer what little aid was possible to the hurt man before the coming of experienced Dr. Morton.

"Mr. Sleuthby was quite positive that this—when the bearers brought in their helpless burthen—was the first time of his seeing Mr. Parsons that day, or, indeed, for a month or more. He had certainly transacted no business with him that afternoon. The title-deeds of the Brinsmead property he had by him in safe custody, as usual, awaiting the redemption of the mortgage. He was quite willing, under the melancholy circumstances, to give the bereaved lady any reasonable time—say, two months—of grace, but after that the law must take its course. Now, the great difficulty was to ascertain what had become of the considerable sum of money which Mr. Parsons undoubtedly had with him—it was nearly four thousand pounds—when he started from home, and of which, more than three thousand he had intended to hand over to Mr. Sleuthby, while about six hundred pounds were due to the wine merchant and the boat-builder, both of whom were away at Bodmin Market when he called at their doors. Suspicion fell naturally on the tramps, or gipsies, who had carried the injured gentleman to Mr. Sleuthby's house. They, as likely as not, had appropriated to themselves the great sum in bank-notes, and, as was suggested by the lawyer himself, had perhaps been cunning enough to refrain from stealing the few articles of lesser value, such as the watch and chain and the loose money in the pockets.

"Very fortunately, the amount which Mrs. Parsons had inherited from her intestate great-uncle in Yorkshire proved to be enough to pay off Mr. Sleuthby's claim, and Brinsmead, with its old acres and the family home, were thus preserved from seizure. But though advertisements in London and country newspapers were tried, and rewards offered, and the police set to work, no trace of the wandering persons who had carried our poor friend's body to Mr. Sleuthby's door could ever be found, and public opinion very decisively proclaimed them to be the thieves. No list of the numbers of the stolen notes, unluckily, existed, for Mr. Parsons had always been unsuspicious to a fault. There was, then, no method of tracing the lost money, while little or no doubt could exist as to its having been stolen. And a sum which might have been most useful for the education and the portions of the younger children was thus entirely taken away from the bereaved family at Brinsmead.

"There was an inquest, of course, the death of poor young Harry Parsons being a sudden one; and I, as known to have been an eye-witness of the accident, had to give evidence before jury and coroner. But my testimony was very brief and to the point, and nobody dreamed of pressing me with questions. I had seen the hot-tempered young horse take fright and become unmanageable, had seen the carriage upset, and had directed the men who ran to lift the hurt man where to carry their helpless load, while I had gone to fetch a surgeon. Nothing could be more commonplace. 'Accidental Death' had been the simple, and the only possible, verdict. But if I had told the truth, and nothing but the truth, about the catastrophe itself, I had been mute, not merely before the representatives of legal authority, but with my own father, with my friends, with the dead man's widow, as to what I had seen through the parlour window of Mr. Sleuthby's cottage. I had said nothing as to the roll of bank-notes which I saw in Mr. Sleuthby's hands. I had said nothing as to the law papers which I saw in Mr. Sleuthby's hands too, as I—myself unperceived—watched his movements.

"Why had I been so reticent? What was the cause of my silence? Why had I consented to become tacitly almost an accomplice in what may very possibly have been a base, cruel, heartless fraud? I have wondered sometimes at what could be my response to such questioning as this, were I to come under cross-examination in a more important court than that petty one of the coroner's. And I admit that I have not yet

made up my mind as to the use to which I intend to put the knowledge which I believe myself surreptitiously to have acquired."

Here ended Miss Katharine Krane's narrative. She read it over very patiently and carefully, as if to refresh her memory. Perhaps she was herself unaware of the skill, such as a public prosecutor might have envied, with which she had arranged her materials, and marshalled her formidable array of facts, so as to throw suspicion, almost amounting to certainty, on Jabez Sleuthby. It is very sure that by the rough-and-ready justice of lynch law such evidence would have noosed a rope for the miser's neck; but it is possible that the scruples of trained lawyers and the hesitation of a jury might have stood him in good stead, under the more calm and formal procedure of our own tribunals. Still, it was easy to see by the girl's stern smile, and the menacing light that glittered in her dark eyes as she re-folded the paper, that she was conscious of the power she possessed to influence the career of him she had such good reason to abhor. She replaced the document in its former resting-place, along with the slim packet of letters and the withered flowers, locked the tortoise-shell box, locked up the box itself in the cupboard from which she had taken it, and, glancing at her watch, found that it was already later than she had believed it to be. She walked up to the tall mirror, and looked steadfastly at her own reflection, to see if any tell-tale traces of emotion, whether of wrath or sorrow, lingered there. No; her grand statuesque beauty remained unruffled by any sign of anger or of grief. Even her broad low brow did not appear to be clouded by an unwonted weight of thought. Perhaps she marvelled, as she looked so long and so fixedly at her image in the glass, how a lover who had once loved her could have deserted her for mere lucre's sake. Perhaps she took blame to herself that she should still care for such an one as Jabez Sleuthby. She smiled her proud smile, and there was bitterness in her voice as she said—

"Prudence would be his best course. Should he play me false—should his hard heart never soften—then I think the snare of his own setting will entangle his feet beyond hope!"

Then she went down-stairs to play her usual part in the quiet routine of household life.

"'WHAT'S THIS?—SKYLARKING!'" (p. 678).

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

IN WHICH JABEZ MAKES UP HIS MIND.

IT was a hot August morning. Little wind was stirring to fan the sultry air, and the smoke from the tall main chimney of the Gweltmouth Porcelain Works, that were still called Kirkman's, rose lazily skywards, and loomed like the portentous bulk of some giant geni of the "Arabian Nights" lately released from durance in his copper vessel. Summer and winter that cloud never ceased in working hours to hover over the manufactory, though often and often it was snatched off, and swept away in ragged haze, by one of the fierce gales for which the Cornish coast is famous. Within the walled enclosure the usual toil was going on. Load after load of the fine china clay, the abundance of which had first enabled Cornwall to compete with Kathay, was being delivered, coarsely sorted, coarsely sifted, washed, dried, sifted afresh, with the most heedful trituration possible, re-washed, re-sorted, and turned over to the pottery department. Next the smooth kaolin, varying between a straw tint and a rich chocolate, passed into the hands of experts, chemists, some highly-trained artisans, others who knew by the subtle agency of tests and the teaching of experience which clay was fit for delicate ware, and which would never answer save for cheap goods.

When the clay—no common argile, but the rare product of the decomposition of ancient rocks, gneiss, and graywacke and granite—had passed from under the inspection of the "triers," it began to be moulded, turned, stamped, lined, punched, stencilled, and then shape after shape, mould after mould, was carried off to the drying-kilns, there, at a gentle heat, to acquire consistency enough for the colours and the bronzing and the glazing and the dainty gold enamel, and the crowning triumph of the firing, to be effected in those glowing kilns, where the strong heat was graduated to a nicety, over which Mr. Auldjo from Scotland, the "fire-master," reigned supreme. Few who saw Kirkman's Cornish porcelain in a shop-window or on a breakfast-table had any clear conception of the labour which it took to bring each cup and plate and bowl and vase to its actual state of high finish and rich design. But let us take a glimpse at the works, where colourists and linemen who were almost artists laid on gold, according to the sketch of the accredited artist of the factory: where Mr. Auldjo, thermometer in hand, and with his horn-rimmed spectacles at the proper focus, watched the dainty china as it ripened in the red glow of the kiln: where the poor, ill-clad women and lads upon whom the rougher and simpler tasks devolved, yet worked as sedulously as did the better-taught and better-paid specialists who alone got remunerative wages out of the renowned old porcelain works.

Mr. Sleuthby, the master of all, was going round, as usual, among the numerous persons in his employ, narrowly watching the work as it went on, and not sparing reproof and rebuke when idleness or inaptitude attracted his attention. He was one of those employers who never praise or spare a good servant, who work, so to speak, the willing horse to death, but who are Argus-eyed for the shortcomings of skulkers and shirkers. To three or four of the minor fry on this occasion Jabez was exceedingly outspoken.

"What's your name, boy? Charley Pebworthy, is it? And you can't heft the bucket of clay, can't you? because of the weight of it, you snivelling hound! Then, young Pebworthy, you may tell your mother I don't want you after Saturday. Don't let me see that hatchet-face of yours next week, d'ye hear? This factory is not an infirmary for measly brats like you."

"Eh, Mrs. Droner, at your old games; the spasms again, is it? Oh, yes; and your poor heart—all excuses to get off your proper work in the sorting-yard. What's that you say about your husband out at sea, and the nets washed away in the storm of Wednesday week? As if I cared a straw for your husband's coble boat and his twines and his lines, and whether he catches dogfish or pilchards! You'll be put on half-pay, which is all you deserve, if you don't handle your shovel and fill your basket, I can assure you; and so you'll find when you come to Mr. Glubb in the pay-place."

"What's this?—skylarking! You pack of young thieves!"—this last was addressed to half a dozen of simple-faced lads, who were caught dancing a nigger dance to the music of improvised bones and banjo, while their spades and the wet clay remained neglected for a space. "You rascally young robbers! Sixpence apiece fine for this; and I shall tell Mr. Mincher to keep a sharp eye on you for the future. You young dogs! Only let me hear of your dancing again, and I'll give you a dancing lesson not to your taste, my fine fellows!"

Mr. Sleuthby was merciless where his true slaves, the meek Cornish workers whom hunger and necessity delivered over to him, were concerned; but he was civil, if not gracious, as regarded his intercourse with the superior artisans from distant parts of England, whose skilled labour made his wares marketable. He was not rough with these, since he did not wish to part with them, but he was captious, cold, and exacting, because he wished to get out of each of them the extremest maximum of work that it was possible to wring. And if he seldom ventured on positive blame, he abstained on principle from uttering a word of kindly encouragement. To praise a man, so Mr. Sleuthby reasoned, was to make a man conceited: therefore negligent, discontented, and clamorous for an increase of wages. So Jabez was never laudatory. His brown coat and broad-brimmed hat and shambling gait inspired dislike as he went to and fro among the different departments of his works, but not contempt. He was a tyrant, but he was a shrewd employer, well versed in the details of his hereditary business.

It is curious, in some minds at least, to note how a twofold skein of thought can unravel itself, just as a few gifted chess-players or strategists contrive to plan a campaign or a game while seemingly engrossed in conversation. Jabez Sleuthby, as he shuffled frowningly about his factory, keenly alive to all that went on, was yet in the spirit far away from the scene of his daily work—far away at Marblehead Priors. The visit

of the money-lender to the impecunious earl, when the June moon was young, and the foliage of the rare woodlands on that storm-swept coast yet wore its tender newness of greenery, had been often renewed. Again and again had Mr. Sleuthby been a guest at Lord Malvern's table, while he often passed hours with his noble entertainer in his study, poring over papers that he understood far better than the earl had ever done, and giving or withholding his opinion, precisely as suited his convenience and his projects. For Jabez had projects with which the noble house of De Vere was very closely bound up. He had found the earl as plastic, when properly managed, as wax between the fingers of the modeller; and, as usually happens when a strong nature and a weak one come in contact with one another, the ex-diplomatist had fallen into a habit of deferring to the judgment and courting the advice of the Gweltmouth usurer.

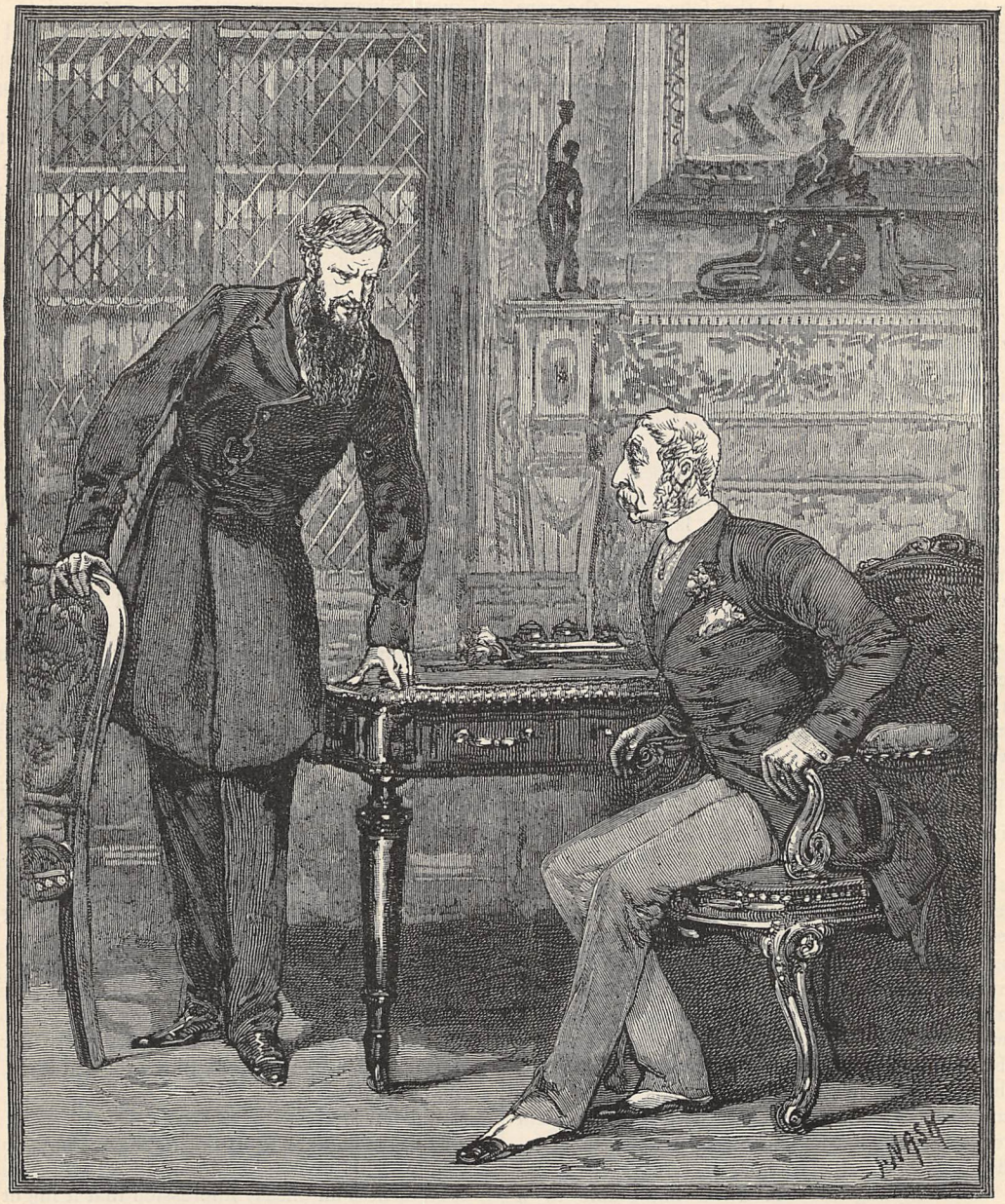
Poor Lord Malvern! He was not the first embarrassed man who has miscalculated the beneficial effect of a lump sum of ready money in freeing him from the toils of debt. He had obtained his large loan, but in so doing he had merely loaded himself with a heavier chain than any that he had been able to shake off; for where could he have found a creditor so astute, so unscrupulous, and so pitiless as Jabez Sleuthby? Sundry of his old liabilities he had discharged in full; some persistent vexers of his aristocratic repose had been quieted by the sop of an instalment; some arrears of interest had been sponged away. But Lord Malvern never could see into the milestone of his own muddled affairs as could the more piercing eyes of the Gweltmouth money-lender, and he began ere long to receive awkward reminders of his own dependence on that dubious ally. Jabez was always putting his lordship in mind of what he would fain have dipped in Lethe: that such-and-such interest was due or nearly due, that the "commission" stipulated was owing yet, that payments should be made to the Cormorant Assurance Company, in which, at a fancy premium, the earl had covenanted to insure his life by way of collateral security. And when the shoe pinched too tightly, Jabez would smoothly express his readiness to "attend to" the demands of the Cormorant, or to allow the other little inconvenient matters to stand over, on receipt of a signed memorandum from his noble friend. It is so much more easy and tempting to affix one's autograph to a memorandum than to a cheque on a banking firm where the balance is modest, that Mr. Sleuthby's noble friend usually chose that perilous alternative.

With the ladies of the high-born family at Marblehead Priors, Jabez, so far as winning good opinion or esteem went, made but little progress. That he was rich was a redeeming feature in Lady Malvern's eyes. The poor countess had the simple respect for wealth which we often observe in middle-aged persons who have rank and nothing else, just as Dives the plutocrat, in his palatial residence, has an equally simple reverence for title and fashion. But ugly stories were current as to the manner in which Mr. Sleuthby was in the habit of adding to his store, and Lady Malvern felt ashamed of welcoming to her dinner-table a guest whom her servants were ashamed to wait upon. What would she have said just then had she known the audacity of the usurer's matrimonial aspirations—had she dreamed that Jabez was debating in his own mind as to whether he should or should not secure Lady Gwendoline as his wife? It was not her beauty that attracted him one-half so much as the prestige which, as he was shrewd enough to know, accrues to the moneyed man who allies himself by marriage with a noble family, and which may indirectly bear golden fruit, in the shape of directorships and so forth. Then she was a bride whose prospective dowry might be worth the having. Jabez had ascertained from the incautious earl that by his will the favourite daughter, Gwendoline, would inherit all he had to leave—"little enough, poor child; but then, she may marry"—saddled only by a rent-charge for the maintenance of poor, crooked Lady Edith. Now, Jabez knew a great deal more about the ultimate value of that Cornish property that was to come to Lady Gwendoline than did its needy owner. He saw his way where to the earl there appeared but a hopeless labyrinth of embarrassments. "Some ready cash, a few smart bargains, sell the bad and keep the good, and a long-headed man of business might get very pretty pickings off the bone yet," was Mr. Sleuthby's soliloquy.

It is strange, but true, that the miser never wasted a single thought on Lady Gwendoline's inclinations. That she did not like him he felt sure. He fancied, too, that she was slightly afraid of him, and his cynical conversation and darkling looks. That, he reckoned, was an advantage, so far as it went. Girls sometimes marry men whom, perhaps irrationally, they fear, out of sheer feminine unwillingness to say "No." However, what Mr. Sleuthby relied on for insuring the young lady's consent was the powerful influence that he could bring to bear through his hold upon the earl. But the remembrance of Kate, in her dark beauty and with her proud manner, and the passionate emphasis of the words, so well recollected, of her last address to him, recurred to him ever and anon, and made him hesitate.

It was not love, in the true sense of the word, that stirred the cold, hard heart of Jabez Sleuthby, but he combined with much admiration of Katharine's beauty and cleverness an uneasy impression that it might not be quite safe to provoke her to resentment greater than he had yet aroused. And yet, what could she do? Hard words, so Jabez argued, broke no bones, nor did scornful glances wither, save in a metaphorical sense, the object of contempt. Had Kate Krane been the earl's daughter, had she been heiress of the lands and minerals which still belonged to Lord Malvern—had she, in fact, been in Lady Gwendoline's position, Mr. Sleuthby would not have lingered long in hesitation; nor, as a matter of fact, did Mr. Sleuthby hesitate long.

"The master's early off to-day," was the remark of the spokesman or spokeswoman of more than one gang of timid workers, as Jabez removed his baleful



"JABEZ . . . . IN HIS TURN ROSE FROM HIS CHAIR" (*p.* 683).

presence. He was never, as many exemplary men of business are, of quite clock-work precision as to his going and coming among the vassals who dreaded the well-known vision of that shabby brown great-coat which he wore so pertinaciously; but it was not very often that he completed his daily rounds so promptly as on that hot August day. He had neglected nothing whereby a penny could be earned or saved. He had been, as he always was, strict with the men at the coal store, and authoritative in his directions to stoker and fireman. But he went home early. And on this occasion he went as straight to his home as the curves and the irregularity of Gweltmouth streets allowed, avoiding, by some instinct, the road that led by old Captain Richard Krane's garden hedge. Once arrived there, he dressed himself rapidly, but carefully, discarding his frowsy brown gaberdine for the frock-coat of ceremonious visiting, and set off, at a brisker pace than usual, for Marblehead Priors.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

AN UNWELCOME INTRUSION.

THE great drawing-room at Marblehead Priors commanded a magnificent view from the headland on which the present mansion and former convent stood conspicuous over the illimitable sea, gold and azure now in the sunlight, but so often varying in hue from dull green to leaden grey, and flecked with angry foam as the great waves came hurrying on, in obedience to the gale from the Atlantic.

The countess and her daughters were standing near one of the windows that allowed of the best prospect of ocean, looking out, not so much at the every-day splendours of sea and sky, of which dwellers on the coast soon come to tire, as at Sir Pollock Hartopp's new yacht, *The Foam*, in all the pride of her fresh paint, gold-leaf, snowy canvas, and bright bunting, as she sailed, first on one tack, then on the other, as if to exhibit her handiness as a craft, and the skill of her crew and commander, for the benefit of the noble gazers at Marblehead. And as the young baronet was doubtless on board his new possession, but lately provided with her last costly fittings at Blackwall, such was, very probably, the reason of the yawl's choice of a cruising-ground.

"Poor, dear Sir Pollock!" sighed the countess, thinking of Trenilly and its rent-roll, and of how convenient it would be if her beautiful child could henceforth sign her letters "Gwendoline Hartopp." "He thinks of us, I am sure; and what a comfort it must be to be rich! Why, Lady Hartopp told me, only yesterday, that the agent considered the Trenilly property to be absurdly under-rented, and that the income could easily be increased by another two thousand a year without hurting any one. I like Sir Pollock."

"So do I," said Lady Gwendoline quite simply; "and I am glad he has got his new yacht, since his mind has been so set upon it that each time he has been here he has talked of little else."

Lady Malvern sighed. The countess is not the first mother who has regretted that her daughter was not of the world, worldly, when an eminently desirable match was in question; and she felt sure that her remarks on the extra two thousand a year that could so readily be added to the Trenilly rent-roll had been quite thrown away on Lady Gwendoline.

"At any rate," she said, "it is better that a young man of Sir Pollock's means and station should stay at home, and fill his proper place in the county, than that his income should be flung broadcast on the green tables of Monte Carlo, or Monaco, or whatever they call the dreadful place, like those of Lord Polboodle, our other near neighbour."

The earl, who was standing meditatively before the fireless grate, overheard this speech, and made answer, "Yes, yes; young Sir Pollock's new toy is a harmless indulgence, I allow, as compared with Polboodle's plunging. Last week I got a letter from Colonel Vandeleur, whom you remember, and who is now at Vevey, and was at Nice last winter, and saw Polboodle lose at one sitting——"

"Mr. Sleuthby!" announced a servant, and Jabez came in. His reception, on the part of the ladies of the family, was not a very cordial one; but the earl, after the first instant of annoyance, was as bland as ever.

"I hoped for a minute's conversation with your lordship," said Jabez significantly, after a few commonplace phrases had been exchanged.

"Shall we adjourn to my study, then?—I am quite at your disposal," said the urbane master of the house, as he motioned the way to the library.

"I wonder why that dreadful man comes here so very often," said Lady Gwendoline, when the door had closed, "and why papa receives him. If there is any cause for it, at all events he seems out of place in a drawing-room; and I am surprised that he should persist in being so constant a visitor."

"Your father, no doubt, has his reasons," returned Lady Malvern oracularly. She suspected that Jabez had lent much money to her needy earl, but she did not know it, for her signature had not been requisite, and she was not one of those Fatimas who pry into the Bluebeards' chambers, where their husbands keep their debts. "And then," added the countess tolerantly, "I dare say the poor man finds his life solitary and monotonous. Gweltmouth is a dull place."

"If what Lady Hartopp told us yesterday concerning Mr. Sleuthby is correct," said Lady Edith, looking up from her tapestry frame, "he must be cruel and bad. I wish he had not chosen to select us as his friends, and I am sorry to see him so constantly at the Priors. Of course, papa knows best."

"But papa seems to be afraid of the creature!" exclaimed Lady Gwendoline, as her colour rose to the fair cheek, that was usually so pale, and her blue eyes, so gentle and full of thought, were bright as Katharine Krane's dark ones. "It is that which vexes me."

It was plain that some of the old high spirit of the ancient race of De Vere yet lingered in Lady Gwendoline, as became a daughter of crusading sires and of warrior lords, whose banner with the silver star had been borne through fifty battles in the long Wars of the Roses. There was not much of that mettle left in the earl himself, and not much in Lady Edith. As for the countess, she was, as has been mentioned, the daughter of a Lord George Something, and therefore the grandchild of at least a marquis. But her ancestors—lawyers under Elizabeth and the Scottish Solomon, courtiers and trimmers afterwards in the troublous times between Oliver Cromwell and the Elector of Hanover—had been more distinguished for suppleness of back-bone than for any more chivalric quality.

"I am sure that your dear father has his reasons for what he does," said the countess, with an air of mystery, since, like a good wife, she felt bound to defend the discretion of her absent lord; and, since the daughters loved their father well, and were, indeed, unused to criticise his proceedings, there was an end of the subject. Lord Malvern had picked up some-

how an undesirable acquaintance, who chose to push his way towards an intimacy, but it did not seem very easy to check his approaches.

Meanwhile, in the earl's library it was the noble master of the house who was ill at ease, while the intruder appeared cool and collected.

"It *was* business, was it not," asked Lord Malvern, in a flurried tone, after some few indifferent remarks had been exchanged, "which has procured me the pleasure of seeing you to-day? And I am afraid," went on the earl desperately, "that you are uncomfortable in your mind as to that turbary right of mine at Grantcester about which we have conversed more than once, and which is, of course, included in the mortgage. Hilyard, the lawyer, tells me that my father certainly did sign a lease for the joint lives of Anthony Bowles and Julia Bacon of the turbary; and——"

"Excuse me for interrupting your lordship," interposed Jabez, with grim politeness. "Such was not the object of my visit to-day. It was not about the Grantcester turbary that I desired to speak. It was of something which concerns myself personally, of something nearer to my heart."

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Lord Malvern, arching his pencilled eye-brows, and really at a loss as to whether his business-like guest had or had not suddenly taken leave of his senses. Jabez Sleuthby, porcelain manufacturer and money-lender, to be talking about his heart, excepting in a strictly physical sense and to his doctor, was too startling a phenomenon not to disturb the composure of his noble host.

"Perhaps," retorted Jabez, somewhat nettled, "your lordship wonders to find me so sentimental. I am not often so, I admit. But even a hard, work-a-day man of business, such as I am, can have a softer side to his nature. Mine, Lord Malvern, is a lonely life. My young days are all but over. My home has hitherto been but a dreary and a desolate abode, unblessed by the presence of wife and children. Is it surprising that I should wish to make an alteration in a state of things so little calculated to give pleasure or to promote comfort?"

"If you desire me to understand that you are going to be married, Mr. Sleuthby, I can but beg you to accept," said the bewildered earl, "my best and most sincere congratulations on so auspicious an event. I had no idea——"

"No; the notion of connecting your business friend with cards and cake, and orange-blossoms, and Brussels lace, and other hymeneal associations, probably never entered your lordship's head," returned Jabez, with a snarl; "but, Lord Malvern, the marriage I wish for is not fixed as yet, and cannot well take place without your lordship's assistance and consent."

"Without my assistance!—my consent! My very dear sir!" ejaculated the earl, glancing nervously towards the bell-handle, and more than doubtful of the sanity of his obliging friend.

"Because," continued Jabez coolly, "as the father of the young lady on winning whose hand I have set my heart, I come, not unnaturally, in the first instance, to your lordship."

The veins in Lord Malvern's high white forehead seemed to swell, and his breath came gaspingly. A daughter of his, and the suitor Jabez Sleuthby! The audacity of such a proposal all but culminated in a fit. Poor as he was, the earl did find some comfort in the remembrance of his own blue blood, the *sangre azul* of Spanish genealogists, and it had not been without some twinges that he had entertained the idea of Sir Pollock Hartopp as a son-in-law. Who was Sir Pollock as compared to a De Vere? Merely, of course, the descendant of a roguish army contractor in the wars of Queen Anne. But even a pedigree that dated from the days when, under Malbrook the Victorious, our soldiers fought so well, and, alas! according to Uncle Toby, swore so terribly in Flanders, was a sort of pedigree, when well bolstered up by hereditary wealth. But Jabez Sleuthby! The Earl grew faint and dizzy, and felt his cravat uncomfortably tight around his neck. Wotherspoon, the heir, was at that moment nearer to succeeding to a coronet than that thriving wine merchant could possibly have dreamed of. For a time the earl heard the voice of his visitor like the humming of a bee or the buzzing of a blue-bottle fly, until at last the words "Lady Gwendoline" fell upon his ear.

Indignation gave Lord Malvern a little strength. There was reproof in his tone; there was actual dignity in his manner as he said—

"You have surprised me, sir. The truest kindness, in such a case, is to be explicit. Excuse me when I tell you plainly that no such proposition could be acceptable either to a daughter of mine or to any member of the family of which I am the head. Your own good sense, on reflection, will, I am sure, show you the hopeless incompatibility, the preposterous monstrosity, of your suggestion. I am not what is ordinarily called a proud man, as, during our intercourse, Mr. Sleuthby, you have probably discovered; but still, rank and station impose certain duties on those who inherit them. What you speak of, sir, can never be."

Jabez looked amused rather than angry or disappointed. He felt himself in the position of an angler who has just hooked a huge salmon, and gives line enough, but not too much, to humour the first furious dash of the silver-scaled monarch of the pool. He was himself quite cool, while the earl was trembling perceptibly from agitation.

"My lord," said Mr. Sleuthby firmly, but in a tone of persuasion, "I can appreciate your feelings, and make allowance for your astonishment. In a strict heraldic point of view, such as Court marshals and garter kings-at-arms are bound to take, the Sleuthbys and the De Veres would not stand side by side. Your forefathers hunted and hawked, and rode to battle, and tilted in tournaments, and plotted and got attainted, and lost their heads on Tower Hill, while mine were at the plough-tail. But now things are changed. Such marriages as I propose are made every day. On one side rank, youth, and sometimes, as in the case of Lady Gwendoline, beauty; on the other, the solid advantages of a moneyed match, of

liberal settlements, and an assured future. Your lordship and I are both too old—excuse me—to take the boy and girl, sentimental, love in a cottage, ideal of married life as our standard. We ought also to be able to reason calmly as to an alliance between a very noble young lady and such a suitor as myself. I am several years older than Lady Gwendoline De Vere, and——"

"And therefore, if for no other reason, the idea is one not to be entertained by her father or herself," interrupted the earl, growing crimson. "Your home, sir, is scarcely one to which a young lady, delicately nurtured, could be brought as a wife, even if——" And then the repugnance of the idea choked his voice.

"I could afford, and should afford, a better home than that of which your lordship makes such disparaging mention," philosophically replied Jabez Sleuthby. "It would probably be in London. A new field might open out before me," he added, almost dreamily, as he scented fresh prey and lucre on a grander scale; "and I might even part with the porcelain works, and sell my Gweltmouth house property, which requires constant attention. Lavish or extravagant I shall never be, but I am far from demanding that a young wife should share the frugal simplicity of my present mode of life; and I assure you that Lady Gwendoline Sleuthby——"

"I would sooner see my daughter in her coffin than have her called by such a name!" cried out the earl vehemently, as he sprang from his chair and made a movement towards the bell.

Jabez smiled his grim smile.

"Have you reflected, my lord, that as I can be a serviceable friend, so I might become a very dangerous enemy? Those who have thwarted me have usually had bitter reason to repent it. You live in a glass house, Lord Malvern, and would be wiser to abstain from stone-throwing. You are, if not already a ruined man, so near the brink of the abyss that a push might plunge you fathoms deep. Are you aware that the deeds you have signed involve very serious consequences—that you are bound, so to speak, in parchment chains, the weight of which you will feel on the day I choose to transmute parchment into iron? Do you want an execution in Marblehead Priors, or a writ of *fi. fa.*, and an auction of plate, furniture, and family pictures? Would you like injunctions, suits, notices of action and ejectment, to hail upon your illustrious head? Would you prefer to finish as a titled outlaw, hunted abroad to live on the small income settled on the countess, and leading a precarious life at second-rate Swiss *pensions* and in Boulogne-sur-Mer, the gibe and jest of those who read your history in such journals as thrive by gossip? If so, let it be war to the knife, or to the writ, between us!" And Jabez, with a threatening scowl that matched his menacing words, in his turn rose from his chair.

The wretched earl passed his scented handkerchief across his heated forehead, and felt, it may be guessed, very like a criminal who sees the judge slowly don the black cap, as a preliminary to hearing that he is to be hanged by the neck till he is dead.

"You will—you will make allowance for a father's feelings, Mr. Sleuthby!" he stammered out. "Nothing could be farther from my wish than to give offence to—to—to one whom I have learned to look on as a friend. Pray sit down—calm yourself. I never meant to be rude; but, of course, it is impossible in these days to coerce a daughter or——"

He broke down here, almost sobbing. Cowed by the threats of the man in whose power he felt himself to be, he felt but one wish—to temporise, to gain time, to trust to the chapter of accidents. Any course, it seemed to him, was better than the simple manliness of a persistent refusal. Jabez read him like a book.

"I will not," he said grimly, "intrude longer on your lordship at present. We must soon discuss this matter again. I can only trust that I may carry with me the conviction that your lordship will offer no actual opposition to my suit."

"No—no—quite the contrary," said the earl hastily, as he shook his visitor's hand. "Only give me time to think, to consider the affair in all its bearings, and who knows? we may see our way. Good-bye, my dear friend, good-bye!"

And so they parted.

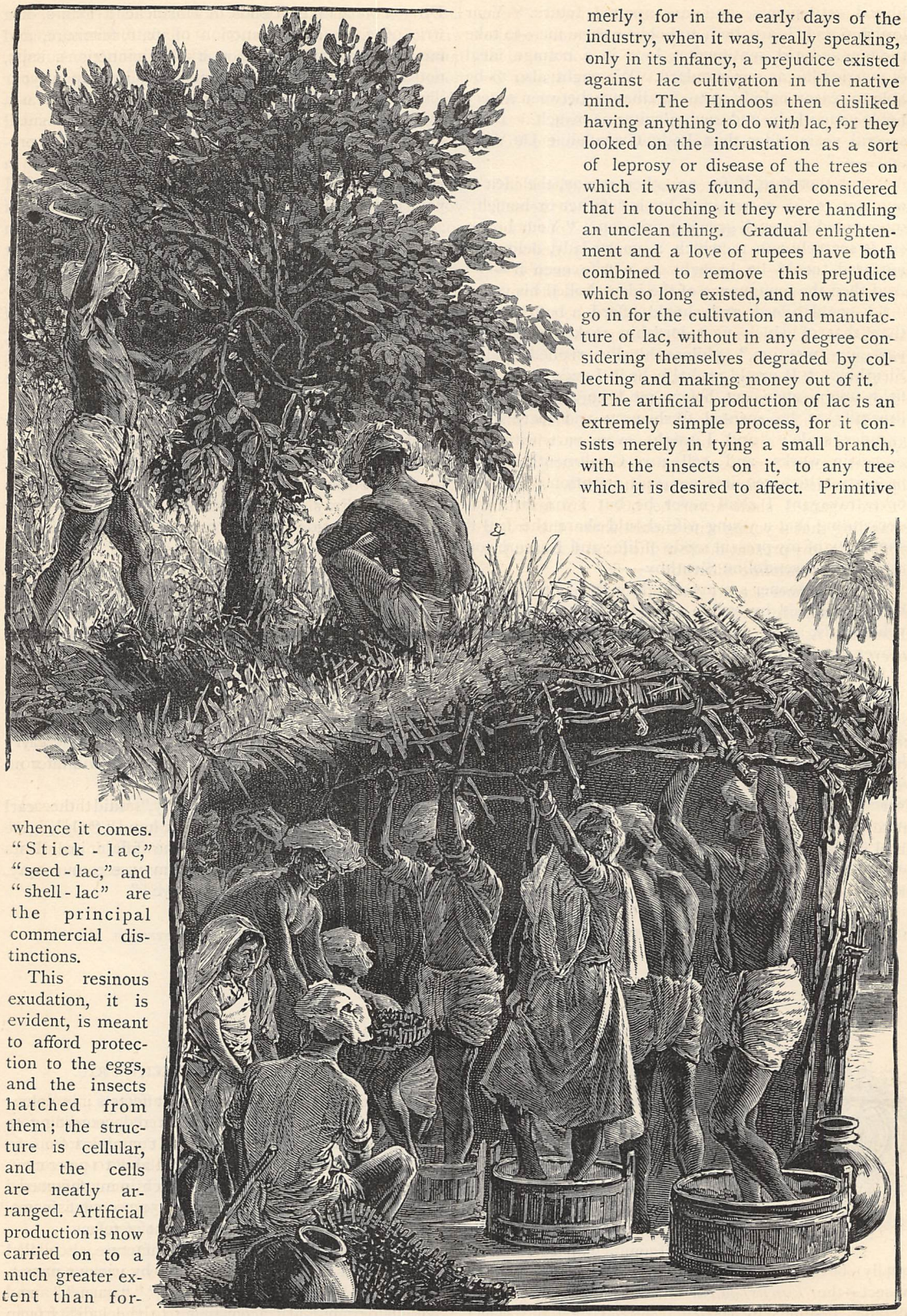
END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH

THE LAC INDUSTRY OF INDIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "INDIAN INDUSTRIES," "INDIAN HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT," ETC.

THE trade in the substance known as *lac* has of late years increased very much in India, in the Punjab as well as in Bengal. Comparatively few people know how the lac-dye they read of in commerce is produced; and hearing it very frequently spoken of as "gum-lac," fancy it is a species of gum, which it cannot really be said to be, as it is produced by an insect—the *Coccus lacca*. On certain trees is a cellular, resinous incrustation, secreted by the insect round the branches of the trees it affects; in colour varying from deep orange to dark red, according to the tree on which it is produced. It contains from 60 to 70 per cent. of resinous lac, and about 10 per cent. of a deep red colouring matter, which is manufactured into lac-dye. The remaining 20 or 30 per cent. is useless, and considered only in the light of refuse.

Lac, as turned out after manufacture, is called *shell-lac*, and is known in the trade by various names, such as "button," "orange-leaf," "garnet," and "reddish orange-leaf," according to the locality from



whence it comes. "Stick-lac," "seed-lac," and "shell-lac" are the principal commercial distinctions.

This resinous exudation, it is evident, is meant to afford protection to the eggs, and the insects hatched from them; the structure is cellular, and the cells are neatly arranged. Artificial production is now carried on to a much greater extent than formerly; for in the early days of the industry, when it was, really speaking, only in its infancy, a prejudice existed against lac cultivation in the native mind. The Hindoos then disliked having anything to do with lac, for they looked on the incrustation as a sort of leprosy or disease of the trees on which it was found, and considered that in touching it they were handling an unclean thing. Gradual enlightenment and a love of rupees have both combined to remove this prejudice which so long existed, and now natives go in for the cultivation and manufacture of lac, without in any degree considering themselves degraded by collecting and making money out of it.

The artificial production of lac is an extremely simple process, for it consists merely in tying a small branch, with the insects on it, to any tree which it is desired to affect. Primitive

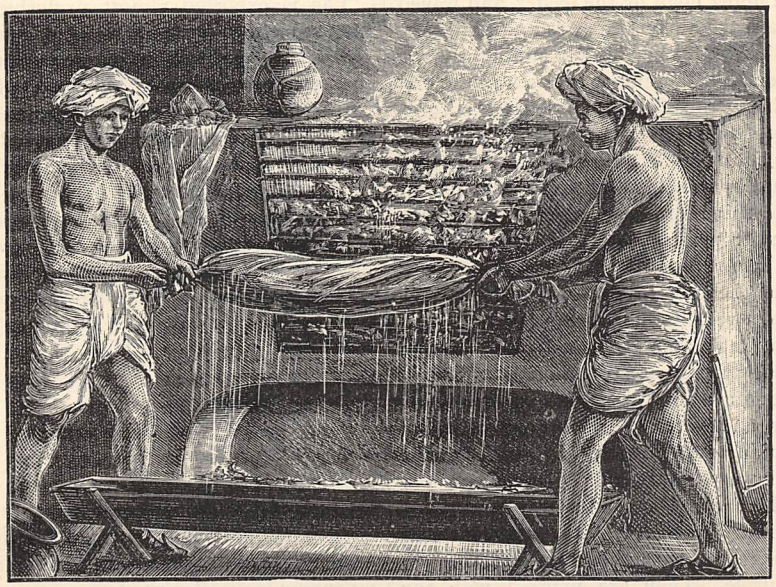
GATHERING AND WASHING LAC.

as is this method of production, it is by no means generally practised or understood by the natives; probably the reason why lac is not more often artificially obtained is because the natives are, as I have before mentioned, prejudiced against it, and also because they fear to injure the trees by the spread of lac on them.

The *Palash* tree, botanically known as *Butea frondosa*, and the Beri tree (*Zizyphus jujuba*) are the trees the *Coccus lacca* chiefly affects; but it is also found on other trees, such as the Pipal (*Ficus religiosa*), the Banyan (*Ficus indica*), the Anjir (*Ficus carica*), the Pilkhan (*Ficus venosa*), the Gular (*Ficus cunia*), the Phagura (*Ficus caricoides*), the Siriss (*Acacia sirissa*), the Kikar (*Acacia arabica*), the Lasura (*Cordia myxa*), and others.

Lac produced on different trees varies in quality; that produced on the *Zizyphus jujuba*, or Beri, is considered the best, and the Siriss, Kikar, and Pipal rank next in quality. The *palash*, also called by the natives *dakh*—which word, it is said, gives its name to the city of Dacca—is considered the most suitable tree for the production of lac. It is a fair-sized tree, and its flowers are very bright scarlet, from which it is frequently spoken of as the "flame tree," and is a great favourite with the natives, who offer the flowers in their temples, and decorate their persons with them also, the women frequently entwining them in their hair on festive occasions. It is fancied that the red colouring matter of the lac insects is improved by the natural juices of the bark of the *palash*.

There are two seasons for the production of lac, February to April, and July or August; the crops being collected in June, and October or November. The late crop is considered the most valuable of the two. The lac is cut before the larvæ swarm; the colouring matter, which is part of the female insect's body, would be in a great measure lost if the insects were allowed to leave their cells before cutting. A great deal of material is wasted by the primitive methods which obtain for gathering the crop. When the incrustation is formed on thick wood it is merely scraped off with a reaping-hook, or a rough instrument of that character; but when on thin wood, such as twigs of trees and small boughs, the part is cut off intact. Thus much wood and stick is sold with the incrustations, and the name of "stick-lac" is so obtained—being the lac in its purely natural state. When gathered for export, before being packed, as much of the wood as possible is separated from the lac, as it so increases the charge of freightage.



MELTING LAC.

The coarse stick-lac, just as it is cut off the trees, is purchased by the zemindars in the lac districts, and brought by them to the factories. On its arrival the stick-lac is crushed between rollers, separated from the wood by screening, then placed in tubs half filled with water, and washed by coolies, male or female, who stand in the tubs, hold on to a bar above their heads, and stamp upon the lac until the liquor comes off, after a variety of changes, clear. The lac is then dried in long bags of a cylindrical shape, made of cotton cloth; they are from nine to ten feet long, and about two inches in diameter. These bags, when filled, look very much like huge sausages. When full, they are held by two natives over open charcoal furnaces. One man taking one end of the bag, and the other the other end, they twist in opposite directions. The heat of the fire gradually melts the lac—or

lah, as it is spelt in Hindustani—and this, exuding through the bag, drops into a trough set below to catch it. The lac melts soonest close to the hands holding the bag, and the twistings given to it make it drop off at those points. When a sufficient quantity is melted, it is taken out of the trough in a wooden spoon and spread over a wooden cylinder, the upper portion of which is brass-covered. The stand of this machine slopes away from the native feeding it, and is spread well all over its surface with the lac by the other assistant. The sheets of lac are cut with a sharp instrument at the upper edge by the feeder, and waved for a few seconds in the air by the assistant, until they are quite brittle. They are then simply laid lightly one on top of the other. Their number is taken at the end of the day, and the workers paid—sometimes according to the work done, sometimes by fixed wages, as the case may be, or sometimes the head operator (the feeder) is paid by the sheet, and the assistants at a fixed rate. The sheets of lac are placed in packing-cases and put under pressure, which breaks them up into fragments. They are of a beautiful golden colour —that is, those of the best quality—and look rather like sweetmeats of a very luscious character.

The liquor drawn off in the various washings, which is of a deep red colour, is carefully strained, so that all the woody particles are removed. It is then poured into wooden tubs and left to settle, the sediment is washed a good many times, and then finally allowed to subside, the supernatant fluid being drawn off. The sediment, when it has arrived at the proper consistency, is put into presses, and then formed into small, square cakes, which are quite hard, and in colour a deep purple. They are marked with the manufacturer's stamp, or trade mark, and are then known as lac-dye, or cake-lac. The dark purple substance yields, by the addition of mordants, a most brilliant scarlet dye, which is little, if at all, inferior to that produced by cochineal.

Lac-dye is largely used in India for dyeing purposes by the native dyers. Also in Kashmir—where but little lac is produced, the lac insect not thriving in the neighbourhood of the snow—the wools used in shawl-making are generally dyed with lac-dye; at least those in which brilliant scarlet is found.

In many parts of Bengal shell-lac is largely manufactured. There are lac manufactories at Elambazaar, in the Lohardugga district of Chota-Nagpur, along the banks of the Parulia, and also scattered all over the Punjab, at Nurpur, Adinanagar, in the Hoskiarpur district, &c.

Large quantities of stick-lac are obtained from Chota-Nagpur, and from Sambalpul and Raipur in the Central Provinces. In the Sonthal Pergumaks the industry has markedly increased of late years. In the subdivisional officer's report, he says, when he first went to the district, about eight years ago, the annual crop only amounted to about 600 maunds; but the October crop, 1880, yielded 16,000 maunds, and the crop gathered in May, 1881, from 6,000 to 7,000 maunds in the Dumka subdivision. The greater portion of this was sent as stick-lac from the Baidyanath Station on the chord line of the East Indian Railway to Mirzapore in the North-West Provinces, where it was manufactured into shell-lac at the factories, and forwarded to Calcutta for exportation to the United States and London markets. It seems a pity that the transformation from stick-lac to shell-lac cannot be managed in the district, as there is an extra expense and considerable loss of time in forwarding it for treatment to Mirzapore, some 400 miles distant, from whence it must be sent back again to Calcutta for shipment.

Lac is exported almost exclusively in the manufactured state as dye, shell-lac, and button-lac, but chiefly as shell-lac. The United States is the principal market for shell-lac. The prices of this article rose to their highest point in 1876, since which year they have been much depressed, caused by the fact of over-production by the manufacturer, by reason of the impetus given to the trade by the high prices ruling in the year named. This state of things is now, however, improving, and symptoms are shown of the steady increase of the trade; production and consumption are both advancing. The figures—quantity and value for lac—for five years, including its different forms, are as follow:—

Years.		*Cwt.*		*Rupees.*
1876–77	...	128,712	...	53,69,764
1877–78	...	104,645	...	36,20,481
1878–79	...	91,423	...	29,87,157
1879–80	...	71,048	...	37,14,959
1880–81	...	82,088	...	57,83,202

The use in England, the United States, &c., to which shell-lac is put is chiefly in the making of sealing-wax, varnishes, and by hatters in their trade; by dyers and japanners lac is also used.

In India lac is used very much in furniture and house decorations, in the making of bangles for women, lac marbles, toys of various kinds, walking-sticks, variegated balls and sticks, mats, and bracelets which are afterwards silvered. These bracelets are chiefly made in Panch Mahals district in Gujarat; they are much worn by the Vania women throughout Malwa, and by the Dahod ladies of the Rajput caste. Their cost is very little—about a halfpenny each, or even less. The lacquered work of various parts of India is too well known to need much description; the lacquered wooden and papier-mâché trays and boxes imported into England from India are seen now in nearly every town. In their manufacture lac is freely used. The lacquered work from different places is to be distinguished by the different colours of the lac used. For instance, in work of this kind from the Punjab, purple lac will be used; golden, orange, and drab mark other distinct varieties. Rajputana, Sindh, Kashmir, Bareilly, Karnul, Surat, Ahmedabad, may be named as centres of this trade, and the beautiful lac ornaments made for women at Ellichpur in Berar deserve especial mention.

It would be easy to multiply instances in which this curious substance is used; but I think I have written enough to show that the lac industry is a wide-spread one, and each year becoming of greater importance.

ELIOT-JAMES.

WHEN THE HOLIDAY IS OVER.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

IT is not to the sick, but to the presumably sound, that I wish to address a few words of advice this month. The summer and the autumn holiday are past for a season and gone. How wearily some of us longed for the holiday to come! how frequently we counted the days that still intervened betwixt the tiresome work-filled present that was, and the coming time when we should bid adieu for a space to carking care and worry, and the drudgery of office or desk—bid adieu to the stifling heat and ear-splitting din of dusty cities, and seek for fresh air and freedom from all annoyance in the green quiet country, by rivers' banks, or mountain slopes, or by the sea!

We augured nothing but good from the holiday, and in most cases nothing but good has been the result. True it is that some of us were in somewhat of a hurry at starting, the result probably of leaving things undone until almost the last moment. We consequently felt a little unsettled when we arrived at our journey's end. The very vibration of the railway train, combined with the rattling noise, has the effect of tiring both the hearts and nervous systems of people who are either not constitutionally strong, or are for the time being out of health; and they do not get over it for some days.

But the freshness and newness—if I may so call it—of the air soon removed all feeling of fatigue, the change of scene induced forgetfulness of home cares, a load seemed to fall from off our shoulders, a weight was removed from the heart, and a calming of the nerves was the result. There was thus less wear and tear of tissue, the appetite became improved, better blood was supplied to every organ of the body, and it is no exaggeration to say there was positive rejuvenation of the system. And so those among us who did not waste the accession of strength thus gained have returned to town and business, not only able, but anxious to begin the battle of life anew.

For every one of us, then, who has come back from the annual holiday improved in condition, the question of the moment should be, "How best shall I conserve my health and strength?"

This is a question which it would be easy for a medical man to answer if put by any individual inquirer. To give advice which may be taken by all is somewhat more difficult. That, however, is my aim and object in writing this paper.

Well, for a season at all events, the medicine-bottle and the pill-box are put away in the cupboard. If we can steer clear of accidental illnesses, we shall not want any more drugs for some time to come—not even the often welcome and necessary tonic—not even that aperient pill we used to find so handy occasionally before the holiday. We are going to work, however. All must work in this world, who would know what real happiness means, and small respect indeed have I for that man, or woman either, whose whole life is spent in trying to catch the phantom pleasure. We are going to work, I say, but here is the very first stumbling-block that comes in our way—we are nearly all of us inclined to work intemperately. The game of life is a very exciting one, the guerdon of success in business or in professional pursuits is very tempting, and so we strive to win it, never thinking that in doing so we are wasting our strength and injuring our health. I am convinced that intemperance in labour, be that labour what it may, is, though more slowly, as surely fatal as intemperance in eating or drinking. *And the way to avoid this is never to carry labour to the extreme of fatigue: work is necessary for an individual's well-being, but it should be work and rest alternately.* I have purposely italicised this last sentence; simple and homely enough is the language in which it is couched, yet truer words I never wrote and never spoke. And I feel really in earnest when I add that I pray you will consider them.

The kind of rest that should follow labour will, of course, depend on what that labour was. In any case both mind and body must be carried away from the scene of the day's exertions, and that too as early in the evening as possible. Now I happen to know that thousands on thousands of business or professional men come home from their offices very much jaded indeed, thankful enough when they get home that they are able to eat a good dinner, but they are positively unfit for anything else during the remainder of the evening, unless it be to read in a dreamy kind of fashion, or play a drowsy game of cards—unless they have allowed themselves the indulgence of several glasses of wine with and after dinner. This puts fresh life in them, but it is artificial, and men who indulge in such stimulus—if young or middle-aged—are seldom breakfast-eaters, and consequently they cannot call themselves healthy. No; I wish to see men return from "the drudgery of the desk's dull wood," a little tired, perhaps—that is only natural—but still fresh enough to enjoy themselves healthfully and recreatively during the rest of the evening. In our country, not half enough attention is paid to the hygienic influence of amusement and recreation. We Britishers take our pleasures sadly, foreigners tell us. Yes, we may reply, and two-thirds of us do not take any pleasures at all. When tired of working, we simply stretch ourselves, straighten our backs, and fall to again either the same night or the next morning. They do these things better in France. Oh! mind you, I do not say the French are a whit more healthy as a race, nor longer-lived, than we, but while they live they do live.

"I do not seem to care for amusement or recreation of an evening," some may tell me.

Well, I reply, take amusement as you take physic. There is nothing very inviting nor palatable about the compound tincture of yellow bark, but it is a tonic, and so is amusement. Take the one as you would take the other.

But depend upon it, if you once make up your mind to endeavour to spend the evenings of the long winter and spring that are before us in a rationally pleasant manner, you have only to consider a little and look around you, and you will find plenty of ways and means of doing so. The old adage, "Laugh and grow fat," should not be taken in too literal a sense, but there is a good deal of truth in it, for all that.

Well now, if on our return from the holiday, being impressed with the truth that rest and recreation must alternate with work if we wish to be healthy, we lay out for ourselves some plan of securing these desirable advantages, we have gone a good way towards securing the retention of the strength we have just acquired.

Is reform in diet needed? Ten to one it is. I am not offering the reader a bet, I am simply stating a fact and do not dread contradiction when I say that nine out of every ten adults in this country do not eat judiciously. Why, it may seem almost rude in me to say so, but it is true nevertheless, we nearly all eat too much dinner. If any one asked me the question, "How much too much?" I should say, "About three times too much. Three times too much for comfort in living, three times too much for health's sake, for necessity's sake, and for securing even a chance of a moderately long life."

There is Mr. Robinson's case. Mr. Robinson, I need hardly say, is in this instance a mythical individual, but I don't think you will have far to go to find his counterpart in real life. Mr. Robinson is something in the City. He has to catch a train every morning, and always does, though he sometimes misses his bath in order to do so. He hurries through his breakfast—he never is much of a performer at this meal, and I do not wonder at it. He enters the train somewhat heated, somewhat excited, the heart beating faster than it ought. Towards noon he feels the edge of his appetite, and blunts it with a biscuit and a glass of wine. He has a "snack" for luncheon, probably a sandwich or two composed of cheap tough meat and new bread, and a glass of wine. He could eat more heartily now, but he has no time, and besides he does not want to spoil his appetite for dinner.

When he does get home for *the* meal of the day perhaps his digestion needs a "spur," and gets it; then follows a dinner of many courses—soup, fish, entrées, joints, &c. &c. Well, if Mr. Robinson were a savage and only needed to eat once a day, he would get on very well. But after such a meal is it any wonder that he is fit for little or no exertion? He has more "spurs," however, and probably knocks billiard-balls about in a smoke-filled hot room before retiring for the night. That he does not sleep the healthful happy sleep of the strictly temperate is not to be marvelled at.

Robinson's diet needs reform in many ways. If he could begin by getting up a trifle earlier; if he always had plenty of time for the sponge-bath preceded by the warm soap-and-water wash; if he ate his breakfast more leisurely; if the toast were crisp, the bread not new, the tea good and well made, and the meat or eggs inviting and palatable; if he took no wine between meals; if he had a more serious luncheon and a less serious dinner; if he studied not to eat dishes that were incompatible with each other; and finally, if he reduced his diet in quantity quite one-half, then I assure you that Mr. Robinson would be altogether a different man in six weeks' time. He would have harder muscles, more "wind," more endurance, and more health and happiness.

We should try to retain our accession of health and strength by adopting some plan for daily exercise in the open air. Let it be exercise of as exhilarating a character as possible, exercise in which both mind and body can take a part to the benefit of both.

The morning tub is a delightful nervine tonic. Begin it now at once, and take it every morning without fail all the winter through. I do not advise you to do as I myself do, namely, take it even when I have to smash the ice on it, but take it as cold as you can bear it. It is a wonderful preventive of colds and illnesses of all sorts.

I need hardly remind you of the benefit of pure air, for have you not just returned from breathing the purest of pure air? Keep up the habit of being always out of doors when you conveniently can.

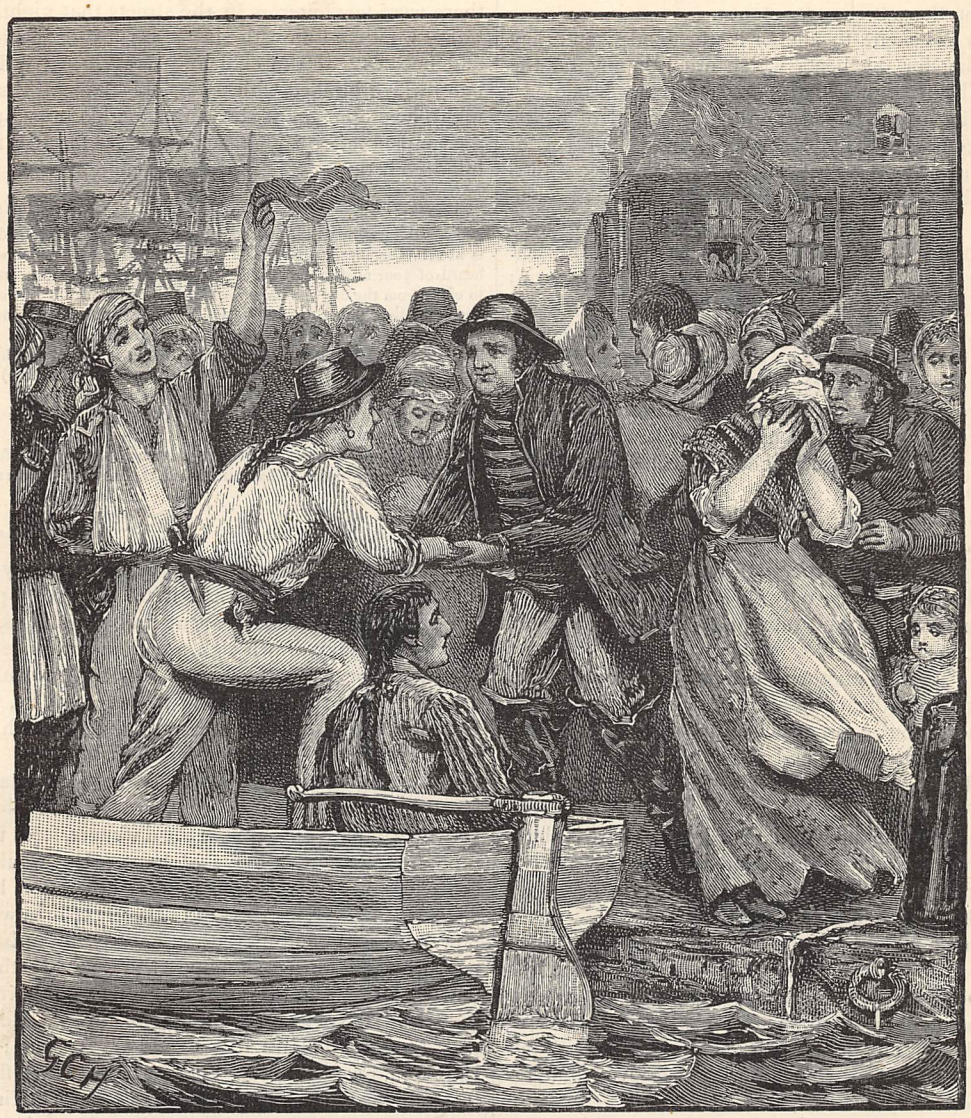
Remember that nearly all the water in this country, no matter where you live, needs to be both boiled and filtered before it is fit to drink. Boiling softens it and renders organic impurities inert, while filtering renders it still more wholesome.

In our endeavours to retain the blessing of health and strength we ought not to forget judicious clothing. Cold weather is coming on; it will be no longer safe to wear summer clothes. Luckily, owing to the superior quality of underclothing now-a-days, one may be quite fashionably dressed without running any risk of catching cold.

We ought, however, to beware of wearing too many warm things, and thus making hot-house plants of ourselves.

It is a good thing to bear in mind that people rarely catch a chill or cold unless during the time they are fatigued and tired, nor infection of any kind so long as the bodily health is up to par. Temperate living has a wonderful effect in preventing illnesses of every kind, and insuring a long-continued and healthful existence.

There are few of my readers too young, and none perhaps too old, to study each his own health and the peculiarities of his own constitution. The study will well repay any one who chooses to engage in it. There is no time like the present for reform. Reforms in life and mode of living, made calmly and considerately, while one is enjoying health and strength, are worth a thousand times more than any number of sick-bed good intentions.



"AN EAGER RUSH IS MADE TO THE LANDING-PLACE" (*p.* 690).

AFTER LONG YEARS: A PORTSMOUTH STORY.

BY CLEMENT MARSLAND.—IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

TEN years have passed. England, and indeed the whole of Europe, has been freed of a night-mare. Statesmen breathe more freely; merchants open their coffers, and "cast their bread upon the waters;" soldiers exhibit their medals and their scars with equal pride; sailors spend their pay like millionnaires; the world is light-hearted. And why? It is the autumn of the year 1815: St. Helena now holds the "Ogre of Corsica."

But this light-heartedness is not quite universal; there are some heavy hearts throughout England. Mothers mourn for children, wives for husbands, maids for sweethearts.

In Portsmouth town great anxiety prevails; for the lists of killed and missing are often found to be not faultless.

It is a cold gusty day, and night has already begun to close in before its time; yet the quays are crowded with men and women, standing silent with anxious eyes turned seawards. They stand there seemingly unconscious of cold and damp, except that from time to time one walks briskly backwards and forwards,

with hands buried deep in pockets, stamping somewhat heavily on the wet slippery stones.

A ship has come to anchor in the roads; and they are waiting for the boats which are bringing off the men. The first one arrives: an eager rush is made to the landing-place. Then there is a sound of heart-felt welcomes and embraces, and many a prayer of thanks rises to heaven; but others turn back with a cold chill in their hearts, and stand and wait once more.

Two hours have passed in this manner: the last boat has left the ship's side. In it were twelve men; all were laughing and talking except one, and he sat silent in the stern-sheets, and scarcely raised his eyes towards the land. He was a powerful man, of some thirty-two years of age. His face was handsome though weather-beaten, and marked with lines of care, and there was a look of sadness in his keen grey eyes. A thick beard and moustache concealed his mouth and chin.

"Well, Carey," said one of his companions, "you don't seem to be very happy to get back to old Portsmouth again. What's the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing: only I haven't seen the old place for ten years and more, and it brings back old recollections."

"Aha!" replied another laughing, "I believe you're afraid your sweetheart hasn't remained true for such a long time. You've got one, I suppose?"

"I had a sweetheart, and she remained true to me."

"Well, where is she now?"

"In Portsmouth."

"Of course, we know that. But in what part is she?"

All the rest of the men were laughing at Carey's solemnity.

"In the churchyard," he answered.

The smile faded from their faces. They were silent for a few minutes, and nothing was heard but the steady plash of the oars, as the boat sped landwards. Then the conversation began again, but it was of other things. The honest open-hearted fellows all felt for Jack Carey, and would not have grieved him for the world.

The boat reached the landing-place. The men sprang ashore nimbly, and each in turn was seized by eager hands, and submitted with good grace to the broadside of kisses he received from the women, and the mutilation his fingers underwent from the men.

Carey landed last; but there was none to welcome him. Some of his companions saw this, and in the fulness of their hearts tried to persuade him to "come along home with them." But he refused all on one pretext or another, knowing well how much happiness he would spoil. A stranger is always *de trop* at a family gathering. Jack Carey felt this very plainly, and knew that each who asked him, although the kindness he wished to show was sincere, experienced, nevertheless, a feeling of relief when the offered hospitality was refused. But he was none the less grateful to the good-hearted fellows.

So, wishing them all good night, he wandered on into the town. The night had set in with a cold drizzle; everything looked miserable and deserted; there were few loiterers in the streets that night. Yet Carey wandered on with slow steps, lost in meditation, and heedless of the cold and damp. Arrived at a lamp which blinked with pale sickly flame at the black night, he stopped, and drawing from his breast-pocket a crumpled letter, set himself to read it through for the hundredth time. These were the contents:—

"DEAR CAREY,—I am very sorry to have to be the one to break to you a sad bit of news; I had rather any one else had got to do it. It is about Margery Seaton. The poor girl was heart-broken when she heard of your misfortune in being seized by the press-gang, and began to mope from the day the ships sailed. She wasn't a bit like ordinary, but went about doing nothing as if lost in a dream. This went on for some time, till we got the news of the battle of Trafalgar, and by some mistake (as we learnt afterwards) your name appeared in the list of killed. When we broke the news to her (for we all believed it) she said nothing, but went on with her usual work.

"The next morning her body was taken up dead out of the harbour. She had drowned herself.

"My dear old friend, I wish there was somebody to find softer words in which to wrap up such hard facts, but the duty has, unfortunately, fallen to

"Your Friend,
"ROGER REDBANK."

When he had finished reading the letter, Carey folded it up carefully and returned it to his breast-pocket. He stood for a moment silent and motionless, then, heaving a heavy-drawn sigh, wandered on once more. He cared not whither his footsteps led him; his consciousness left their guidance to the memory, which, like a good pilot, steered him by channels which it had known years back, and recognised now.

His thoughts were sad, sad as the heavy dank air about him, and broken by wild fitful gusts of despair; yet there glimmered through the darkness, from time to time, faint wavering lights of hope. He would embrace death as a welcome friend; how often had he courted it openly, bravely, in the battle of man with the powers of man, and more than bravely in the battle of man with the powers of nature! and yet death came not. Self-murder! No; that was too horrible a thought. His whole nature revolted at it. He would trust himself to God's mercy, and do His will; He at least would care for him. A bright gleam this, flashing through the murky darkness of his soul. His mind was made up. He would visit her grave, just once, and hold commune with her spirit; for, surely, the spirits of the dead linger in such places as their bodies have known. Then he would find a ship, and roam the "watery ways," whither he knew not.

In the midst of such thoughts he became conscious, suddenly, of things around him. He was passing by an eating-house that he had known in former years. Hunger told him that it had been unsatisfied for many hours, and that here it desired to be appeased by meat and drink-offerings. For hunger is a stern god, powerful to kill if unpropitiated.

Carey pushed open the door and passed in. The tables were divided from one another by screens, and he selected one which was empty, and in a retired corner. He ordered some food; he did not care what—whatever the waiter chose to give him.

There were many supping there, as he judged by the murmur of voices, and he soon discovered that some

men, sailors by their talk, were in the next compartment, and with them a woman who spoke but little. Her voice produced in him a strange thrill; it was so long since he had heard an Englishwoman's voice, and it called up sad memories to his heart.

They were talking loudly enough for him to catch what they said, and, having nothing else to do, he listened. Little harm, he thought, there could be in listening; it was a public room and they would speak no secrets; even if they did, "dead men tell no tales," and he was dead to the world.

"Strange thing, though," said one of the men; "I can't see how it happened."

"Very simple," replied a second voice; "I tell you, he fell over."

"Fell over, yes, but why didn't he get into the boat again?"

"He never appeared above the water after he fell in. Sunk quite straight, just as if you'd thrown in a lump of lead. Couldn't swim, I suppose."

"Ah, but that's just it," returned the first speaker; "I knew him well—swam like a cork!"

"Well, I was there," said the other, "and saw it all. Look here, it was like this: when he got into the boat to come off to the ship he was drunk, dead drunk."

"Yes, yes," broke in the woman's voice, "he was when I last saw him, and said it was all my fault. God forgive him and me!"

"The wind was getting up gusty," continued the man's voice, "and the waves were chopping rather. Now, a man must be pretty steady at any time when it's like that. I had just thrown the rope, and he stood up in the boat to catch it. All of a sudden"—here the voice ceased, but it was evident that the description was being carried on in dumb show, then—"he was gone," it continued. "We waited till he re-appeared, to hand him an oar, or throw a rope. He never did. They're dragging for him now."

There was silence for a moment; then a sound of woman's sobs was heard.

"Oh, if it has been in any way my fault, I shall never, never forgive myself, nor will others forgive me."

"Now, now! you mustn't take on like that, you know," said one of the men in a gentle voice. "You needn't blame yourself, and I'm sure no one will blame you. We all of us know how badly he has treated you these past years, trying to break in your will, and spreading stories about you. And we all honour you for being true to a man who was worth a thousand such as him. By the way, there's a report going about, which I'd like to tell you, only I don't dare in case it shouldn't be true. It's about him."

"Who?"

"Jack," replied the man.

Carey listened more attentively, and he was seized with a strange trembling, although he knew that one out of every half-dozen of his shipmates was called Jack.

"Did he die bravely?" asked the woman.

"I can't say as he did, from what I've heard."

"What! do they say he died a coward? It's a lie, a base lie!"

"No, no; you mistake me. It's just what I want to explain. Some who've come home to-day were in the battle, you know, and they say——"

"What, what? quickly!"

"That he wasn't killed."

"Who says so? Who? Don't you know? Where can I find him? Tell me where to find him that I may question him. Not killed! Not dead! Oh, it is too much! Stop! answer me; you are not telling me a lie?"

"Lie! do you think I'd tell a lie to Margery Seaton?"

With a wild bound Carey sprang from his seat and stood, with face aghast and limbs trembling, at the entrance of the next compartment. His voice was hoarse and came with effort.

"Who is called by the name of Margery Seaton?"

The woman crouched terrified into the corner, and with lips white with emotion, said—

"I am Margery Seaton. Who are you that ask?"

"Jack Carey!"

"Ah!"

* * * * * * * * *

It was three days before Margery recovered consciousness. When she opened her eyes, after a deep sleep, she asked for Jack. He came to her. What words passed between them shall not be written; they are too sacred.

It was towards the evening that one of the men who had been with Margery came and asked to see her. He was admitted. When he entered he said—

"They have found him. Roger Redbank had two heavy bags of gold tied to his belt."

Carey was holding Margery's hand in his.

"God be merciful to him," he said, "as He has been merciful to us!"

THE ART OF HAND-READING.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

WITHIN the last few months we have on several occasions met in society people who have professed a belief in what is called "Chiromancy," that is, the art of reading the past, and future, as well as the present, of our lives from the mere inspection of our hands. In this paper we propose to set forth, not exhaustively, some of the principles of this science which appear to us interesting or curious. But we wish distinctly to impress upon our readers that we can in no way commit ourselves to the explanations given by chiromants; we regard the interpretations when accurate as coincidences, and, of course, any attempt at prophecy is out of the question. At the same time, some interesting and curious circumstances have been brought to our knowledge by chiromants, and we ourselves have with some trouble mastered the first principles of this so-called science, which professes to enable people to discover their true nature, and to inform themselves concerning their friends' characters and dispositions.

With this preface, distinctly declining to pledge ourselves to the infallibility of the evidence so adroitly adduced from the various lines and mounts of the hand, the shape of the fingers, and other characteristics, we will set forth the means whereby the chiromants claim to read destiny. Any one can then inform himself or herself as to the truth or fallacy of the "mysteries" of the hands which are supposed to be written upon them; but we do not advise any one to believe in chiromancy. With this understanding we will proceed to explain the so-called art of hand-reading as it was explained to us.

It may be accepted as a truth that in any ordinary company no two pairs of hands will be found alike—perhaps exactly alike will be the more accurate phrase. The lines on the palm are common to all, as features are common to every face. But the depth, colour, direction, and continuity of these lines differ essentially, just as eyes, nose, mouth, chin, and ears differ, although at first sight so much alike.

Chiromancy is now divided into two portions, viz., *Chirognomy*, which includes the study of the shape of the hand as a whole; and *Chiromancy*, which treats of the lines and mounds of the palm. The former we must only notice very briefly. There are seven different types of hands, which can easily be recognised by an attentive observer; these derive their characteristics from the disposition of the individual. Chiromants claim to tell a man's hand from knowing his tastes and pursuits. We have, then, seven types of hands which are divided thus:—

1. The Sanguine or Jupiterian type.
2. The Bilious or Saturnian type.
3. The Nervous or Mercurial type.
4. The Martial or Labouring type.
5. The Sanguine-Lymphatic or Lunar type.
6. The Nervo-Lymphatic or Venusian type.
7. The Harmonic or Solar type.

Another authority (M. d'Arpentigny) has put the types in the following category, viz.—The Elementary, the Spatulate, the Artistic, the Useful, the Psychic, the Philosophic, the Mixed hands. But in this paper we will use the former list, without attempting to compare the authorities, or to reconcile the various characteristics of each list with the other. We may add that the thumb is a very important feature in the hand, for a large thumb indicates independence; small ones a tendency to sentiment, and their owners act more upon impulse than upon reflection. We give these indications as we find them without comment, as we will continue to do throughout, except where such comment is necessary for a true comprehension of the claims of the chiromants. Let us now examine briefly the seven types of hands.

We will commence with Jupiter as he rules the index finger, and the Jupiterian type is physiologically the most perfect, as the Solar is the most elegant of hands.

The Jupiter type of hand is justly proportioned; the tips of the fingers are square, with the exception of the forefinger, which is rather pointed, a token of command. Positivism is expressed in the square tips; the third phalange of the fingers are thick, there are no marks upon them; this signifies rapidity of decision. The Mound of Jupiter (marked B in the annexed figure) is underneath the forefinger.

The Saturnian type has long fingers, bony, and knotted at the joints; the skin is dull and without colour. People of this temperment walk gravely like Orientals and are of a "bilious" nature. The mound under the long middle finger is the Mount of Saturn, and the line which passes from it to the base of the hand is the Line of Fate, marked 4.

The Mercurial type indicates a nervous temperament; a quick-moving person. The hand is fine and yet strong, with slender fingers, the little finger being longer than usual in other hands, and it is pointed (it may be squared a *little*). The Mount of Mercury, E, is underneath this finger, and highly developed.

The Martial hand indicates force of character; the palm is large, and the centre, where is the Plain of Mars, will be found hard. The fingers exhibit considerable "indosity." The Mount of Mars, F, may or may not be present in these hands. If absent, the individuals are not quarrelsome nor courageous.

The Lunar hand is comparatively speaking plump and long, the skin is soft and smooth, and the fingers become enlarged as they descend. The interior of the hand is soft and pliant, which tells of a yielding nature. The Mounts of Saturn, C, and Jupiter, B, will be found depressed upon such Lunar hands, and the Mount of the Moon, G, developed upon the lower portions

opposite Venus, A, and the thumb. The characteristics of the Lunar type of individual are, amongst other things, mobility and inconstancy; fondness of change, and frivolity; but *useful* in the fingers.

The Venusian type of hand is well-made and with white soft skin. The fingers are rather short, pliable, and rounded, indicating a somewhat indolent or voluptuous character, but sensible and benevolent. This in its best form is sometimes called the "Psychic" hand.

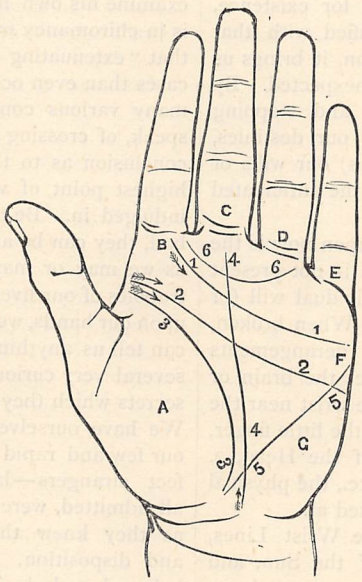
The Solar type is a very pretty hand, with somewhat remarkably long "annular" or third fingers, many lines crossing the root of this finger from the Line of the Heart, 1. The characteristics of the possessors are artistic tastes, poetry, and generosity.

The foregoing are some of the most apparent characteristics of the seven different forms of hands, but the amateur chiromant will devote himself to the *mounts* and *lines* of the palm, which should first be studied in the left hand, and then corrected by the right.

CHAPTER II.

THE PRINCIPAL LINES AND MOUNTS OF THE HAND.

LET any one hold up his hand and he will perceive three, four, or perhaps five very decided lines in the palm. The *top line*, marked 1 in the figure, running from the base of the index finger to the side of the hand, nearest to the bases or mounts of the fingers, is the Line of the Heart. Upon it all our affections are claimed by chiromants to be written; our flirtations, our broken engagements of marriage, our troubles of matrimony, and finally the number of our children.



This line is most deeply marked in people of a Venusian or affectionate nature. It is long and paler in the Lunar type. It is not very well developed in the Solar and Jupiterian types. It is rather short and somewhat pale in Mercurial people, and shorter in the Saturnine hand. There are reasons for all these differences, as will readily be perceived. The first-mentioned class have most heart; the second have plenty of heart, but are unstable; the third kind (the Solar) want an *ideal* affection rather than an earthly one; the next is more sensual than loving. Mercury is too much engaged in flitting about to be long of the same mind as to love, and Saturn is bilious and cold. The Martial hand has scarcely any Heart-line—he is a fighting, not a loving type. The Line of the Heart is frequently barred at the end: this indicates tenderness. A break in the line is a sign of weakness, and the cause depends upon the mount under which the break occurs: fatality under Saturn, C, avarice under Mercury, E, pride under the Sun, D. The Line of the Heart should not bend down to the line underneath, 2, which is the Line of the Head. Such a dip represents that the person's heart is threatened by the head. Under Saturn, C, it is supposed to mean a violent death if it approach near the line below. But it is impossible to give all the conditions here.

The Line of the Head, 2, rises between the thumb and first finger, crossing the palm parallel, or nearly so, with the Line of the Heart, and descending upon the Mount of the Moon, G. It will be longer or shorter according as the possessor is devoted to his own interests. Its depth and clearness also depend upon this, as in the Jupiterian, Mercurial, and Saturnine hands we find it long, and also long but falling to "Imagination" (in the Mount of the Moon) in Solar or ideal natures. In Lunar types it will be more descending still, but in Venusian and Martial hands it is shorter, for the heart dominates the head in the Venus type, and impetuosity and *uncalculating* violence in the Martial. But when the Line of the Head appears of good length, clear, straight, and undivided, it signifies a clear judgment and strong will, which will guide the possessor through life's waves and troubles as boldly as the sea-bird skims the stormy waters. If *very* long it means avarice, or an excess of calculation, which is practically the same thing; while if it turn to the mounts above it, such uprising will cause it to partake of the qualities of the mounts. If the Head Line advances to Mercury, E, we find the individual thus honoured is a capital commercial man of business; if towards the Mount of the Sun, D, it denotes riches or glory, but beyond a certain medium point excess will be foreshadowed, and a craze or monomania is indicated.

Should the line be undeveloped or pale and wide, it indicates a want of intelligence; when it ceases near the centre of the hand, we can predict an undecided and spiritless person; if it forms a chain-like appearance, want of fixity of ideas is signified. When it appears cut or indented, we may inform our "patient" he has had a wound upon the head.

We must pass on rapidly to a very important line—the Line of Life, 3. This line runs around the base of the thumb, and is longer or shorter, say the authorities, according to the probable length of our lives.

Following the very simple rules of palmistry, we may (if we please) assume that the clearer, longer, and less crossed or dented the Line of Life is, the better the life, physically speaking. The ills which flesh

is heir to are supposed to be marked upon this line. Sickness and disease are spots upon it. If it form a chain or be intermittent, it means a delicate constitution and ill-health. If it be broken in one hand and whole in the other, it means a sickness—but "not unto death." The extension of the line well under the ball of the thumb means long life—say 100 years. There are other indications connected with the Line of Life, but we are unable to pursue them.

The Line of Fate, 4, frequently ascends from the wrist to the middle finger, but it may spring from the Line of Life, 3, the Mount of the Moon, G, or even from the Plain of Mars, F. If in the first instance it arises direct to the middle finger (not into it), it means good fortune. Springing from the Plain of Mars, it brings a fight for existence. If from the Line of Life, it is identified with that line. If it quit the Mount of the Moon, it brings us good fortune capriciously, and so far unexpected. By its clearness, length, and its starting and stopping places, chiromants say they can read our destinies, *unless* (and here common-sense aids us) our wills or the influence of our better nature avert the anticipated evil.

The only other line we can touch upon now is the Liver Line, 5, or Line of Health, which is not present in every hand. When absent the individual will (or does) suffer from his liver very much. When broken, the line signifies similar temporary derangements which, in a greater or less degree, affect the brain or the head generally. This line quits the wrist near the ball of the thumb and ascends towards the little finger, ceasing near the end of the Line of the Head, 2. According to its colouring and depth, &c., the physical qualities of an individual may be guessed at.

There are other lines, such as the Wrist Lines, the Girdle of Venus, 6, the Line of the Sun, and other points of the hand, which we must leave for the present. We have only left ourselves space to mention the mounds. The Mount of the Moon, G, is at the lower part of the hand opposite the "ball" of the thumb, which is the Mount of Venus, A. Under the four fingers respectively are Jupiter, B, Saturn, C, the Sun, D, and Mercury, E. Accordingly as they are evident, depressed, or quite wanting, they indicate certain qualities strongly, feebly, or the absence of those qualities. Thus—

Venus, A, gives us vital energy, physical and moral; and affection.
Jupiter, B . . . power, ambition, and command.
Saturn, C . . . gravity, scientific tastes, application.
The Sun, D . . taste and talent in art.
Mercury, E . . quickness of mind, and suppleness and dexterity of hand; wit.
Mars, F (above the Moon), tending to anger and irritability.
The Moon, G . . imagination, invention, hope, and enthusiasm in our works.

Any reader can by the aid of the foregoing chapters examine his own hand and ascertain what truth there is in chiromancy *so far*. But we feel bound to explain that "extenuating circumstances" exist in many more cases than even occur in French trials. There are so many various combinations, so many chances, so to speak, of crossing lines and influences, that no certain conclusion as to the *future*—we are putting aside the highest point of view for the moment only—can be indulged in. Be the indications on the hand never so bad, they can be altered by our better natures. True as we may or may not believe it to be that all the troubles of our lives are marked by some occult means upon our hands, we are far from saying that chiromants can tell us anything of the future. We have known several very curious coincidences, facts told to people, secrets which they deemed locked in their own bosoms. We have ourselves made some surprising "hits" in our few and rapid investigations of the hands of perfect strangers—ladies and gentlemen—which, they all admitted, were quite true as to facts, and, as far as they knew themselves, correct as to character and disposition. Many learned men have entirely believed and do believe in chiromancy, as others in phrenology. But we must end as we began, and protest against any one pinning his faith upon his hand, even as against his wearing his heart upon his sleeve.

H. F.

THE WARMTH WITHIN.

WHEN the rain returneth,
When the woods decay,
When in autumn burneth
The last red ray;

When the leaves fall thicker,
And whirl and rise;
When we walk the quicker
For the snow in the skies;

The days that were rosy
We may desire,
But seek what is cosy
Beside the fire.

When pleasures are failing,
When hope decays,
When its boughs are trailing
Through wintry days;

When the bleak world is showing
The snow must begin,
Let us turn to the glowing
And warmth within.

Life's lilies and roses
May die in the storm,
So the heart that it closes
Be brave and warm.

WILFRED B. WOOLLAM, B.A.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found in our May Part. The Editor's duty will be to act as "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

SHOULD NATIONAL INSURANCE AGAINST PAUPERISM BE MADE COMPULSORY? (*Debate concluded.*)

✶ W. ROBBINS :—The principle laid down by those who advocate Compulsory Insurance is that *it is the duty of every one who is able to make a reasonable provision for sickness and old age.* A large number of people are guided by this principle, and voluntarily make this provision. There are very many, however, who are well able, and have every facility, for making this provision, but, after all the teaching and persuasion now used, will not do their duty. For such there is already one form of Compulsory National Insurance. Our laws compel the hard-working and thrifty man, who has had great difficulty in providing for himself and family, to find food, clothing, and shelter for his neighbour, who might have easily provided it for himself. Another principle laid down is, *Every man who is able to provide for himself and will not shall be compelled.* This is compulsion in the right quarter. Compulsory National Insurance would be a just and efficient remedy for the great national evil of pauperism. Being national it would be *comprehensive.* In friendly societies candidates are refused admission on account of unsound constitution, or because their wages are below a certain standard, or sometimes even because they are fancied to be not quite up to the *caste* of the society they wish to join. In a national club all would be included. A National Insurance scheme would be *secure.* Outdoor and indoor paupers might be counted by thousands who have, in their younger days, paid their hard-earned wages into unsound societies. According to the Chief Registrar's report, thousands more are doing the same now. Some of our soundest societies would not admit them if they were willing to join. In a society for which the State was responsible, every member would be quite sure of having the benefits promised in his time of need. One thing that would tend to its security would be having *the whole premium paid in youth.* The general rule would be to pay the whole amount between the ages of 18 and 21. At that time wages, if not at the highest, are fairly good, and the expenditure is, or should be, low. The amount required might, in most cases, be more easily paid than double the amount could be ten or twenty years later in life. Once paid there would be a *certain* provision made for the remainder of life, without the payment of another penny. One drawback to the provident is, if owing to depression in trade, or difficulty in maintaining a large family, they get behind with their payments to their sick society, all they have paid for years is entirely lost. Compulsory Insurance is practised now by most of the railway companies, and works well. As Compulsory Education was required for our national ignorance, so I believe Compulsory Insurance is necessary to remove the evil of pauperism.

OPENER'S REPLY.

MR. SPEAKER,

Sir,—While cordially thanking the number of able supporters who have taken my side in this discussion, I will use the brief space allotted me in categorically refuting the objections urged in the debate which they have not had the opportunity of touching.

The first Opponent mistakes the question by saying. (1) "The Opener forgets that such a thing as destitution exists." National Insurance aims at preventing future, not at removing present, pauperism; for which reason it only proposes to compel insurance by the mass of young persons under twenty-one. These need not be paupers now, and, if nationally insured, could never become so. No payment of £10 is asked from present paupers, who must die out; but they need not have successors. (2) He also objects that a person who had once paid in his £10 could not draw it out again when wanted for any other purpose. If the Opponent insures his house against fire, does he expect to draw out his premium again if his house be not burned? (3) He fears disturbance of existing arrangements for the insurance of present thrifty people. National insurance would make for them such insurances far cheaper, and far safer, than at present, and would make the present unthrifty folk provide for themselves, instead of casting the burden of their support on the present thrifty, who do their duty voluntarily for themselves. (4) He asserts that present arrangements are sufficient for all needs, which I deny, inasmuch as on an average 25,000 men each year leave the Oddfellows (which is probably the best of all the Friendly Societies) and prove unprovided; and, moreover, present Friendly Societies only require members to provide against illness, not against old age at all. (5) Lastly, his mistake of thinking the receipt of a man's National Insurance, paid for by his own money, to be a dole implying dependence (making, as it does, against a similar receipt from any Friendly Society whatever), needs only to be indicated to refute itself.

As to A. W. S. assuming that National Insurance would compel all members of present Friendly Societies to over-insure themselves by providing for a sick-pay of 18s. a week, and thus encouraging fraudulent claims for sham sickness, he has overlooked the fact that the compulsion is put *on the rising generation,* not yet entered into Friendly Societies, and would only be applied to persons reaching their eighteenth year at and after its introduction.

J. A. Simpson assumes (wrongly) that National Insurance proposes to root out *Poor Law legislation.* It does not propose to abrogate one clause of our Poor Law, but only to make every individual nationally insured too safely provided to need or to apply for Poor Law relief.

A. A. Bankier inquires, "What more can one ask for, and what need have we of a National Fund, when we have Life Assurance, Mutual, and Friendly Societies existing?" I reply that these, admirable as they are, *only help the thrifty,* and such will use such societies in *addition* to their small compulsory insurance, which, be it remembered, is the only thing that can make them absolutely *secure* against pauperism; while the unthrifty—who might, when young, make their own provision—would, by a *compulsory* insurance, have to do so, instead of burdening the thrifty with their Poor Law support in the end. A. A. Bankier has evidently no conception of the vast number of Friendly Societies which become bankrupt, and leave even thrifty old men to pauperism, or he would see the enormous advantage of a fund based on national security, such as no existing society can offer; nor has he a notion of how great a cheapening, as well as safe-guarding, of their provision, National Insurance would be able to offer to the poor.

I will only conclude by citing the striking fact that while we are talking of the subject other nations are establishing it, and that since this discussion opened, a measure of compulsory insurance has been debated and carried in the German Reichsrath, and has now become law for many millions throughout the German Empire.

✶ To this Speech was awarded the Honorarium of One Guinea offered by the Editor for the best Speech on this subject.

WHAT TO WEAR.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

AUTUMN is upon us once again, with falling leaves, brilliant tints, cold clear days, damp and dreary ones; so, in the important matter of dress, we must be prepared for all emergencies.

And—I hear you ask me—what are the autumn fashions? It is early to speak as yet quite positively of what the majority will adopt, but plain as well as figured velvets, cloths with stripes and tapestry patterns will be worn, and the colours will be greys, browns, the new greens, and chaudron reds.

You will, however, want more details, and as there is nothing like a good woollen gown, and nothing so really autumnal, I will begin with the new woollens. There are decided novelties in these. Plain cloths will be worn, and plain stuffs with either stripes or brocade to match. There is a long list of plain coloured goods which have a figure or a coarse thread in them. Such, for example, as the Drap Pastourette with a check interwoven, or Drap Epinglé, which is like woollen poplin. Cheviots and Vicunas are being employed for many autumn gowns, and in these the grey tone is the prevailing one. Amazon Soleil is a plain coloured stuff which is repped, and if you are choosing a thoroughly good durable material do not forget this, or the Vigognes, which French people always think much of.

A more decidedly new class of woollen stuffs, however, are the woollen brochés, which in making are intermingled with reps and with plain materials exactly matching the ground. Among the most prominent of

these is the Jacquard, which has a large single bloom of a contrasting tone thrown on the ground in most happy and harmonious colourings—olive and peacock, brown and olive, blue and brown. This, as bodice, tunic, and alternate plaits round the skirts, makes up charmingly with the plain tone. Fleur is the name for a great novelty, viz., a serge ground on which are large patterns in a sort of weaving like a Brussels carpet, and of a numerous mixture of colours all deftly blending, so that no one tone prevails. Velours Paré is after the same order and has a large raised stripe in the same rough-looking upstanding design. Another woollen broché has a plain ground and dashes of mixed colours upon it like large blocks, which, on close inspection, look like a coarse darn wrought with wool of spaced colouring.

Melange Soie is a soft make of wool with a silky surface, and in this, as in most of the other new stuffs, you see that stripes are preferred to checks.

But I have something more that is new to bring to your notice, viz., Drap Changeant, which is striped, but the colours so interwoven they have the same appearance as shot silk; plain stuffs of the dominant colour are sold with them, and they have the merit of wearing well. Kimperlin has a silky stripe, Epangline has a coarse cord like ottoman.

The reversible cloths have a most excellent appearance; these display large coloured spots on one side, on the other a large sort of net-work with the spots in the plain tone.

Drap Barré has two broad coloured perpendicular stripes with fine horizontal lines across.

Homespuns are still much worn, both striped and plain, the newest displaying very broad stripes.

Tweeds—and there is nothing more used—have been brought out this year as before, with the addition of some new kinds which have a knickerbocker stripe or check, very effective, standing out in relief in the form of a coarse fluffy thread.

Long mantles, hiding the dresses almost, are to be worn again, and this is bad for the wool trade, because very warm gowns are not a necessity and very little is to be seen of them. But in England, at all events, the woollen trade is looking up. A year or two ago the Countess of Bective and other ladies, in order to aid the neglected wool industries of Great Britain, started a committee to watch over their interests; the president of that committee now considers that the purpose for which it was established has been accomplished, and the sale of woollen fabrics of British manufacture has greatly augmented. Very certainly, the wearing of woollen dresses is greatly on the increase. Formerly, for a round of country-house visiting, many rich silk morning gowns were necessary: now there is nothing seen but good tailor-made ones.

So I think I had better tell you about the making, after one word in parenthesis. If you are so unfortunate as to be in deep mourning, keep to wool still, for an admirable stuff, Crêpe Impérial, has been brought out, which is all wool, yet with its crinkled and crimped, though glossy, surface, looks just like crape, but does not spoil with damp, and is quite capable of standing hard wear.

Habit bodices are fashionable, with long basques at the back and small basques at the sides and front. You can hardly have too many buttons or too much braiding. Occasionally skirts are made full, closely plaited back and front, but with no drapery whatever, and only a little plaiting at the edges, but the prevailing idea is a short skirt in either kilt or broad treble plaits, a draped tunic, and distinct bodice. The most fashionable have waistcoats which are movable, being secured to the bodice with a double row of buttons; white linen or piqué and red silk waistcoats give a stylish appearance. Sometimes cords are buttoned across them all down the front, these cords having frog buttons at the side.

Fishwife tunics are always in fashion, and some of the leading London tailors who have firms in Paris have brought out a half pilot jacket fitting blouse, which has merits. They have also brought out a new cut of bodice, with but one seam at the side. Navy, black, claret, prune, green, and browns are colours to be recommended for such tailor-made gowns.

Should you want a jacket for wearing with woollen gowns, decide on one of the Lancer shape, made of waterproofed cloth. It is very neat and stylish.

Jerseys are by no means going out. At the seaside little boys wear short trousers, and jackets and caps, all of this elastic material, which fit skin-tight; and

now the stocking-web cloth has been applied to suits for little girls, from two to twelve, consisting of jacket and kilted skirt, trimmed with braid. This same cloth is very good for tennis dresses.

We have long worn gloves and stockings to match our dresses—now Frenchwomen have their shoes made in kid and dyed to the same tint exactly. Shoes with them have quite superseded boots, and they are made for hard walking, laced in front, half-high, and thick. For country-house wear in England, nothing is better, as it is a case of being in and out all day, and to be perpetually buttoning or lacing boots is a nuisance; besides, they are trim and jaunty-looking. For the fronts, in lieu of boot-laces for such shoes, use elastic as strong as the holes will admit, and the result will be all that can be desired, for they slip on and off without trouble.

Pockets are one of the difficulties of dress. Modern-day ones in ladies' dresses are an incentive to pickpockets. Châtelaine bags are much worn again, but, alas for the contrariness of fashion! so large that they are becoming monstrosities.

Wet weather has turned the attention of the designers of wearing apparel to waterproofs, and very pretty ones I have seen, such as dark thick red cloth, fastened with large buttons, having plaits at the back, making the coat fit to the figure; a cape completes it.

Gold and silver basket bonnets continue to be worn. For seaside wear in France, a new hat, called the Chaise de Cuisine, has been brought out. It is straw-plaited like a chair-seat, and field flowers and red ribbon are used for the trimmings. Black and white bonnets, with coloured torsade and pompons, are fashionable, and among other flowers—viz., marigolds, pimpernel, &c.—clover has come in as a favourite bloom.

Insects of all kinds appear as pins on dress bodices and on millinery.

Red is mixed with black, as in a Merveilleux dress, with broad kilts at the waist, crimson showing between the folds, and in the draping. Red is also seen in striped dresses, very narrow red lines on white, and all-red dresses are worn, also cloth dresses, grey and white, with fine red lines. Plush and velvet bodices are fashionable in the evening, but in lieu of the waterfall back there are three plaited flounces from the hem to the waist. Navy serge cloaks for wraps have red collars and cuffs trimmed with red braid. By all of which you may see that fashions are various, and that you may wear almost anything.

The first figure, in our illustration of an out-door group, is wearing one of the useful redingotes which during the present month will be found suitable as an additional wrap over the checked silk costumes that have been universally popular during the summer. This redingote is made of grey double alpaca, the collar and cuffs are dark red velvet, and the sash, tied carelessly at the side, is of reversible satin ribbon, grey on one side and red on the other. The sleeves, like all sleeves nowadays, are set high on the shoulders and made very full and important-looking. The bonnet is grey satin covered with the new steel net, woven with metallic threads as fine as a cobweb. It is sold as what is termed piece-net, being gathered over the satin foundation, and this steel net is trimmed with steel lace. The beads, in this instance, edging the brim are steel, and the grey velvet flowers are dusted with steel. The lining and strings are red velvet.

The second figure wears a demi-saison mantelet of black velvet brocade on an Ottoman ground; the lining is chaudron satin, and the trimmings thick chenille fringe and Escurial lace. The dress is of shot silk and cashmere; the colour of the former is Orient, a new golden brown shot with red; the trimming is dark brown narrow velvet ribbon. The bonnet is velvet of the same colour and edging, the brim is the new tufted silk binding that resembles Astrakhan fur.

On the third figure the Henri II. hat, the popular hat of the season, is to be seen. It has a stiff high crown and is made of fine fur felt; it is trimmed with cloth of a darker shade, of light quality but of pure wool and without lustre, a novel trimming and appropriate for such hats. The feathers are ostrich tips combined with clusters of wings, for plumage of all sorts has superseded flowers on hats this autumn. The long jacket worn by the same lady is of broché velvet, the bib piece is satin, and the paniers are Escurial lace lined with satin. The skirt is dark brown satin shot with dark green, and it is prettily arranged in plaits clustered together with bows; its battlemented edge falls over a kilting.

The little maiden of seven who completes the group wears a costume of the new woollen batiste, a cloth of light quality, warm and clinging. Both checked and plain are combined in the costume, the former appearing in the skirt and simulated waistcoat. An epaulette bow is fastened on the left shoulder, the ends falling low at the back. The hat is felt, dark brown with green trimmings, Worth's favourite mixture, and the velvet is the new cress-green which is known by the name of "cresson" or water-cress.

The two in-door gowns illustrated in the second engraving are suitable for home dinner wear. The material of the first is nun's veiling, the colour "acier" or steel-grey which has a blue tinge over it; the bows and full plastron in front of the bodice are cardinal red satin, the embroidery being worked also in cardinal silk. The bodice has the prevailing short basque, and the drapery below it is raised upwards as a small vertugadin or farthingale puff, a fashion happily on a very reduced scale, that hails from the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The second dress is smarter, being of white sprigged muslin over satin, electric blue or flame-colour, whichever suits the complexion of the wearer. The flounces that cover the tablier are of embroidered muslin. The folds in front of the bodice are satin. This make of dress would also be suitable for jetted net, and black lace with surah as a foundation. The newest colour for this purpose is "pigeon's throat," a pretty blue-green shade. To those who have much visiting and require constant change this style of dress is eminently useful, as the colour of the foundation can be frequently changed.

A CRY FROM THE BLACK COUNTRY.

[There are at least sixteen thousand females engaged day after day in the nail-making industry in the Black Country. A whole household—father, mother, and children—will work week after week, from early morning until long after midnight, shaping molten iron into the form of nails, and the net weekly earnings of them all will not amount to more than sixteen or seventeen shillings.]

WHERE the forge-sparks glow and glisten,
Where the smoke-clouds veil the sky,
There, if you will only listen,
You may hear a bitter cry—
Cry of utter woe and sadness
Rising up amid the din ;
Cry of thousands in their madness
Vainly striving bread to win.

Day and night the fires are burning,
Day and night the iron glows,
And the toilers' hearts are yearning
For a respite for repose ;
But the flames of fire are leaping,
And the molten masses run,
And 'tis vain to think of sleeping
Till the tale of work be done.

And these toilers night and morning—
Are they strong men in their prime,
Weary of their work, but scorning
To be paupers ere their time ?
Nay, but women—wives and mothers,
Girls who are but children still,
Slaving on with fathers, brothers,
Many a hungry mouth to fill.

Day and night the iron's riven,
Barest pittance but to gain ;
Day and night the nails are driven
Into many a heart and brain.
Day and night the sparks are flying,
Searing many a bright young life ;
Day and night all grace is dying,
Blasted in the bitter strife.

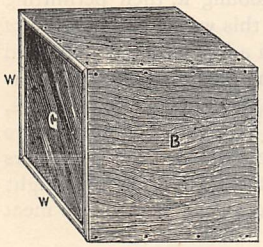
There, then, where the red fires glisten
Lurid in the midnight sky,
Brothers, sisters, if you listen,
You will hear a bitter cry—
Cry of utter woe and sadness
Rising up amid the din ;
Cry of thousands in their madness
Vainly striving bread to win.

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

THE GATHERER.

A Seaside Spy-Glass.

In a recent number of the GATHERER we gave an account of a submarine observatory in use at Naples for examining the sea-bottom. The simple contrivance which we illustrate herewith will enable persons at the seaside to explore the bottom in clear water for themselves, and enable them to see the marvels of the weedy shore in a way which they could not otherwise do, owing to the surface ripple on the water. It can be made for a few pence, and consists of a wooden box, B, having the bottom knocked out, a pane of glass, G, being put in its place and fastened all round with putty or slips of wood, W W, so as to be watertight. On placing this box, with the pane downwards, on the water, the observer looking into the open mouth of the box sees down into the clear water, and it is surprising how distinctly all the shells and life of the bottom can be seen. For examining coral reefs, the apparatus is invaluable.



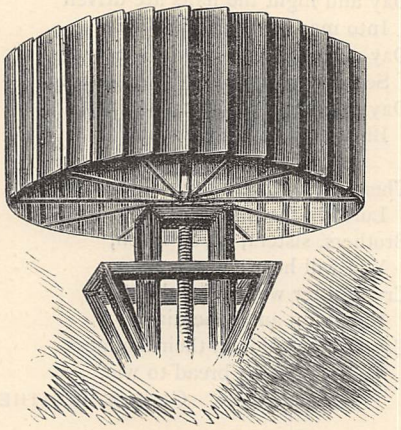
Metallising Wood.

Wood can be made to give a beautiful metallic lustre and is greatly increased in strength and solidity by the following treatment, originated by Herr Rubennick. The wood is immersed for three or four days according to its permeability in a caustic alkaline lye (calcareous soda) at a temperature of 75° to 90°. Then it is put immediately into a bath of hyposulphite of calcium, to which is added, after twenty-four or thirty-six hours, a concentrated solution of sulphur in caustic potash. The duration of this bath is about forty-eight hours, and its temperature from 35° to 50°. Finally, the wood is immersed for thirty to fifty hours in a hot solution (at 35° to 50°) of acetate of lead. The lustre of this metallised wood is further increased by rubbing it with a piece of lead, tin, or zinc, and then polishing it with a glass or porcelain burnisher.

Electric Light Bouquets.

Bouquets for table ornament, or to hold in the hand, are now mingled with small electric lamps, which have a very pretty effect among the flowers. The lamps are lighted by an electric current led to them by concealed wires. For personal use a small primary battery, or a

charged accumulator, is carried in the pocket or under the dress to supply the current; but for dining or drawing-room table use the current may be taken from the dynamo supplying the house with light. Thus in Mr. Swan's house at Bromley a large Japanese calabash filled with roses, and placed every evening on the dining-room table, is lighted here and there by electric lamps done up in artificial rose-leaves, the current being led from the floor through the table and table-cover to the calabash lamps. The golden effulgence of the light suggests some new species of yellow rose. The artificial fruits of lemon and other trees are also lighted internally in the same way with pretty effect.



A New Windmill.

An ingenious new windmill, to which the inventor gives the name of "Pamemone," has been erected at Grand-Quevilly, near Rouen. It is really an air-turbine, as may be seen from the accompanying sketch. The axis is vertical and supported by a wooden scaffolding, which is ascended by a ladder not shown. The cylindrical wheel carries thirty vanes of light wood over 6 feet high by 1½ feet wide. These vanes can turn round their vertical axes, which are placed so as to divide the breadth up in the ratio of 1 to 2. The angle given to the vanes the better to catch the wind is controlled by the thin radial arms shown below the wheel. Now that electric accumulators give us a means of storing power it is probable that windmills will be revived to some extent, and the Pamemone of MM. Lequesne and Lefebvre appears to have several advantages over the older forms.

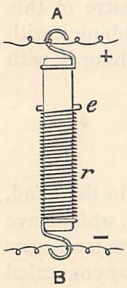


FIG 1.

Fourgeot's Fire Alarm.

M. Jules Fourgeot has devised a simple fire alarm which he has called by a less simple name—the "Pyroménite." It consists, as shown in Fig. 1, of an insulating stem of porcelain, A B, having two metal hooks, A and B, fastened to the ends. These hooks link with two bared wire conductors (+, —) in circuit with the positive and negative poles of a voltaic battery and an alarm bell. A spiral spring, *r*, fixed to one hook, B, encloses the insulating stem, but is held back from making contact with the upper hook, A, by two little triggers or detents, *e*, of fusible metal, let into the porcelain stem. This arrangement is seen in Fig. 1. When, however, an outbreak of fire melts the plugs of fusible metal, the spring, *r*, makes contact with the hook A, and the electric circuit is thus completed, causing the bell to ring. This condition is shown in Fig. 2. A number of these alarms can be connected in one circuit so as to protect all the rooms of a house.

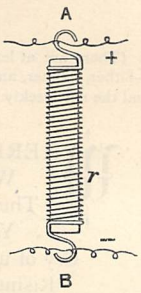


FIG. 2.

A Floating Telescope.

At the Brussels Observatory a large telescope has been installed, which floats on water to permit of its smooth and easy movement. The system is so successful that it is to be adopted for a new one to be erected in Paris. Provision is made to keep the water from freezing in winter time.

A New Tricycle Saddle.

A very convenient tricycle saddle has recently been brought out. This saddle is supported by a spiral spring, whose tension can be altered to suit the rider's weight. Ventilation is efficiently provided for, the leather is cushioned on the seat, and the back-rest is formed by a cyclist's wallet, which also holds his oil-can, tools, and other necessaries.

Frozen Meat.

Meat is now frozen in Sydney and sent in refrigerated chambers by steamers to London. The hulk *Rica Genova* is fitted up with the freezing apparatus in Darling Harbour and can accommodate the carcases of 10,000 sheep or 1,000 bullocks. The cold is produced by compressing air, cooling it, then permitting it to suddenly expand. In this way a temperature of 72° below zero is obtained in a few seconds. This cold air is then let into the freezing chamber where the carcases hang. A sheep is completely frozen in 36 hours, a bullock in five or six days. The frozen carcases are transferred to the freezing rooms of the Orient steamers and conveyed to England, at an extra cost for freight and freezing of 3d. per pound on the price of the meat in Sydney.

A New Breakwater.

A cheap but effective breakwater has been devised by Mr. Greenaway and named after him. The principle on which it is made is to divert without totally resisting the action of the breakers. The accompanying illustration (Fig. 2) will explain its peculiar mode of action better than words. The breakwater consists of a line of buoys of triangular

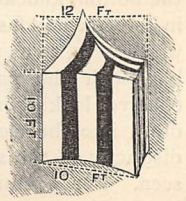
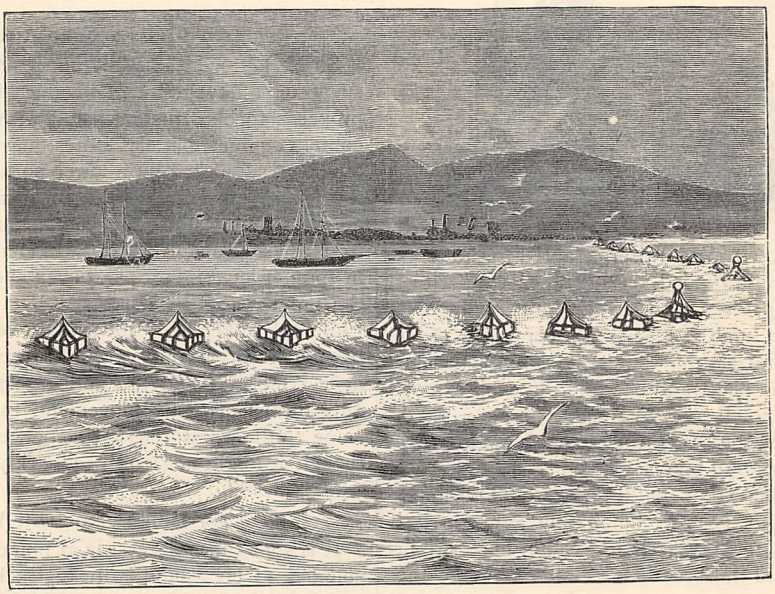


FIG. 1.

shape and concave sides. The pointed prow is turned towards the sea. The buoys are each moored by an anchor fore and aft at a distance from each other of a buoy-width. They draw ten feet of water, and each wave as it meets them is cleft in two and diverted to the right and left. This action leaves the water calm within the protected circle. Fig. 1 gives the shape and dimensions of the buoys.



A NEW BREAKWATER.—FIG. 2.

Waterproof Canvas.

Sackcloth or canvas is made as impervious to wet as leather by steeping it in a decoction of 1 lb. of oak-bark in 14 lbs. of boiling water. This quantity of liquor is sufficient for eight yards of stuff. The cloth has to soak twenty-four hours, then is passed through running water and hung up to dry. The flax and hemp fibres absorb the tannin and are rendered more durable as well as water-tight.

Copying Fossil Prints.

A simple method of getting prints in ink of fossil forms has been communicated to the Society of St. Etienne Engineers by M. Fayol. It consists in painting the object with ink and taking an impression on moist paper; but when the fossil will spoil by wetting it is first brushed over with dilute silicate of potash, which on drying leaves a thin layer of silicate over the surface. This artificial surface takes the ink well and gives a good impression after.

A Novel Railway Key.

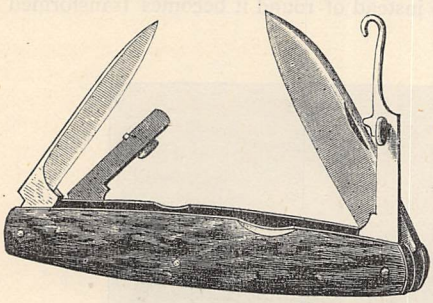
An ingenious mind has hit upon the device of furnishing umbrellas, canes, and walking-sticks with a novel and serviceable feature without in any respect impairing the primary usefulness of these articles. As every one knows, an umbrella or stick ends in a metal ferrule, the object of which is simply to prevent the wear of the staff. By a "happy thought" Mr. Henry Heath has devised a ferrule which serves a double purpose. In making it of gun-metal a guarantee is thereby afforded of its durability, and further, by constructing it of sufficient length and of a square shape instead of round it becomes transformed into a capital railway key—always at hand and often likely to be of great use. In connection with this "Dunbar tip"—the name by which the ferrule has been registered—it is interesting to note that there is high legal authority for the opinion that any one is at liberty to carry and use a railway key. Obviously the manufacture of such keys is quite legitimate, and it has been stated by eminent counsel that, even when there is a bye-law, their use might be perfectly justifiable.

A Tricycle Boat.

The novel experiment of crossing the Channel on a tricycle was recently accomplished successfully by a seafaring man named Terry. The tricycle is an invention of his own, and is so constructed as to form the framework of a boat. The latter is 12 feet long by 3 feet 9 inches wide, and 2 feet deep. It is formed of a single covering of tarpaulin. The rider carries the tarpaulin and a pair of sculls with him by road, and when he wishes to cross a river or lake, transforms his tricycle into a boat and launches it. The frame of the tricycle is constructed to serve the double purpose with a little alteration. Mr. Terry completed the journey from Dover to Calais in eight hours. He then re-formed his tricycle and proceeded to Paris by road.

An Easily-opened Pocket-Knife.

The difficulty sometimes experienced in opening the blades of pocket-knives that are either stiff or furnished with strong springs is well known. Often enough a finger-nail has been seriously damaged or the hand cut in the process. The accompanying engraving shows an ingenious appliance for remedying the defect. This



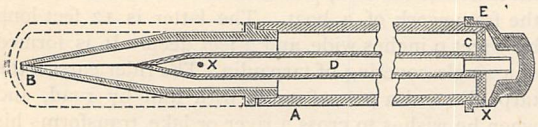
consists of a pivoted blade-raiser, adapted to shut within the handle, and supplied on its inner side with a stud for catching in the notch in the knife, and on its outer side with a knob to receive the pressure of the thumb. These raisers may be used solely for the purpose of lifting the blade and need not, in such case, be longer than the notch; or, by making them work on the same pivot as the blade, they may be made nearly as long, and employed both for opening the knife and also as button-hooks or nail-cleaners. This simple equipment may, it is said, be readily applied, at a trifling expense, to knives that have not been originally provided with it.

An Incombustible Insulator.

Mr. A. Parkes has devised a new material for insulating electricity on wires, which has the valuable property of not catching fire. It consists of paraffin, castor oil, and india-rubber in certain proportions, mixed with oxychloride of zinc.

An Electric Tram-Car.

A tram-car lighted and propelled by electricity stored in Faure accumulators was recently run in Paris along the Quai de la Conférence and back, the speed being eleven miles per hour. The accumulators weighed 2½ tons and were stored under the seats. The experiment is considered successful, but it is probable that the question of cost has not been sufficiently considered.



A New Stylographic Pen.

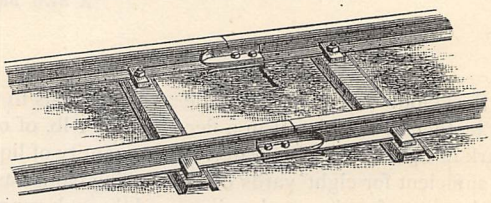
An improved writing-pen has been brought out in New York. As illustrated in section, A is the holder of metal or ebonite. A conical point with a fine iridium tube for nib, B, is screwed into it, as in the ordinary pen of this kind. A diaphragm of soft rubber closes the other end of the holder, and also supports an air-tube, D, ending in a needle which runs into the hole of the iridium nib. A hole in the air-tube at X allows air to enter the ink-holder or outer tube, A, to replace the ink expended in writing. This air-tube, D, opens into an air-chamber formed by the cap, E, which screws on the holder and permits air to enter the pen by the hole, X. The spring of the rubber diaphragm at C renders the writing very pleasant.

An Anti-Torpedo Vessel.

Sir E. J. Reed, the well-known naval architect, has suggested a novel kind of invulnerable war-ship. He proposes to construct a vessel with convex decks to contain engines, battery, stores, magazine, men's quarters, &c., supported by a lower portion that shall take the form of a cellular boat, consisting solely of small air-tight and water-tight compartments. These, as readers are probably aware, will enable a ship to float in spite of local injury; but even should the whole of the lower vessel be destroyed by a torpedo, or other "infernal machine," the upper vessel would then become a serviceable raft. The convex deck would deflect missiles and the under portion would be the only means of ready movement, though if the worst came to the worst the upper portion would float, although it might not lend itself easily to manœuvring.

An Iron Permanent Way.

It is sometimes necessary at home as well as in the colonies to lay a light railway track for private purposes; and the iron way exhibited at the recent



Engineering and Metal Trades Exhibition appears well suited for this purpose. As shown in the figure, it consists of rails in lengths easily carried by two men. These are joined by fish-plates on the sides of the track. The sleepers are of iron too, and formed as well as laid in the manner shown. Such a railway can be rapidly laid or lifted and transported to another place.

Another Electric Launch.

A launch, propelled entirely by electricity, and well suited for pleasure purposes, owing to the absence of smoke or noise, has been constructed at Millwall. It is constructed of galvanised steel, is 40 feet long by 6 feet beam, and draws 2 feet 9 inches of water. The dynamo-electric machine or electric motor—a Siemens dynamo of the type called "D 2"—is connected directly to the propeller shaft. The reversal of the motion is effected by two pairs of brushes on a rocking shaft; one pair sending the current through the motor in a direction opposite to the other pair, and thus

securing a backward or forward motion of the vessel. Cords are led from the brushes, or rather their rocking supports, to the hands of the steersman, who thus acts as helmsman and engineer in one, and has the steerage of the craft entirely under his control. The launch carries eighty of the Faure-Sellon-Volckmar accumulators, each containing a power stored equal to one horse-power for an hour. Sixty-five are employed at once, the rest being used in reserve. The dynamo can transmit eight horse-power if need be, and the boat can be run full speed for ten hours; but, as is well known, it is not desirable to entirely empty the accumulators. At half-speed a longer distance can be traversed. The battery boxes stand along the keel under the floor, and serve as ballast; the weight of the craft when void of passengers being four tons. No deck-space is thus taken up with engine and boiler, as in steam-launches; thus a vessel forty feet long can carry as much as a steam-launch ten feet longer. There is besides no smell of oil, smoke, steam, or cinders, and the motion of the vessel is as noiseless as that of a row-boat. The speed of the launch is eight and a half miles per hour, and she recently made a trip from Temple Pier to Greenwich in forty minutes with the tide. Later in the day she made the return journey. These electric launches are well adapted for pleasure-trips, and it is not unlikely, therefore, that if the builders were to take steps to provide electric stations at Richmond, Windsor, Oxford, and at other points on the river, electric launches on the Upper Thames would soon be seen in operation. Electric stations are necessary to renew the electric store in the accumulators.

A Portable Blow-pipe Lamp.

A cheap, clean, and portable blow-pipe lamp, burning paraffin wax, has been devised by Mr. J. S. Thompson. As shown, it consists of a brass vessel, A, having a tube or wick-holder, B, of copper. This is carried down into the lamp, as shown in Fig. 1. The use of copper is to conduct some of the flame-heat to the paraffin to melt it. The small holes, C C, permit overflow of wax to drip back into the holder, A. As shown in Fig. 2, the lid is perforated at D to admit air to the interior. The channel, E, serves as a support for the nozzle of the blow-pipe. The wick should be soft and loose, and fit the tube as closely as possible. The paraffin is fed in lumps, but melted paraffin should be poured in to begin with, in order to soak the wick.

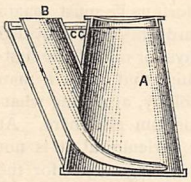


FIG. 1.

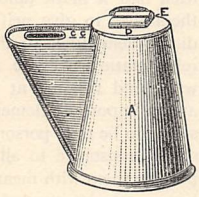
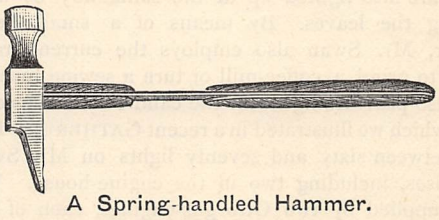


FIG. 2.

Coloured Prints of Flowers.

A pretty process for taking coloured prints of flowers by means of aniline colours has been devised by M. Cyme, of Marseilles. The fern or plant is flattened and dried by a hot iron as if for preservation in a herbarium. The surface to be copied is then painted over with aniline dissolved in alcohol or wood-spirit. The paper to receive the print is damped with water, dried with blotting-paper, then placed on a sheet of tin-foil. The painted plant is then laid over it with the coloured face downwards, and pressed on the paper below by laying another sheet of paper over it and passing a roller or a cold iron over the latter. Several impressions may sometimes be got from one plant, especially if a violet print of methanylene be taken. To prevent blurring of the first proofs from redundance of colour, the painted surface may be re-touched by a brush dipped in a solution of saltpetre or marine salt. Aniline colours have a great variety of shades, and with a little skill the natural colours of the plant can be closely imitated in this way.



A Spring-handled Hammer.

The annexed woodcut represents a hammer provided with a novel kind of handle, whereby not only is "truer" work performed, but muscles and nerves are saved, while a more rapid rate of work is attained. The handle is securely riveted to the hammer and supported by two wooden stays, while the handle proper is formed of two half-handles fastened together with a strip of leather placed between them. With this hammer the blows delivered are cleaner and stronger, and it is pleasant to use. It is adapted for heavy as well as for light work; the handle can be adjusted to all kinds of hammers, and indeed to all tools with which blows are struck.

An Electric-lighted Villa.

Lauriston House, Bromley, the residence of Mr. Swan, is now lighted throughout by electricity, and forms one of the most interesting private installations yet made. It is remarkable for its completeness, every room being lighted by the current, even to the coal-cellars and gate lamps. The lights are all controlled by small switches placed by the door, so that a person entering a room, say a bed-room, can light it up before going in, and darken it on leaving again. Again, if a light is wanted for the toilet-table or the writing-desk, it can be had in a moment by touching the proper switch. One of the beds has a reading-lamp just over the pillow for an invalid who desires to read, and the switch is ready to his hand. The gate lamps are controlled by switches in the engine-house. The drawing-room is lighted by three elegant brass chandeliers, holding six floral cups of pale blue glass, in each of which is a Swan incandescence lamp of ground glass. These lamps are controlled by switches,

one for each chandelier, against the wall. Besides these chandeliers there are six wall brackets with crystal reflectors behind. In the dining-room there are two chandeliers having globes of the new crinkled glass, which has the effect of fractured ice illuminated inside. The glowing filaments of the lamps are always shaded from the eye, either by ground glass bulbs or globes, except in the case of the cellar lamps. The nursery lamps are suspended by brackets from the ceiling, out of the reach of the children, and they can if necessary be protected from injury by wire netting. The dining-room table is further lighted by movable standard lamps, to which the current is led by wires through the floor and table, the connections being made by wires from the lamps, ending in bare metal bodkins, which are inserted through the table-cloth into holes in the table, through which the wires come. Flower table ornaments and artificial lemon-trees are also lighted up in the same way by lamps among the leaves. By means of a small electric motor, Mr. Swan also employs the current from a lamp to grind a coffee-mill or turn a sewing machine. He also provides lights for the candle by a device like that which we illustrated in a recent GATHERER. There are between sixty and seventy lights on Mr. Swan's premises, including two in the engine-house. They are supplied by two Otto gas-engines, each of half-horse-power nominal, but capable of developing two horse-power. Each drives a Siemens continuous current dynamo of the smallest size, and thirty Faure-Sellon-Volckmar accumulators are charged for an hour before the lighting of the house begins at night. The two dynamos feed thirty lamps when running, and the accumulators feed any extra ones required, besides yielding odd lights about the house by day. The engines consume seventy-five cubic feet of gas per hour, which, consumed in gas-lighting, would give thirty fifteen-candle jets ; but the thirty electric lights are rather over fifteen candles in power, and the light is far more agreeable, pure, and healthy. This new installation of Mr. Swan's is, so far as we are aware, the first realisation of the coming state of things foreshadowed in our recent articles on "Household Electricity."

Tramway Omnibuses.

On the Hamburg tramways a new vehicle, which can leave the track and return to it as readily as an omnibus, has been introduced. The wheels of the car are flangeless, like an ordinary omnibus-wheel, but a shaft carrying a disc wheel is fitted before each wheel, and the driver can raise or lower it at will into the grooves in the line. This disc wheel keeps the car on the line when it is desired to do so. The arrangement works well, and saves much inconvenience.

A Petrified Forest.

A very extensive forest of petrified trees has been discovered at Corrizo, on the Little Colorado, New Mexico. Ten miles from Corrizo the road enters an immense basin enclosed by high clay banks. The washing away of the clay strata by rains has exposed hundreds of acres of petrified trees—some standing, others prone. Trunks, five feet in diameter, of solid stone are scattered about, and the ground is literally encumbered with twigs and branches. Many of the small branches and the trunks were thoroughly crystallised, and the "beautifully tinted cubes sparkled in the sunshine like so many precious stones. Every colour of the rainbow was duplicated in these crystals and those of amethyst-blue appeared to be the real gem." While upon this subject we may mention that Mr. Norris has found a new marvel in the Yellowstone Region in the shape of a "Goblin Labyrinth," formed of an immense number of stone pillars and tables confusedly mingled and taking every imaginable shape. The labyrinth was formed by rain denuding the softer rocks and leaving the harder veins and boulders.

An Experiment in Social Reform.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have read with considerable interest the opening of a discussion in the "Family Parliament" on a scheme for "National Assurance," and as a small contribution towards the solution of the difficult question of national pauperism, I venture to send you the following account of a social experiment which is now being tried in Westphalia, in Germany.

A charitable association, under Imperial patronage and approval, has been formed, and an agricultural colony has been established with this end in view : to lend a helping hand to all vagrants who may be willing to work, by offering them shelter, food, and clothing in return for their labour, so that the idle may be deprived of the excuse that they can find no work to do.

Farms have been bought in a favourable situation on the Lüneberg heath, where outdoor work can be done all through the winter, and on the land all necessary farm buildings have been erected, together with houses to accommodate 200 labourers. Every applicant for employment has to sign a contract setting forth that, being unable to obtain work elsewhere, he is willing to labour on the farm in return for food, shelter, and clothing. The association has been wise enough to see that if a pauper is to be raised from the depths to which he has sunk through vice or misfortune he must regain his self-respect, and as the first step towards this he is provided with a decent suit of clothes, which he pays for out of the first-fruits of his labour. The regulations require that when a man has earned his clothes he shall leave the colony, accepting whatever employment may have been found for him elsewhere. At the present time, as the colony is purely agricultural, it is not self-supporting, but it is hoped to make arrangements for the practice of all the commoner trades, so that vagrants may be employed at such work as they can perform most profitably.

All the subscribing members of the association—who pay at least half a mark (about 5d.) a year to the general fund—bind themselves to give neither money nor food to beggars, but to direct them either to the agricultural colony or to the nearest relief station. These relief stations, managed in a variety of ways, and situated at convenient distances from one another, are an important element in the scheme. The general regulation seems to be that persons having charge of relief stations must afford assistance to all applicants who bear tickets, and must provide them with means to reach the next station, first exacting, however, an amount of work equivalent to the cost of relief.

To my mind there are some promising elements in the scheme, and carried out on a small scale it has worked well. The results of its development will undoubtedly be waited for with some anxiety not only in the home of its adoption, but also in our own country. I am, Sir, &c.,

POOR LAW.

PARDONED.

By the Author of "In a Minor Key," "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

PIZ LANGUARD.

NOW, Phil dear, don't forget my instructions, and all that I have told you. I have been very selfish hitherto, but now that I have made you my little confessions, we will put our wise heads together to set things straight."

So speaks Constance Warburton to her husband, as he and she sit together in the pine-woods, ensconced among the tall fir-trees, where no one can see them, and they may remain with their hands locked in each other's, and think that never were there two such perfectly devoted mortals as themselves.

Constance is in one of her most bewitching moods this hot August morning. She and her husband have been indulging in the first quarrel of their married life, and are now revelling in the luxury of making up, as children say. The quarrel has not been without its serious cause. The pretty, spoilt, fascinating woman has been wayward and wilful, and is anxious to make the *amende:* more especially as she is feeling the effects of her wilfulness in a renewal of the old pain, a slight return of the old lameness, that has frightened her into the most seductive submission. Husband, uncle, and cousin have all warned her against over-walking, and she has turned a deaf ear to their entreaties; now a more potent voice has made itself heard, and she is all penitence. Philip, usually so indulgent, has been really angry this morning, and there have been tears and pouts, followed by protestations and kisses, such as are dear to the hearts of newly-married couples. They are still at a white heat of reconciliation and affection when Constance finishes the narrative by which she has sought to divert her husband's anxiety about herself, with the words we have just recorded.

Captain Warburton strokes his moustache meditatively, and looks somewhat grave. They have been talking of their companions at the hotel: the Hathersages, Champneys, and Winny; and, led on from one point to another, they have—or rather, Constance has—wandered back to many years ago, when she and her cousin had stayed, together with Colonel and Mrs. Everard, at Tranmere and Carnford, and to how it was supposed in those days that Mr. Champneys and Winny cared for each other not a little.

Constance is too honest not to mention her own share in what had followed; and talking of it all has reminded her of the fact that Roger and her cousin—formerly fond of each other: of that she is and always will be positive, whatever may be said to the contrary—seem now as far apart as the two poles.

"They hardly speak to each other, do they?" she says; "in fact, so markedly do they avoid one another that it is enough to rouse suspicion. I should like them to come together now: it would be so nice; and as I do not suppose that they would be over-rich, Winny might go on painting."

Captain Warburton laughs. "Perhaps they don't want to come together. From what I can gather of the story I have just heard, people do sometimes change their minds; eh, Con?"

"Don't you be foolish, my wise Phil, but listen to your better half. Uncle George and Win have had a grand *éclaircissement.* I do not know how it was managed, but that it was somehow brought about is a certainty; and I suppose that the cause of their estrangement from one another was mentioned. Of course, after that, Winny, particularly in Uncle George's presence, can never speak to Mr. Champneys; and he, probably indignant at such strange conduct, in his turn avoids her. Meanwhile, Mimi—I wish, Phil, you would give her a lecture—never leaves the unfortunate man alone, so that if he would, he cannot address another woman. Thus our *dramatis personæ* are all at cross-purposes, and it will be your noble mission to set them straight. To accomplish this, you must do as I tell you. To-morrow when you go up Piz Languard, as I shall not be there, you will naturally look after Mimi; and for that purpose you must keep closely to her mule. Mind you never let her out of your sight. That leaves only Uncle George, Winny, Alice, and Mr. Champneys to be disposed of. Naturally too," with a smile, "Uncle George will take charge of Alice, and Roger will fall to Winny; that will be capital. They will have a nice long *tête-à-tête,* and then, who knows what may happen?"

"Mimi won't thank me."

"Never mind Mimi. She will rather bore you, I am afraid, dear, because she chatters so; but she is a good, warm-hearted little thing in the main, and very fond of you, Phil."

"I am sure it is very good of her to be so. But, Con, to go back to the beginning of this scheme: I never intended to go up Languard to-morrow. I do not like leaving you, my pet."

"I shall be very happy without you—no"—softly—"not very happy, but as much so as circumstances will allow; and Kate Hathersage and I will rattle

about the country in an *einspanner*. You *must* go, dear, or how shall we keep Mimi quiet?"

"What a match-maker you are, Con!"

"Not at all. I am only exercising my privileges as a married woman to try and make other people as happy as I am myself."

Phil laughs, and of course gives in. At present he is the most obedient of husbands, and although he has already made the ascent of Piz Languard, he makes no further remonstrance. But then, they have only been married six weeks.

The next morning breaks clear and unclouded. It seems to Winny that it is somewhere in the middle of the night that she is roused from a delicious dreamless sleep by Mimi, and bid get up and dress.

The Rosegg glacier lies in a bath of palest pink, there are tiny rosy clouds floating about the sky; everything promises a fine day.

"Don't stand dreaming at the window, Winny," cries impatient Mimi from the room. "We are very late as it is, in deference to your invalidism. You can look at the Rosegg afterwards."

Half an hour later the two girls descend to their breakfast. It is rather dark, very cold, and not particularly inviting. Colonel Everard, full of care and solicitude for his niece, is armed with flasks and provisions of all sorts for her support and sustenance, and Winny laughs at the multifarious wraps he has collected for her. They are all down punctually to time, except Roger, and he is nowhere to be seen.

"I suppose he is not coming," says Captain Warburton dismally, as he shivers with the cold, and reflects that his sacrifice may have been made in vain. Winny is certain he is coming, but she keeps her own counsel and says nothing. The three ladies are already on their mules, preparing to start, when he suddenly appears among them.

With great promptitude Philip at once seizes the bridle of Mimi's mule, and leads her on. There is a moment's hesitation, a question from Alice as to where Roger has breakfasted, which is satisfactorily answered, and then Captain Warburton, looking back, sees that Constance's prophecy has been fulfilled to the very letter. Behind come, first, Colonel Everard and Alice, then Winny and Roger bringing up the rear.

I think every one will agree with me that the early morning, particularly when it is very cold, is not a time for conversation. On this occasion our quartette are no exception to the rule. Silently the two hindmost gentlemen stride by the side of their respective ladies, the stillness alone broken by the unearthly "Huhs!" of the guides, as they urge the mules onwards. Mimi alone of all the party maintains her character for talkativeness. She is struggling impotently in the bonds of her brother-in-law's company, but he is deaf to her hints, and remains resolutely by her mule, in spite of her at length asserting that she is quite sure Mr. Champneys does not like Winny: he hardly ever speaks to her; and that it is cruel to condemn the poor man to the ascent of Languard by her side. Philip only smiles grimly, and remains where he is, whilst his sister-in-law says to herself that she has never met with so obtuse a man in all her life.

Up, up, up, getting ever colder, and yet at the same time warmer, as the sun's rays gather strength with every minute. Winny shivers in her saddle, from whence she has such an excellent view of her companion's profile, and it strikes her that the expression of his countenance has altered since she first knew him. He turns to her.

"You are cold," he says, noticing the blue whiteness of her face; and before she can answer him he has stopped the mule, and is passing a plaid shawl he carries over his arm round her.

"There; is not that better?" he asks. "Now do not trouble yourself to hold the reins: it only makes your fingers cold. Hans shall lead the beast, and you tuck your hands into the shawl."

She obeys with a faint smile. The keen morning air has indeed struck her with a chill; yet, when his hands pass the shawl round her, it seems as though fire had crept into her veins.

"I am already so wrapped up that I feel like a stuffed doll," she says. "I ought not to be cold."

"It is the glacier air," he answers. "However, we shall get warmer every minute now the sun is up. Are you quite sure you would not rather turn back?"

"Not for the world!" she exclaims, with involuntary vehemence. "I cannot bear to give up anything that I have begun."

"Then you do not intend to give up your painting in the future?" he asks abruptly.

"My painting? No, never," wondering at the question.

Again a silence, as they steadily ascend the mountain, broken only by Roger pointing out some object of interest, or darting aside to secure a plant or moss for Winny.

"I wonder whether you will be able to do the walking," he asks, as he looks at the transparent face, the large intelligent eyes that spy out everything: flower, lichen, bird, or fossil.

By-and-by they begin to thaw, mentally and physically. Roger forgets for a few minutes that he is talking to Lord Carnford's betrothed; and Winny, on her side, remembers no longer that she is conversing with the man whom she has been accused of meeting clandestinely. They have fallen into one of their old conversations, inexpressibly refreshing to Roger after a long course of Mimi's vapid chatter. Some way ahead of them they can see Colonel Everard's tall, erect figure, which never stirs from Alice's side. He, too, seems to have dropped his silence, for as they wind through the forest the two heads are turned towards each other in apparently eager conversation.

Winny looks, and smiles, and is ashamed to find the hot tears standing in her eyes. Ought she not rather to rejoice that a new and happier life is opening out to her uncle? Surely, if her love is worth anything, it will welcome even her own grief, if it be for his joy. Has she not her painting?

Roger, too, looks and smiles. It is on that account alone that he has consented to this morning's arrange-

ment; but he had detected, or thought he had detected, a supplicating look in Alice's eyes which had decided him. If Kate's supposition be true he should be very glad that his favourite sister should have found some one to suit her fastidious taste, although her choice may not altogether meet with his approval. The disparity in the ages seems to him a great drawback, and Colonel Everard's overbearing temper a yet greater. Still, Alice is twenty-five years of age: quite old enough to know her own mind; and it is not for him to interfere in what she may consider her happiness.

Mimi and Captain Warburton have become mere specks in the distance, so ruthlessly is Philip hustling that little person along, faithfully obedient to his wife's commands. From time to time Roger stops Winny's mule for her to draw breath; the rarefied air is a little too much for her, although a short halt now and then quickly restores her. The sun has come out now; they have emerged from the forest, and are revelling in his rays in all their fulness. Winny is enjoying the morning as she has not enjoyed anything for years. She knows she is only preparing a sad reaction for herself: that there will be trouble and sorrow in store for her; but she goes on.

No more silences now; they are in the full swing of conversation—a conversation which, on Roger's side, never touches on the future—as absorbed in each other as are Colonel Everard and Alice on in front. To both the girls it seems but a few minutes since they quitted the hotel when the guide calls a halt, and bids them descend from their mules. They have come to the last part of their journey, where riding is no longer feasible. The inexorable Philip has already dismounted Mimi, and is pushing her forward in a manner which is making her discover that this good-natured brother-in-law of hers has a very strong will of his own when it is once roused.

The two other mules have drawn up side by side, and Alice and Winny, once more on their feet, are exchanging remarks concerning the distance accomplished which bear a strange resemblance to one another.

"It seemed so short, did it not?" says Alice. "I cannot believe that it is so long since we left the hotel."

"Nor I," responds Winny. "It is not at all cold now, is it?"

"Cold? Oh dear, no! I am as warm as possible."

"Winny must be my care now, Roger," says Colonel Everard. "She will need to go very slowly, and you will be impatient to get on."

"I?" says Roger. "No, indeed; I have no wish to dispute with that impetuous gunner and Miss Mimi the honour of reaching the top first."

Alice, seated on a stone, is occupied in adjusting something in her dress, listening the while with straining ears for the result of this discussion.

"There is a slight difference between tearing up a mountain as those two are doing, and counting ten on each step, which is the pace I propose to take Winny at."

He turns round and meets Alice's eyes, and a smile creeps into his face.

"What is it to be, Miss Alice?" he asks. "Do you think that Roger is equal to counting ten on each step?"

"You must ask him himself, Colonel Everard. I can, however, vouch for his being, when necessary, a miracle of patience."

"Never inquire as to my character from Alice," interrupts Roger, rousing himself from the intent contemplation of some flower he holds in his hand. "I am not patient, but I can count; and I think, when we meet at the top, you will find that I have conscientiously enumerated my millions."

"Then we are to keep to our original arrangement; is that it?" asks Colonel Everard, moving a step forwards towards Alice, yet turning to Winny, who has not spoken at all. "My child," he continues, "will you promise me to be very careful, and to go very slowly, if I leave you to Mr. Champneys? I know I can trust him to look after you as well as I should myself."

"I promise faithfully," she answers brightly, though she knows that three weeks ago no earthly power would have beguiled her uncle from her side. "Yet," she continues, turning to Roger, and speaking so as not to be heard by Colonel Everard and Alice, already preparing for their start, "I do not like to take you at my snail's gallop. I think I had far better sit down here, and wait till you all come back again."

"And I think not," answers Roger decidedly. "It is not the first time I have had the care of you, Miss Smith; probably it will, however, be the last. Let us, at any rate, reach the top in each other's company."

What can she say? Silently she rises, a faint blush illuminating her pale face as she thinks of the last time that he took care of her, and carried her from the deadly flames to safety.

And then they commence the ascent. Colonel Everard and Alice have already started, and before many minutes have passed are out of hearing. To all intents and purposes, Roger and Winny are alone.

Hans, the guide, is hovering about, taking short cuts here and there, appearing now to Mimi, now to Alice, but too erratic to be the slightest *gêne* to any one.

Slowly and laboriously Winny toils up the ascent, conscious the whole time that it is too much for her strength. Every step in the rarefied air makes her gasp for breath; yet she goes on, and will go on, she says, to the end. After all—deceived by the apparent closeness of the summit—it is a very little way; surely her strength will hold out so far.

Roger cannot see the efforts she is making, for he is in front of her, his back to her, her two hands in his, as he literally pulls her up the hill. They proceed so very slowly that he hardly perceives how the vigorous elastic frame hangs like a dead weight on his hands, telling of physical incapacity, whilst every now and then his cheery "All right?" is answered by such a bright "Getting on," as goes far to deceive him.

At last he calls a halt, faces round, and is dismayed to see the heaving breath, the blue lips, as Winny

comes to a standstill. It is all that his self-control can do to refrain from the expression of tender fear that is on the point of utterance.

"You are fainting," he cries; "you must not go one step further. Here is a stone where you can sit down;" and he draws near to support her to the seat, on which he has placed the shawl.

"No," she manages to gasp out, eluding the proffered help. "I am not fainting; it is—the—air. I can—go on—after—I have sat down."

Once more a wrap is passed round her with the deftness of a woman, and Roger has pulled out his flask. He is measuring out the strong liqueur with which he has provided himself in case of accidents, and which, he flatters himself, will quickly restore Winny, when, on turning round to administer it to her, he finds that his worst fears are realised—she has fainted. At the same moment some small article drops from her dress, and goes rolling down the hill, leaping from tuft to tuft in the long coarse grass.

What is he to do? He looks all round; there is not a soul in sight. A little spur of the mountain effectually hides them all from his eyes. He cannot leave her to seek them. He must bring her round by himself; but first of all he will do all that lies in his power to summon her uncle, or any one who may be near. Accordingly while rubbing her hands and employing other restoratives, he utters a series of sounds of all sorts, from a *jodel* to a good British shout; but the wind is against him, and they only die away in the clear mountain air without eliciting a response.

Here, then, is the second time that the woman he loves best in the world lies all unconscious in his keeping, giving him a task which seems almost beyond his powers. He is not one to lose his head in an emergency, and he knows, for all that she lies like one dead, that it is but the result of the too keen air, and therefore to be remedied. He has everything at hand, almost as had he known what was about to occur; and soon he has the satisfaction of seeing the brown eyes open once more, flickeringly indeed, but still with a promise of restored animation.

What exquisite pleasure it is to rub those slender hands that have achieved such great things: to pour eau-de-Cologne on that forehead that speaks of the rare intelligence that lies beneath: to gaze unchecked, unhindered, on the beautiful face that looks now as though it were chiselled in marble! What exquisite pleasure, and what pain! for does it not all belong to another?

How long he sits there by her side he knows not; it seems hours to him ere the brown eyes open and look at him, with a glance which, bewildered at first, grows momentarily steadier and more realised.

Ay, she is quite conscious now: so conscious that, had she the strength, she could burst into tears—tears of shame and mortification. What will her uncle think of her?—he who has given her so signal a proof of his perfect trust in her to-day, to find that she has gone on and on, till she has fainted when alone with Roger Champneys. Oh, it is hard! Why did she come to be a kill-joy and wet blanket to all the rest of the party?

Involuntarily she withdraws her hand from his clasp, and sits up.

"I have never done such a thing in my life before; never, never!" she cries. "I assure you this is the first time I have ever fainted dead away."

"That I can quite believe," he says quietly, as he sees how agitated she is, how she is quivering all over with suppressed excitement; "but then, possibly you have never been so many feet above the level of the sea before. Yours was not an ordinary faint: it was the result of the rarefied air, that took away your breath. I ought to have remembered what a common occurrence such a thing is, and have taken more care of you. However, I am very thankful that you have come round so quickly. Now drink this."

She obeys, soothed by his quiet, almost indifferent, tone, which seems to imply that all mountain-climbers—or, at least, all of the weaker sex who attempt mountain-climbing—are liable to lose their consciousness on such occasions. As she raises the cup to her lips, her eyes fall on her finger—the third finger of the left hand. It is bare. Her ring, the ring Gilbert gave her, is gone. "Oh! my ring!" she cries in accents of genuine grief—"My ring! I have lost it."

Roger changes colour. How well he knows that ring, costly as such a ring would be, that flashed on his eyes almost the very first moment he saw her! It seems to him intolerable to sit near her any longer.

"You are quite sure you are better?" he asks—"that you feel no fear of returning faintness?"

"No; I am wonderfully revived. I feel quite well now."

"Then," and he rises to his feet, "I think I can find your ring. If I mistake not, it fell from your hand just as you fainted, and it cannot have rolled far."

"Oh! thank you, thank you! It is a large single diamond, set clear. You will be sure to see it sparkle."

How glad she is that he is gone! She watches him with dull eyes as he springs lightly down the incline, searching diligently among the grass and stones for her precious ring; and then she shivers. How dreary, how desolate it is, and how lonely! The sun has gone in, it is cold and chilly, and the steep rocky staircase which leads to the summit strikes her with a dread sense of its utter impracticability. Where is her uncle?

It seems to her that Roger has been gone an hour—in reality it is but ten minutes—when his head once more obtrudes itself on her vision, and the glittering ring is held up to her glad eyes.

"How can I thank you enough?" she cries earnestly. "I am so very, very much obliged to you. I would not have lost that ring for all the world."

"Of course you would not," he responds, in a voice she hardly recognises; and seats himself beside her as she slips it on the third finger of the right hand.

Struck by his tone, she looks up quickly, to find his gaze riveted on the ring, and the position to which it has just been restored. Suddenly flashes across her something of the meaning of that "Of course not."

Can it possibly be that he regards this ring—of which he naturally does not know the history—in any other light than its real one? Can it indeed be that Gilbert's solemn joke has borne fruit in miscon-

"From myself? Did I ever tell you how or why Mr. Craven gave me this ring?"

"Mr. Craven?—your cousin, Gilbert Craven?"

"The same."

"THEY URGE THE MULES ONWARDS" (*p.* 706).

struction? If so, she will quickly put an end to it. "You say 'Of course not,'" she answers him; "and yet you do not know why I am so fond of this ring."

"I can make a pretty shrewd guess, though," he says gravely, in no way responding to the lighter tone she has adopted.

"Ah! I suppose Alice has told you."

"Alice has told me nothing. I had it, to a certain degree, from yourself."

"No," with an effort resuming his would-be *nonchalance*, "you never told me that."

"Well," somewhat nettled at his tone, "it is not at all interesting, except to me. Do not you think, Mr. Champneys, I might try and go on now? I feel so much better. I wonder where all the rest have disappeared to. It is so very odd that they have never missed us."

"Never mind them," in a softer voice. "You are

not fit to go on," drawing just a little closer. "Tell me this story—please." There is the faintest possible quiver in his voice; the show of indifference has melted utterly away.

"What—of the ring?"

"Yes, of the ring."

"It was when I was going back to Tranmere with my uncle, after my illness. Poor Gilbert was very unhappy at my returning to what he persisted in calling Capua, and made the most lugubrious prophecies as to how I should degenerate into a fashionable fine lady, and never, except in mere idling, touch brush or canvas again."

"He must strangely have misread your character."

"Of course. I assured him he was all wrong, but he would have it so till the last evening that I was in S—— Gardens; and then he solemnly brought me this ring, and placing it on this finger, told me that with it he betrothed me——"

"Yes?" in a voice hoarse from suspense.

"To art."

"Ah!" comes a sigh of relief, as Roger leaps to his feet, and then sits down again; and Winny looks with astonishment at the light that breaks over his face, only to be chased away again as he remembers her words outside the hotel last Sunday week.

"And you consented to wear the ring on that finger?"

"Of course"—with a blush—"I did. I always shall. You may imagine that I do not in the least intend Tranmere to be my Capua. I shall always, I hope, spend part of the year in London, probably—if they will have me—with the Cravens. I have not the slightest intention that 'Pardoned' shall be my Alpha and Omega, as Gilbert predicts it will be. I have said nothing of all this to my uncle as yet, but I dare say it will come about naturally enough," with a faint sigh.

"But," cries Roger, waking up as from some painful dream, "are you not going to be married? Surely you as good as told me so the other day."

"I? Going to be married? No, indeed, I could not have told you so."

"It was last Sunday week, as we walked together from church. I—I—had heard some report to that effect, and I congratulated you; and far from denying it, you thanked me. Do you not recollect?"

"Let me think," putting her hand to her bewildered head. "Last Sunday week? Ah! I remember now. Do you know"—shyly—"it was foolish of me, but I fancied you were alluding to my picture, as—as—you had not mentioned it to me before. That was why I thanked you."

As she says the words the sweet grave face becomes suddenly and humiliatingly overspread with the warmest, most evident of blushes, that no amount of self-control can keep under. She feels it rising over face, forehead, neck and chin, and turns her head away, seeking in vain to hide it. But she cannot conceal it. Roger is there, at her feet; his face is looking into her face, his eyes into hers; his hands are holding hers; his tongue is pouring out something which seems to make her heart stand still with joy.

She knows what it means: a clearing up of all that was incomprehensible, of all that was doubtful, of all that was unintelligible of the last five years; but yet, she cannot speak. Still she sits with her eyes glued to the ground, with her hands lying passively in his, unable to utter or to frame a simple monosyllable. She only knows that she is intensely, wildly, dumbly happy.

"My Queen Vashti!" She hears the words as in a dream in the clear mountain air. "I believe I loved you from the moment I sketched you, standing like a princess of the sea in the midst of your kingdom; and now, at last—at last I can come and tell you all that I have felt, all that I have suffered, since that moment. I am no longer a poor man. I can afford to marry, and to give my wife not only comforts, but luxuries. Winny, my darling, my only love, will you be that wife?"

Then at length she lifts her eyes, and looks him in the face, with a sweet, shy, tremulous smile that transforms her at one stroke from Queen Vashti to Queen Esther.

"Yes," is all she says; but it is quite enough for him—more than enough for him. He holds her in his arms—his own, his Winny, his wife that is to be.

How long they sit, oblivious of everything and every one, it is impossible to say. Five years to retrace; the hopes, the fears, the joys, the sorrows, and above all, the misunderstandings of five years to explain: that takes a long time. Winny's face, just now so white and colourless, is rosy with blushes, when at last he releases her, only to take up a fresh position in close proximity to her.

"Ah!" she says, looking round on what had seemed to her, not so long ago, a dreary solitude, "what a beautiful world it is!"

"Yes," answers Roger, involuntarily lifting his hat. "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE.

"HAS anything happened? Is anything wrong?" a voice breaks in on their paradise, recalling them forcibly to this nether earth, as they look up, and behold Colonel Everard swiftly descending the spur of the mountain which has hitherto hid him from their sight.

The two face round: Winny with a crimson countenance, Roger with head erect, the proud smile of conquest still playing about his lips as he answers reassuringly—

"Nothing to signify: a little faintness from the rarefied air; all right now."

Another minute, and Colonel Everard is with them, with penitence in every glance.

"Why did you not call me?" he asks, with just a shade of nervousness in his manner that Winny never remembers to have seen before.

"I did," says Roger; "but the wind was against me, and I suppose you could not hear. However," with a

smile, "we managed very well without assistance, and now the question is, how shall we get Win—Miss Smith to the top? She cannot walk, and the luncheon is at the top, you know." Colonel Everard does not notice the slip of the tongue. He is as anxious as Roger that his niece should be conveyed to the summit, and surely that can be managed when there are two strong men to do it for her.

"I left your sister just above; she is waiting for us," he says to Mr. Champneys; and Winny understands by a new and indescribable expression on his countenance as he mentions Alice why it is that they have not been missed before.

A sedan-chair, formed by the interlaced hands of the two men, is quickly improvised, and Alice, standing patiently waiting on the next ledge, sees the party breasting the hill, and smiles a smile to Colonel Everard which tells Winny all she wants to know. That they should both have found their happiness in one day, at the same hour, seems a curious coincidence; and Philip and Mimi, so deftly arranging the luncheon, or rather breakfast, with the assistance of the amiable Hans, have very little idea of the news in store for them.

"I shall sit here, and he next to me," little Mimi soliloquises as she sets out the plates and unpacks the viands. "How glad he will be to get rid of Winny! It was too bad of Philip to be so dreadfully obtuse. I suppose he, too, did not care about having her on his hands for three mortal hours, and yet he professes to admire her so much. I suppose the fact is men are all rather afraid of a woman who has had a picture in the Royal Academy, and is as learned as she is." And secretly, taking care that Philip does not see her, Mimi produces a tiny looking-glass from her pocket, and proceeds to throw off superfluous wraps and arrange her tangled fringe, pluming herself the while on her own ignorance.

"After all," she murmurs, "it is much more taking than too much knowledge. Phil," she cries out aloud, "where on earth can they be? Do you think they are lost, or that they have tumbled down a precipice, or sprained their ankles, or what?"

Philip himself is somewhat perturbed at their non-appearance, although, hitherto, he has thought it his duty to keep Mimi in play by pointing out to her, with the assistance of Hans and a map, all the glorious mountains that lie piled range beyond range within view. Now he begins seriously to think that he ought to go to the rescue, and yet does not like to alarm Mimi, whom he knows to be only too ready to return to her lost companions.

"You see," he answers, "Winny is not up to much. I expect it is a case of taking two steps, and then sitting down, and that is a lengthy proceeding."

"But I am so hungry," pouts Mimi. "I shall not wait for them; I shall begin. I have looked at the mountains, and tried to learn their names, till I feel quite stupid and half famished."

"Take one of the sandwich rolls, and eat it, and I will just go down a few steps, and try and see what has become of them all," says good-natured Captain Warburton, who, truth to tell, is somewhat tired of acting gaoler to his wayward little sister-in-law. Mimi sees him disappear with composure, as she prepares to make an onslaught on the eatables.

"That is just right," she murmurs to herself. "Now then, I shall have a chance of speaking to some one else besides Phil this morning."

Poor child! she is destined to be disappointed. She has hardly finished her first sandwich when the cavalcade appears in sight, and amid some laughter Winny is once more placed on her feet. Mimi rushes to meet her; but although she is eager and flippant in her numerous interrogations, she meets with nothing but absent answers from all the parties concerned; and is still more amazed when she turns round, to see Philip executing a pantomime in the distance, his usually grave face convulsed with internal merriment, as he strives to suppress the outward expression of the same.

It is rather worse at the luncheon that follows. Mimi and Philip are the only two who display a sound, hearty British appetite; as for the other four, they must have lunched below, for they eat nothing.

"I do not know why you are all so stupid," cries the poor exasperated child at last, when Alice has twice handed her honey and butter when she has asked for salt. "I wish you would make yourselves pleasant."

Colonel Everard, who feels himself, in conjunction with Alice, to be the chief culprit, and indeed never wastes a thought on any other, stares at his niece's petulance, and holds up a warning finger; whilst Winny, looking vague, says, "What, Mimi? What did you say, dear?"

After that, the rebuked and neglected girl is quite glad when they all rise to contemplate the view; but, alas! matters do not mend. Indeed, they are worse than ever, for lo! Roger and Winny withdraw to one end of the plateau, Colonel Everard and Alice to the other, and she and Philip are left to one another again.

Her brother-in-law comes up to her, with a malicious smile on his sunburnt face.

"It's no good, Mimi," he whispers, "they won't have anything to say to you. You will have to go down as you came up—with me."

And so she does; and Con, standing at the hotel door to welcome her mountaineers home, finds that her orders have been faithfully obeyed: that the party of six return just in the order she had intended, and that, moreover, Mimi is exceedingly cross.

* * * * * *

There is but one shadow just now on Winny's perfect happiness. What will her uncle say to all this? How can he, after this termination to her career, believe in all her asseverations of innocence in days gone by? It is, therefore, with a beating heart and a trembling hand that she knocks at the door of his room on her return home, and asks him if she can speak to him for a minute. She knows, of course, that her task will be all the easier for what she feels sure has taken place between him and Alice to-day; but, nevertheless, she

offers her request with a tremulous voice, resolute on one point only: that not one hour shall he be kept in the dark as to what has happened.

Colonel Everard is surprised. What can Winny have to speak to him about? His thoughts naturally fly to his own share in to-day's transactions, and it astonishes him not a little that his niece should open the question; but, nevertheless, he instantly obeys her summons.

As he enters the sitting-room it seems to her that he looks years younger than he did this morning, and there is a light in his eye, a smile on his lips, which augurs well for the reception of her news.

"Well, Win; rested, my darling?" he asks. "You should have kept to the sofa till tea-time."

"I have something to tell you, dear, and—and—I can do nothing till you know it."

"'IT SEEMS LIKE A DREAM'" (*p.* 715).

"Something to tell me?" glancing at the downcast eyes. "Why, Win," in sudden alarm, "what is it?"

She comes up quite close to him, puts her hands on his shoulders, and whispers into his ear.

"Roger Champneys!" with some of the old suspicious expression. "Winny, what does this mean?"

"Don't you see, dear?" she whispers; "don't you understand? He was poor once, and might not think

of me. Now——" and she breaks off, her silence more eloquent than words.

"Then I am to understand that he always cared for you: is that it?"

"So he told me this morning," blushing hotly. "But, Uncle George, we neither of us"—with emphasis—"neither of us knew it till to-day."

"Knew it? Knew what?"

She looks up at him, and smiles, relieved beyond words at his teasing accents.

"Ah!" he continues. "I was pretty well right, then, in suspecting Roger to be at the bottom of that abrupt dismissal of Lord Carnford."

She crimsons again, a deep rich carmine, over face and forehead.

"He saved my life, you know. Yes," softly, "you were right; and yet you were wrong—quite wrong. You understand it all now, don't you?" beseechingly; "and you quite approve—say you approve."

"Well," he answers, slowly and gravely, "I cannot reasonably do otherwise, seeing that I myself am engaged to Roger Champneys' sister."

"Then it is so!" she cries joyfully. "I thought, I hoped, it was, but could not feel sure. Dear, dear Uncle George, how glad, how very glad, I am! Of course, no one is quite good enough for you, but Alice is as nearly so as any one could be, and I am certain she will make you happy."

He smiles such a quiet, contented smile, as shows her that he feels no fears for the future.

"She is a great deal too good for me," he answers, "and I am convinced that I have chosen wisely. The only question is, whether she has done the same in consenting to marry a man of my age, who has seen the best years of his life. One more word, Winny, my child. Had you not already settled your future, Tranmere would always have been your home; my marriage would have made no shadow of difference in that respect. I am, however, very pleased that you should have found your happiness to-day, as I have mine; and though, at one time, I hoped for a more brilliant lot for you, still, as matters have turned out, I am quite content. Now"—as a knock at the door is heard—"I expect this is Roger. You had better go into your room; and mind, not one word of all this for the present."

Winny passes into her room, and then Colonel Everard opens the door, and admits Mr. Champneys. Long and earnestly the two men stand talking to each other. They have much to discuss, much to settle, and their conversation is necessarily eminently practical.

Roger is far better off than Colonel Everard had expected, and there is every prospect that his means will continue to improve as time goes on. The revived shares, which are increasing in value every day, have not only benefited him, but also his brothers and sisters, to whom some had been left by their father; and he stands now before his future brother-in-law a free and unembarrassed man, his father's debts paid off to the last farthing, at liberty to enjoy the money to which he is so justly entitled.

And Winny, on her side, is not to come to him portionless. There is her mother's fortune—or rather, what should have been her mother's fortune—which through all these years has been quietly accumulating, awaiting her; and Roger starts as Colonel Everard mentions the £15,000 which will be his niece's on her wedding-day, together with the £5,000 which will be his present to her.

He begins to understand better than he has before something of the generosity of this man's nature—the generosity that has its dark side too; that can do nothing by halves, but must deal out in unstinting measure both its love and its unrelenting justice.

Any misgivings, however, that he may have felt as to Alice's future happiness vanish utterly when the conversation turns from his and Winifred's prospects to those of his sister. He has already heard her side of the question, has listened to the shy, faltering confession of a love which leaves no room for doubt; and now he is witness to the transformation that the reciprocity of that love can work in the proud, reserved man before him. It hardly needs the earnest "she shall be as the apple of my eye" to convince him that, whatever Colonel Everard may be to others, his wife will always be the object of his tenderest care and devotion.

And thus it is all very easily and quietly settled, and that before seven o'clock, when they will have to go down-stairs, and try and behave as though nothing very particular had happened. It is rather a silent tea that evening, and dull, so says Mimi, as the luncheon had been, only there are Con and Kate to enliven it, and Spencer, with his gentle, somewhat womanish, ways. You may be sure, however, that the four in whom we are most interested do not find it so; and although they only talk in low tones to one another, still they make up for any forbearance they may exercise in speech by looks.

Mimi herself is decidedly of the mole order to-day, and it comes on her quite as a revelation when, as they are about to retire for the night, Winny draws her to her bed-room window, and opening it, to bid her usual good night to her beloved glacier, tells her little cousin all that has come to pass. The moon is rising over the glistening snow, inexpressibly beautiful, as by its solemn light, in her soft deep voice, Winny relates her own and her uncle's story. She is not without her misgivings lest, in her dulness, this foolish little girl may have singed her fluttering wings lately, and therefore very tenderly she tells her how that she is engaged to Roger Champneys.

But she need have no fears. With eyes growing wider and rounder every moment from astonishment, Mimi listens to the brief announcement, and then she claps her hands with delight.

"Oh! how nice! how very nice! I think engaged couples are such fun. But, Winny, I cannot understand you and Mr. Champneys coming together all at once in this sudden fashion. Don't be angry with me; but do you know that I always thought that he disliked you: in fact that he could not bear you."

Winny laughs—such a happy, low laugh!

"Who was the blind mole this time, eh, Mimi? You

or I? Why, I found out about Uncle George long ago."

"Uncle George!" responds Mimi, with ineffable scorn; "of course I never thought about him. Poor Alice! I pity her with all my heart. I would as soon be Bluebeard's wife. She so pretty too, to go and marry a man old enough to be her grandfather."

"There is nothing like putting it strongly whilst you are about it, is there, Mimi? For my part, I consider Alice the luckiest girl I know—except myself," she adds softly.

All at once Mimi's fluffy fringe brushes her cheek; two arms are thrown round her neck, and she is being violently kissed.

"Dear Winny, I am so glad you are happy—so very, very glad, for you have been so good to me, and I love you dearly. I wish I were more like you."

"Don't wish that, darling," she answers. "You are your own dear little self, and when you are older you will see what Con and I mean about Uncle George."

"No, never! I shall never like him—never! never! Now good night, Win;" and with one more hug Mimi has disappeared into her room, and left Winny alone with the moon and her reflections.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

L'ENVOI.

AND now let us take one more look at our *dramatis personæ* ere we bid them farewell for ever.

It is a warm, delicious afternoon in the early part of August; throughout the day the sun has been lavish of its brilliant rays, wrapping the valley of the Tran in a golden haze, touching up with loving kisses the ripe corn-fields, and causing the Castle at Tranmere to gleam as a jewel set on a hill.

But now a cool breeze has sprung up, the shadows are beginning to lengthen, and the lawn, more exquisitely smooth and velvety than even of yore, lies in a refreshing shade. There is a large party assembled on that lawn, and although its members seem so numerous, if we look into them we shall find that they are all old friends.

There is jolly Gilbert Craven, grown a shade burlier, with his big voice and loud laugh, teasing Nora, his pretty daughter, whilst Helen, as young as ever, looks on and smiles. There, too, is little Mimi, swaying herself backwards and forwards in a rocking-chair, and talking to Roger Champneys, who, seated on the grass beside her, looks much the same as when we saw him at Pontresina, save that the light has come back to his eye, the cheery smile to his lip. By his side stands a handsome two-year-old boy, who keeps trotting backwards and forwards between his father and mother, evidently anxious to divide his attentions impartially between them. Opposite him, Winifred, more altered than her husband, and very much for the better—so say her friends, noting the roundness and elasticity of her figure, the faint colour in her once colourless cheek, the bright light in her deep lustrous eyes—is conversing with Lord Carnford, who has just introduced her to his wife, once Lady Jane Mousford, for the last two years Lady Carnford. She is a tall, handsome woman, with pleasant, taking manners, who has ridden over to Tranmere this hot afternoon ostensibly to say good-bye to Colonel and Mrs. Everard before she and her husband start for Scotland on the 10th, in reality to see Mrs. Champneys. That this desire proceeds purely from curiosity, and not from any jealousy, is evident in her cordial greeting to Winny, as she takes a chair by her side, and engages her in a conversation in which Lord Carnford is allowed quite his fair share. A little way off, Alice is seated at the tea-table, a picture of loveliness that quite justifies the neighbourhood in considering Mrs. Everard the prettiest woman in the county.

"Where can George be?" she exclaims, looking up from the arrangement of her cups. "I wonder if he knows that tea is ready. Jem, dear," turning towards the tennis-net, where Captain and Mrs. Warburton and the twins have just completed a match, "just run in and tell——Oh! never mind; here he is;" and she smiles a smile of welcome that shows that she is never thoroughly satisfied unless her husband is by.

But is this Colonel Everard who advances into the group, with a splendid-looking boy on his shoulder? a boy who has all the Everard haughtiness written in legible characters on his grave two-year-old face, and who now struggles to be put down on the grass to join his cousin. If it is so, he, like Winifred, is altered by matrimony.

"All right, my man," he says, with a laugh, as he sets his son and heir on his feet—and his laugh is as genial as Gilbert Craven's, his smile as bright as Roger's—"go to your mother," he continues. "Here, Alice, he wants a peach."

"My dear George, what will you give him next?" asks his wife, as she seats her boy by his cousin, and prepares to pour out the tea.

Colonel Everard passes over to Lord and Lady Carnford, greeting them heartily; and Winny, vacating her chair in his favour, takes another one, to which Gilbert Craven invites her, by his side.

"Well, Win," he says, "and so you have redeemed your ring. I am glad of it. It would have been very humiliating if you had had to send it back, after all."

"It was a humiliation I never intended to inflict on myself," she answers, "when I made the compact with you. Why should I not be betrothed to Art, and yet married to Roger? Art is a mistress, Roger my master; why should not the two agree?"

"The upshot is, you keep your ring—I am only too pleased that you should. At present, I see no deterioration of your powers, but," shaking his head, "you never ought to have married. It was decidedly wrong."

"It is all very well to theorise for me," laughs Winny, "but I should like to know very much what you would do unmarried?"

"I should do uncommonly badly, I assure you," he says; "but then," with a shrug of his broad shoulders, "I am only a man."

"And I, only a woman."

"Ah! you are a very obstinate one. But I do not mind allowing to you that your husband is a prime

favourite of mine, and if you must marry, why, you could not have done better for yourself."

Meanwhile, Colonel Everard has been whispering something to his wife, who at once makes known what it is to the company generally.

"Should you mind all coming into the house whilst the light is still good?" she asks. "George and I have something to show you."

They all rise at once to accede to this request, the majority of them perfectly aware of what they are going to see, and enter the library, where they come to a standstill before a new picture. It has been hung during the afternoon, whilst the tennis-balls were flying over the nets, and the shouts of the players re-echoing in the air.

It is a picture they all know, and yet they look at it with as keen an interest as had it been presented for the first time to their eyes. It represents two little children, bearing a strong resemblance to one another, playing together in the grass: you have not far to search for the originals; they are close by, staring with their big blue eyes at their portraits, and uttering cries of delight at the sight of the colley, their beloved companion, so faithfully portrayed upon the canvas.

It is certainly not a very original subject; and yet, surely it is one that is ever new. To the mother who painted it, it seems there never was a subject so perfectly novel, so entirely *unique*, as this of her son and her nephew. And the love that prompted, the talent that wielded the brush, speak out of every line of the exquisitely graceful picture, so perfectly truthful in its simplicity. Not that it is not idealised, as most pictures are—or ought to be—but the attitudes are those in which Winny has seen the two babies hundreds of times, and which, for all their ease and faithfulness to nature, must, Gilbert Craven knows, have cost no small amount of trouble: are evidences of no mean technical skill. The colouring—Winny's strong point—is so delicate in the flesh tints, so deep and rich in the drapery about the children, that although there are no intensely marked contrasts, yet many suggest themselves; and the whole is warm and mellow, as had it been painted under an Italian sky.

Involuntarily, Roger comes and stands by his wife, and lays his hand on her shoulder, whilst Gilbert Craven, perfectly serious now, looks at the canvas critically, as had he never seen it before.

"Well, Gilbert," asks Roger, "what do you think of your pupil now?"

"I am prouder of her than ever. This picture goes yet a step further than her portrait of Mrs. Everard."

"And how about her marrying? What have you to say to that now?"

"Ah! there, I hold to my opinion."

"Yet," says Roger, "do you think any one but his own mother could have painted such a likeness of this young villain? Depend upon it, Craven, a dual existence is better than a single one. All your faculties become doubled, and, as a natural consequence, Winny's talents have increased two-fold."

"Winny, will you tell your husband not to talk nonsense?"

But Winny stands wrapt in one of her old mazes, not hearing a word they are saying.

"I never thought," she says, turning to Roger, and speaking in a low whisper, "I never thought at one time that I should see a picture of mine hung in the Tranmere library, and my own dear mother's opposite it; it seems like a dream."

Roger bends down to her.

"Are you satisfied, my wife?" he asks. "Does the reality come up to the anticipation?"

She lifts her beautiful face to his.

"Perfectly, entirely—more than satisfied."

Can we take leave of them better than with these words of Winifred's? Surely not. Let us hope that as the years roll on, bringing with them trials and troubles, she will still continue to look upwards and be satisfied.

THE END.

OUR GARDEN IN NOVEMBER.

NO matter how long the list be of dreary epithets which we are accustomed to heap on the unhappy and much-abused month of November, one thing is certain, that lovers of the garden can always find plenty of good heavy work to do during its four solemn weeks. For instance: changes that last June and July we were conscious it would be advisable to make, but which, for the life of us—or at any rate, of our plants and shrubs—we dared not then make, may now be made with impunity. There is something exciting, too, in revolutionising our whole garden. A good routing out once in a few years does all the good in the world; and, what is more, this appearance of a sort of temporary state of siege is at times forced upon us as a necessity, and for this reason: a garden, though once well and tastefully laid out, will, in lapse of years, unless some occasional and radical changes be made in it, become partially disfigured, and show evident traces of what Time, the Destroyer, is able to effect. We are, of course, alluding here more particularly to trees and shrubs. Or even, might we not also with advantage alter the shape and position of any flower-beds upon the lawn, for is it not perhaps possible to get our soil rather into an impoverished and sickly condition by bedding out exactly in the

same few little pentagons and circles, the same class of flower year after year, even after making every allowance for the benefits accruing from turning over our soil and the addition of a little fresh compost? Whereas the removal of a corresponding portion of turf from another part of the lawn to cover over our old flower-beds opens up an entirely new piece of land, that has been lying at rest perhaps for years.

This is a thought certainly worth turning over in our mind, and all the better if it result in turning over some

of our flower-beds as well. But what shall we say, then, of our trees and shrubs? Now, we adverted last month to the great inexpediency of overcrowding in our greenhouse, pointing out how that by so doing the lower leaves of our plants were liable to, and would, fall off, leaving us with little leafless and unsightly stalks. And we took as an illustration of this an overcrowded plantation. Even, then, in the most judiciously laid-out shrubbery, in the course of years our shrubs become overgrown, and hence overcrowded. Or it may be that it is only quite recently that we have begun to fidget ourselves about those two well-grown trees at the

far end of the lawn. But time has been stealing along, and we recollect now that it is fifteen or twenty years since they were put in. And how delighted the children were who frisked around during the ceremony! Already one has gone away a bride, and another has been laid under a turf-heap with a little gay garden all to herself, shaded by the evergreen of the sombre yew; but there are our two trees that once seemed so far apart now half locked together in angry combat, and all the more certain of mutual destruction in the rage of this November gale.

This is the state of things, then, that we cannot put up with, and one of those two trees had better be sacrificed. Apropos of trees, we might here allude to those in our own fruit-garden. Some little time ago we gave a few hints as to how best we might endeavour to re-invigorate an exhausted tree in our orchard by taking off its top and adding plenty of rich manure. A tree allowed to stand for a long course of years—unless, perhaps, it be our old friend the mulberry—without any attention being given to it whatever, will gradually deteriorate in its fruit-bearing quality and quantity as well.

The writer has now in his memory a noble cherry-tree, from which one year over a hundred pounds of cherries were gathered, but which has now so died back and become overshadowed by other trees that he much questions if ten pounds are ever now got off the tree, which is evidently destined to die altogether in another year or so.

Meantime, there are endless matters of other kinds to be attended to all over the garden. Our bulbs should quite early in this month, if not done in October, be all carefully got in, while any potted ones for forcing should at once find a home in warm quarters.

And then there are our roses. New ones can now be with safety put in wherever they are wanted, or removed to other parts of the garden. In sheltered situations, however, some roses, and especially where no severe frosts have set in, will continue to retain their leaves, while some will even, in a mild season, still throw out a bloom.

In this case, we should certainly be disposed to let them be for awhile, though it is, of course, unnecessary to add that when the hour for removal comes it must not be during a frost, but only in an open, damp, or genial season.

Or if you prefer to choose some new roses from a nursery, the most important thing to notice is the nature and condition of the point of union between the rose and the stock. Reject, then, any that seem but slightly connected, or that look as if they could with very little trouble be blown or broken off. Choose rather those that have not only a good hold, but that have been budded on strong wood.

Or this month you may make the excursion yourself into the woods for the purpose of procuring stocks for planting out, on which to bud the following July.

Least of all, however, must we pass by our greenhouse. Much that was said relative to it in October will be applicable to November treatment; more particularly if, as sometimes happens, we suddenly leap into winter.

The camellias must just now be specially watched, for it is about this time that any careless treatment of them begins to develop in the sad result of dropping buds. And unhappily this can be caused by giving too small a supply of water, while at the same time too great a supply or any sudden accession of fire-heat would be equally injurious to them.

A few pots of mignonette blooming in the greenhouse through the winter is a great charm. Indeed, in a small house one good pot of it is almost enough to make the whole greenhouse fragrant and give a sort of summer air to the whole. For this purpose, then, the seed ought really to be sown about the beginning of August, and in pots.

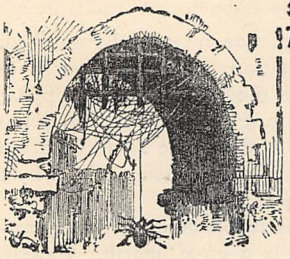
First of all, take great care to have the drainage of your pots in very good order, mignonette never thriving when this is not the case. A very good authority next recommends placing on the drainage a small quantity of one-year-old pigeon's dung, or, when this cannot be procured, a little guano is an admirable substitute. The soil, too, should be of good loam, fairly enriched with rotten manure, with a good intermixture of old mortar or lime rubbish.

The best place in which to set out your newly-sown pots of mignonette is perhaps some old frame, or where they can be sheltered from much rain, this pleasing little flower always objecting to too much water. As the plants advance in size thin them carefully, leaving ultimately only some three or four young plants in a pot. And when water really *is* required, give enough to moisten the whole of the soil, so that a good space of time may perhaps with safety elapse before another watering be actually necessary. Pinch off, also, any little premature flowers that may appear, and be particular in keeping your pot free from weeds; the little plants themselves, too, should not be crowded together. Finally, when you move them off to their winter quarters, put them in your greenhouse as near as you can to the glass, and in a good airy place.

Mignonette sown, then, as we have just said, in August ought to give you some flowers by Christmas, but there is no possible objection to your sowing a second crop a month later to insure a good succession of flowers.

And this mention of successional flowers reminds us that we have always advocated the endeavour to have even our open flower-beds never entirely destitute of *some* flowers at least. With a little management it is surely possible to keep up some kind of a display through the whole of the year, although we cannot expect just now to be as brilliant and as variegated as we were in the months of June and July. If our "daisy chain" be snapped, let us link it together again with a Christmas rose.

HOW I WATCHED A SPIDER.



SOME time ago I was fortunate enough to capture an unusually large specimen of the common house-spider tribe, and placing her under a common glass beaker, determined to study her habits in the prison in which she was confined.

To atone in some way for the liberty of which I had deprived her, I resolved to supply plenty of food, and proceeded at once in pursuit of flies in a garden at the rear of the house. I found some in an ivied wall which had afforded them shelter and protection from the nipping winds of the spring, where half-drowsily, half-dreamingly perched on the upper surface of a glistening leaf, they basked in the reviving rays of an evening sun; and plucking one from a leaf, I soon after introduced it into the spider's prison-chamber. The spider, apparently nothing grieved at her confinement, gave chase to the fly, which was enabled by the use of its wings to soar far above her reach. Another fly and yet another eluded her in the same way, and walked anxiously around and around the upper walls, and on, or rather *under*, the ceiling of their prison, but still far above the reach of the spider. The beaker was of small size, and not more than three inches high; and with three flies within three inches of her I felt sure the spider would not die of starvation, and that the capture of the flies was but the work of time.

By a very strange coincidence, the flies, by occupying such a position, gave me an opportunity of observing the tactics adopted by the spider in laying the foundation of its web under exceptional circumstances.

It is generally believed by naturalists that the spider when it wishes to lay the foundation of a web seeks some favourable position, and unfolding a thread from its spinnerets, leaves to the wind the task of fixing it to some terrestrial object. As soon as the foundation threads are fixed, the completion of the web is easily accomplished. In the open air this is probably so; but underneath my beaker no aërial currents could possibly exist. The spouted mouth afforded an opportunity for the ingress and egress of air, but even this small opening had to be contracted to prevent the escape of the flies. No current entering here could possibly lift the spider's web to the ceiling. The only other possible source from which an aërial current could proceed was the wings of the flies; but from the ceiling the flies could only cause by the use of their wings a downward current, which might possibly counteract the effect of any currents from the opening below, and would certainly increase the difficulty of fixing a thread by means of an upward aërial current. Be this as it may, however, it was certain that on this occasion a web had to be made under exceptional circumstances, and practically without the aids of laying the foundations of which spiders are said by naturalists to avail themselves largely. The spider made some attempts to climb up the glass sides of the beaker, but was unable to succeed; and the flies still clinging round the top, it soon became evident to her that in order to reach them the construction of a ladder was a work of necessity.

After several hours' watching and waiting, night at length came, and the spider having made no preparations for an ascent, I concluded that I might with safety forego my observations till the morrow. To my very great surprise, however, no less than three threads were securely fixed near the centre of the ceiling, and several in the middle of one side, on the following morning. These latter gave the only probable key to the mode of formation. Her long legs enabled her to reach far up the side of the beaker, and here she probably fixed a few threads which were afterwards used as supports to enable her to reach the top. It need hardly be said that I was very much disappointed, and felt disposed to upbraid myself for not having watched through the night; but I made the best of it, and continued my observations. Apparently the spider had only begun her work a little before, for only three threads were at the top, and the flies were still alive, continuing to elude their pursuer, which feared to trust the yet fragile web to the strain of a contest. She now commenced to cover with web the layer of paper on which the beaker stood, and carefully closed the tiny opening caused by the spouted mouth of the beaker. By degrees she rose higher, and soon formed near the bottom a regular meshwork of web.

The flies, in their attempts to get out through the little orifice, were soon helplessly entangled in this web, and the spider had her first meal. After a few days the web was complete, and when finished presented the appearance of a cone whose base was limited by the circumference of the beaker, whose apex was fixed to the centre of the prison ceiling, and whose sides were bound to the side of the beaker by three bands of attachment near the middle. The spider seemed now to be quite at home, and so far as could be observed nothing the worse for her confinement. She had plenty of food—more, perhaps, than she could have procured at this season had she had liberty; and though she sometimes had some long chases after flies, always managed to kill them in the end.

Once my attempts were very nearly foiled by the kind-heartedness of a lady, who in my absence lifted the prison and set the captive free. After a vigorous search in the room (for I knew few ladies would have the courage to handle such a monster for the purpose of taking it outside) I succeeded in recapturing it; and not desiring the recurrence of this misadventure, affixed to the beaker a label bearing the words

"Please do not touch." This earnest appeal saved me from future annoyances, and my observations were continued unbroken forthwith.

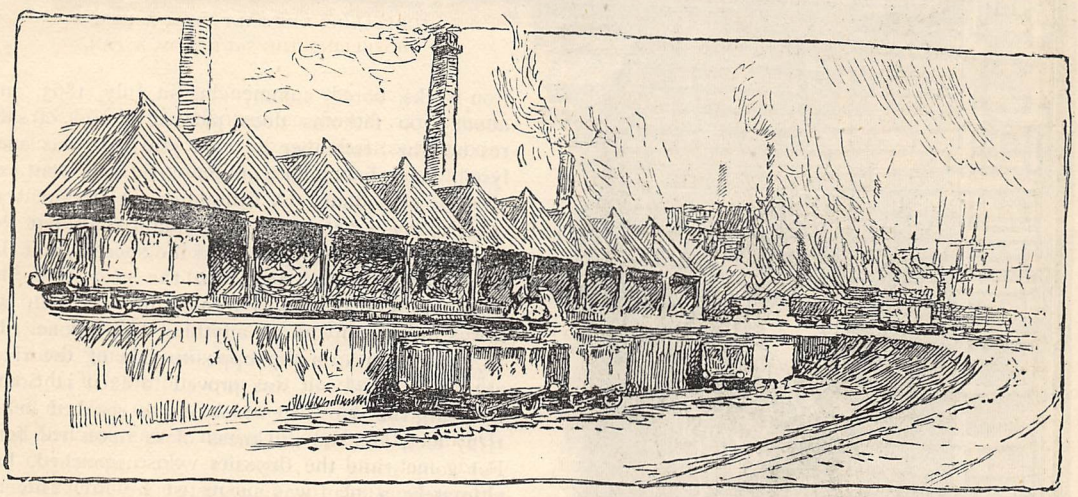
I was now compelled to take a journey, and, unwilling to leave the spider behind, packed her away, shut up in her crystal prison, and after five days' close confinement she seemed to suffer nothing for want of fresh air.

I had now more leisure and better opportunities for feeding the captive; the sun being warmer brought forth an abundance of flies. I have seen her kill as many as eight large flies in an afternoon, and have come to the conclusion that, like many beasts and birds of prey, even when satisfied with food the spider is not satiated with slaughter. Dead flies were as welcome to her as live ones, though she did not (so far as my observations went) care to feed a second time on long-dead flies so long as live ones were supplied to her. She would invariably kill, but not eat, other spiders; and owing to their agility it was often a long task to catch them.

One day she remained suspended half-way up the web at a part which was very thick, and no inducements I could offer, not even the introduction of fat, tempting flies, could remove her from that spot. For hours she remained motionless, and I feared she must be dying. Presently, however, she appeared very energetic, and tapping with the hinder part of her body the surface of the web, was evidently engaged in a work of importance. She moved about, working as in a circle; and looking closely I saw the part of the web on which she was working with her spinnerets gradually assume a flocky appearance. She worked unceasingly for about an hour, and when a sufficient quantity of fresh web had been spread on this patch, rested for a few minutes. I afterwards found on this patch a cluster of eggs, which adhered firmly to the fresh web, and which the spider at once proceeded to cover up with more web, crossing and recrossing the threads in a most scientific manner. This heavy task over, the spider killed her prey and lived as before. At intervals, a second and third bag of eggs were deposited on other parts of the web in exactly the same manner.

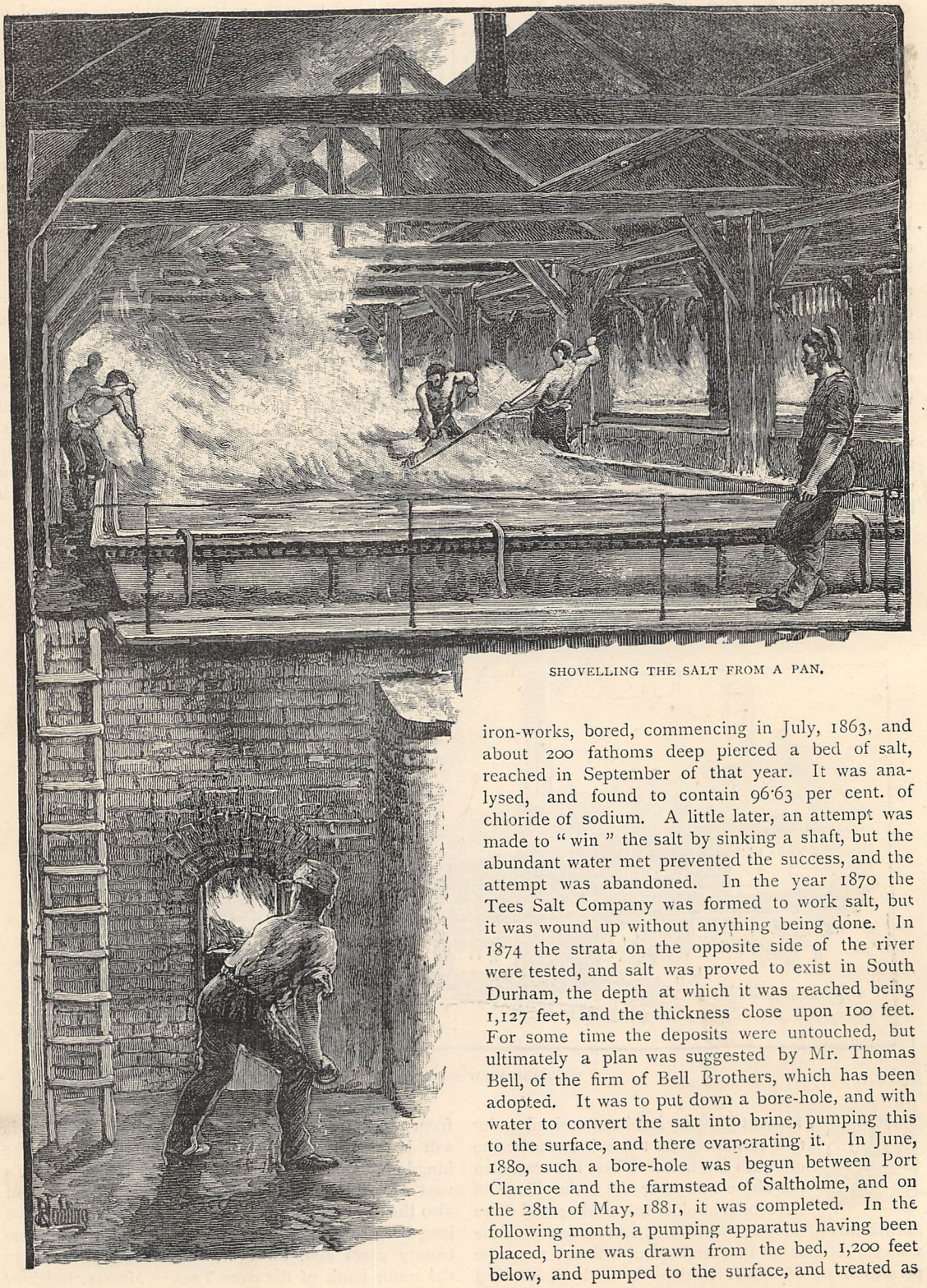
The spider now undertook the return journey with me, being, as before, for five days without air or food. The first batch of young spiders appeared after an incubation period of about seven weeks. Returned to London, my supply of flies considerably diminished, and, soon after the young spiders began to crawl about, the mother died, having lived with me for upwards of three months.

SALT-MAKING IN SOUTH DURHAM.



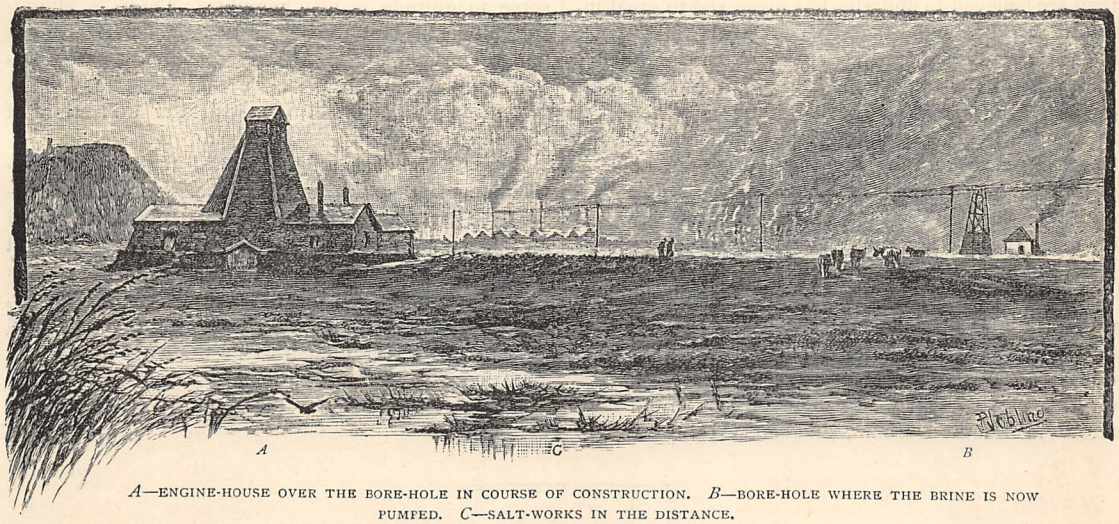
GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORKS.

AN ancient industry has been revived under new conditions in the salt manufacture of South Durham. There are traces on the shore and near the little village of Greatham of older salt works; and there are records of olden payments in connection with the working of salt at that and other villages near the present town of West Hartlepool. Indeed, seaward along the coast of Durham salt was largely extracted from sea-water and brine-springs, and South Shields salt is described as "the most celebrated salt in the kingdom." But the production of salt ceased, Cheshire's vast supplies not only meeting household needs, but also those of the great chemical industries that have long been carried on in the county of Durham. Some twenty years ago, however, salt was discovered on the south bank of the river Tees. Messrs. Bolckow and Vaughan, in search of pure water for their great



SHOVELLING THE SALT FROM A PAN.

iron-works, bored, commencing in July, 1863, and about 200 fathoms deep pierced a bed of salt, reached in September of that year. It was analysed, and found to contain 96·63 per cent. of chloride of sodium. A little later, an attempt was made to "win" the salt by sinking a shaft, but the abundant water met prevented the success, and the attempt was abandoned. In the year 1870 the Tees Salt Company was formed to work salt, but it was wound up without anything being done. In 1874 the strata on the opposite side of the river were tested, and salt was proved to exist in South Durham, the depth at which it was reached being 1,127 feet, and the thickness close upon 100 feet. For some time the deposits were untouched, but ultimately a plan was suggested by Mr. Thomas Bell, of the firm of Bell Brothers, which has been adopted. It was to put down a bore-hole, and with water to convert the salt into brine, pumping this to the surface, and there evaporating it. In June, 1880, such a bore-hole was begun between Port Clarence and the farmstead of Saltholme, and on the 28th of May, 1881, it was completed. In the following month, a pumping apparatus having been placed, brine was drawn from the bed, 1,200 feet below, and pumped to the surface, and treated as

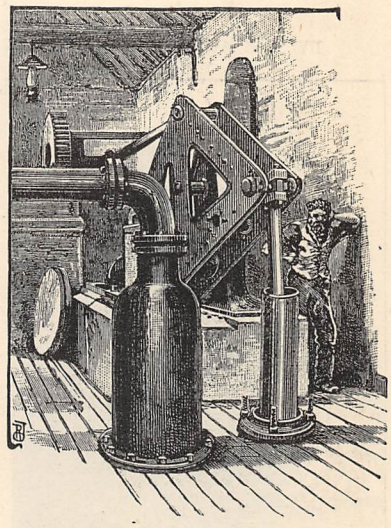


A—ENGINE-HOUSE OVER THE BORE-HOLE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION. *B*—BORE-HOLE WHERE THE BRINE IS NOW PUMPED. *C*—SALT-WORKS IN THE DISTANCE.

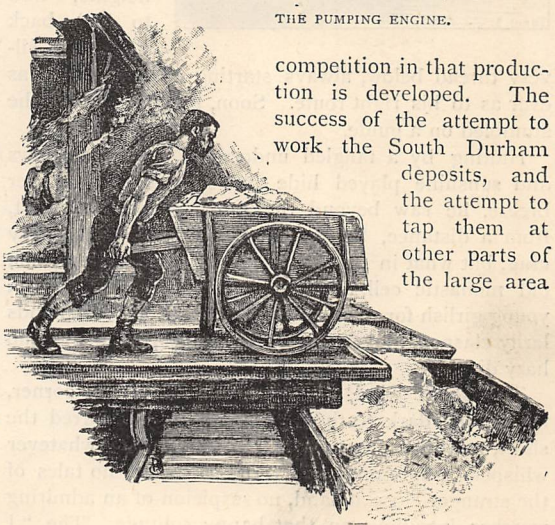
we shall shortly describe. The diameter of the bore-hole is sixteen inches. There is a second tube within the outer one, and whilst the outer one is at the bottom pierced with holes, the inner is open at the lower part. Down the annulus formed by the two tubes water is poured, which becomes saturated with the salt pierced by the two tubes, and it rises in the internal tube, whilst when the force of the difference in gravity between brine and water has expended itself, the pump comes into play, and raises it the rest of the great distance.

Thus brought as brine to the surface, it runs in a conduit to a reservoir large enough to hold half a million gallons, and from this it is pumped to the evaporating pans as needed. These pans are similar in form to those in Cheshire, some 65 feet long, by 25 feet wide, and 18 inches deep, and each will produce nearly 40 tons of salt weekly. Part of these are heated by coal fires in the usual way, and the remainder are heated by waste gases from blast furnaces near to the salt-pans. The evaporation of the salt in these pans by heat is in the method that is well known; crystals of salt are formed, and after a few hours the greater part of the water is evaporated; after the slackening of the fires, the salt is drawn to the sides with rakes, and filled into wicker baskets to drain the brine moisture from it, whilst the process is completed by drying in stoves. The degree of heat applied to the salt-pans determines the quality of the product, according to its intended use, and the coarseness or fineness of its grains.

Up to the time of writing, the production of brine for salt in South Durham has been from one bore-hole only, but two others are being put down. The brine so raised has been sufficient for the production of from 300 to 400 tons of salt per week, and it has been sent entirely to the chemical factories on the Durham side of the Tyne. These decompose very large quantities of salt in the manufacture of soda crystals, and that has up to a few months ago been almost exclusively brought from the Cheshire salt-works at a considerable cost for carriage. By the use of the salt produced in the same county there is a slight saving now, which is expected to be very much increased as the production is enlarged, and competition in that production is developed. The success of the attempt to work the South Durham deposits, and the attempt to tap them at other parts of the large area



THE PUMPING ENGINE.



LOADING THE TRUCKS WITH THE SALT.

they are believed to underlie, has given rise to great interest. It is estimated that 200,000 tons of this salt are in each acre over which the deposits extend, and hence the effect of the utilisation on the salt trade will be great. It is possible also that there may be other results; in the chemical trade the production of soda was effected, down to a recent period, by the Leblanc process, in which salt was used; now it is also produced by the Solway, or "ammonia," process, which demands the use of brine, but which is a very economical mode of manufacture.

The absence of brine in the Tyne chemical trade prevented the adoption of the newer process, but the discovery of the South Durham salt, and its utilisation in the form of brine, may lead to the erection of chemical works of magnitude in the early future in South Durham, and an export trade of some magnitude is also possible. There is abundance of facility for the cheap export of the salt from South Durham, and, as a large portion of our salt is sent eastwards, it is probable that there may be a growth in the export trade, with the utilisation of cheaper supplies.

But, mainly, that utilisation will tend to the development of chemical works in the south-east of Durham. That district is treeless, and eminently fitted for such a purpose—its vegetation being scanty and its value for agricultural purposes limited. With cheap fuel near, and with abundant facilities for use, the brine that will be made from the salt may build up new and great industries in the county of coal. That county has known a wonderful development from its coal, and other mineral treasures may add thereto.

IVA'S FIRST DAY-DREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHO IS SYLVIA?" "WHY THOSE SKETCHES WERE UNFINISHED," ETC.

ALONG the steep tree-clad bank of a winding West-country stream a young man climbed, one bright blazing June afternoon.

Entirely bewildered as to his whereabouts, now he stopped to peer up the unexplored heights, now to look back upon the silvery thread below, always starting afresh, puzzled as ever as to his right route. Soon, by good fortune, he stumbled on a guide.

Halting by a tangled underwood, where shadows and sunshine played hide and seek in the summer breeze, he saw beyond the moving branches what, from a distance, he had mistaken for a bit of grey crag, but what in truth was the decaying wall of some old monastic cell, and, leaning lightly against it, a young girlish form, a book neglected at her feet, hands lazily clasped, and dark eyes dreamily gazing into the hazy distance.

The south wind, stealing round an ivied corner, ruffled the dark feathers of her hat, and stirred the short, curling, chestnut hair below; but whatever whispers it bore upon its wings, it carried no tales of the stranger close at hand, no suspicion of an admiring watcher intruding on that happy solitude. The "I beg your pardon, but may I ask if I'm on the right way to Mr. Hurst's of Perristone?" that presently broke the stillness, was as startling as a thunderclap from an unclouded sky, and a vivid blush rose on the young face that turned towards the inquirer with the answer—

"You are right, if you wish to walk round by the bridge."

"But I think I was told to take a nearer way," said the new-comer, pushing forward through a miniature forest of bracken and oak saplings, and disclosing, under the broad-brimmed hat he raised, sunburnt features, young and good-looking. "I was to find Mr. Hurst's boat, ferry myself over if it was on this side, or shout for it if it was opposite. I've kept watch for the boat all along, but failed to find it. Can you kindly direct me to it?"

A glance, half shy, half amused, came with the response to this.

"I am afraid the boat is nowhere near. Some of them from the house are fishing from it, I believe."

"Unlucky! And the bridge——?"

"Will take you four miles round: the river winds so."

Now the day was delicious for doing nothing, and doing that at one's leisure, but the very idea of a four-mile trudge under a three o'clock sun was exhausting. The young man hesitated, casting longing eyes at a mossy seat near by in a cool, shady angle. His young guide had much ado to keep from laughing, and a pair of fascinating dimples began to hover about her cheeks.

"Is there no other way to get over?" said he, distinctly disinclined to go.

"None at all," said she, with a shake of the head.

"Then I have no choice. Thank you very much for directing me;" and adding something to his farewell of being forced to get on to Perristone, the stranger turned to begin his long walk.

"LEANING LIGHTLY AGAINST IT, A YOUNG GIRLISH FORM."

"IVA'S FIRST DAY-DREAM" (*p.* 722).

Hereat compunction overtook the young lady, and her detaining voice brought him to a standstill.

"Is it Mr. Hurst you are wanting to see?"

"Well, partly—yes."

"Then he is not at home. I saw him drive towards Ross half an hour back."

"Indeed! Thank you, but I must still go on. I shall find Mrs. Hurst within."

"Oh, no. M—Mrs. Hurst was to have come back from Gloucester yesterday, but instead she only returns this evening."

This seemed a stop final; but the gentleman appeared to be still undecided, or perhaps he enjoyed prolonging the conversation.

"I believe there are two Mr. Hursts of Perristone. I am speaking of—of—the squire."

"And so"—with a very pretty smile—"am I."

"And I bring a note to him from my hostess, Mrs. Furnival, of Coombside, who is his sister."

"Aunt Helen! Oh, then, give it to me, please, for I am his daughter."

At this off went the young man's hat again; the note was handed forth, and a prolonged study of the bright young face enjoyed while its owner, taking the underlined "*Immediate*" for leave, opened and read the missive to her father.

"DEAR HUGH,—Please entertain the bearer of this for a few hours, and keep him to dinner. He is Captain Ryland, son of my old schoolfellow you fell so desperately in love with thirty years ago! I am planning a little surprise for him, and want him out of the way. Will explain when I come this evening with another friend. Love to Charlotte, who came back, of course, last night.—Your affectionate Sister, "MAUD FURNIVAL.

"Give Iva five-and-twenty kisses for me! The child hasn't been to see me for a week."

The said "Iva"—diminutive for Olivia since her babyhood—finished the letter, and then, with a most charming mixture of girlish dignity and childish *naïveté*, turned to Captain Ryland, doing the hospitable honours of the moment for her absent parents.

"They will be so glad to see you this evening," said she; "and if you don't mind coming with me we will soon find the boys—my brothers, I mean—and the boat, and I'll ferry you over. Papa will be so sorry he was out, but of course he went to meet mamma."

And then a droll smile began to lurk again about her lips at the notion (oh! treason, treason!) of her quiet old papa having ever had a fancy for any one other than the said "mamma;" and Captain Ryland came to the conclusion that the squire's daughter was the most delightful substitute for her elders, and blessed the chance that sent his steps a-straying up this path.

Perhaps, thrown off his guard by this unceremonious introduction, he expressed his satisfaction a little too warmly, or Iva's ingenuousness took fright at compliments—a conversational *vol-au-vent* for which she had no taste; but her shyness came back with a rush, and instead of loitering down the uneven way, she sprang on alone, never so much as looking to see if he were following, and gained the greensward by the river before her companion's less accustomed feet had half made the descent.

The moment he reached her, "Now," said she, with a young imperiousness that was vastly amusing, "stay here, if you please, and rest. *I* can run for John and Harold. I shall go much more quickly alone!"

But "Forbid it, all ye shades of chivalry," thought Captain Ryland, and begged for leave to join the search, so humbly that it was graciously accorded, and therewith set in an innocent afternoon romance. For in the languid heat along the valley that search proved a most desultory affair.

"There's no particular need to hurry, if Mr. Hurst won't be at home for a couple of hours," suggested the young man; and Iva agreeing, with the recollection that her brothers coming up-stream must pass this point, they stayed their ramble by a little hill-rivulet that rippled down to its stronger sister, margined with whispering reeds and blue forget-me-nots, and on a huge lichen-tinted stone, among springing ferns and sprays of wild white rose, sat and waited most contentedly.

More than contentedly! For Wallis Ryland, at pains to undo his first blunder, put out the strength of his ten years' seniority to please; and Iva, with all the frankness of seventeen, was so ready to be propitiated, that they were quickly on the best of terms—she gliding, willing as a child, into the present hour's enjoyment, he entangled every moment more in the fresh charms of his young listener.

With the swallows circling overhead under the clear sky, no sound near save the rustling of many leaves and the rush of gleaming waters, the most sensible of mortals would have found it hard to be prosaic. Our couple had no extraordinary claims to sense, and soon they wandered far out of prosaic bounds.

To be sure their words were commonplace enough—he telling of a chance encounter that brought about this visit to his mother's old friend; she talking of her home, her father, her brothers, their many pets, of which it was easy to perceive she was the chief; but there was something not commonplace to him, and very new to her, in the lowered tone with which the young soldier declared that chance encounter a stroke of rare good fortune to *him*, and, when she turned a pair of loving eyes towards the gables of her home, just visible on the opposite bank, asked, "Would she never care to leave that home?—*never?*"

Then into a very wonderland followed Iva, while her companion told, and told well, of far-off countries, where for eight years he had seen service, and had run the gauntlet of risks that had sent scores of men about him to their graves. Desdemona-like, she hung sighing upon stories such as she had never heard before, and saw in this fair-haired guest of her aunt's the nearest embodiment of a real hero she had ever known.

"But you were safe?" she cried, with a rising colour and a long quivering breath at the climax of some danger whereout he had come scatheless, thanks to his steed's swiftness. "And oh! I am so glad that——"

"That——?" echoed the young man, leaning a little nearer.

"That our Harold is not to be a soldier!" finished Iva, so scattering warmer words that a different answer would assuredly have betrayed Captain Ryland into uttering.

Thus, quickly the minutes went by; the shadows lengthened; the golden light gathered about the tree-tops; and not one thought did these young people give to time, till a church bell, sounding over the hill-side, startled Iva.

"Six o'clock!" she exclaimed, opening wide her eyes as if just waking. "And the boys not back! Perhaps they went the other way, after all, and have left the boat for me. Oh! if I've kept you here for nothing, I *am* so sorry!"

"But I'm not—I never shall be!" was the reply, in a low tone that stirred a curious answering thrill. "And must we hurry now? Here, stay," as a long branch of roses caught her dress; "let me just gather you some of these before we go."

A bunch of roses, a half-hour's homeward stroll side by side in an almost silence more eloquent than speech, three minutes' row across the narrow stream (would they have made it hours if they could?) and the brief drama drew to its last act.

The boat was moored under the willow. As the occupants stepped out, one forgot to let loose the hand that lay in his. For a few seconds they lingered so—she gazing over the peaceful meadows to the dim Welsh hills, that all to-night seemed dressed in some new beauty, he looking down on her—beauty enough for him. Suddenly, "Iva!" shouted a boyish voice; and Harold came racing down the steep lane, with a flood of questionings and explainings anent fishing and wading that lasted the whole way up to the Manor. There the home party, earlier returned, awaited them, Aunt Helen in their midst, and some one, strange, whom she brought forward with many smiles; and—

"Now you'll forgive me for going off to Swanley Junction alone, Captain Ryland! I wanted to make sure of her coming before I told you a word about it."

The next minute a fair young woman, with the calm air of proprietorship begotten of long engagement, was holding the gentleman's arm; and how happy he might be looking Iva never saw, for with a little cry—of welcome?—she had run to her mother, glad—ah, strange to say, glad almost to tears—to shelter once again by her safe side.

* * * * *

But that was years ago. Iva—"Olivia" in these days—is now a gracious young matron, loving and dearly loved, the garden of her life filled with such blossoms as womanhood prizes above all others. But now and again across her thoughts, like first notes of a melody never completed, flits a memory of warm June hours, of the first throb of an unknown pleasure, of a nameless pain—of a glimpse into possibility never fulfilled—of the farewell she bade her childhood in a midsummer day's dream.

THE TRANSMISSION OF SECRETS.

THE reader has, no doubt, frequently heard of letters or telegrams, containing private information of an important kind, being written in cipher, and has probably wished to know something of the nature of this system of writing. We shall, therefore, endeavour to satisfy this laudable curiosity by explaining a few of the many methods that have been in use from time to time.

The earliest system of cipher-writing, and the simplest, is easily explained, and merely consists in transposing the letters of the alphabet. Thus, instead of taking *a* as the first letter of the alphabet, *b* might be taken, and if so taken would stand for *a*; *c* would then stand for *b*, *d* for *c*, and so on. Of course any letter agreed upon by the correspondents may be taken as the first—*m*, for instance, may be taken for *a*, when *n* would be *b*, and *l* would be *z*—the last letter of the alphabet. The key to a cipher of this kind lies in knowing what letter is taken as the initial letter. Suppose we take *d* as our initial letter, and express the message, "Come at once," in this cipher. The easiest way to do so is to write the letters of the alphabet, beginning with *d* and ending with *c*, in one line; and below this line to write the alphabet in its natural order, putting *a* below *d*, *b* below *e*, &c. Taking our message now, we have first the letter *c*; it stands below *f*; therefore, *f* will take the place of *c* in the cipher; *o*, being below *r*, is discarded for that letter. Proceeding in this way, we arrive at the barbarous and foreign-looking form—"Frph dw rqfh." This cipher, as we have said, was the earliest used, at least the earliest that we have any record of, and was adopted by Julius Cæsar and his successor, Augustus, the former taking *d* as his initial letter, and the latter *e*. An instance of its use also occurs in the twenty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah, where *Sheshach* is written for Babel—in this case, of course, the reader must remember that the Hebrew alphabet is employed.

Another method easy enough to explain, but impossible to decipher, is for each correspondent to have a book—say a certain edition of Shakespeare—the pages numbered exactly alike, and the same number of lines on each page. Then a message may be sent in the form of figures, representing the place of the words of the message in the book. The first number represents the page, the second the line, and the third the number of the word from the beginning of the line. In this way every word in the message would require three numbers. If the words of the message be all taken from one page, however, and each word be indicated by a number expressing its

position from the first word on the page, then one number is quite sufficient for each word. Thus, taking Addison's *Spectator*, page 112, the message, "I am very well, and think it best the people meet the whole week," would be written :—

112.
1, 2, 4, 5, 11, 24, 28, 30, 37, 48, 74, 114, 115, 116.

Some time ago there fell upon the writer's eye this advertisement :—"Two John—I at Monday will Cross evening meet street at you on seven." Now, to put a secret in that form is the very height of simplicity; any one with the slightest knowledge of cipher-writing can read it at once. It is evident that the word "street" should be read immediately after "Cross." If the advertiser had put a small *c* instead of a capital, it would not have been so bad; even then, however, it would be apparent enough. Once we have discovered that "street" should be read immediately after "Cross," we have the key. There are two words between "Cross" and "street," therefore write the message in this way :—

I	will	meet	you
at	Cross	street	on
Monday	evening	at	seven.

Now read along the top column, then the second, and then the bottom one. The "Two" with which the advertisement begins is to give the number of words between the successive words. This kind of cipher was used by the Earl of Argyle in his conspiracy against the Crown.

Charles I. wrote in cipher, and we have some of his letters to his son, which have been deciphered. He used a numeral cipher, which we may illustrate by an example. Let the number 231 be the key, and let us throw this message into cipher :—

23 123 123 123 1 231231 23 1 231
Imprison the leaders at once.

Begin by writing the key number in the manner indicated, a figure above each letter. Above *i*, the first letter, we find the figure 2, which means that instead of *i* we are to use the second letter from *i*—that is, *k*; *m*, the next letter, has 3 above it, we therefore substitute for *m* the letter *p*. Going on in this way, we get the heterogeneous mixture, "kpqtltqq ujh mgdegut cw ppff." The recipient of these outlandish words applies the key number, 231, putting the 2 above *k*, 3 above *p*, &c., and thus restores the message to an intelligible form. In this cipher the reader will observe that the same letter may do duty for different letters. The word "once," for instance, containing four different letters, becomes in the cipher "ppff," where we have only two different letters—the reason is obvious. Such a cipher is pretty safe for a short message; for a long message, however, it is as open as plain English to a man skilled in deciphering.

We shall explain two other methods, reminding the reader, however, that there are a great many more. Take first a numeral system :—

1	2	3	4	5	
a	f	l	q	v	1
b	g	m	r	w	2
c	h	n	s	x	3
d	i	o	t	y	4
e	k	p	u	z	5

This table is the key, a copy of which is kept by each of the correspondents. A message is thrown into this cipher by replacing the letters with the numbers above and at the side of each letter—the former preceding the latter. Thus *f* would be written 21; *m*, 32; *s*, 43, &c. The word "escape" would be represented by the numbers 15, 43, 13, 11, 35, 15. Instead of the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, any others will do; one must know these numbers to decipher a communication in this form.

A more secret method than any we have as yet touched upon is what is known as the square cipher. In this case each party has twenty-six alphabets, placed one under the other in the form of a square, thus :—

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	&c.
b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	,,
c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	,,
d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	,,
e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	,,
f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	,,
g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	,,
h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	,,
i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	,,

A key-word is now agreed upon, and in this lies the virtue of the square cipher; for any combination of letters will answer this purpose. Suppose we take "geda" as our key, and express the words, "idea," "beach," and "bed;" write the key-word over these words in this way :—

geda	gedag	eda
idea	beach	bed

i is the first letter, and the key letter above it is *g*; therefore we look in the table for the line beginning with *i* and the column beginning with *g*. The line beginning with *i* is the bottom one in our example, and the column beginning with *g* has *o* in this line; *o*, therefore, is the letter we are in quest of. Our second letter is *d*, above it is *e*. The line beginning with *d* and the column beginning with *e* intersect in *h*, which is to take the place of *d*. In this way these three familiar words, "idea," "beach," and "bed," take on the Gaelic-looking aspect—"ohha hidcn fhd." From this example the reader will doubtless see clearly enough how to work the square cipher. To find the intersection of the column and the line, a square card may be used; this renders the operation of more speedy performance.

Formerly this kind of writing engaged the attention of men to a greater degree than at the present day. The fact is, there are not so many secrets now-a-days as there used to be; the majority of people are busy with work of an honest kind, and they have very little time to write even in plain English, let alone the laborious cipher. Indeed ordinary writing is beginning to prove rather slow for this electric age, and many people now find it necessary to resort to shorthand,

The Blue-Bird.

Words by LYDIA SIGOURNEY. *Music by* ALICE H. COX.

PIANO.

p

Blue-bird! on yon leaf-less tree, Dost thou ca- rol thus to me, "Spring is com-ing! Spring is here!" Say'st thou so, my bir-die dear?

p *cres.*

What is that in mis-ty shroud, Stealing from the darkened cloud? Lo! the snowflakes' gath'ring mound Set-tles o'er the whi-tened ground,

p *cres.*

Yet thou sing- est, blithe and clear, "Spring is com - ing! Spring is here!"

p

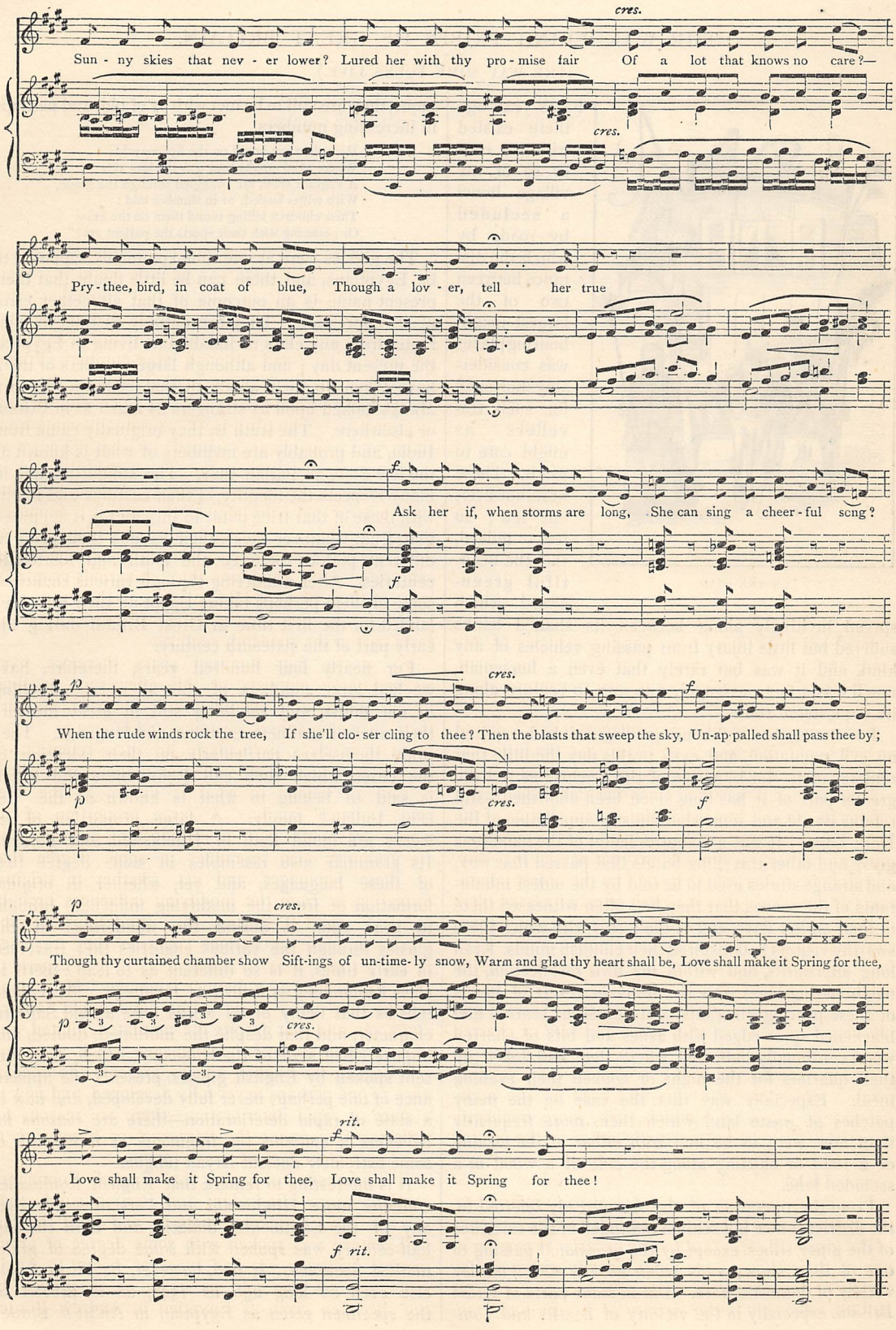
Spring's a maid of mirth and glee, Ro - sy wreaths and rev - el - ry;

p

p

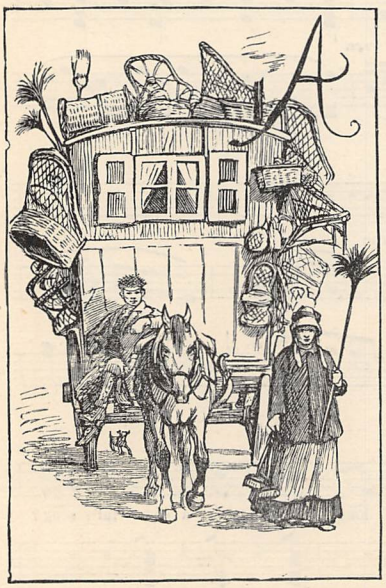
Hast thou wooed some wingèd love To a nest in ver - dant grove? Sung to her of green-wood bower,

p


cres.
Sun - ny skies that nev - er lower? Lured her with thy pro - mise fair Of a lot that knows no care?—
cres.
Pry - thee, bird, in coat of blue, Though a lov - er, tell her true
f
Ask her if, when storms are long, She can sing a cheer - ful song?
f
p
cres.
f
When the rude winds rock the tree, If she'll clo - ser cling to thee? Then the blasts that sweep the sky, Un-ap-palled shall pass thee by;
p
cres.
f
p
cres.
Though thy curtained chamber show Sift-ings of un-time-ly snow, Warm and glad thy heart shall be, Love shall make it Spring for thee,
p
cres.
rit.
f
Love shall make it Spring for thee, Love shall make it Spring for thee!
f rit.

THE WANDERING TRIBES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

(THE WAY SOME FOLKS LIVE.)



ON THE ROAD.

A FEW years ago there existed within a mile or so of my village home a secluded by-road, by which the distance between two of the largest neighbouring places was considerably shortened for such travellers as might care to use it. These were, however, but few; so few, indeed, that the beautiful greensward which spread invitingly along between its shaded banks suffered but little injury from passing vehicles of any kind, and it was but rarely that even a horseman, much less a foot-passenger, was seen to venture along its sequestered route.

For among the neighbouring villagers it had acquired an evil reputation, and even to this day the little that remains of it—for by virtue of the Enclosures Act the greater part of it has long since been abolished—still retains its old and somewhat sinister appellation of the Dark Lane. It was a favourite haunt of the numerous gipsy and other travelling bands that passed that way, and strange stories used to be told by the oldest inhabitants of the scenes that they had often witnessed there in their earlier days, and of the terror with which these swarthy visitors had inspired their childish minds. Even long afterwards, and within my own recollection, the neighbouring lanes were the frequent resort of bands of these passing itinerants, and numerous scarred and blackened spots edged with ashes and bits of charred wood continually indicated where they had taken up their quarters for the night or cooked their evening meal. Especially was this the case on the many patches of waste land which then, more frequently than now, were to be met with either at the turning of a road or skirting along the side of a wood or a secluded lane.

From the operation of the Act already referred to, the district is now but seldom reminded of the existence of the gipsy tribes, except by the occasional passing of one of their showy vans laden heavily with a motley variety of domestic ware. But in some parts of Great Britain, especially in the vicinity of heaths and commons, they are still to be met with as of old, and perhaps in increasing numbers.

> "Hast thou not noted on the bye wayside
> Where aged saughs lean o'er the lazy tide
> A vagrant crew, far straggled through the glade,
> With trifles busied, or in slumber laid:
> Their children lolling round them on the grass
> Or pestering with their sports the patient ass?"

The gipsies were at one time commonly supposed to be Egyptians, and there can be little doubt that their present name is an outcome of that altogether erroneous impression. They are entirely distinct in character from any class of inhabitants living in Egypt at the present day; and although large numbers of them have taken up their abode in that country, they are always looked upon as strangers as much as in Britain or elsewhere. The truth is, they originally came from India, and probably are members of what is known as the low caste or Pariah race. The similarity, and in many respects the identity, of their customs and habits with those of that tribe point to this, and it is supposed that, from whatever cause, their exodus took place at different periods between the tenth and fourteenth centuries. After wandering through various countries, some of them perhaps taking Egypt on their way, they landed for the first time in Great Britain during the early part of the sixteenth century.

For nearly four hundred years, therefore, have we had large numbers of this alien race dwelling in our midst, and retaining still in great measure their ancient manners, customs, and language. They pride themselves particularly on their retention of the latter, which they call Rommaney, and which is said to belong to what is known as the "recent Indian" family. A large proportion of its words are found both in Hindustani and Persian. Its grammar also resembles in some degree that of these languages, and yet, whether in original formation or from the modifying influences brought to bear upon it during the wanderings of the gipsies through the various countries they traversed in early times, it is so different as to lead experts to class Rommaney as a distinct language. Mr. Leland tells us that many of its words have an old Sanscrit character, and that despite the mutilated, diluted, and impoverished state of the language—which, as at present spoken by English gipsies, presents the appearance of one perhaps never fully developed, and now in a state of rapid deterioration—there are reasons for believing it contains the fragments or framework of some extremely ancient Aryan tongue.

It is interesting to remark that English Rommaney contains more Hindustani and Persian words than any of the Continental dialects, and until the last half-century was spoken with some degree of grammatical accuracy. It had, however, begun to Anglicise even so long ago as 1542, as is proved by the specimen given as Egyptian in Andrew Borde's

"Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge," published in that year. Since that time a large number of English words have been incorporated with the language, but every gipsy of true blood still carefully distinguishes between them and those of their ancient tongue.

A GIPSY ENCAMPMENT.

The life of the gipsy has ever been more or less surrounded with a halo of romance. His mysterious origin, his strange customs, his complexion, language, and soothsaying arts have doubtless had much to do with this. His wandering tendencies and intense love of liberty and independence of all the restraints of civilisation increased the admiration of our wondering forefathers, and forced upon them the conviction that, notwithstanding its many drawbacks, "the gipsy's life was a joyous life." To them these human birds of passage seemed—

"Free as the winds that through the forest rush,
Wild as the flowers that by the wayside blush."

The true-born gipsy's love of roaming seems inherent in his nature, and unconquerable; nothing will induce him to stay long in one place. His restless spirit yearns to be ever "on the road," and he looks upon a house, or whatever tends to a permanent residence in any given locality, as a restraint upon his liberty. Indeed, he has been thought by some to be utterly irre-

claimable. Such as he was four thousand years ago, "before the foundations of Mycenæ were laid, or the walls of Rome marked out," such he still remains, speaking the same tongue, leading the same vagabond life, cherishing the same habits, and entertaining the same supreme contempt for everything connected with civilisation. In these, as well as in other things, he exhibits his Oriental derivation in a marked degree.

The gipsies are said to hold little or no religious belief, though among a few of them, at least, there have been manifestations of a slight improvement in this respect during recent years, and among other things they often show a great anxiety to secure Christian burial for their dead.

Intermarriages have frequently taken place between those of gipsy blood and the native inhabitants of the country, and there are many descendants of the tribe, therefore, who are only "posh-an'-posh," that is, half-and-half, or "Churedis," with scarcely a drop of the "kalo-ratt" flowing in their veins. Many of the latter classes have more or less abandoned their wandering life, and conformed in some degree to the comparatively civilised habits of those among whom they dwell; and it is not easy, therefore, to speak with any exactitude as to the number of those who may be reckoned among the gipsy tribe.

But it is only with the wandering portion of those living in Great Britain that we have here to do, and of these it has been computed that there are not less than from twenty to thirty thousand. These are, however, no longer vagrants pure and simple. Some of them have fixed places of residence, and only wander about the country in the exercise of their several callings. Some are tinkers, like their celebrated kinsman John Bunyan; others work as scissor-grinders, basket-makers, and chair-menders, or are the proud proprietors of rifle-galleries, aunt-Sallys, waxwork collections, and other itinerant shows. During the spring and summer months large numbers of them attend the various fairs and races, picnics and regattas, or wherever their art of fortune-telling is likely to be brought into requisition, or their cocoa-nuts and gingerbreads and other tempting wares have a chance of finding customers. A few more intelligent or prosperous than the rest engage in horse-dealing, and often with very considerable pecuniary advantage to themselves.

As soon as the fairs and other merry-makings are over, the gipsy engages readily in harvest-work, and is often able to earn large sums of money in this way. Indeed he can sometimes make as many as four harvests in less than the same number of months. He first goes "up the country" into Middlesex for pea-shacking; then into Sussex for wheat-fagging or tying; next to North Hants for similar employment; and last of all into Kent in time for the "hopping." By the time these various engagements are ended, he has earned money enough to enable him to lay in a large stock of German or French-made baskets, clothes-lines, brooms, and similar wares, which he hawks about the country during the winter months, or when other work is scarce. Even in passing from one scene of labour to another, he is careful not to neglect any opportunities of doing a little business on the way.

During their wanderings about the country, each family takes its own particular "beat." The pedling baskets are left entirely in the hands of the women, who may be looked upon as the slaves of the family, and on whom at these times rests the main responsibility of providing for the others. They, as well as the children, are, from long and continued practice, adepts at begging, but in return extend an Oriental hospitality to all who win their confidence or esteem, and give as freely as they take. The men usually occupy themselves within the tents, while the women are away, in "chinnin koshters," that is, cutting sticks. In other words, they are engaged in the manufacture of such humble articles as clothes-pegs and skewers. Occasionally they make baskets, and at one time this was a more common employment than now, but owing to the cheapness of French and German basket-ware at the present day, the manufacture of these articles is not found so profitable as in past times, and is therefore more neglected.

Altogether, what with making and selling the various wares of which they can dispose, the men earn, as a rule, from twelve to eighteen shillings a week. This, supplemented with the proceeds of begging and fortune-telling on the part of their wives and children, and with what they get from occasional jobs of honest hard work, enables them to live fairly well, to pay for the privilege occasionally of camping in some farmer's field, and to provide for their families. The latter are generally large, and range from about eight to sixteen in number. The gipsies are, on the whole, however, both a hard-working and a hard-faring race, and owing to frequent exposure to cold and lying on damp ground, they are extremely subject to chest and throat complaints. Many of their children die young, but those who survive their early training invariably grow up strong and active, become good rough-riders and pedestrians, and generally are very proud both of their stamina and pluck.

When not on the road, or when camping for the night, they draw up their van or pitch their tent on some common or bit of waste land, or, lacking this, within a field, to enter which they have either begged or purchased permission.

Their horses are turned loose to find their own fodder, while the human portion of the community busy themselves, some with the erection of the tent, some with making the fire and attending to the culinary department, while others go in quest of fuel, obtained often to the detriment of the farmer's hedges, or in search of means whereby they may enrich the common larder.

An impression once prevailed that gipsies lived entirely by pilfering, and their horse-stealing propensities were proverbial a generation or two ago. But whatever their fathers may have been, we are assured on good authority that the present race are, upon the whole, as honest and trustworthy as the corresponding class of equally ignorant English people. Lying and cheating, to some extent, seem inseparable from their nature; but they rarely betray any one who trusts

them, and to those who take a real interest in their welfare, they are far more honest and truthful than they are accustomed to be to one another.

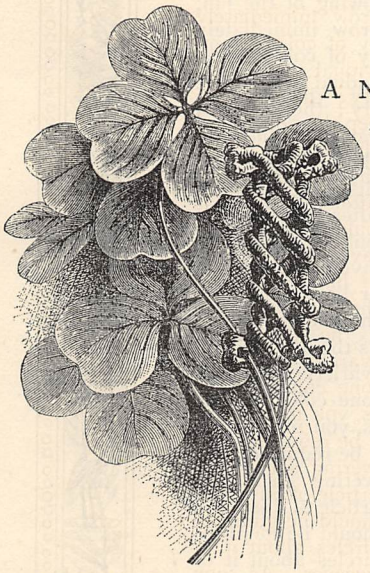
Their encampment usually consists of two or three vans and a rude tent, or wigwam, constructed of hoops and poles, and covered with stray pieces of old cloth or sacking to keep out the rain and snow. The tent is generally about sixteen feet long, seven or eight feet wide, and about five feet high in the central part. The opening which forms the doorway is sheltered by a kind of coverlet. The fire, if the weather be damp or cold, is placed within the tent, and at about the centre of the earthen floor. The smoke, or at least some portion of it, finds its way out through an opening left in the roof of about two feet in diameter. On the ground are scattered wood-chips and shavings, and the bed generally consists of a layer of straw placed upon the damp ground and covered with a piece of sacking or sheet.

There is but a scant supply of furniture and cooking utensils. An old soap-box or tea-chest usually acts as table, drawers, and clothes-box, and fingers take precedence of absent knives and forks. Meals are taken and the washing done in a squatting posture; but the gipsies seldom indulge in much of the latter, especially as regards their bodies—possibly, as they sometimes naïvely state, "for fear of taking cold."

The tents and vans are both often sadly overcrowded, and frequently the abodes of vice, ignorance, and disease. Indeed, their unfortunate tenants enjoy immunities in this direction withheld from other classes. The inspector of nuisances, the tax-gatherer, the rate-collector, the school-board officer, the representative of the Board of Health, all pass them by as beyond the range of their attentions. Few can either read or write, the extent of their education being a knowledge of crosses, cabalistic signs, and symbols, and of the full value of money. But we may hope, with George Smith, of Coalville, their benefactor and friend, that "gleams of a brighter day are beginning to manifest themselves upon our social horizon, which will elevate our gipsies and their children into a position that will reflect credit instead of disgrace upon us as a civilised and Christian nation."

W. Maurice Adams, F.A.S.

A NOVEL USE FOR CRESTS AND MONOGRAMS.



IT has often been somewhat of a puzzle to me to discover what pleasure any one — except the most enthusiastic student of that forlorn science heraldry — could derive from the possession of a crest-album. Years sometimes elapse before the collector has sufficient materials to fill a book, no matter how indefatigable he may be in hunting for them, or how great a nuisance he may prove to all his friends by his ardour in the pursuit; and, after all, the trouble taken in acquiring them, and the care expended in "cutting out" and "pasting in," are only too likely to be lost labour, at most rewarded by an occasional glance through the pages by some casual visitor. Except from that rare scientific point of view already mentioned, a collection of crests in a book yields none of the interest which is always attached to a stamp-album, but is simply curious according to the colouring or design of its contents.

For decorative purposes, however, crests and monograms are peculiarly suitable, and are capable of being employed with exceedingly pretty effect in certain purely ornamental connections. It is strange that, in this æsthetic age, they should hitherto have been so seldom pressed into the art of decoration, since they are eminently adapted for doing good service therein. Postage stamps, both English and foreign, were long ago made use of to adorn all sorts of things, but it has been reserved for American girls to initiate a method of utilising the devices torn from old letters or envelopes for a similar purpose. They make *bed-quilts* of autograph signatures, embroidering these with crests and filling up the interspaces with monograms!

The idea of a crest-covered fan or plate certainly appears common-place enough after such a startling mode of arrangement as that afforded by a counterpane; but it will probably be equally new to most of the readers of this paper, and perhaps (to minds on this side of the Atlantic) equally pretty. Writing from experience, I can confidently recommend the experiment as likely to produce a highly satisfactory result. There is scope for the exercise of much taste and ingenuity, as well as neatness of execution; and while the value of the crest *as* a crest remains unaltered—so that a brother may even be induced to lend his cherished collection for the purpose—the article so treated acquires quite a South-Kensington-Museum appearance. Both the materials and the work are simple in the extreme.

Let us take the fan first. As to the kind to be used, a black one (such as may be obtained at almost any fancy shop for a shilling or thereabouts) is undoubtedly the best, as it shows up the colours to advantage. If you cannot get a plain black fan, you can easily remove the design from a painted one with a sponge and water. Bear particularly in mind that old, faded, or soiled ones can be made to look, not "as good as

A NOVEL USE FOR CRESTS & MONOGRAMS

new," but a great deal better by the process which I am describing to you.

There is nothing like perfection in the smallest details when you are doing anything that is worth doing at all, and a hint as to the cutting out of monograms and crests may not be out of place. It is advisable to keep close to the lines of the cipher or device, leaving as little blank margin around it as possible—none at all if it can be helped; and I have found this most easily managed by placing the paper on the smooth lid of a cigar-box and using a sharp penknife. The wood, being soft and yielding, allows the "points" of the design to be fashioned out to a nicety. With clear strong gum then stick on your largest crests in a row at the top or edge of the fan, one over each blade and one between. The row next below this will consist of rather smaller ones, and the next of smaller still, and so on, decreasing proportionately to the narrowing of the fan, the smallest of all being kept for the last row immediately above the bare wood or ivory. The harmony of colours and general arrangement must be left to your individual taste. Let the fan remain open until it is thoroughly dry; then paint a coating of gum all over the crests, so as to keep the points and corners smooth and flat, and to give the whole the appearance of being varnished. There is no danger of its sticking, or of the crests becoming detached by its opening after the gum has quite dried in. Only one side of the fan should be decorated. If a little care and artistic discrimination have play, I think you will have reason to be pleased with your handiwork, and will be complimented on the result by all who see it. There is a sort of porcelain effect in it which rivets the attention at once. Of course, there is room for endless variety of design. An initial may be built up with crests all of one colour in the centre of the fan; or, if sufficiently dexterous, you may weave a monogram with two or more colours as may be required.

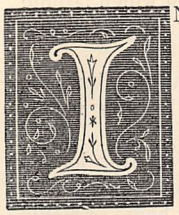
Another pleasing effect is obtained by covering a common white plate, previously cleansed from every particle of dust, and well dried with a soft cloth. A large crest should be gummed in the centre, and the others arranged in circles about it or radiating from it—not too closely together, however. As soon as the gum is perfectly dry (it will take longer in this case than it does with a fan), varnish the plate (with varnish, not gum) and hang it against the wall, high enough to be beyond the reach of inquisitive fingering. It has a wonderfully pretty, arabesque look. When dusty it should not be washed, but merely wiped with a damp sponge.

And now, having made these two simple suggestions, I leave to my readers the by no means difficult task of inventing for themselves a hundred other adaptations to decorative art of hitherto useless crests and monograms.

L. R.

ON POISONS IN THE HOUSE.

BY AN ANALYST.



IN the popular mind a poison is generally regarded as a substance with such powerfully noxious properties, that if even a minute quantity be received into the system, it will speedily act upon the body with such violence, that probably the issue will be fatal. While the idea is to some extent correct, it is quite an imperfect definition of that class of substances capable of destroying life, some of which act rapidly, some slowly; some of which are dangerous only in large doses, some deadly even if taken in the smallest quantity.

People, as a rule, are perfectly aware of the poisonous properties of arsenic, vitriol, sugar of lead, hemlock, laburnum, and many more substances of a similar nature; but none the less must we regard as poisons in the true sense of the word such familiar and much-used substances as carbonate of soda, tartaric acid, elder-flowers, &c. In the former case, the effects produced are almost immediate and violent; while in the latter the action is slower, or a larger quantity is necessary to produce the same effect upon the vital organisation.

At present, however, we have no intention of discussing poisons in their ordinary aspect, our purpose in this paper being to point out the existence in almost every house of poisons, which, in various forms, are lurking in disguise, and doing injury to many, while their presence may be quite unknown and never even suspected.

Undoubtedly, the commonest skeleton in the house is arsenic. The law has wisely put restrictions on its sale, for every one who sells this substance is required to make a record of the full particulars of every sale, and only persons who are known to the vendor are to be supplied. But this has reference only to arsenic pure and simple; for a manufacturer may with impunity sell any article in the preparation of which arsenic has been used, or into whose composition it enters, and so we find it present in many articles of every-day use or ornament.

Its combinations produce beautiful colouring materials, especially green; hence it is used in printing wall-papers, carpets, chintzes, ribbons, and coloured paper and cardboard. Its presence in wall-papers, especially of a bright green, is so extremely common, that it is quite an exception to find such wall decorations free from it, and experiments have been made which clearly prove that arsenic gradually vapourises from these coloured surfaces, and disseminates through a room—in many well-authenticated cases, to the injury of the occupants who have breathed the poison-laden air. Bright green patterns of wall-papers should therefore be regarded with the greatest of suspicion, from the probability that their beauty is due to this poisonous material, and especially should care be taken that the paper on the walls of bed-rooms is quite free from it.

But the danger of arsenic poisoning is not confined to its presence in our wall-papers. There it is to some extent suspected; but even with our walls of polished wood, or tapestry-covered, we may be poisoned quite as readily and without the least suspicion, while reading by a shaded lamp.

Lamp-shades are frequently made of stiff paper, the outer side of which is green, as being the easiest colour for the eyes; but while commendable thoughtfulness is evident in the selection of the colour, the same consideration is certainly not shown in the materials which produce that pleasant hue, for in numerous instances the green pigment has been found to contain a large amount of arsenic. The fact of itself is sufficiently alarming; but when we take into account the heat of the lamp, which greatly assists in the volatilisation of the arsenic, we see how dangerous such useful articles may become to persons in the room, and especially to those who may be sitting close to them.

An equally unthought-of source of danger has been shown to exist in coloured hat-linings; and although we do not believe that there is much cause for alarm on this score, the following case is interesting as showing that such danger really does exist. A gentleman had been troubled for several months with a severe eruption on his forehead, and at the same time one eye had become almost useless. After consulting a doctor he paid a visit to the country, taking with him an easy wide-awake hat. Before long a complete cure had been effected; but on his return to town the eruption re-appeared. In consequence, he paid another visit to the doctor, and, on entering the room, placed on the table the chimney-pot hat he was in the habit of wearing, the bright maroon lining of which at once caught the eye of the doctor, who suggested that it was the cause of all the mischief. A portion of the lining having been cut out and examined, arsenic was found in considerable quantity. On the gentleman then giving up the use of the hat, the eruption again disappeared; but to make quite sure he went from home with the hat, and on the second day all the previous symptoms re-appeared, thereby clearly proving the poisonous character of the lining.

Here we have seen that the presence of arsenic is not confined to green colouring materials, and it is sometimes found, although much less frequently, in red, brown, and yellow cloths, and in various coloured portions of printed fabrics, chintzes, carpets, ribbons, gloves, &c.

Pasteboard boxes are often covered with coloured paper which contains arsenic; but perhaps in this class of goods the greatest danger arises from confections, and the brightly coloured wrappers which are used to make them more attractive. Such deadly

poisons as red lead, vermilion, and verdigris are in general use for the production of these colours; and emerald green, a compound of arsenic and copper, is largely sold for a like purpose under the innocent name of "Extract of Spinach." Some time ago a case occurred in Glasgow of two children being poisoned by eating sweetmeats, in the shape of a watch, the face of which was a green paper; the colouring material being found, on analysis to consist of this emerald green, or Scheele's green, and the whole amount of arsenic on the watch being estimated at eighteen grains.

Here it may not be out of place to draw attention to another source of danger which our children are exposed to, namely, that from toys, which are often painted with poisonous material. The subject is deserving of attention on the part of parents, and it would be well if they would never allow their children to be in possession of coloured articles whose nature may be doubtful, for almost everything a child gets hold of must go to its mouth.

As poisoning ingredients of frequent occurrence, lead and its various salts rank next in importance to arsenic. Lead is so commonly used with safety for domestic purposes, especially the storage and transmission of water, that the dangers attendant on its use are apt to be neglected. Soft water acts rapidly upon metallic lead, and many instances have occurred of lead-poisoning in new houses supplied with a soft or peaty water, such as that from Loch Katrine, with which Glasgow is supplied. It has been found, however, that by allowing the water to run through new pipes or stand in new cisterns for some time, danger may be thus avoided, owing to the fact that such water acts only upon clean metallic surfaces; and that lead, when exposed to its action for some time, gets coated with a whitish film of oxide or carbonate of lead, which effectually prevents any further action of the water. People entering new houses would therefore do well to let the water tap remain open for a day or two, and meanwhile borrow water from their neighbours for all dietetic purposes. For the same reason leaden cisterns should never be scrubbed out, or the true surface of the lead in any way scratched or exposed.

Knowing that water thus acts upon lead, it will not seem surprising that this metal should occasionally be found in considerable quantity in aërated waters through the action of the water upon the leaden alloy of the machine. In like manner, the artificial waters prepared in gasogenes, which are partly composed of lead, have been found in some cases to contain a considerable and dangerous amount of lead in solution.

Again, in cleansing bottles, shot is frequently made use of, and a white deposit of carbonate of lead is thus in many cases left upon the sides of the bottle. This would, of course, be immaterial if only water or some such liquid were to be kept in the bottle; but the chances are that it will be used for holding some acid liquor—beer, wine, vinegar, pickles, fruit, &c.—and the result is that the carbonate of lead is dissolved by such acid, obviously to the detriment of the person who may afterwards consume the contents.

Here we may refer to the action of vegetable acids upon brass or copper pans; for, although the fact is generally known that poisoning may sometimes occur from the use of such utensils, it is not so generally understood that the danger lies in allowing the acid liquor to cool in these pans, the metal of which is quite unacted on by such acids when hot, but is readily attacked when cold.

Such are some of the most common domestic poisons; but, alas! the list is not by any means exhausted.

Hams are occasionally done up in canvas loaded with yellow chromate of lead, and some of this poison is consequently found adhering to the ham. Arsenic has been largely used in the preparation of violet and face powders; while carbonate of lead, or the acetate (sugar of lead), and sulphur are amongst the common ingredients of some hair restorers. Arsenic, either as yellow orpiment or as arsenic white, is mixed with sugar for the manufacture of fly papers; and vermin killers usually consist of a mixture containing the well-known poison phosphorus.

The Food and Drugs Act gives us some assurance of the absence of poison in the articles of food we purchase; but, notwithstanding the Pharmacy Act, in those of personal or household use we may have poisons which are quite as dangerous, from which the law gives practically no protection. In France, Belgium, and Switzerland the use of poisonous wrappers for confections is prohibited, and in Paris the name of the manufacturer is required on every package of sweets. In Sweden they have gone much further, for there "some years ago, the attention of the Government authorities was directed to the peculiarity of many cases of sickness, cramp, debility, depression and loss of appetite, which seemed quite unaccountable till traced to poisoning by the presence of arsenic in paints, colours, wall-papers, ladies' dress stuffs, ribbons, carpets, curtains, blinds, confectionery, &c." So painful and so numerous were these cases (the Court chemist and city analyst having investigated some thousands altogether) that prompt and rigid action had to be taken, and five years ago a stringent law was passed prohibiting the sale of any articles containing poisons, especially arsenic, the slightest trace of which subjects the trader to a heavy fine and the confiscation of the goods.

The foreigners are far ahead of us in this respect. They manage *some* things better than we do; for here in England, in our ofttimes contradictory fashion, we restrict the sale of poisons, yet permit them to be freely vended in a coloured guise, in many instances to the detriment of the public health. We are much in need of a general Act which will effectually prohibit adulteration and the sale of poisons in whatever form, except for medicinal or scientific purposes; but till the public thoroughly awake to a sense of the danger which surrounds them, and demand a remedy by legislation, we can scarcely hope to see the last of food adulteration. It is, however, a source of consolation to believe that fatal cases are far less frequent than formerly, and that ordinary care and watchfulness are a very efficient protection.

A PEEP AT LUTHER'S TOWN.

TRAVELLERS passing across the flat, sandy plain between Berlin and Leipsic have their attention arrested when about half-way between these towns by the sight of two tall towers connected by a gallery rising above a small cluster of red-roofed houses. These are the towers of the town church of Wittenberg. In writing of many towns the mind has to wander over a great stretch of time. Deeds of many ages have built up the history of the place, and no slight sketch even would be satisfactory that did not at least allude to events of varied centuries. But in Wittenberg the mind is fixed to one great event. The accounts of its sieges and its sufferings from war are but little heeded; the names of the three great men who four centuries ago lived in its narrow walls overshadow all other history, and make Wittenberg the guardian of the memories of Luther, Melancthon, and Cranach.

The form of the town has been but little altered, and many of the houses are still standing as they stood when the burly form of Luther passed down under their shadow from his quiet rooms to the town church, or again onward past the market-place to the Castle Church. From the castle two main streets run the length of the town, being divided in the centre by the Rathhaus in the market-place, and the town church; and these two streets with a few narrow lanes form the whole of the town. At the beginning of the principal street at the west end on the right-hand side, built on to the two great round towers of the castle, is the famous Castle Church; a little further up is the old University building, now alive with troops busy with their drill; and at the extreme east end of the town is the monastery, once the home of Luther.

As we entered the town an honest baker standing in his shirt-sleeves at his doorway soon brought us back from the life of to-day, by pointing out an inscription upon a house opposite: "*Hier wohnte, lehrte, und starb Philip Melancthon*" (Here lived, taught, and died Philip Melancthon). The building is but little altered, and its five gable arches are still as they were when the teacher dwelt beneath them.

But this building detained us only a little while, and in company with a young girl from Luther's house we passed down through the town to the Castle Church. There, protected by some rails, is the heavy bronze door that was substituted for the famous door whereon Luther fixed his memorable Theses. Those short pithy sentences are now inscribed in lasting bronze.

The shadow of the great towers of the castle rests upon the church, and upon the painting that is over the doorway of Luther and Melancthon at the foot of Christ's cross; Luther with an open Bible, Melancthon with his work bound in red. The few houses that are opposite scarcely disturb the quiet of the open space around it, and one is allowed to stand before the building in quiet peace.

Within the church all is extremely plain, and, alas! not apparently well cared for. The young girl who accompanies us takes a key and unlocks a wooden slab in the pavement, and beneath is seen the memorial tablet above the tomb of Melancthon; and on the opposite side, preserved in the same way, is the inscription that rests above all that remains to earth of Luther's body—his mind still pervades the world.

The old pulpit from which Luther preached is now placed over the east end of the church; it formally stood at the corner of the transept beneath which is the tomb.

Passing back up through the town by the secondary street, a building is seen that speaks of the relief of the Germans from the yoke of the French in 1815. Carved over the doorway is the bare fact, "Artillery Waggon House, 1816." A little beyond this the houses are of the sixteenth-century type, and upon one, pulling us back again to the one great fact of Wittenberg history, is the inscription: "*Gottes Wort Luteri leer, vorget ny und nimer mer*," which may be literally translated, but without the force of the old rhyme, "God's Word Luther learnt, forgot not, nay, never more." Just beyond this house the street opens into the market-place connecting it with the main street of the town.

This open space is very picturesque, reminding one somewhat of Halle, but with decided characteristics that are unique. At the east side rise high above the houses the two plain and defaced towers of the town church; these are square, but with an octagonal upper structure with a domed summit, upon which are placed two little cupolas.

The low roofs of the town, and the great stretches of red tiles that are on them, give point to the words of Luther when he wrote to Spalatinus: "Yes, I shall go to Worms even if there were as many devils there as there are tiles on the roofs of Wittenberg."

On the north side of the square is the Rathhaus, a great building with four gables, and a doorway supporting upon pillars a balcony with an ornamented roof: a convenient place for announcing proclamations to the inhabitants. At the side of this building is the "Brunnen," not a very artistic piece of work, but its four pillars and canopy, which are surmounted by a triangular stone carved with a figure and arms, add effect to the scene.

To the east and west, nearly in the centre of the square, rise the two dark bronze canopies that shelter the statues of Luther and Melancthon.

Luther stands nearest to the church where so many of his forcible, biting words were uttered. He looks out across the market-place with a firm, fixed, and satisfied determination. In this statue, as in most of

his portraits, there is none of the "old man at thirty-five, whose anxieties had whitened the hair, withered the countenance, and bent the body." His work, and perchance its success, seemed to strengthen him as he went onward, in spite of his bodily sufferings.

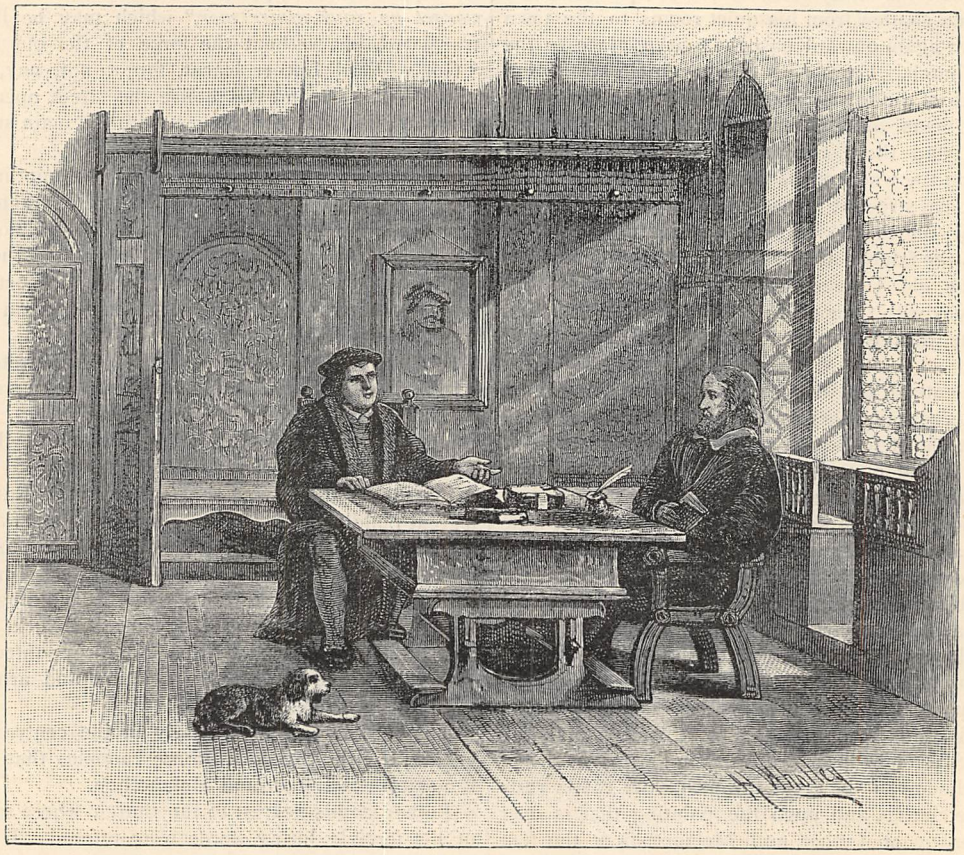
The statue of Melancthon at the other side of the place is a fine expressive piece of work. This thin, worn face looks firmly forth with an intense expression of faith in futurity, and renunciation of the present. The sparse hair is not as it was, when, at the disputation at Leipsic, his face was described as a "countenance stamped with gentle melancholy; that forehead so white on which play such luxuriant locks;" but through the sad melancholy pierces a firm expression of truthful hope.

It was in this square where now stand these statues that a wild scene occurred in 1518. A bookseller of Halle had been commissioned by Tetzel (or his agents) to affix his Theses in opposition to Luther's on the church door of Wittenberg. But the students of Wittenberg heard of the design; they seized upon the bookseller and his bag, tore up nearly 800 copies of Tetzel's work, and proclaimed by a trumpet through the town that at two o'clock the Propositions of Tetzel would be publicly burnt in the market-place. And at two o'clock, amidst a crowd of excited students, the flames rose in the air of these arguments that were to refute and confound the terse statements of Luther.

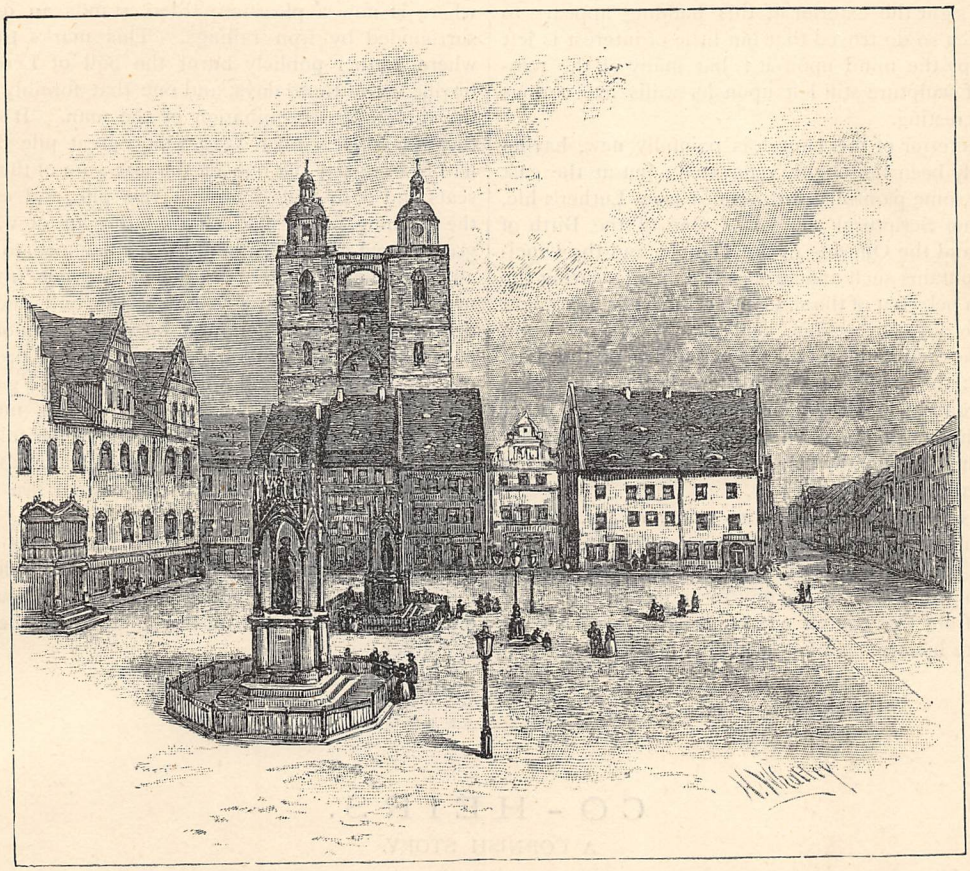
From the square where this scene occurred, we passed up to the eastern end of the town and through a gateway into the house where Luther lived, loved, and worked. Once the Augustinian monastery, now a college for Protestant students, it is well cared for, and has lately had formed within its walls a Lutheran museum; all the relics of Luther that were obtainable have been collected and lovingly housed in the last home of the master. At the entrance is the inscription, "*Hier wohnte und wirkte Luther*" (Here lived and worked Luther). In the ante-room are preserved many interesting relics of Luther and of his wife Catherine, or Ketha, as he fondly called her. Passing from this little room we entered the living-room of Luther.

This has been left untouched since the days when Luther worked there. Here he lived first as a monk, then, as his teaching took effect, and one by one the monks all left the monastery, he with the prior lived on for a time, and then handed over the building to the Elector, who allowed him the use of it for his life. To this house the nuns who were leaving the convents fled for protection, and amongst them came she who was to be his "sweet wife."

The worn planks of the floor are those upon which



LUTHER'S ROOM, WITH FIGURES OF LUTHER AND MELANCTHON.



THE MARKET SQUARE, WITTENBERG.

Luther trod. The rough, old, and uncouth table at the window is the one upon which he wrote. This window is a large, high, arched one formed of little octagonal panes, and at each side are two little sliding panels, and fixed in front of these are two seats raised upon a little platform, with rails for the back and for the outward arm. Here, it is said, sat Luther and his wife. And with the panels slid back they could look out upon what was then the little churchyard of the monastery, and breathe the fresh pure air that swept up to the building from the river. Perhaps part of their limited view would include also the garden which, in 1525 he writes to Spalatin, he has laid out, and where he has constructed a fountain, and where he took to growing "melons, gourds, and pumpkins" to help himself in his poverty; for wretchedly poor he was at this time. In one of his letters he says: "You ask me for eight florins. Where on earth am I to get eight florins?" He also took to the occupation of turning, to try and help himself and family to a little money; but his great comforts were his flute and his garden.

Opposite the window is the great stove with subjects in relief suggested by Luther—the four Evangelists, Music, Geometry, and the Way to Calvary. The ceiling and panelled walls of the room are painted with artistic designs in colour; upon one side of the door are the arms of Luther, a black cross upon a red heart, surrounded by roses upon a blue field, encircled with a gold ring, the motto being "*Das Christus Herz auf Rosen geht wenns mitten unter Kreuzer steht.*"

The other rooms of the building have all been renovated and fitted up as a Luther museum, and contain much that is of the highest interest in connection with his life. The number of volumes, some written in his favour, others against him, is very large and highly interesting. His own Bible, written with his own hand, is here, a copy of the bull that was burnt at the east gate of the town, and an enormous variety of pamphlets and books; the desk also from which he spoke, and above this is the portrait of him by Cranach —a thoughtful, soulful picture. The stout burly form, and round sturdy head, are lovingly painted; the lips are closed, with a great expression of determination, and the whole face is modelled by intense force of will. There is much in the whole building to occupy one for many an hour, and all seems now watched over with loving care.

We left the doors of the house with regret and

passed again through the town to the Stadtkirche. At first sight the exterior of this building appears to have been so destroyed that but little of interest is left to occupy the mind upon it; but many of the remnants of sculpture still left upon its walls are curious and interesting.

The interior of this church is painfully new, having but lately been thoroughly renovated; but at the east end are some paintings with scenes from Luther's life, and some Scriptural subjects. One of the Birth of Christ, and the Offering in the Temple, and the Crucifixion contains such anachronisms as men wearing the German pelz coat of the sixteenth century, or one might say of to-day, as the same coat exactly is now worn. Over the communion-table is a picture of the Last Supper: the tables at which the Apostles are sitting being round; and there are also pictures of Luther preaching, and of baptism and absolution with Luther confessing, all vividly bringing back the troubled but vigorous time of Luther's day.

It was in this church that so many of his forceful and conquering arguments were uttered: words that aroused all Europe, and made kings and princes write to the Duke of Saxony to suppress him. We passed from this church out beyond the town to yet one more historic spot connected with Luther's life.

At the east end of the town beyond the houses, where is now a pleasure-garden, stands an oak-tree, surrounded by iron railings. This marks the spot where Luther publicly burnt the bull of Leo X., a terrific act in those days, and one that forcibly proves the thorough determination of the man. It was on the 10th of December, 1520, that a great pile of wood had been raised just outside the east gate of the town; seats had been placed around this pile, and early in the morning, in the cold, sharp, biting air of winter, a great crowd assembled here to bid defiance to Rome and all her powers. Luther came out from the monastery in full robes, carrying the bull and other documents; others followed bearing the books and pamphlets of those who had denounced the preaching of Luther, and when all were assembled, he gave the signal for the pile to be lit, and waiting until the flames attained strength, he threw into their midst the papal bull, with the words, "As thou hast troubled the Holiness of the Lord, so may the eternal fire trouble and destroy thee."

From this historic spot, as the sun was setting beyond the town, throwing out in dark relief the double towers of the Stadtkirche, we bade adieu to the old town that still enshrines and venerates the home of Luther.

J. B.

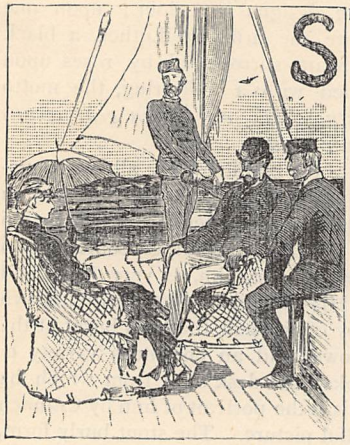
CO-HEIRS.

A CORNISH STORY.

By JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "Lady Flavia," "The Tenth Earl," &c.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

TO THE RESCUE.



SIR POLLOCK HARTOPP was out in his new yacht, *The Foam*. He had persuaded, or tormented, not only Lord Malvern, but his beautiful daughter, Lady Gwendoline, to bear him company. No persuasion could have coaxed the countess to set foot on a yawl's planks, nor did Lady Edith love the sea. The day was fine; but the treacherous Atlantic climate is never to be trusted. Only last week the Tregunna lifeboat, Robert Barton's gift, had been crippled, and one of her crew drowned, in vainly trying to save the crew of a French sloop wrecked on the Razor Rocks. But there was Sir Pollock, with his dandy crew of Isle of Wight sailors, and his smart, confident captain, or sailing master—better used to win cups and bets in the Solent than to bear the force of a storm on the cruel iron-bound coast of Cornwall—as intent upon a pleasure trip as though there were no threatening signs to westward. The cloud-bank to seaward blackened, the flying scud swept past in ragged masses, a line of foam, like a low white wall, advanced rapidly from the horizon, and with it came, strengthening ever, the force and fury of the tempest. It was an awkward place for a vessel manned by a holiday crew, and commanded by a yachting skipper like Captain Bliss, to be caught by so fierce a gale. The end of it was that, after an ineffectual tack or two, spars snapping, sails flapping wildly, and the rudder disabled, *The Foam* grounded on the Razor Rocks, where every white wave leaped over her slanting bulwarks, clamouring hungrily for prey. It was a time of sore peril for those on board the yacht. There was no flinching on the part of passengers or crew. The dandified yachting sailors showed true British pluck in the hour of adversity, while Lady Gwendoline, pale and beautiful, set an example of uncomplaining courage to the rest. Nor was the earl lacking in composure, now that death seemed so near. As for the young master of the yawl, his chief concern was for his guests,

whom his own foolhardy contempt for advice had apparently entrapped to their destruction.

"If I'd only listened to those old croakers on Gweltmouth Pier-head," exclaimed Sir Pollock, in bitter self-reproach, "we shouldn't have been in this—pickle! As it is, Lady Gwendoline, I can but beg your pardon. Awfully sorry about you and my lord. If you were but safe at Marblehead Priors, it would only serve me right for a bull-headed fool, as I am, and be hanged to me!"

"Take comfort, Sir Pollock. It was no fault of yours, whatever happens," responded Lady Gwendoline gently; "and perhaps our plight is not quite desperate. They must have seen us from the shore. There is a lifeboat, I believe, at Tregunna."

"Ay, but Barton's lifeboat—he gave the boat, and drilled the crew—is useless now, since she got stove in trying to save the poor wretches of Frenchmen on the wrecked sloop last Friday," groaned the baronet. "None of your common cockleshells would face such a sea!"

"Here comes help, I think!" exclaimed Lord Malvern hopefully.

A large fishing-coble it was, buffeting her way valiantly through the wrathful waters, fighting, struggling on, with her red sails reefed to the very least rag of tough unbleached canvas that would give her steerage-way, the glittering spray breaking in columns and showers over her bluff bows as she came on, plunging into the deep hollows between the huge waves, and toiling painfully in the ascent of each watery mountain that reared its curling crest as if to overwhelm the daring adventurers who had ventured out in such weather from the shore. The storm increased. Shriller and more exultant grew the shriek of the gale. Louder and deeper was the menacing roar of the surf as it lashed the reef of rocks, and beat with violent blows upon the hollow sides of the wrecked yacht, as if the great sea were determined not to be baulked of its victims. Clearly in a few hours' time there would be no more left of *The Foam* than mere driftwood, just as had happened in the case of the luckless French vessel lately aground.

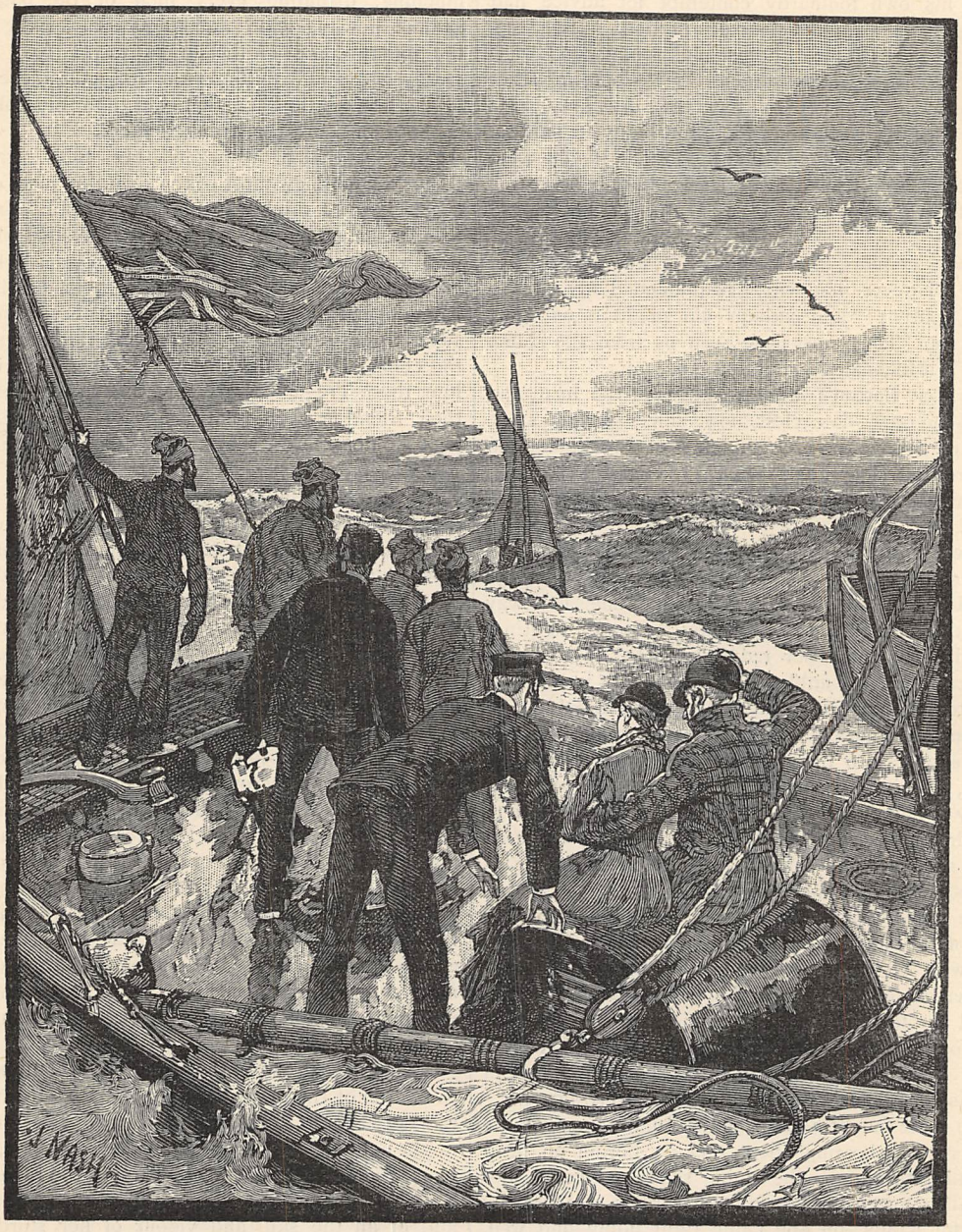
The coble fought a hard fight. In the face of the furious storm, beating about, tacking, boring on, head to wind, rather under the raging sea than over it, her red sails strained to creaking, her tiller clutched by powerful hands, on she came right nobly and well. But the fierce gale was at its worst. It beat back the rescuers. Constantly the coble was hidden by the glancing, blinding spray. Constantly the hollow between the enormous waves seemed to swallow her up. Yet she held on, baffled, not defeated, and still kept up the unequal war.

"They can't do it, they can't!" was the despairing verdict of the sailors on board the yacht; and indeed the task did seem superhuman. Only those who have wrestled with the sea in its wrath know what the sea can be in its wilder moods. The gallant little fisher-boat was spun round, buffeted, driven back, flooded with water, so that half of those on board had to bale out the superfluous brine; but still on she came, never flinching, disputing every inch of the battle-field against howling wind and angry sea. Ever amidst the plumy crests of the great waves rose up the sturdy masts and fluttered the red sails, close-reefed, of the brave little bark that was now the sole hope of those on board the stranded yacht.

"It's Christian Mawgan's big coble," said Sir Pollock, who knew most of the seafaring men on that coast. "And I think no other boat could live in such a terrible sea. But I'm surprised, too; for Kit Mawgan, who was a cousin of theirs, was drowned when the lifeboat—Barton's lifeboat—capsized in helping the Frenchmen on the reef, and these fisher-chaps are a superstitious set, who——Ah! there's Barton himself in the coble's bows: that accounts for it. They worship him, those Tregunna beachmen and their wives. He's their friend in sickness and in sorrow; wonderful the good he does. Yes, they'd go to death cheerfully with Robert Barton to lead."

"I scarcely wonder at it," murmured Lady Gwendoline, almost unconsciously, as she marked the noble face and the fearless attitude of the young man who stood in the bows of the fishing-craft, drenched by the blinding spray, with one hand grasping the dripping gunwale of the plunging boat. Barton was one of those men whom danger seems to show in a new light. He looked handsomer, as well as manlier, than Lady Gwendoline had ever seen him look before, and as he turned his head to utter some words of encouragement to the rough fisher-folk who manned the coble, it was strange to note how loyally they answered to his call. Sir Pollock Hartopp had been accurate in saying that no influence but that of Robert Barton could have tempted forth these men of the net and line, contrary to the dictates, not merely of selfish prudence, but of custom and superstition. Every one who has seen much of fishermen must know the importance they attach to the "wake" and funeral of a drowned comrade, and how misfortune is supposed to attend those who put to sea before proper respect has been shown to the departed.

Still, bold as were the efforts and stubborn the resolution of the rescuers, it seemed doubtful whether the attempt to reach the stranded pleasure-vessel might not end in disastrous failure. Baffled, beaten back, spun round like a giant top in the midst of the eddies, the coble had need of all her tough strength and of all the skill and vigour of her sturdy crew. Three times she nearly gained the dangerous verge of the Razor Rocks, and three times she was driven away to leeward, and had to struggle hard to regain her former vantage. And there were moments when it seemed as though the fishing-boat herself were about to perish, floundering in the wild sea that raved and roared around the reef. At last, a rope flung from Robert Barton's hand fell over the bulwarks of the wrecked yawl, and was eagerly seized on and hauled home. Two, three minutes more of toil and suspense, and the two vessels were close together, and Lady Gwendoline felt herself lifted into the coble in Barton's strong arms, while a black-bearded Cornish giant assisted the earl to scramble on board. Their com-



"BUFFETING HER WAY VALIANTLY THROUGH THE WRATHFUL WATERS" (*p.* 739).

panions in peril soon followed, Sir Pollock manfully choosing to be the last to leave the yacht. Then the rope was cast off, and the coble, dangerously low in the water now, so heavy was the living load of the rescued, seemed to fly shorewards. On the beach waited a crowd of sympathisers, who set up a hearty cheer of congratulation, and ran to the edge of the surf to snatch the hawser that was thrown by a practised hand towards the shingle. At the second cast it was secured, and Christian Mawgan's sorely buffeted coble was dragged high, if not dry, by the powerful arms of thirty volunteers. There was safety at last.

But Lady Gwendoline had fainted. She had borne up while still in imminent risk with a courage that equalled that of any of the men, but now her overstrung nerves gave way. How she got back to Marblehead Priors—the short journey being, in truth, performed in Barton's light open carriage, which, on their arrival at Tregunna, he readily placed at the disposal of the earl

and his daughter—she never afterwards was able to recall to mind. But what she did remember, and vividly too, was the sense of protection she had felt as, clinging to Robert's arm, and sheltered by him from the dash of the encroaching waves, she had been lifted into the fishing-boat. How dauntless he had seemed, and yet so kind and gentle withal!—a true knight in these prosaic days of ours, when chivalry is reputed to be dead. Also there had been a look in Barton's eyes, as they turned on her, as if of admiration; and she had deserved it well, for with her golden hair floating loose, and an unwonted glow of colour in her cheek, she had looked beautiful indeed. The earl, it may be mentioned, had not as yet found an opportunity of speaking to his daughter as to the odious pretensions of Jabez Sleuthby.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

THROUGH the darkling streets of Gweltmouth, past stair-foots and lanes black as Acheron, on that moonless night of the late sultry summer, sped, with the swift foot of a hunted deer, Katharine Krane. She was closely veiled. She had stolen away from her home and from its neighbourhood, threading her way through devious thoroughfares of the old Celtic burgh. At last she reached Jabez Sleuthby's lonely cottage; at last she knocked at the door. Goody Green, the charwoman who waited on the miser, had done her work, and had hobbled off home. Probably Miss Krane was aware of the old woman's habitual hour of retiring, for she knocked loudly and confidently, pulling up her black veil as she did so.

Few girls would have traversed the suburbs of Gweltmouth so courageously as she had done on so dark an evening. Not far from the house she sought, she had observed, at the corner of a lane, two ill-looking fellows hanging about, as if on the watch for prey—strangers, by their dress and bearing, to Gweltmouth. But she had passed on with her proud air and her free step, and the lurking shapes had slunk back into the congenial blackness of the moonless night.

"Who are you?—who wants me?" said the peevish voice of Jabez Sleuthby from within.

"It is I—Kattie—Kate Krane. I must come in!" was the fearless answer.

Slowly the recluse who inhabited the cottage undid the ponderous fastenings, and opened the door.

"An unexpected pleasure!" he said coldly.

"Let me come in," said Katharine, in her quick, imperious tones. "I have that to say to-night which must be said. Let me come in."

Sullenly Jabez complied. He stepped back to allow the visitor to pass; re-closed, locked and barred the door, and then, candle in hand, ceremoniously ushered Miss Krane into the parlour in which he had held his momentous interview with the Earl of Malvern.

"Allow me," he murmured, as he proffered a chair with grim deference of manner. "Well, as you please."

She refused to be seated. She stood drawn up to her full height, beautiful, but with a fierce, defiant beauty, as she faced her host, anger and scorn in her dark flashing eyes. Few of her sex could have borne to hear the clack of the massive door-lock and the noise of the replacing of the iron bar under such circumstances without alarm, for she knew, or should have known, the cold, hard, pitiless nature of the man whom she was about to drive to bay. But Richard Krane's daughter was pretty sure to have somewhat of the lion in her heart, and Kate's bright eyes bore down the shifty ones that looked snakily at her.

"They tell me, Jabez Sleuthby, that you have proposed yourself as a husband for the Lady Gwendoline at Marblehead," she said, in that desperate way in which a woman sometimes speaks her mind, even when the words seem to sear her lips as she utters them. "They say that the weak earl, who is in your power, meshed in your golden net, is to promote the sacrifice of the girl's hand to her father's creditor. Why, your tell-tale face confirms the report. I came here, sure it was not true. I know now, more surely, how true it is. But, first, you have to reckon with me!"

"With you, Miss Krane?" asked Jabez, in a hoarse, hollow voice.

"Yes, with me," was her fearless reply. "And I tell you frankly I will not allow it, that I forbid you to be a wooer yonder. I love you, Jabez Sleuthby, to my sorrow—I always have loved you—you made me love you—and now you leave me because I have neither riches nor title. Listen, and then prosecute your suit to the De Vere heiress if you dare. You remember Harry Parsons—ah! you wince; yet he was but one of the many flies caught in your web. How singularly well that accident served your turn! But what you never knew was, Jabez, that a girl held in her grasp the secret that could send you to the convict's cell, the garb of shame, the penal labour, discipline, disgrace, of Portland or Dartmoor. When you robbed insensible Henry Parsons of his bank-notes, of the receipt you had given, of the title-deeds you had restored but half an hour before, you scarcely dreamed that Kattie's—despised Kate's—eyes watched you through the window as you did your evil work. As little did you deem that Katharine Krane, as she sat in his sad home, by the bedside of the dying man alone, heard him, in the latest words he ever spoke, confirm her previous belief that he had paid his debt to Mr. Sleuthby the usurer—to that ruthless Mr. Sleuthby, who, when his unfortunate client was carried, senseless and bleeding, into his house, plundered him, and then——"

"Hush! Kate—Hush! if you have any mercy; I——"

He had stared at her with a look in his eyes like that of some stricken animal, and now, with a ghastly face, he dropped into a chair. His features twitched and worked pitiably, and he gasped for breath, while his thin hands uplifted clawed the air, as if seeking for help. Miss Krane still mutely awaited a reply, but at last, bending over him, and in a tone that was some-

what gentler than the harsh accusing accents which she had previously employed, said—

"Give me your answer, Jabez. As your wife, your secret will be my secret, and I will be as silent as the grave. Do I not love you, ungrateful one? Is it not a pain to me to harm you? But dare to refuse me"—and again her eyes flashed fire, and her voice rang clarion-clear through the stillness—"and I tell you plainly that the widow of the dead man whom you robbed shall know all. Let her deal with you as the law permits. It rests with her to bring you to shame and punishment, to avenge her children's and her husband's wrongs. Would you like me to go from hence to Broadmead, and tell all I know?"

Jabez bent down his drooping head till it rested on the sordid table, and with one great sob exclaimed—

"My sin—my crime—has found me out; and—and the girl I loved is as the avenging angel that tracks me to my ruin——"

He was speechless for awhile, and then rallying his feeble strength, he staggered to his feet.

"Leave me now, Kate," he faltered out, livid and terror-stricken, with white lips that quivered as he spoke; "only give me until to-morrow. Grant me so much grace as that, and you shall have your answer. Yes, yes, to-morrow—to-morrow!"

There was something so abject in his misery, so complete in his distress, that it might have moved to pity a harder heart than that of Katharine Krane. Silently she bowed her stately head in token of assent. Without a word the girl lowered the thick veil that she had raised, turned, and glided swiftly and noiselessly from the room and from the house, re-closing quietly the outer door through which she passed, and traversing the dusky alleys of Gweltmouth with a quick and assured step, as before. Again, at the corner of a gloomy lane not far from the miser's tenement, she seemed to see two prowling forms that shunned scrutiny and crept back into the shadow of an overhanging gable. But of these wanderers of the night Kate Krane took little heed, but hurried on homewards, her busy brain on fire, and regained her father's dwelling before her absence had been observed.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

FOR half an hour after Kate had left him, Jabez remained quite motionless, sitting with his elbow on the table, and his head resting on his hand. Then he arose, and taking up his solitary candle, wearily and painfully dragged himself up the steep and carpetless stairs that led to his garret and his bed. He was like one walking in a dream, his eyes open to their fullest width, but fixed on vacancy, and the spirit far away. He gained his wretched bedchamber, which seemed, as he surveyed it, meaner and narrower than ever it had done before, and, fully dressed, threw himself upon his pallet-bed, with its patchwork quilt, and creaking wood-work that bent complainingly under his weight, leaving his candle alight on a chair near the bed.

"I must think," he muttered to himself; yet it was characteristic of the man, and symptomatic, too, of his bodily and mental condition, that he could form no coherent train of thought. Old memories rushed in like ghastly guests unbidden, and there was ever present a vague dull sense of failure and defeat. Of actual apprehension there was not much, although Katharine Krane's threats had not been lightly uttered. He was not so much afraid as stunned. He was a baffled schemer, a plotter whose plots had been counter-plotted, and who could thenceforth wield his magician's wand no more. There might be life before him, and there might be freedom; but the life would not be such as he had shaped out for himself, and the very freedom seemed worthless when divorced from power.

Presently Jabez Sleuthby heard, or thought that he heard, unwonted noises below. Yet, how could that be? He was alone in his solitary house. It must have been an hour or more since Kate was there. Goody Green, the aged charwoman, had been locked out some time before. "Imagination plays strange tricks with us," murmured the miser, as he passed his bony hand across his throbbing forehead. "I fancy—yes, I fancy—that all that scene, of which Kate's words have so harshly reminded me, is reproduced exactly as its details occurred. It was a twelvemonth ago. Yet I hear—such is the power of conscience—the trampling of the feet of those who bear in the helpless form of the dying man, lately so full of high health and jocund confidence. Yes, they carry their blood-stained burthen in, tenderly enough, poor fellows! for they at least have human hearts beneath the rough exterior, and by a strange instinct of sympathetic delicacy they do their best to tread softly, stealthily almost. It was broad daylight then; it is black night now. Yet there are the sounds—ay, there, and there again, I hear the fancied noises. Yes, the door opens, the heavy feet tread the narrow passage as lightly as they can, and are gone.

"Why, surely it must be real!" exclaimed the miser as he raised himself to a sitting posture, and listened. But he heard nothing. All was quiet.

"No, I was wrong—I was mistaken," went on the miserable man. "It has ceased. Yes, I mistook imaginary sounds for real ones. These are terribly real to me. It is only the effect of my troubled brain—but then, in what state am I that I should lie prostrate, like the hoary walls of ancient Jericho at the sound of the vengeful trumpet-blast? Am I so bad, after all? I have ground the poor; I have been a hard master, a grasping landlord. But this was my only real crime. I have never before broken the law. I broke it that once. It was a sin. I was ashamed of my ill-got gains as I—how distinct that tramp of feet, and how true to life that smothered sound of suppressed voices!—as I robbed the helpless, dying guest, whom an accident had placed within my clutch. I wish, I wish I had not done it—had not so soiled my soul. All the retrospect of my early life, I know not why, comes crowding back upon me like a panorama, stretching endlessly, every detail vivid and distinct.

I almost wish that I had been a different sort of man —a better man I might well have been; but a few short years ago there did seem to me to be two paths open before me, and I chose the one that seemed to me the shorter and the simpler—the narrower and the more crooked, as I know it now to be. Yes—yes—I might have been in Gweltmouth what Robert is at Tregunna: the friend, the leader, the trusted patron, for whom children on their knees would have been taught to lisp their earliest prayers, as I have heard they did for him—for him. Why should they do it for me—the grinding taskmaster, that never soothed a widow's sorrow, that never earned a gentle word or thought in any poor man's home? Yet I could have liked to be loved, not loathed. Yet I could have been so happy with Kate—beautiful, sad Kate. I wonder why she loves me, base and bad as I am? Why——"

He started, and was speechless for awhile. With horror he remembered that after Katharine Krane had left him he had, in the agitation of the moment, neglected his usual precautions—that the door of his cottage had been left unguarded by bolt or lock or bar when he had staggered up to rest. His dawning repentance, his half-superstitious fears, gave way at once before the instinct of habit, and, candle in hand, he quickly descended the steep and narrow stairs, with the hurried action of a soldier who has deserted his post. As he drew near to the stair-foot, the night wind, moist and clammy-cold, blew in. The cottage door was open—wide open; so was the door of the parlour, within which was visible the smoky glare of a small dark lantern. There was a shuffling sound of running feet. Two slinking forms—the figures of men whose very gait and garb at such an hour proclaimed them to be thieves—were hurrying out through the half-open garden-gate, and darting into the road and the night. A moment more, and the fog and the blackness had swallowed them up.

Jabez Sleuthby, dreading the worst, tottered rather than walked into the parlour that was his den by day. Yes, his worst fears were realised. Robbers had been busy there—no mere snatchers such as poverty and evil counsel make, but professional burglars, who understand how to ply their knavish craft. Of his five cupboards, every one had been burst open and rifled of its contents. The floor was strewn deeply with papers of all sorts. Here lay a crowbar, there a file, while on the table stood, the shade half down, a common bull's-eye lantern, which had evidently been abandoned when Jabez was heard to open his door and descend the stairs. But the thieves had by no means been scared away empty-handed. A very brief inspection of the steel-lined safes proved that. Where were the heaps of bank-notes, neatly tied up in packets? where the weasel-skin purses full of gold? where the piles of coin which had been as the miser's idols, to be worshipped in secret? Gone! Gone! All that ready money over which his covetous eyes had gloated day by day had been borne off at one fell swoop, and the havoc wrought by the plunderers was too much for his shattered nerves and his reeling brain. He uttered one long, shrieking cry, like that of a hurt bird of prey, and then, by a supreme effort, set down his flaring candle on the table, and tried to stagger to a chair. He did not reach it. There was a film before his eyes; his strength left him; and with a choking murmur in his throat he fell helplessly and heavily on the floor, and lay quite still.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

FOUND DEAD.

ROBERT BARTON was—like most men of robust health who live in the country, and are active and busy—an early riser always at his fair white house at Tregunna, with its extensive outlook over the sea, and the huge mine hard by. But even he had scarcely descended the stairs to his bachelor breakfast before an unprecedented visitor burst in upon him in the shape of Goody, or Mrs. Green, the old charwoman who had waited on his half-brother. Ghastly pale was the visage of Goody Green, and scant her breath, for she was old and weak, and the trudge uphill to Tregunna, so rapidly performed, was a severe trial for her. There she was, at any rate, gasping and shaking like an aspen-leaf with excitement and fatigue.

"Why, dame, you are ill," said Robert, with his usual kindness, much wondering that the old woman, whom he knew by sight, should present herself thus at Tregunna. "Sit down, and take breath before——"

"Some news won't wait for breath," provokingly ejaculated Goody Green, who secretly enjoyed the triumph of being the first teller of a startling tale; "and murder's one of 'em. Not that I say it's just murder," she added, as if conscious of having awkwardly overshot her mark; "but then, of course, it might have been. And though he warn't overly a good master to me, yet it did give me a turn like to see him lying there, stiff and cold, on the floor——"

"Do you mean my brother—Mr. Sleuthby?" asked Robert in a changed tone. Goody Green, with some cross-questioning, related what she knew and what she guessed.

On re-visiting at an early hour the usual scene of her daily ministrations, she had found the outer door of the cottage open, the parlour door ajar, the cupboards rudely burst open, the floor strewn—knee-deep, as she declared—with papers and parchments, a dark lantern, burglars' tools, and other signs of recent robbery; the candle where Mr. Sleuthby had, no doubt, placed it, on the table, burned down in its socket, and her master himself lying motionless and dead upon the floor.

"Not murdered—surely not!" exclaimed Robert, growing pale as he rang the bell. "The carriage—at once," he said, "and tell Roger to saddle the bay horse, and be ready to gallop off to Gweltmouth without losing a minute. Quick with the carriage, too!"

In answer to reiterated questions, the old woman reluctantly admitted that she had observed no signs of violence, nor had she any reason for supposing that her master had been actually murdered. That he had not been so, Goody Green seemed to consider as a sort of fraud on herself as the narratrix, and

as detracting from the completeness of the narrative. But that he had been robbed there was no doubt; and that he was dead she was quite sure. "I've seen such a many so," said the experienced matron, "that I know it is so with master, poor chap!"

Roger, the groom, was bidden to ride in hot haste to summon Dr. Morgan and Mr. Walsh, medical men, residing not very far from the suburb where Jabez dwelt, to his cottage, and then in his master's name to apprise the Gweltmouth Superintendent of Police of what had occurred. Roger rode off at a swift pace; nor was it long before the carriage came round, and Robert Barton, accompanied by the old woman who had been the bringer of the ill news, drove rapidly down to Gweltmouth. The groom had done his mission well, for both the surgeons arrived almost as soon as Robert himself at the usurer's cottage. Of the condition of Barton's estranged half-brother there could be no doubt.

"Dead for some hours past," said the experienced Dr. Morgan, after a brief examination of the corpse.

"Poor Jabez!—not murdered, though, I hope?" said Robert, looking sadly down at the white face and the rigid features.

"I find no signs of external injury," replied Dr. Morgan. "Some mental emotion, rather—the heart, probably, being the seat of unsuspected or neglected disease."

So, too, said Mr. Walsh, and such proved to be the truth.

By this time there were other persons in the miser's desolate cottage—neighbours, attracted by that neighbourly instinct which is most evinced on the occasion of the three great events in human life—birth, marriage, and death; and also Police Superintendent Cutter and his uniformed acolytes. With the imposing weight of medical evidence against him, the chief of the Gweltmouth Police could not uphold the theory of homicide. But if there had not been a murder case to fill newspaper columns and enhance the importance of Mr. Superintendent Cutter, there had, at any rate, been a burglary on a grand scale; though even in this instance the Fates had been unkind to the head of the local police. The housebreakers must have made their entry through the front door, accidentally left unfastened. But once in the cottage, they had done their work with a neatness and a dexterity which proved them to be professional cracksmen. Jabez, then, was carried up-stairs, and laid on his miserable bed, while the search went on. Not much that could subserve the ends of justice was discovered. The dark lantern was a mere ninepenny affair. The dainty little steel crowbar, a file, and a stout clasp-knife were such as experts use, and had, no doubt, been employed in forcing open Mr. Sleuthby's cupboards. Not a coin nor a note remained, only mortgage deeds, bills, bonds, and cumbrous parchments. The robbery had probably been committed by scoundrels from a distance, who had heard of Jabez Sleuthby's wealth and loneliness, and had profited by the accident of his door being left unsecured to effect their burglarious purpose.

No will was found, after the minutest search, among the voluminous papers of Jabez Sleuthby, nor was there any memorandum, diary, or rough sketch, which indicated any testamentary preference on the part of the defunct miser. The verdict of the coroner's jury was "Death from natural causes." There was a quiet funeral. And Robert Barton, as heir-at-law and sole surviving relative—for of the Sleuthbys nothing was known, and Jabez himself had never been able to count kindred save with his mother's family—became not merely the master of Kirkman's famous porcelain works, but the inheritor of a considerable property, represented by the bonds, bills, deeds, and valuable papers which the thieves, ignorant of their value, had flung away when they absconded with the bank-notes and the gold. Robert made a just, and also a merciful, use of the unsought wealth that had accrued to him. The debtors of Jabez were lightly and generously dealt with, while the widow of Harry Parsons received the money wrongfully extorted from her after the dead usurer had profited by the sudden death of her too careless husband. Enough in the handwriting of Jabez himself, as well as the receipt in full, was found among the dead man's papers to inform Robert of his brother's sin, and ample and prompt was the reparation.

The thieves who plundered the miser's cottage did not fall, living, into the hands of the police, but on the day following the robbery the bodies of two men, strangers to the district, were found in the river Gwelt, near the ferry, having been probably drowned in a rash atttempt, on that foggy night on which Jabez died, to ford the stream in its deepest and most dangerous part. A large sum of money—clearly the proceeds of the burglary—was discovered upon the persons of the dead vagabonds, and was, after legal delays, restored to the proper owner.

Poor Kate Krane never forgot—unworthy as he was—her first and only love. Soon after Mr. Sleuthby's death she left Gweltmouth to join a Nursing Sisterhood, and may often now be seen flitting from sick-bed to sick-bed, and spending her energies and her time on errands of good among the hospitals and the fever-plagued alleys of London.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

"DOES SHE LOVE ME?"

It was now some weeks since the death of Jabez Sleuthby, and already the autumnal leaves were red or golden russet in their hue, when Robert Barton walked from Tregunna to Marblehead Priors. His purpose was to ask the earl to sanction his suit to Lady Gwendoline. Even if Lord Malvern should regard him with favour, he had cause for hesitation.

"Does she love me?" he said to himself, more than once, as he recalled her words and looks during the brief period of their intercourse.

Chance befriended him, for on entering the demesne he met Lady Gwendoline, and alone. Her start and her tell-tale blush as she coyly gave him her hand lent him courage, and as they two slowly walked to-

gether towards the house, Robert ventured to tell her the object of his early visit, and to speak of the doubts that had weighed upon his mind. Again that tell-tale blush, as Lady Gwendoline looked down, and said softly, almost in a whisper, "You need not doubt." Never had Barton's ears drunk in so sweet a sound.

"O my own, my very own!" passionately exclaimed the young man. "Then I may hope for your love?"

"I do love you," whispered Lady Gwendoline, sobbing as she hid her face, and then there was silence for a little while.

"Now I am brave!" said Robert laughingly, as they resumed their walk side by side towards the house; "for I know that Lord Malvern can deny you nothing, dearest. Let us go to him together."

But when the house had been entered, and the library reached, Lady Gwendoline it was who anticipated Robert's projected speech by rushing to the earl's side, and exclaiming—

"Father, dear papa, you *must* consent!"

And before the earl could recover from his astonishment, Barton stepped forward, and in a few manly words asked for Lady Gwendoline as his wife.

"Upon my word," said Lord Malvern, as he shook Robert's hand, "I know no man whom I esteem more, or whom I could more cordially welcome as a son-in-law."

And the countess, when an adjournment to the drawing-room was presently proposed, and her ladyship called into conclave, was graciously pleased to signify her approval of the match, as did also kindly Lady Edith. In her heart of hearts Lady Malvern would probably have preferred Sir Pollock, since then there would have been title and money too, but in this case, at any rate, the latter advantage was not lacking. And she really did like Robert Barton somewhat better than the baronet. And there would be no difficulty about settlements: in fact, all was for the best. Three months later the marriage took place. That it was a happy one, or that the poor and needy for miles around have cause to love and reverence the names of Robert and his beautiful young wife, needs scarcely to be told, while all the cares and anxieties of the past—as if they had been a part of the life of the schemer Jabez, and with him had died—vanished, or remained in the memory but as the vague remembrance of a dream.

THE END.

"'WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO GO FROM HENCE TO BROADMEAD, AND TELL ALL I KNOW?'" (*p.* 742).

HOW MOLLY MADE BOTH ENDS MEET.

BY PHILLIS BROWNE, AUTHOR OF "WHAT GIRLS CAN DO."

CHAPTER THE SIXTH, AND LAST.

THE UNEXPECTED LETTER.

THE next letter was from Mother. It was as follows:—

"MOLLY'S HOME.

"DEAR SISTER AND FRIEND,—I knew you would be anxious to hear tidings of me, so I sent you a card telling of my safe arrival here. Now I know you will want to hear of my experiences, and I have stolen away from the others and am sitting down to write you a full, true, and particular account of all that has happened to me.

"First, I must tell you that my heart is filled with gratitude as I acknowledge that my dear little Molly seems to have found her right place, and that she is very happy indeed. Susan must not be indignant with me if I say that I continue to like Charlie very much. He is sensible, honest, straightforward, and, more than all, he is most devotedly attached to his wife. As we have often said to one another, marriage is like a great lottery. When one thinks of all the chances there are in connection with it, what numberless blanks are drawn and how few prizes, also when one realises what a difference marriage makes in life, what blessing it brings if it is a success, and what utter misery and dark hopelessness if it is a failure, one wonders that any girl *dares* to stand before the altar and take the solemn vow. I am almost afraid to write the words, yet to you I will speak honestly. I believe that my little daughter is one of the few who have drawn a prize. She has found what is the most glorious place that can be for a true woman—the shelter of a good man's love. While she and her husband live, she will have the blessed companionship and perfect sympathy which is found in marriage alone, and in no other earthly condition. Even when one of the two is taken away there will be the hope of a happy re-union somewhere else. While I have been with these young people, I have felt how natural it was that marriage should have begun in Paradise."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" interrupted Aunt Susan, "how very sentimental that sister of mine is!" but as she took off her spectacles to rub them bright, Mrs. Browne noticed that her eyes were dim with tears.

"Molly's mother has been reminded of her own young days, and of the time when Molly's father was living," said Mrs. Browne, and the two old ladies returned to the letter.

"Of course we have had a good deal of talk about the experiment in making both ends meet which the young people have been making, and as they have now been occupied in trying to accomplish the feat for a whole year, it was resolved that on the night after my arrival there should be a grand overhauling of accounts, and a thorough investigation as to the financial position of the family. Molly's books and Charlie's too were to be brought, the ready money of 'the firm,' as they call themselves, was to be counted, and a plain statement was to be made out. Both Charlie and Molly seemed to think they would be behindhand. Molly said she did not think they would be very far on the wrong side, because they had planned things out so carefully, and kept within the line so scrupulously; still, she felt sure there would be *something* unpaid for. When I asked her why she expected this, she said that it always was so; she had never heard or read of any one who had managed to keep right, straight away. People always got behindhand at first, and then they had to retrace their steps by slow and painful methods, and found how difficult it was to make up for the past.

"I was quite amused with the profound character of my little girl's reflections on this subject, and I can assure you that between us we did a good deal of moralising on my first day. Molly said that she had learnt one lesson from the year's experience—it was that you must have a good margin. 'It seems to me,' said the philosophical little woman, 'that to leave a good margin in all things is one of the secrets of life. If, in our expectations, our promises, and our judgments, our hopes and our fears, we can only allow a wide margin, we escape so much disappointment.' Then she confessed to me that so thoroughly had she felt the importance of this, that in her private share of the expenditure she had provided for a margin outside the original margin, so that in this matter she had at any rate done her best.

"The fun of it was, however, that when the accounts were at last brought out and examined, it was discovered that Charlie had done just the same—he also had left an extra margin. Thus it came about that, after all expenses had been paid, these two self-inflicted margins were left untouched. And so the problem was solved, the victory was won. By facing bravely what had to be done in the first instance, by making provision for everything that could be foreseen, and by allowing abundance of margin, my son and daughter had made both ends meet.

"I never saw two people more delighted than these two were. Molly clapped her hands like a child, and kissed both Charlie and me in a most exuberant fashion. Then something very strange happened. While we were all rejoicing together, a rat-tat was heard at the door, and a letter was handed to Charlie. He looked at it, and became grave, then he said, 'This is Uncle William's writing; I wonder what he has to say.' Molly looked grave too. We have heard

of this Uncle William. He was a very eccentric brother of Charlie's father. It was supposed that he was wealthy, and as he had no children of his own, some people had thought that when Charlie married on a small salary, Uncle William would have helped the young folks out. But he had never made a sign, and as Charlie himself had never expected anything or looked for help from the old gentleman, he and Molly had not been disappointed. Now, however, Uncle William had written, and this was what he said :—

"'NEPHEW CHARLES,—You have been married a year. I suppose by this time you have found out how difficult it is to make both ends meet. I gave you no wedding-present when you married, and I have never offered you help. I acted thus advisedly because I believe that it is a good thing for every man and woman to find out for himself and herself what is both the use and the uselessness of money, for it is a fact that money is worth a great deal up to a point, and beyond that point it is worth nothing at all. Half the world, it seems to me, makes a mistake on one of these points, the other half on the other. Yet I doubt not that you are a good deal wiser on these matters than you were twelve months ago. I therefore write to tell you that I intend to make you my heir. You will have my property at my death, and so long as I live I shall allow you a fixed sum per annum, the amount of which I will discuss with you when I see you. Meantime, I send you the enclosed cheque.

"'Your eccentric Uncle,

"'WILLIAM.'

"We all looked at one another. 'This is becoming ridiculous,' said Molly; but I told her that it was quite natural and usual. Was I not right? It is always thus. Those who have, get a little more; and those who are in difficulties get further into the mire. If the young folks had been behindhand in their accounts, the post would have brought a bill which had escaped their memory, and which must be paid immediately.

"Before we had recovered our astonishment, the celebrated Jenny came in. Perhaps you wonder that I have not mentioned Jenny before. The reason is that I have not seen much of Jenny. She is very busy. So is Mr. Malcolm. They seem, too, to be engaged with the same things. Moreover, there is a happy look in Jenny's eyes, and a smile on her lips. When no one is looking at her she laughs and sometimes sings. As for Mr. Malcolm, he is most absurdly and perseveringly important. Can you tell what it all means, you two old ladies, who are sitting quietly at home by the fire? I think I can. Another couple are going to make experiments in housekeeping.

"When Jenny heard of Uncle William's intentions she was very much pleased. 'You won't have to plan so carefully now, Molly,' she said; 'you will be able to spend without a thought.' But Molly said, 'No, that was not the case at all. The amount of income was nothing, the relation between income and expenditure was everything. The right balance must be preserved, no matter what the amount to be disposed of might be. We have succeeded,' she added, 'because we have learnt how to make income overlap expenditure. We should be poor even though we had thousands a year, if we could not accomplish that feat.'"

ON THE EAST COAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDGE BETWEEN," "THEIR SUMMER DAY," ETC. ETC.

THE east coast has many attractions during a hot summer. A cooler breeze steals over the sea than that which fans us at the watering-places farther south, a greater freshness is in the air, there is more life and not less brightness in all the surroundings. Even the waves sparkling in the sunshine seem to fall with a crisper, swifter sound upon the shingly beach than they do farther round the corner, where the island faces the south and is first sighted by the swallows. Do any as they sit watching the great waves coming in faster and faster, each seeming as though it brought some message from the ships far out at sea which from sheer hurry it cannot deliver, ever think what the same little place in which they are staying will look like a few months later, or looked like a few months back—in the month of March, for instance? There is a place we have in our mind as we write; it is gay enough now in all its summer bravery. In March, that wild bleak March of this year, it would have been difficult for those who throng it now even to recognise. A little strip of a place calling itself a town. The arrival of a couple of visitors is so rare in the winter that it is a mild but lasting sensation, and they are regarded with a good deal of curiosity, and some pity; but it is mild inoffensive curiosity, and sleepy inexpressive pity, for in our out-of-the-way watering-place, as in many others, the people only seem to be wholly awake or altogether alive in the bright season and at the profitable time of year. It is an excellent condition, all things considered, for the little town has few enough resources, but in the time of their torpor the needs of the natives are few enough also. Food, of course, they must have; there is excellent meat for those who can afford it; fish is scanty and dear; milk is cheap, and the butter is good save when it tastes over-much of turnips. The difference of butter from turnip-fed cows and hay-fed cows, and from which the farmer's wife churned last, and who

was served from the one and who from the other, is an interesting and agreeable topic of conversation. Fuel is comparatively an easy thing to get; coals are not over-cheap, to be sure, but then the sea, "the great mother" of all these small places, is generous enough in some ways, and gives to one what she takes from another, and never a storm arises but all along the coast are seen the spars, and planks, and beams, and tall masts that once formed part of great ships, which proudly put to sea, and in the end were tossed upon the shore in splinters.

Amusement? Yes, in the course of the winter there is a concert and there are rumours of penny readings, but who performs and who listens, and all that was done, or whether anything was done, are all matters about which they can tell one little. They keep but one eye open to see with, and but one ear open to hear with; how can they be expected to remember or relate aught of such trifles as these? As for reading, there is a reading-room, but it is closed for seven months in the year.

Newspapers? Yes, to be sure, there are the country papers, and sometimes it wiles away a bit of time to read them; but last winter, in which the fishing was bad, pence were too scarce to throw away on papers, "indulging one's curiosity about things that don't concern one;" and times were so bad with them that they had no heart and no desire to try and find out how they had been with others. As for London papers, one copy of the *Times* is taken in the place by a good and worthy gentleman who has lived his life there, and earned his right to have his whims respected; shall he not even take in a threepenny paper at the dull time of year if he wish it? But for a visitor to do so would probably be to have his sanity and his solvency doubted at the same moment. Residents, of course, must be considered; there are a few, very few, well-off people, who for some reason stay in the neighbourhood all the year round, and for these a few copies of an evening paper arrive by the last train from town; but it seems a sad waste of money, no doubt, to the simple fisher-folk if they know of it. A paper every day is extravagant enough, but an evening paper, half a day's news instead of a whole day's, and all because people can't wait till the next morning! Well, well! But it's a strange world, and always in a hurry, and yet of sea and time there are so much and to spare down here—from their point of view.

Politics? No, they never trouble their heads about politics. They know the names of individuals pretty well, and have their preferences, but what the preferences are founded on it would be hard to say; and of parties they also know the names, but not the difference. Why should they? what do parties matter to them? Things do well enough as they are, they would tell you, one side in when the other side is out, and the world going on all the same, anyway. What have they—mostly fisher-folk as they are—to do with Conservatives, or Liberals, or Radicals? The summer comes, and the sky is blue and the sun dances on the water, and the little sails spread out and put to sea, and maybe the money for the winter rent is saved, and all the place laughs back at the happy water; and gradually the autumn comes, and the last stranger gets him gone, and the long dark nights begin again, and the dread of floods, and the weary waiting for the spring: all these things fill the simple minds here. What have they to do with politics?

There is a line of houses fronting the sea, a line that is not of the terrace description, or in any way like that to be found at the majority of watering-places. No speculative builder as yet has put down his foot in the place and raised up rows of cheap houses and fancy villas, that, while they betoken prosperity, betoken also the ruin of simplicity and the loss of much that is picturesque. One person has built him a house to his own mind, and another has done the same next to it, but in a different fashion.

At one end of the beach there is a hotel, put up by a resident, and by no means of the ordinary seaside description. A red-brick, comfortable-looking little pile, with one side square and the other round, and many windows facing the sea, and a large sign-board on which the name of its proprietor is put up in unusually large gilt letters, and everything about it tempts one to forgive the building for being there. And at the other end there is one little terrace; they who are wise keep their minds from dwelling on it over-much, for it is probably a sign of things to come, but close to it are all manner of dwellings that seem quite in character, to have grown up by accident, just as somehow the whole place does. One man has needed a cottage, and built it; and another a little shop, and it is there; and another has wanted a boat-house, or a workshop, and has managed to raise it, and so it is all along at that part at which it seems the poorer class has had most influence; but nowhere here, any more than further on, have any two put their heads together and said, "Let us make our dwellings alike."

At the back of the sea-front is the town. It consists of one wide street; on either side are houses which match those facing the sea in being of all shapes and sizes, and of different ages. Some of them are mere cottages, few of them are shops, and those that are appear to expect anything rather than customers; they keep their doors shut and generally fastened, and to get in one has to knock or ring, and only wonders that one has not to leave a card, or to bring introductions, in order to get served; though the people are polite enough, with the politeness of those unspoilt by cities, when one once succeeds in getting at them. Jutting out from the main street, that sleepiest of streets by day, and darkest of streets by night—for even when there is no moon the lamps are seldom lit, perhaps because the people think an unexpected moon may turn up and do the lighting for them—jutting out from it are a few very narrow streets, almost like those of a southern Continental town.

Far back the country is wild, and flat and barren, scanty of vegetation and thinly populated, and the few habitations are merely the black, red-roofed, half-shanty, half-shed-like ones that are the pecu-

ON THE EAST COAST.

liarity of the place. To be sure there are the salt marshes; stretching out, they seem to add to the sadness and desolation of the wintry scene. One may walk for miles without meeting a soul, save where now and then near a deserted-looking dwelling, or close to the marshes, perhaps, some gaunt figure suddenly rises up and stands out clear and well defined against the dull grey sky: a figure that appears suddenly and vanishes swiftly, and seems to have no human individuality, but to be a part of the strange weird whole. To the left beyond the marshes is the river, winding in and out towards the sea. One is never tired of imagining that between the river and the sea there is a strange yearning to meet. In all the storms they journey out towards each other; one could fancy that they were long-parted friends who only stealthily, or in the darkness and the tempests, might stretch out longing hands across the black space between them.

And in front of all this is still the sea, with its great waves towering higher and higher only to topple over at last, and break their heads upon the shingly beach: a hungry sea that is for ever trying to creep nearer and nearer to the homes of men. It has crept inland a whole mile within the last so many years, we are afraid to say the precise number. Not over-long since a whole street flourished beyond the present line of sea-front, but gradually the sea stole in towards it, until at last it swept it quite away. At low water the old line of life is plainly traced, and the remains of bricks and mortar are to be seen marking where once a whole row of houses stood: a sign of many histories that have left perhaps no other mark save this set among the sand, and seen only when for a little while the sea

uncovers the vanished shore. All the houses standing now are built on shingle, and each one has as good a chance as the rest of being swept away. The winter visitor is always told this, and the remark seems more prophetic than cheerful as he listens to the loud voice of the March wind and the roar with which the sea responds.

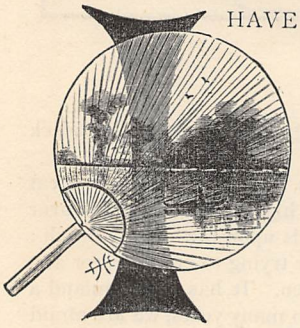
The storms raged last March with a fury unusual even for the east coast. "It is no end of a sea in the winter," a schoolboy who knew it well once remarked to the writer, "so part of it drops in occasionally to say how do you do, and then goes and prospects round the town a bit." And this was a much more literal statement than it might have been imagined. A coastguard, or a boatman, or some other local personage knocked at the doors of the houses facing the sea on the night of the great storm. "There's a big sea coming up soon," he said, "you had better be boarded up a bit." So the houses were boarded up a bit. The street door was planked over, every chink was filled, and there was a time of anxious waiting.

But soon enough and sure enough the waves came, nearer and nearer, and louder and louder, over and over the last bit of beach, over the narrow esplanade, and in no time they were dashing against the street doors; then, as if angry at gaining no admittance, spread past the houses and down the narrow streets behind. But the back doors had been planked over too, and the houses were all boarded up and fortified with earth and sawdust and planks, and looked as though they had made ready for a battle, as indeed they had. And still the sea fled on, until the narrow streets were flowing, and not a soul could anywhere be seen, or any sound be heard save the raging of the storm. And still in front the sea roared and rushed and foamed, and lower down the beach it spent its fury on some poor fishers' cottages, sweeping them away and leaving literally nothing but the walls to show where but an hour before had been some simple homes of simple folk. The men were about till the last moment doing the best they could, leaving their women and children in-doors, thinking perhaps that the simple lives within would act as a charm against the fury without, or hoping that the merciless sea would be merciful. The hope, if they had it, was vain enough, and mothers and children were rescued from the top windows by means of boats, just in time to look back and see all they had possessed swept into the storm. They were not wholly surprised or wholly cast down. "It was bad enough when the herring harvest failed," one man said quietly without either excitement or dismay in his voice, "but that was no bad luck at all compared to this;" he said no more, and he looked as if he thought no more about it.

The people are used to storms, used to seeing a certain number of houses, and even of lives, paid in as toll to the great sea that is the means of helping them to live. It gives them a livelihood, shall it not also take it away if it will? It gives them life, shall it not also sometimes give them death? This seems to be the philosophy of the place. Besides, the winter sleepiness of the people perhaps helps them through their winter sorrows; they take them placidly enough, and placidly help each other to begin the world again. And so the year goes on and the summer comes; and the winter storms—where are they, that they should be remembered?

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



I HAVE beforetime spoken of the art of engraving on wood (page 434). Up to the present time, I have not heard of the existence of any other school besides the one I mentioned, as established by the City and Guilds of London at 122, Kennington Park Road, S.E. In addition to the small fee charged for instruction, which is only £3 annually, there is the further advantage attached to this school of a Lady Superintendent, who resides in the house in which the class is held, and also of dinner and tea being provided and supplied to students at a fixed tariff. I learn that, through the kindly help of the "Society for Promoting the Employment of Women," those taught at the above-named school have the chance of still further privileges, namely, of working in an office in Chancery Lane, under the supervision of an adept; there they have the great advantage of gaining an insight and experience in the requirements of the business, such as could not be gained in any school. This privilege gives the engravers an opportunity of obtaining remunerative work as soon as they have acquired sufficient rapidity of execution. A natural artistic faculty is required to insure rapid progress, as well as a knowledge of drawing; but, as I pointed out beforetime, a commensurate remuneration is sure to be reaped by those who possess talent and industry; and, for the encouragement of those who are soon daunted, I would further point out that the highest order of talent is not essential for engraving, whether on wood or stone.

Allied to the art of wood-engraving is that of Lithography. To those uninitiated in these two crafts, I may say that engraving on wood gives its results from the projecting surface of the block, or those parts not cut away by the engraver, while on the other hand the lithographic process is that of tracing letters or designs,

figures or pictures, on the level surface of stone, after which the impressions are transferred on to paper. There are various styles of lithography; there are the lower grades which merely imitate writing, and the higher forms, where the artist copies etchings and pictures on a large or small scale; great manual dexterity has to be brought into play when pictures are copied, for the different tints, often of the greatest delicacy, are produced by the clever hand guided by the clever head of the artist.

This occupation is one which can be followed at home, as stones ready prepared are supplied and sent by lithographing firms to those whom they employ, and who wish to work at home. Many of our sex on the other side of the water earn a living by this employment, and therefore we in England might take it up, for it is a field which appears to be not overcrowded, and one which is growing larger and extending its boundaries.

Chromo-lithography is another branch which is more interesting and very remunerative in the present day. As we know, coloured pictures are extensively used in books of all kinds. They abound in books for children, they appear in magazines, they are introduced into almanacks, they are necessary to illustrate flowers and botanical specimens, in fact coloured pictures are scattered broadcast over our country at the present time. It is by means of chromo-lithography that these coloured pictures are produced. As the name implies, the drawing is made on stone, but a step is made in advance of lithography, for colouring is added. This art of colouring adds a special charm to the work, and takes away what may be considered the monotony of lithography. I am assured that in this branch also the demand for good artists is greater than the supply. Latterly gentlewomen have taken up this work, and many are earning fair incomes by it. The necessary training can be obtained at the "Female School of Art," 43, Queen Square, Bloomsbury. The fees for instruction are six guineas for one session, or ten guineas for two sessions. The students may work five whole days weekly. The entrance-fee is half a guinea. Evening classes are held three times a week, the fees for which are from one to two guineas per session, and the entrance-fee is five shillings. There are two sessions during the year, and students may join the school at any time.

In connection with this school, a Home has been opened at 4, Brunswick Square, W.C., for the purpose of accommodating students attending the art classes. The charge for board and residence is at the rate of a guinea per week. In this house there are rooms for study as well as drawing and dining rooms.

I have lately seen a new kind of work, and it is one which I think will be popular. I am inclined to think, too, that there will be many purchasers, but only comparatively few who will learn the art; and therefore, unlike many arts, the market of this speciality will not be overstocked.

I allude to Paper Mosaic-work. The effect actually produced is most striking and unique; the result of a judicious selection of colours, and delicate manipulation of the tiny rolls and coils of paper, is surprising, for a beautiful rich jewelled appearance is obtained, and picture-frames, blotters, hand-screens, Christmas, birthday, and menu cards, and a hundred and one things can be made to look pretty and unique in this way. Those who see this work when finished never guess that paper is the substance; when the coils are placed close together, the idea given is that of embossed gold or metal work. Instruction in this art can be obtained at 93, Fairfax Road, South Hampstead, N.W. (not far from the Swiss Cottage), from Madame Putz, who charges a guinea for the instruction; the number of lessons is not limited; the hours of attendance are from eleven to four o'clock daily. Deft and sensitive fingers are required for the manipulation of the tiny slips of paper; the design is marked out by the instructor. I believe that work would be supplied to those learners who showed aptitude.

A useful idea is that of small barrels or round tubs for the purpose of holding tennis-balls. They should have a lid and a handle, and when flowers are painted on these receptacles they look ornamental when standing in the hall and on the tennis-ground.

I saw an uncommon piece of furniture for drawing-room use the other day, and that was a wooden milking pail! Flowers were painted on the smooth wood outside, the iron bands were covered over with velvet, the inside was lined with wadded satin, a thick cord was put round the brim, and two or three pieces twisted together were fastened to each wooden handle of the pail; the use was for holding needlework, &c.

I learn that an Association is about to be formed to establish depôts in various towns, in order that gentlewomen who seek to earn a livelihood may find employment in various ways. Many depôts have from time to time been set on foot, and have been obliged, from various reasons, to close their doors; it is hoped that this Association, which is called "The Women's Trade Association," will be able to carry out its plans and establish depôts in various inland towns and seaside resorts, on a firmer basis. The scheme is not yet fully matured; its object is excellent; we will hope that it will be helped forward. When it is in working order I will give further details. Those who wish to give a helping hand may make further inquiries of the secretary, Miss Meyer, 20, Frant Road, Tunbridge Wells.

This Association proposes to establish shops and workrooms in which gentlewomen only shall be employed, and thus to give them an opportunity to turn to profitable account the energies and abilities which many possess.

A. S. P.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

"AS I WAS COMING OUT OF THE GATE AT BISHANGER, I MET LADY ANNE FORTESCUE WALKING IN" (*p.* 755).

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IT stood by itself on a hill, far removed from the rest of the village, a large gabled red-brick edifice, embowered in magnificent old trees, smothered in ivy and creepers, looking out on a garden where the lawns were like velvet, where the shrubs were of the rarest, and the roses bloomed in myriad-hued profusion—where, in short, everything spoke of wealth, of culture, of refinement, and of beauty.

And yet we one and all disliked going there. It was a long time before I breathed to my neighbours how it was one of the crosses of my life to pay my stated and periodical visits to the Moat; but when, in a moment of expansion, I mentioned it to Mrs. Dorien, I found I was not singular.

"Every one dislikes going there," she answered, with her usual energy, "and, my dear, is it any wonder? I, for one, detest it."

No, indeed it was no wonder, for although I did not pretend to be particularly clever or accomplished, yet I knew myself to be able, through my birth and education, to hold my own with any one, or in any society; but when I went up to the Moat, I no sooner found myself in Lady Anne's presence, heard her low, intensely polite voice, and saw the look of veiled boredom on her beautiful features, than I felt myself a

creature of a different sphere, and a wild desire to get out of the house as soon as I could would seize me. Yet, at the same time, I was very angry with myself that I should allow such trifles to depress me, that I should not mentally stand up against that frigid smile, that quiet condescension, and proclaim myself her equal. But, somehow, I could not. She and her husband were such very superior people, whilst I and the other inhabitants of the village were in their eyes only the common herd.

Lady Anne could speak half a dozen languages, she could paint beautifully, she was an accomplished musician — had, indeed, composed a symphony, to say nothing of very charming songs, to which she wrote the words as well as the music; she and her husband always rose at an hour when most people would be asleep — in fact, they were in every way superior.

No one would have quarrelled with their superiority. On the contrary, we should have been rather proud of it—for Colonel Fortescue was our member—had we not each one felt it individually. We knew well enough that they were the oldest family in the county, well connected in every way, the great people of that division of B——shire; nevertheless, it was galling to be made to understand tacitly that we were all nobodies, and that there was but one family worth mentioning—the Fortescues. Once in two years they gave a large ball, to which every one, without distinction or discrimination, was invited, whether Lady Anne had called on them previously or not. Many people grumbled at what I considered an unpardonable impertinence, but accepted the invitation nevertheless, and as everything was beautifully done, and Colonel and Lady Anne Fortescue remarkably aristocratic-looking people, they usually went away impresssed by the fact that, compared to them personally, to their pedigree, their talents, their wealth, they were indeed the common herd—and came again next time they were asked.

The Fortescues had one only child, a son, in whom were destined to culminate all the virtues and all the talents of the respective families of Fortescue and De Courcy. From the moment of his birth he was kept apart as something far too precious to mix with other children. His nurse was said to be a lady, his tutor a man of birth and connection; everything about him was to be different from other people's surroundings; nevertheless, it leaked out that, in spite of these extraordinary advantages, Master Algernon Mowbray Plantagenet Fortescue was a very naughty, ill-behaved boy.

He had been at Eton some four or five years, and was, I think, about seventeen, when a large, rambling, old-fashioned house, terribly out of repair, which stood surrounded by charming pleasure-grounds at the extreme end of our village, was bought by some people of the name of Herbert. The estate, which was a good one, joined the Moat estate; and the Fortescues, I heard, were exceedingly annoyed that their nearest neighbours should be some of the ordinary folk of the world, against whom they waged a tacit but none the less bitter warfare.

There were various rumours afloat as to what Mr. Herbert was: some people said he was a soap-boiler, others that he made starch, a third person said mustard, but as a matter of fact he was nothing of the kind; his father had been a manufacturer, and he was still a sleeping partner in the business. But whatever his antecedents, he was an extremely nice, gentlemanlike man; his wife was equally pleasant, and they quickly became very popular in the neighbourhood. Bishanger was embellished, repaired, and beautified until it nearly rivalled the Moat itself, and became one of my favourite resorts; for the Herberts were thoroughly hospitable, and, in point of superiority, were almost on a par with the Fortescues, although they certainly could not boast of the same blue blood. Mrs. Herbert was a second wife, and had a large family of young children; by the first Mrs. Herbert there was but one daughter, who was between thirteen and fourteen when they came to Bishanger, a handsome girl, with clear-cut classical features, who looked as though she had a very decided will of her own.

In spite of their proximity to one another—their respective lodges were not more than three miles apart—the Fortescues never called on the Herberts, but, as was their custom, two years after their arrival at Bishanger, invited them to the duty ball they gave biennially, as they invited every creature in the county.

I do not suppose Lady Anne gave one moment's thought to the answer Mrs. Herbert sent to this invitation, though probably it was a surprise to her that her condescension should not be appreciated as it deserved, but I confess that when I heard of it I was delighted.

"Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, not having the pleasure of Colonel and Lady Anne Fortescue's acquaintance, beg to decline their invitation for Tuesday, the 20th of January," was a very well-merited reply, and I was charmed that some one should at last have been found to show a proper pride, and I told Mrs. Herbert so. She only smiled, and said she supposed the Fortescues were delighted, and nothing more was said about the matter.

The ball went off brilliantly; most of the guests imagined the Herberts had not been asked, and pitied them accordingly. Algernon Fortescue was there, a youth of nineteen, just gone into the Lifeguards, very handsome, but lacking the superiority he ought to have inherited. Rumour said he was inclined to be wild, and that Lady Anne would be glad for him to marry early in order that he should settle down, and of course his wife must be little short of a princess of the blood royal. For the next two or three years he was seldom at home; in fact, so little did we see or hear of any of the Fortescues, except on stated occasions, that they were almost forgotten in the round of country gaieties that went on intermittingly throughout the year, and to see any of them at a sociable tennis party, or a friendly dance, would almost have been as great a surprise as to see the Queen herself there.

So the years rolled on; Helen Herbert had come out; there had been a large ball at Bishanger, and she was at once enrolled as one of the beauties of our part

of the world. She was certainly very handsome; beautiful I sometimes thought her, if it had not been for her rather scornful mouth, and a certain air of *hauteur* which, strange to say, always reminded me of Lady Anne.

Yet I always liked Helen, she was so really nice, and so clever. There were few things she could not do; and, amongst others, she rode like a bird.

Of course, every one will guess what is coming, so I may as well make a long story short. Algernon Fortescue, honouring his parents with his presence one Christmas, went out hunting, met Helen Herbert, and forthwith fell in love with her. It was a genuine attachment. The young man was desperately in love, and all the more so that Helen, mindful of old grievances, treated him with a haughtiness and coolness which Lady Anne might have envied. No Melton that year for Algernon; he spent his leave at home, assiduously dancing attendance upon Helen. Wherever she went, he went, and I think the girl thoroughly enjoyed the dance she led him. He was never asked to Bishanger, and she took delight in humiliating and mortifying his vanity whenever she had an opportunity.

And meanwhile what were Lady Anne's feelings? Words will hardly describe them. That her son should be so lost to all proper pride as to fall in love with "a girl of that kind," as she dubbed Miss Herbert, was bad enough, but that he should submit to all her airs and graces was unendurable. If she had known Helen she would never have taken the step she now did. Without consulting her husband she wrote to the girl a letter of studied insolence, implying that she was trying to catch her son, but that it was of no avail, for neither she nor Colonel Fortescue would ever *under any circumstances* consent to a marriage.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THAT letter wrought a very great change in Helen. Whereas, more out of mischief than anything else, she had hitherto teased and coquetted with young Fortescue, she now set to work systematically to encourage him in his attentions. He was asked to Bishanger, where Helen reigned supreme, and there he spent most afternoons of the week, till at last came the crisis. He proposed to Helen in the full certainty of conquest, and the girl refused him with words of bitter scorn, and told him she would never see him again.

Poor Helen! she had the looks of a tragedy queen, but her heart was a very woman's. For weeks past she had been playing with edged tools, and now she was wilfully cutting herself with them.

Young Fortescue raved, and figuratively tore his hair, whilst Helen gave him his mother's letter to herself, telling him with unfaltering lips that he was nothing to her, that she had but been playing with him, and then she went and locked herself up in her room, and no one saw her the rest of the day.

In vain Algernon wrote her letter on letter, imploring her to see him, if only for five minutes; she never answered him, and at last, in despair, he joined his regiment, and for some time to come nothing more was heard of him. As for Helen, I never saw a girl so altered as she was afterwards. From a clever, charming, lady-like girl, she became hard, fast and reckless—a brilliant talker, but bitterly satirical. I was quite glad when I heard that the whole family was going to Rome for the following winter, hoping the thorough change might bring back the old Helen once more. I had a nephew who was also spending the winter in Rome, and to him I wrote, asking him to call on the Herberts, and, as he was an old *habitué* of the place, to make himself as pleasant as he could to them.

Three weeks after the Herberts had left Bishanger, the Fortescues shut up the Moat, and went away also, leaving winter dulness to settle down on our village, since its brightest and gayest family had departed.

I heard from Mrs. Herbert from time to time, but she was not a good correspondent, her letters were short and unsatisfactory, and very little could I gather about Helen from them.

So weeks turned into months, and months into a year, and still Bishanger remained empty. From Rome the Herberts wandered on to Switzerland, then into Spain, and my brother wrote to me that he thought his son was most seriously taken with some member of the Herbert family, as he accompanied them wherever they went, and he could not get him home again.

Meanwhile, the Moat also remained untenanted; but sad stories filtered through the servants left behind and other sources, of Algernon Fortescue's goings on, and it soon became a well-known fact that his boyish extravagances and wildness had deepened into settled vices, and that he had lately taken to drinking. From time to time Lady Anne appeared at the Moat from Saturday to Monday, her countenance colder and more impassable than ever, striving, but in vain, to veil the unhappiness that showed itself in her sad eyes and still sadder mouth.

So matters went on until one day I received a letter which did not astonish me, but which left an unsatisfactory feeling in its trail. My nephew, Charlie Dashwood, wrote to me in transports of happiness to tell me that he was engaged to be married to Helen Herbert; that they were going to linger abroad for the trousseau to be bought in Paris, but that they would all return to Bishanger for the marriage, which would take place some two months hence. Somehow I could not help wondering whether, if Helen had written, her happiness would have been so transparent. I received the nicest letters from all the Herberts, speaking of my nephew in the highest terms, but no word from the *fiancée* herself. In the course of time the whole party, including Charlie, arrived at Bishanger, and I hastened down that same evening to welcome them home. I found Helen looking wonderfully handsome, but grown much older; she seemed to have left her girlhood behind her, and to have all the dignity of a married woman already. She spoke very nicely of Charlie, and her manner to him was all that could be desired; nevertheless, there was a something wanting in it, which sent me home not altogether satisfied. Every-

thing, however, was settled, and they were to be married in a fortnight.

The fortnight passed only too rapidly, and had dwindled down to less than a week, when one day as I was coming out of the gate at Bishanger, I met Lady Anne Fortescue walking in. I stood still with astonishment, until, perceiving that she evidently either did not wish to be recognised or did not see me, I slipped out quietly whilst she pursued her way up the avenue. I was the more surprised to see her that I fancied she and Colonel Fortescue were in Egypt; and I should not have recognised her, enveloped as her face was in a thick black gauze veil, but for her unmistakable gait and figure. Even through the thick veil, the hopeless misery of her haggard eyes sent a thrill of pity through me, as I recollected that something very unusual must have occurred to bring her within the Bishanger gates.

Many years afterwards I heard what had taken place on the occasion.

She had gone up to the house and, without giving her name, had asked to see Miss Herbert alone; had been shown into Helen's boudoir, where the girl had joined her, and putting aside her veil had revealed herself as Lady Anne Fortescue. Then had ensued a scene which to a woman like Lady Anne must have been sheer agony, for she came, all unaware that Helen was engaged to be married, to entreat her to marry her son, even going on her knees to her to implore her to save her boy, who would do anything for her. At first Helen had started to her feet in a burst of indignant scorn, hurling out her words, and making Lady Anne smart and smart again, as she reminded her that all this was her handiwork, at the same time involuntarily betraying that she had loved Algernon with a love only second to her pride. The wretched mother had been quick to perceive this, and had renewed her entreaties, till like a shower of icy water had come Helen's final answer—

"Too late, too late; I am to be married next week."

Then she knew it was hopeless, and, gathering up all her pride, had tried to walk out of the house with the same dignity as she had entered it, and had succeeded by almost superhuman self-control. She had gone back to Algernon, raving in delirium tremens, to listen with a shudder to the perpetual refrain—

"It is your doing, my lady, all your doing."

The following Wednesday, Charlie and Helen were married, and every one said it was a charming wedding, and that they were made for each other, and so on; but I never shall forget Helen's face as I caught the expression on it for one moment when she thought no one saw her. It was so hopelessly wretched that I went home and indulged in a good cry.

During her short married life, however, she was the best and sweetest of wives to my poor Charlie; all her strong will, her fiery temper, her satire, and also her high spirits seemed to disappear from the moment she became Mrs. Dashwood. She apparently lived only for her husband, who idolised her; and I firmly believe that, before she died, she loved him with all the warmth of her really great generous nature.

They only lived together a year and a half, and then she was laid in our village churchyard, leaving Charlie broken-hearted, with a tiny Helen, who was given over to my care. Before she died she told him the whole story of her attachment to Algernon Fortescue, and it was from him that many years afterwards I heard it.

On the very day that the announcement of Helen's death appeared in the *Times*, just below it stood the following paragraph:—

"On the 10th inst., at Grosvenor Square, Algernon Mowbray Plantagenet Fortescue, only son of Colonel and Lady Anne Fortescue, of the Moat, B——shire."

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

IN my last I gave you particulars of the woollen materials brought out this autumn, and now I must tell you about the silks, which are as rich and elaborate as they well can be.

Some of the very richest are only made in brown and black, and are meant for mantles as well as dresses, but there are three new dominant colours—Mandarin, a rich yellow like the rind of a Mandarin orange; Steel or Smoke, which is made in many tones, the lightest and most delicate bearing the name of Elephant's Breath; and lastly, a very light green, known as Feuille, or Asperge fumée. There are many other colours employed, but these are the three newest. Bronze, light blue, violet, sapphire, Cardinal, Casserole, Acajou (mahogany), Amaranthe, and brown are fashionable also.

For every day plain silks and satins, Merveilleux, Rhadamese, and Surah are worn, and also plain satins and velvets; but for dressy occasions, whether for night or day wear, there is nothing to be seen but brocades and upstanding stripes. The designs in these are borrowed from every conceivable source, geometric and mediæval. Here and there you are reminded of some ornate ceiling in a Florentine house, or a wall-paper in an English one, but the

motifs are all distinct and apart. There are a variety of patterns, some are floral, but fruit is far more fashionable than flowers, viz., pears, apples, plums, blackberries, and mountain ash-berries. Sometimes these are in self-coloured velvet, sometimes in elaborately shaded velvet or plush, sometimes in satin, sometimes in silk, and occasionally in Velours frisé, like terry velvet. And the chief novelty still lies in the ground; there is the plain satin, the plain velvet, the plain plush ground, but Ottoman and Bengaline grounds are in vogue, and brocaded velvets are thrown on these brocaded silk grounds. A triumph of weaving is a silk ground, like chain armour, into which here and there tiny spots of velvet find their way, and shot corded ground embodying the colours of the brocade. "Ecaille" owes its name to the appearance of scales which the plush pattern throws on an Ottoman ground.

"Velours au trois Hauteurs" has a plush pattern on a plush ground in three layers, the highest in the centre. Velours du Nord is another plush-like velvet, with the flowers in tapestry colours, and often therefore called Velours Tapis, the colours recalling an Oriental carpet.

Ottoman Velours is striped as well as brocaded. Matelassé Velours has geometrical patterns thrown on a matelassé ground of a contrasting colour. Velours Moyen Age borrows its design from the Middle Ages; Velours façonné Perse, from Persia; and Velours Broderie, from many sources.

If you are so minded you may dispense with a mantle this winter, for fur and feather capes are wonderfully improved upon, and as the shopkeepers say, flood the market. They are made very long, and sometimes pointed, but a few also assume the importance of mantles, and are made sufficiently long to have a simulated Dolman sleeve, kept in its place by elastic. Nothing but natural undyed furs are to be thought of this year, so for capes, or muffs, or trimmings, you cannot do wrong in selecting beaver, musk, sable-skin, skunk, musquash, natural raccoon, and opossum. Of course, if you can afford it, sable-tail and marten are open to you. But feather trimmings and feather capes are all the rage. They are made up in just the same form as the fur capes with the high-gathered shoulders, and either the Marie Antoinette high collar or the turned-down one. You may have the feather material by the yard, from two inches to a yard in width, and dyed to any tone required. For comfort, capes have much to commend them; they are light, are easily slipped on, and warm.

Muffs are no larger than last year; fur ones are worn, and so also are lace and bead muffs, and gathered satin and velvet.

But I am not going to dismiss the subject of mantles in any cursory manner. They are too magnificent for that, I can assure you. All the richest velvet and plush brocades I have described to you, as the newest silks of the season, are employed for mantles, but not alone; in all the best models, plain and brocaded velvet are intermixed. They are still large and ample, reaching to the hem of the dress, unless they are of the mantelette order, which are long in front, falling in two long ends, but quite short at the back, and bouffant. They are trimmed with any of the natural furs I have been telling you about, and with chenille fringe and galons, which have much increased in splendour. Sometimes they are half a yard in depth, but in all the best examples they have long and very large drops, which intermix with rat-tail and other plainer kinds, falling one over the other. Brown mantles are quite as much worn as black. The linings are all of rich silk or satin, and very bright colours. The shoulders are still cut high and are full.

But many decided novelties are introduced, in the soft woollen cloaks, which are the fashion of the season, and more suited to the pockets of the million than the brocades of which I have been speaking.

Burnous hoods are coming back to us, and I have before me a cloak made by one of the best Paris

WHAT TO WEAR IN NOVEMBER.

houses, to which one is appended. The cloak envelops the figure, comes well up to the throat, and falls in graceful folds everywhere.

The new French ulster is made in soft wool, lined with silk, comes well to the throat and hem of the dress, is gathered back and front at waist, and has velvet collars and cuffs.

But the "Vêtement," as the French call it, is the mantle of the future. It is plaited *à l'Abbé* at the back, has stuffed epaulettes, fits the figure by being gathered, and covers the dress. Occasionally even the sleeve is kilt-plaited. All kinds of light carved wood clasps appears on these sort of cloaks, griffins and heraldic beasts finding most favour.

Sealskins are worn close-fitting, or else as mantelettes, short at the back and long in front, and trimmed with otter. The fashionable cloth jackets fit the figure, are not often double-breasted, but are mostly braided Hussar fashion.

For in-door wear a number of jacket bodices, made in elastic cloth, have been brought out. They button down the front, fit the figure closely, have basques, and are trimmed on collar, cuffs, and jockey basques, with perpendicular rows of gold braid, and they make you independent of a dressmaker!

A novelty in the fashionable feather fans is a large aigrette of feathers outside. They are worn very large now. Some of the silk ones are painted and embroidered, or trimmed with floral passementerie. The very large fans are so much used now for window screens and fireplaces, that it is time they were given up by womankind. It is still considered necessary

that the fan should match the dress in colour unless you use black or white.

Shoes, gloves, and stockings are now mostly black or white, if the gloves are not tan-colour. It is sufficient for the stockings to be embroidered like the dress.

Alas! how rarely nowadays do you get a really good-wearing glove! The truth is, the manufacturers use the kid too new, and do not keep them long enough, or put enough white of egg on the skins in dressing them. Gauntlet gloves of a great length are fashionable, and may be had with hook fasteners, which make them fit the wrist.

Even yet millinery laws for the winter are not very surely laid down. Paris models are drawn velvet, lined with satin, rather small, and much trimmed with feathers. Brown and Mandarin, cerise or vermilion, grass-green, tomato: these are the shades. The bonnets have strings. Birds cluster on hats and bonnets, and I have seen a row of wings all round the crown of a new Paris hat.

Caps are mere airy nothings of lace and ribbon, many having Oriental lace upon them. White velvet shows well with such lace. The newest wreaths for evening wear have ostrich feathers on one side and flowers on the other, and many curious natural flowers are employed. When any head-dress is worn it is a cap or a wreath, but the hair is dressed on the top of the head, and stars and other jewels intermixed for matrons, while young girls are content with tortoiseshell pins.

Evening dresses have distinct bodices of quite another material from the skirt, made low, and pointed back and front. A new tulle has been brought out, studded all over with daisies, leaf and bud, but much nun's veiling and soft silk are used. The skirts of these mostly have a triple box-plait, with ribbon carried across three times, a bow in the centre. It can hardly be too bouffant at the back.

For wraps, Algerian shawls are coming in again, striped in various colourings, with white; and English folks are struggling to make the Leicester machine-knitted capes and cloaks admired; they are light and serviceable, and the shapes good; but the colouring! A Frenchwoman would not tolerate them.

If you would avoid colds when out at concerts, &c., provide yourself with an opera-hood; and there are so many pretty kinds now. Some of the prettiest are made in nun's veiling, lined with silk, and bordered with daisy fringe.

In the accompanying illustrations will be found several of the novelties I have described. The half-figure wears a grey cloth costume, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade and with silver buttons. The grey felt bonnet has an ostrich feather of the new wall-flower brown—a rich shade of dark orange.

The single figure wears a long redingote in olive-green cloth, set off with lines of darker braid. The shoulder-cape matches it, and the velvet hat has a long vermilion-red feather encircling its crown.

In the group at the piano three different styles of evening dresses are given: the first standing figure wears plain and embroidered veiling, both a pale shade of blue; the elbow-sleeves are bouillonné, and tufted with chenille, and the ribbons that drape the over-skirt are satin. The performer is arrayed in pink gauze over pink silk; the flowers are dark red, likewise the ribbons that cross the tablier. On the last dress there is the new arrangement of lace falling fan-shaped below the waist. The sleeves are slashed, and the officer's collar is continued as a narrow plastron down the bodice. The skirt is mounted in the wide plaits that are superseding kiltings.

HOW TO MAKE RAISED PIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW WE MANAGED OUR WEDDING BREAKFAST," ETC.

IN a previous paper on "Meat Pies" I made no mention of the mode of making raised pies, as a full description of both exterior and interior is necessary to be of service to the uninitiated; so I will now give a few recipes worth testing, preceded by some general advice, which *must* be followed by those who wish to succeed in their pleasant task.

There are several varieties of raised pies; some of them have a very common crust (not intended to be eaten), ornamented tastefully with leaves and other devices, and, in place of a lid, a glittering heap of aspic jelly, truffles, beet-root, hard-boiled eggs, &c. This kind is usually served at wedding breakfasts, ball-suppers, and other festive occasions, and as the crust is simply a case to hold the interior—usually of game or poultry—it may do duty times innumerable.

Then there are the family pies pure and simple, the crust of which *is* to be eaten; any of which, when an extra appearance is desired, may have the lid removed, and a garnish such as I have described substituted; or if aspic jelly is not handy, an ornamentation of mixed salad and hard eggs looks very nice, and is a relish with the pie.

First, then, the crust, which *must* be stiff, for if soft it will not retain its shape in the oven, and the crispness of "short" crust will be entirely lacking; indeed, the very reason for boiling the "shortening" with water is that by liquefying the fat a minimum quantity of water can be used. For ordinary purposes a very nice crust may be made with ten ounces of lard, or half lard and half butter, to each pound of flour. First rub thoroughly into the flour two or three ounces of whichever is used, and put the rest into a *large* saucepan with about a sixth of a pint of water or milk (I say

about, because flour varies so much in its absorbing properties) and a tea-spoonful of salt; then, when boiling, stir the flour—off the fire—into it; a spoon must be used at first, but when cool enough, knead it lightly with the hand; turn on to a board, and make it up before it gets cold, or it will be difficult to work easily, and it soon gets hard in cold weather: if a large quantity is made, break it up into small lumps to hasten the cooling. This crust can be made richer, if desired, or *all* butter used, but if the fat is increased the water must be reduced. Beef dripping, if clarified, makes a nice plain crust, if very little water is used; an egg beaten up and stirred in with the flour will improve it. *Very small* raised pies may be made by rubbing six ounces of lard or butter into a pound of flour—sifted and well dried—mixed to a stiff paste with two eggs and a very little milk or water.

Now as to the raising or moulding of the crust. Probably the old-fashioned system of cutting a round for the bottom, a strip for the sides, and another round for the lid, and cementing all together with the white of an egg, is all very well for those who *do* know how to do it, but for amateurs who cannot learn by watching others I do not recommend it. The plan of raising by means of a wooden block or jam-pot will answer very well, but undoubtedly the best way of all is as follows:—Procure a tin mould, without a bottom; one for a pie of two pounds weight—viz., eighteen ounces of meat and fourteen of crust—should measure four inches in diameter at top, five at bottom, and three and a half in depth. Dip the mould, or rim, into flour, drop the crust—first made into a round and slightly hollowed—into it, and work it round with the thumbs and fingers until the top edge is reached; keep it uniform in thickness; then fill it with meat and remove the rim; finally, wet the edge of the crust and inside the lid with a mixture of an egg and a table-spoonful of milk. Pinch up the edges, make a hole in the middle, brush the pie all over with the egg and milk, also the leaves prior to sticking them on, and it is finished.

With reference to the interior, use whatever is seasonable. Pork or beef in cold weather—the former is only wholesome then, and the latter in hot weather is not tender—mutton and kidney, veal and ham, or chicken, will be enjoyed in summer-time, and venison, rabbit, hare, and game of all kinds in their seasons.

I will first speak of meat pies, and it is very important that the meat be perfectly free from taint, for one little bit not quite sweet may spoil the whole pie; see, too, that it is free from gristle, &c. Then cut it into slices half an inch thick, next into strips, and finally into dice, half an inch or so square. Mix fat and lean well together, and to each pound add a tea-spoonful of salt and half as much pepper, besides certain little etceteras to suit the various kinds: sage, about a salt-spoonful when chopped, will improve *Pork*, and one or two mint-leaves, chopped as fine as possible, with a good pinch of parsley and thyme, will give zest to *Mutton*. The loin or undercut of the shoulder of mutton will furnish the best meat for the purpose, and if you can put in one or two sheep's kidneys, so much the better. Another excellent pie may be made of equal parts of *Beef-steak*—the undercut of the sirloin, if possible—and kidney, the latter well washed in vinegar and water to remove the strong flavour; arrange in the crust with alternate layers of hard-boiled eggs. Mix with seasoning as before, and add a tea-spoonful of Worcestershire sauce, or something similar, and a pinch of mixed herbs, grated nutmeg, and powdered cloves. Those who are fond of curries may substitute curry-powder for part of the pepper with advantage.

The veal for *Veal and Ham Pies* should be cut from the loin—kidney end, as the kidney improves it—or the fillet will do. The flavour will be nicer if the ham is put in raw, but it must be of good quality; if at all doubtful on that point, or if old and hard, it had better be boiled first, or good bacon is preferable to inferior ham. Forcemeat should be added, in layers or cakes; ordinary sausage-meat will do, well seasoned, and thyme and parsley and a little grated lemon-rind added; or better still, make it of veal and ham, seasoning it in the same way. Don't use suet: it is not nice in cold forcemeat; hard eggs can be added if desired.

For *Turkey* or *Chicken Pies* the liver, heart, &c., may be minced finely, then pounded, and used in the forcemeat, which is improved by the addition of mushrooms, or they may be used in layers with the meat and hard eggs; oysters, too, are liked by many people: they are very good in beef-steak pies.

Rabbit Pies are often made with a mixture of rabbit and pork, and if forcemeat is *not* used, the liver, heart, and kidney should be cut up and mixed with the meat. Any herbs preferred can be used in the seasoning, as well as *fresh* parsley.

Hare Pies will repay the little extra outlay if the forcemeat is mixed with a glass of port.

A very good forcemeat for hare, pheasant, or any other game, as well as goose or duck pies, may be made with equal parts of veal, bacon, and liver—calf's liver, with that of the game to make up the quantity, and if it is fried before mixing with the other ingredients it will be much improved in flavour. Season with salt—celery salt, if possible—cayenne, nutmeg, and pounded allspice; moisten with port, a spoonful of gravy or beaten egg, and a table-spoonful of Seville orange or lemon-juice. The fourth part of an anchovy to each pound of forcemeat may be added, use mixed herbs as before, and arrange in layers or small cakes.

Sweetbread Pie is a delicacy sure to be liked, but as sweetbreads are somewhat insipid in themselves, alternate layers of bacon or ham, with some mushrooms (the latter may be used in all the pies I have enumerated, and many more), should be used with them. Don't spare the seasoning; and when price is an object, the meat of a calf's foot, first par-boiled, may be mixed with the sweetbread. The last-named should be first blanched, and when quite cold, lightly fried before it is put into the pie.

Now, if you please, we will turn our attention to the baking. First, I would advise novices to commence with small pies—say of a pound each; in any case a

pie of two to four pounds in weight is quite large enough to bake with certainty as to the contents being thoroughly cooked, and the crust free from cracks; but don't be discouraged, for if the last catastrophe should happen it will probably be a sign that you have been over-liberal with the fat, and the gap can be concealed very easily with a few sprigs of parsley.

Now as to the time the pies should remain in the oven: the thing is to hit the happy medium between "cinders and rawness"—easier said than done, so far as some people are concerned. However, see that your oven is hot when the pie is put into it—ten minutes in a cold oven, and it is doomed to fall; the heat may then, in a quarter of an hour or so, be reduced a little; still, the oven must be "sound," and kept as nearly as possible at a uniform temperature. If your pie gets gradually brown as the baking goes on, and retains its shape, rest contented; if, on the other hand, the crust falls—that is, the pie spreads out, decreased in height—your oven is too cold, and if it becomes brown very quickly it is too hot.

Now for the finishing touch in the shape of gravy, which in all cases must be strong enough to "jelly." First, the meat pies: any bones uncooked can be stewed very slowly, until the stock is strong and reduced considerably; remember, you will only need about a tea-cupful for a two-pound pie. Season with salt and pepper, an onion, celery, or anything handy, as well as herbs and spices; a few drops of colouring can be put in, if preferred. If no bones are obtainable, simmer the flavouring ingredients in water, and when oysters have been used add their liquor, and dissolve in it sufficient gelatine to set firm. In hot weather it will be well to add gelatine to the gravy made from bones.

For poultry and game pies the bones simmered with seasonings will suffice in cold weather; all the trimmings, such as heads of rabbits, necks of fowls, &c., to be put in. In hot weather use gelatine as well, or a calf's foot or cow's heel.

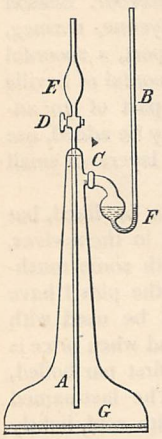
For sweetbread pie make the gravy particularly nice in flavour, and plenty of it, as the sweetbread will yield none of its own in the baking. A few drops of lemon-juice, or any vinegar—tarragon, cucumber, and the like—may be used to give piquancy; and a bit of "glaze" is a certain improvement at all times, as it not only stiffens, but gives colour and flavour as well. Let the pie stand some time before you gravy it, as the meat will gradually sink and it will consequently "take the gravy" better, which must be poured, while *quite hot*, through a funnel very gradually. The meat at intervals should be moved with a thick skewer.

Lastly, bear in mind that this kind of gravy will suffice only for pies that are to be served with the lids on; for those without lids it must be clarified with whites and shells of eggs in the usual way; as a rule, those who require it will know how to make it. It will perhaps be noticed that I have not introduced truffles into any of the forcemeats. I may say that I have omitted them solely because those people who can afford them and appreciate their peculiar flavour are independent of instruction as to their preparation.

THE GATHERER.

A Gas Escape Tell-tale.

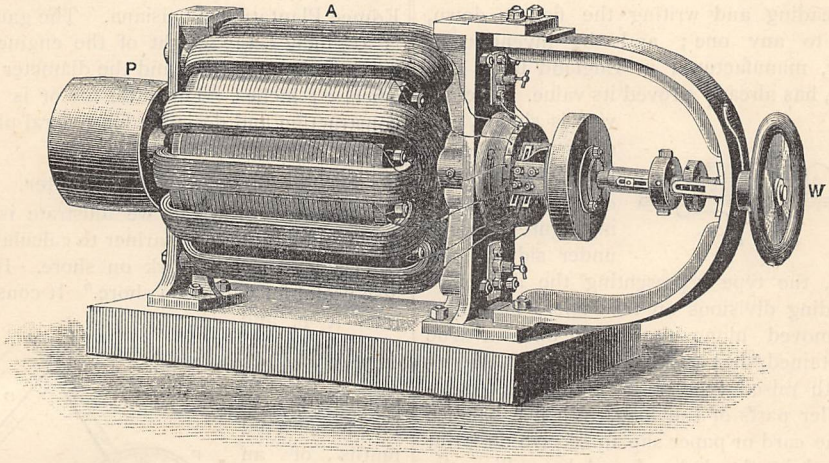
A very simple and ingenious instrument for detecting leakage of coal-gas in a house, or on a larger scale the presence of fire-damp in mines, has been designed by Herr von Thau. It consists, as shown in the figure, of an inverted glass funnel, having a porous diaphragm, G, across its mouth, and a glass tube, A, running up the stem. This tube communicates with the outer air by a stopcock, D, and mouthpiece, E. A lateral tube, C, springs from the funnel-neck and has a U bend, F, on it, and a vertical leg, B, which forms a capillary gauge, and is graduated in divisions. The bend of the gauge is filled with water as shown. To use the detector, open the stopcock, D, to allow the air inside and outside the funnel to come to one pressure, then close the cock and hold the wide mouth of the funnel with its porous diaphragm over the gas-pipe. If there is a leakage, the light coal-gas or fire-damp will rapidly diffuse into the funnel, and the increase of pressure therein will be shown on the gauge by a rise of the water-level in the graduated stem. The rise in a given time indicates the percentage of gas in the air. Mr. Libins, an English inventor, has also devised a very similar apparatus, with this difference, that the pressure within the vessel swells out an elastic diaphragm, thereby closing an electric circuit and ringing an alarm bell. This device therefore serves to announce to a household, or to miners in a pit, that gas is escaping in dangerous quantities.



Storm-Sounds in the Telephone.

A Belgian has lately studied the phenomena in a telephone during a thunderstorm which occurred at Brussels on June 30. The line was provided with a proper lightning protector, and there was therefore no personal danger. During the height of the storm he heard a continuous noise in the instrument, which he compared to the sound of frying. From time to time it grew louder; sometimes there would be a little popping sound, like a bubble bursting, and sometimes the series of crackling noises which attend the fall of a drop of grease on a red-hot plate. This latter noise

came abruptly and loud with each flash of lightning, and seemed to precede it. The observer noticed that his ear heard this sound before his eye perceived the flash. The same noises were produced when there was no flash, but then they were less loud. These sounds prove the existence of currents of electricity in the telephone wires during a storm, and the inference is that telephone lines may be a source of safety to a city, since they may help to discharge the lightning But they also show that a proper lightning protector is necessary to each instrument.



A New Electric Motor.

The figure illustrates a useful little electric motor for driving drills, lathes, tricycles, &c., devised by Professors Ayrton and Perry, the well-known electricians. The chief peculiarity about it is that it reverses the usual condition of things, and the field magnets revolve while the armature is stationary. In the figure, A is the stationary armature of large size enclosing the magnets. The coils of this armature are joined to the stationary commutator, C, which is sometimes flat, sometimes round. The brushes revolve over the commutator, producing a north and south pole in the armature as they travel. The rotating field magnets are carried by a spindle. The speed and direction of revolution of the motor are determined by the position of the brushes. The wheel, W, serves to adjust this position. The pulley, P, is attached to the other end of the magnet spindle, and by means of a bolt drives any other machine connected to the motor.

A Mechanical Nurse.

The French *couvreuse*, or mechanical nurse, designed more especially for very delicate or prematurely born children, has proved very successful on trial at one of the Paris hospitals. It is an invention of Dr. Tarnier, who adapted the idea of the chicken rearer of the *Jardin d'Acclimation* to this purpose. It consists of a plain wooden box measuring about 2 feet 8 inches by 2 feet 4 inches, and 2 feet 4 inches in height. It has a double covering, the space between being filled with sawdust to retain the heat, and is divided into two parts. The lower half contains a reservoir, which holds about sixty litres of water and is fed by a patent boiler, which stands outside the box and is warmed by an oil lamp, or hot water may be used by itself. The upper portion of the box forms a warm chamber where a small basket or cradle is placed, large enough to hold one or two infants. From an opening at the side this cradle can be withdrawn ; and a glass covering to the box allows the child and a thermometer to be watched from time to time. The fresh air is heated by the water vessel before it reaches the child. The temperature is kept at about 86° F., and though the change of temperature on withdrawing the child to be washed is considerable, colds are very infrequent results. It is proposed to supply every French hospital with one of these mechanical nurses. Small portable *couvreuses*, which can be carried by hand from house to house, and perambulators made on the same plan are also suggested.

An Electric Ceiling.

One of the novelties in electric lighting, which elicited much admiration at the Vienna Electrical Exhibition, is a hall, having its ceiling in the form of a dome, painted blue to represent the sky, and "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold" in the form of small star electric lights. The effect is very pretty, and adds another to the many beautiful ways in which electric lamps adapt themselves to decoration.

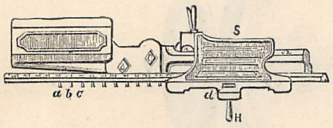
Coloured Metal Films.

Rainbow colours are produced on metal objects in various ways. Brass buttons, for example, are tinted by stringing them on a copper wire through the eyes, and dipping them in a bath of plumbate of soda freshly prepared by boiling litharge in caustic soda and pouring it into a porcelain dish. While in this solution they are touched one after the other with a platinum wire connected with the positive pole of a battery until the desired colour appears. The electric current must

not be too strong, and the colours are enhanced by rinsing the buttons in water and drying. A golden yellow colour is given to bright brass by dipping it in a neutral solution of acetate of copper, greyish green by repeatedly painting it with dilute solution of chloride of copper, purple by rubbing hot with chloride of antimony, and golden red by rubbing with a paste of four parts of prepared chalk and one of mosaic gold.

A Registering Steelyard.

The advantages of a steelyard or weighbridge which will print its own record on a ticket, and thus prevent mistakes in reading and writing the figures down, are obvious to any one; and the invention of M. Chameroy, manufactured in England by a Birmingham firm, has already proved its value. The device is simple, and consists in casting raised types, *a*, *b*, *c* (see accompanying figure), on the under side of the balance beam, the type representing the figures of the corresponding divisions on the scale. The slide, S, which is moved along the beam until a true balance is obtained, has also a small bar sliding through it, with raised type on its under side to record the smaller parts of the load. When a balance is obtained, the card or paper slip to receive the print is then inserted in the hole, *d*, and by pulling the handle, H, it is pressed against the types and indented with the figures.



Artificial Breathing.

Professor Graham Bell, the well-known inventor of the telephone, has devised an apparatus for producing breathing action in persons found in a drowning condition, or who have swooned from sickness. The action consists in causing a partial vacuum over the chest, thereby making the latter rise and expand as it does in the act of breathing. This vacuum is then destroyed, and the chest collapses again. The action is kept up automatically until the breathing becomes natural.

Asbestos Packing.

Asbestos is now largely used for packing the cylinders of steam-engines, it being soft and an excellent non-conductor of heat. Mr. Bell's packing, shown in the figure, is made of asbestos cloth, made waterproof with vulcanised india-rubber, and rolled into a rope. This form is shown in Fig. 1. Another form, with an india-rubber core, is shown in Fig. 2. After a year's wear this packing is sometimes found good.

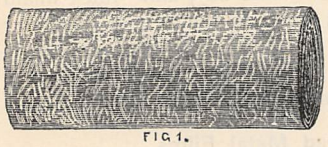


FIG 1.

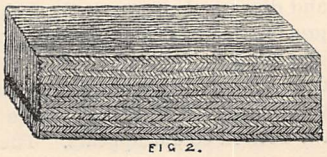


FIG 2.

The Earth Torpedo.

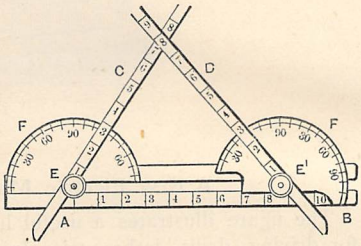
The new torpedoes invented by Herr von Lubowitz, an Austrian officer of Hussars, are designed to explode either by electricity or a mere jar. They are intended to be hidden in the ground at a slight depth and concealed with stones, turf, or brushwood, in order to injure an advancing enemy.

A Pigmy Locomotive.

The smallest locomotive probably ever built for regular work has just been made by Messrs. Buck and Co., of St. Louis, Missouri, and shipped to the Edmee Plantation, Louisiana. The gauge of the line is 21½ inches, the weight of the engine 5,250 lbs., its height 4 feet 7 inches, and the diameter of the driving wheel 24 inches. The little motor is very perfect in construction and designed for general plantation use.

Kelway's Telemeter.

The telemeter which we illustrate is an ingenious device for enabling a mariner to calculate his distance from a light or landmark on shore. It is of course also useful for "folks on shore." It consists of a base-line, A B, and two arms, C D, each of which is graduated to inches and tenths of an inch. These arms are pivoted at E and E¹, and can be freely moved over the "protractors," or graduated arcs, F F¹. These arcs are graduated in both directions from 0° to 90°, and also in ¼ points of the compass. The right-hand protractor and arm can be moved along the base-line, A, and clamped in any position. In using the instrument, the operations are as follows:—(1) Take a bearing of the light, or other distant object, noting the exact time. (2) Place the left-hand arm to the bearing found and clamp it. (3) Let the vessel run for a given time on the same course, and take a second bearing. (4) With these data, and the speed of the ship, a printed table accompanying the instrument gives the distance run in knots and fractions of a knot. (5) On the base-line, A B, set the protractor, F¹, to the distance thus found; place the arm, D, to the second bearing, and the graduation at which the arm, D, is cut will be the distance from the object at the time of the second bearing. The instrument is of course also applicable to surveying and military operations.



How the Electric Light Affects Health.

There is no doubt about the electric light being superior to every other known kind of illumination in point of healthiness. Some facts recently published show this very clearly. An electric light, either arc or incandescent, of 100-candle power, burning for an hour, was

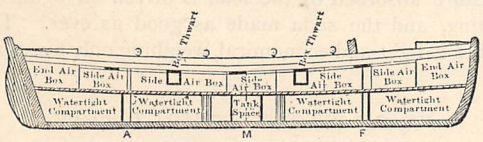
found to give no water or carbonic acid, whereas the quantities for other illuminants were considerable. Thus the water in kilogrammes per hour for 100-candle lights was as follows :—For an argand gas-burner, 0·86 kilos. ; a flat-flame petroleum lamp, 0·80 ; colza oil lamp, 0·85 ; paraffine candle, 0·99 ; tallow candle, 1·05. The corresponding products in carbonic acid were 0·46, 0·95, 1·00, 1·45. The tallow candle is, therefore, the most unhealthy form of light in use in civilised countries. Again, as regards heating, the electric arc light produced from 57 to 158 calories per hour ; the incandescent, 290 to 536 ; gas, 4,860 ; petroleum, 7,200 ; colza oil, 6,800 ; paraffine candle, 9,200; and tallow candle, 9,700. It is believed that one gas-jet in a room or hall vitiates as much air as six human beings. According to other experiments made in a theatre at Munich, gas-lighting developed ten times the heat of incandescent lights. We may add, however, that the electric arc light produces a small quantity of cyanogen, and it is therefore better adapted for out of doors ; while the incandescent, being entirely excluded from the air by the vacuum bulb, is absolutely healthy, and therefore best suited for houses, hospitals, offices, and such-like places.

Soap Varnish.

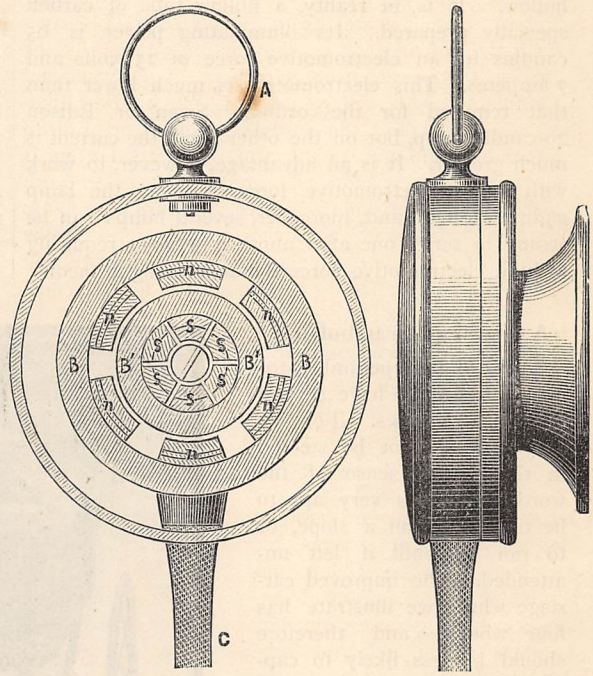
This varnish, owing to its cheapness, complete resistance to water, and elastic nature, is valuable for many purposes. To make it, boil good tallow with soft water until dissolved, and filter while hot through cloths ; heat again, add an equal volume of water, and a boiling solution of alumina as long as an alumina salt is precipitated. Let the stearate of ammonia settle from off the water, and wash the precipitate thoroughly, then dry and heat on a water-bath until transparent. Finally, stir the preparation into turpentine heated nearly to boiling until a solution is made of the consistency of thick varnish, which can afterwards be thinned with more turpentine if required.

An Unsinkable Boat.

A new life-boat, held to be unsinkable, attracted considerable notice at the Fisheries Exhibition. It is constructed by Messrs. Baharie and Adamson, of Sunderland. The figure exposes the internal structure, which consists of air-boxes and water-tight compartments, the latter being underneath. The air-boxes are fitted round the sides of the hull, which is made of larch and lined with cork. The whole interior is further



lined with india-rubber to make it water-tight in all weather. Pipes are fitted through the deck and bottom of the boat with self-acting valves, so constructed that water shipped by the craft runs out by these pipes to sea, while none can come in by them. A twenty-four feet boat on this plan is now doing service on the China coast. Her weight is eighteen hundredweight, and with thirty men on board she only draws fifteen inches of water.



A New Telephone.

A telephone, which bears a singular resemblance to a watch, has been invented by M. Testu, of the French telegraph service. As shown in the illustration, it consists of a circular box, of a watch shape and size, and the front fitted with an ear-piece to put the ear to in listening. The interior consists of two circular coils of fine insulated wire, B B′. These coils are concentric with two rings of magnet poles, *n* and *s*, all the poles of one ring being of north polarity, and all those of the other ring being of south polarity. These coils and poles are covered by a thin iron plate, or diaphragm, free to vibrate over them, and placed between them and the ear-piece. A ring, A, serves to hang the telephone on a peg ; and the cable, C, conveys the current in wires to the coils. On listening in the ear-piece, the vibrations of the iron plate, set up by the telephonic currents, are plainly heard.

A New Quinine.

Cinchona ledgeriana is a new species of cinchona-tree which promises very well. The bark is said to yield from 10 to 13 per cent. of quinine. Hitherto the difficulty has been to obtain seeds, but Mr. T. Christy, F.L.S., an authority on these matters, has now succeeded in getting them, and raising seedlings for those interested in the culture of the plant.

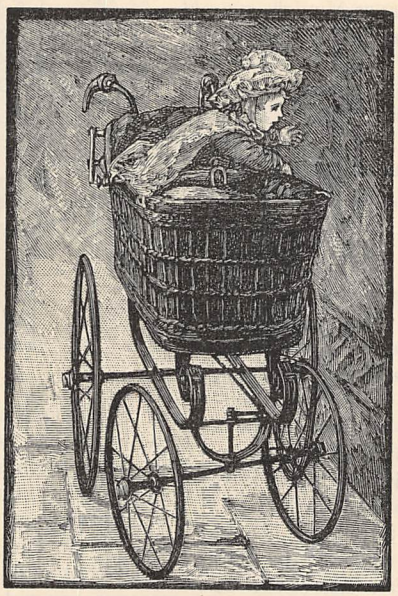
The Bernstein Electric Lamp.

The Bernstein incandescence lamp, as exhibited at the Vienna Electrical Exhibition, is in some respects a great advance on the older forms, especially in economy

of lighting. The carbon filament within the vacuum bulb of glass, instead of being solid and very slender as in those of Swan, Edison, and others, is made hollow. It is, in reality, a hollow tube of carbon specially prepared. Its illuminating power is 65 candles for an electromotive force of 23 volts and 7 amperes. This electromotive is much lower than that required for the ordinary Swan or Edison 20-candle lamp, but on the other hand, the current is much greater. It is an advantage, however, to work with a low electromotive force, because the lamp endures longer, and, moreover, several lamps can be strung in series one after another, without requiring a high electromotive force dynamo to light them.

A Steering Perambulator.

The ordinary perambulator is well known to have several serious drawbacks. For example, it cannot be steered in the proper sense of the word, and it is very apt to be tilted over on a slope, or to run downhill if left unattended. The improved carriage which we illustrate has four wheels, and therefore should be less likely to capsize. Moreover, it can be readily steered, without raising any wheel, by moving the right of the two pushing handles (seen behind) in the direction the vehicle is desired to turn.



A STEERING PERAMBULATOR.

Light and Anthracene.

M. Tommasi, a French chemist, has observed the curious fact that clear cold anthracene liquid contained in a glass phial becomes turbid with crystals on exposure to light, without the liquid undergoing any chemical change. This new observation will probably find its use ere long.

Phosphor-Copper.

Dr. G. Otto, of Darmstadt, has brought out a new alloy of phosphorus and copper, containing 15 per cent. of the former substance, and intended for mixture with other metals. The action of phosphorus on copper is to produce a looseness of grain, combined with great elasticity. It reduces the oxygen which copper and copper alloys hold. The new alloy is cast in bricks, and may be added to copper alloys of all kinds free from tin—such as brass, German silver, and so on. It can also be used in refining copper. Phosphor-nickel is another useful alloy, prepared by M. J. Garnier, and utilised in forming alloys of iron, zinc, and copper.

Palm-Paper.

The dwarf palm, or palmetto, which grows wild on the hill-sides of Algeria, is now being used for manufacturing paper. The fibre is remarkably strong, and every part, from the stalk to the topmost leaves, yields fibre. The plants are placed in a kind of cage, which is immersed in a boiler filled with a special lye, and heated. The fibre can then be separated from the softened skin and tissues. After being washed, rolled, and combed repeatedly, according to the fineness of quality required, the fibre is at last steeped in pure water, and made into bundles for transport. The vegetable hair thus made is finer than any other known, and readily takes all dyes without requiring to be bleached. As the whole of the tannin is not extracted from the fibre in the above process, it does not readily decay, while it is at the same time aromatic and antiseptic in its nature.

Caustic Soda Fuel for Engines.

A German engineer, M. Moritz, has invented a traction engine for use in streets, or wherever absence of smoke, steam, and noise is desirable, and employs caustic soda to absorb the exhausted steam, and liberate part of its latent heat to produce additional steam to drive the engine. If exhaust-steam at a temperature of 212° F. be injected into a solution of caustic soda of a specific gravity of 1·7, the temperature of the mixture rises to about 374°, while the vapour tension does not exceed one atmosphere. This hot solution is made by M. Moritz to replace the fire in the boiler. The soda acts in a double way: it condenses the exhaust-steam and produces the pressure-steam. For this purpose the boiler is surrounded with a reservoir of caustic soda. The moisture absorbed by the soda is driven off again by heating, and the soda made as good as ever. The engine is light and economical, weighing only five tons.

PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

Notwithstanding the unusually large number of MSS. received for this competition, the Editor hopes to be able to publish the award of the Adjudicators in an early issue of the Magazine.